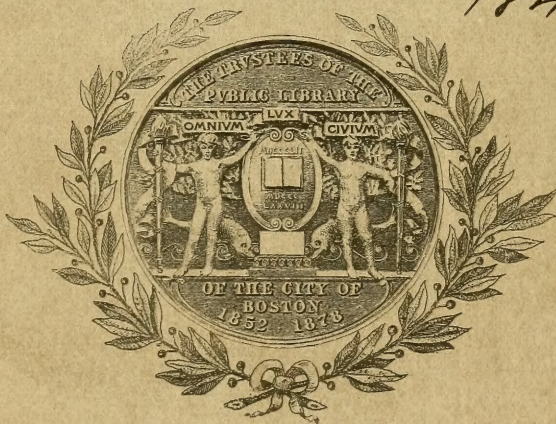


N^o 5126.12

1849



12
26

HOLDEN'S
DOLLAR MAGAZINE,

OF

CRITICISMS, BIOGRAPHIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

TALES, REVIEWS, POETRY, ETC., ETC.

** 5726.12*
SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED. *1849*

VOLS. III. AND IV.

1849.

C
WILLIAM H. DIETZ,

NO. 109 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

2882

B.N.
(31013)

June 9, 1892

Jx

CITY OF BOSTON
OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

INDEX TO VOLS. III. AND IV.

1849.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
View on the Genesee. Illustrated.....	3	A Visit to Dr. Davidson's.....	232
An Incident in the Trial of an Irish Patriot.....	4	True Sketches of a False Heart.....	234
An Hour on Broadway.....	6	An Epitaph.....	235
The Angels.....	8	Talks with You—"Cura Facit Canos".....	236
Louis Blanc. Illustrated.....	9	Holden's Review.....	241
Nannunteeo.....	11	Topics of the Month.....	249
Tribute to the last Royal Governor of New York.....	14	Honolulu. Illustrated.....	259
True Love.....	16	The Swedenborgian.....	260
Doctor Wm. Turner. Illustrated.....	17	To a young Husband.....	264
A Mirror for Authors. Illustrated.....	21	Talks with You—About the Serpent and the Dove.....	265
A Song.....	22	Day Dreams.....	271
Midnight Musings.....	23	There's a Memory Yet.....	271
The Athenæum and Royal Institution. Illustrated.....	24	The Welcome Home. Illustrated.....	272
The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	25	The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	273
Keats.....	30	The Atheist.....	280
Horace Greeley. Illustrated.....	33	Sorrow.....	283
Spirit of Beauty.....	35	Doctors Dissected.....	284
Tendencies of Modern Civilization.....	36	The Garden Gate.....	286
Pulpit Portraits—Professor Chester Dewey, D. D., M. D. Illustrated.....	40	Marie Antoinette.....	289
Holden's Review.....	49	The Toilette and its Devotees.....	293
Topics of the Month.....	51	Reminiscences of the White Rose.....	296
The Life of Major Andre. Illustrated.....	67	Pulpit Portraits—Rev. John Durbin, D. D. Illustrat- ed.....	297
Pilgrimages to English Shrines. Illustrated.....	70	Holden's Review. Illustrated.....	305
Talks with You—About Humbugs.....	74	Topics of the Month.....	313
Death of the only Daughter.....	80	Outlet of Lake George. Illustrated.....	323
Rhayader. Illustrated.....	81	Charlotte Corday.....	324
Border Bullets.....	82	All, all are gone.....	328
A Vision.....	87	The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	329
American Notabilities—J. Fennimore Cooper.....	89	Lines.....	333
Nannunteeo.....	91	Doctors Dissected.....	334
Death of a Christian.....	94	View on the Upper Mississippi. Illustrated.....	337
Johannes Schmidt's trip on the Harlem Railroad. Illustrated.....	97	France under her first Republic.....	338
Regulars and Continentals.....	99	Notes of Hand.....	342
Song of the American Editor.....	103	The Atheist.....	346
Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Edwin H. Chapin. Illustrated.....	104	Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D.....	350
Rev. Sewall S. Cutting.....	109	Talks with You—Head Worship and Heart Worship.....	353
Holden's Review.....	113	To ——— with a Rosary.....	360
Topics of the Month.....	121	A visit to a Man.....	361
The Bride of an Hour.....	131	Leaves from the Autobiography of a Dollar.....	365
Pilgrimages to English Shrines. Illustrated.....	134	Busy thoughts in Broadway.....	367
The Cholera of '49.....	141	To ——— with a Rosary.....	368
Patches and Shreds.....	144	Holden's Review.....	369
Regulars and Continentals.....	146	Topics of the Month.....	377
Talks with You—About Chatterton.....	153	View on the Canal near Little Falls. Illustrated.....	387
Impromptu.....	158	Notes of Hand.....	388
The Atheist.....	161	A Suggestive Sentence Elucidated.....	391
The Parting of the Ways.....	168	The Battle of Plattsburg.....	397
Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Robt. Baird, D. D. Illustrated.....	169	The Time for Sleep.....	398
Holden's Review. Illustrated.....	177	Patches and Shreds.....	399
Topics of the Month.....	185	Discussing a Custard.....	401
The Valley of the Sacramento. Illustrated.....	195	Canzonet to Myra.....	401
Madame Roland.....	196	Marat.....	402
The Swedenborgian.....	201	The Atheist.....	406
Washington Irving. Illustrated.....	206	Our Little Church.....	412
Sir Walter Raleigh and his Times.....	210	The elements in Travel.....	414
Sleep, Somnambulism and Dreams.....	217	American Notabilities—John Pierpont.....	417
The Confessional.....	223	Nothing.....	422
View on the River Stour. Illustrated.....	224	The Long Night.....	424
Dominic's Monument.....	225	Souvenirs.....	424
The Barber of Cadiz.....	229	Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr.....	426
		Modern Philosophy.....	431

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Voice from Hungary.....	432	Arthur Campbell.....	607
Holden's Review.....	433	Aix La Chapelle.....	612
Topics of the Month.....	441	The Burial.....	614
Pyramid Lake. Illustrated.....	451	Lines.....	614
The Women of Paris.....	452	The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	615
Charlotte Elizabeth.....	455	One of my Disappointments.....	621
The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	456	Treatment of the Children of the Rich.....	626
The Reminiscence of a Grayhead.....	462	Mount Diabolo.....	628
St. Regis and its celebrated Bell.....	463	My Cousin Mary.....	629
Monterey. Illustrated.....	465	Not the Traveller at the Source of the Nile.....	631
The Slumberers.....	466	Unasked Advice.....	632
Money—Its Uses and Abuses.....	472	To Mary.....	632
A Reminiscence.....	477	Holden's Review.....	633
Winchelsea Church. Illustrated.....	483	Topics of the Month.....	637
Recollections of My Campaign.....	484	The Bluffs of Semla. Illustrated.....	643
This Earth is not my Abiding Place.....	488	Miss Moonshine's Expectations.....	644
Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D. D.....	489	Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	651
He never wrote again.....	496	Lines—Sacred to the Memory of C. W. Holden.....	657
Holden's Review.....	497	Recreations, Sports and Pastimes.....	658
Topics of the Month.....	505	The first Dead.....	664
The first Grave of Napoleon. Illustrated.....	515	Susy L——'s Diary.....	665
Royal Clemency.....	516	How Softly the Moonlight.....	670
The September Massacres.....	524	Georkey. Illustrated.....	673
Ode on Solitude.....	527	The Wild Horse and the Indian Chief.....	674
Summer.....	527	The Prayer.....	676
Grave of Margaret Miller Davidson.....	528	London Bridge.....	677
The Autobiography of a Monomaniac.....	529	Farewell to Summer.....	678
The Slumberers.....	534	Aquila Chase.....	679
To ——.....	540	Qui Vit.....	683
A word about Grandfathers.....	541	Going into Winter Quarters.....	684
Aerial Navigation.....	543	The Bibliopolist.....	694
Economics.....	548	Open the Blinds.....	696
Tribute to the Memory of Bunyan.....	555	The Bridal of Woe.....	696
The Zephyrs.....	555	Holden's Review.....	697
Passages in the Life of a Young Thespian.....	556	Topics of the Month.....	701
The Mother's Lament on the Death of her Child.....	560	Meaux. Illustrated.....	707
Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D. Illustrated.....	561	Susy L——'s Diary.....	708
Holden's Review.....	569	A Dream of Judgment.....	728
Topics of the Month.....	573	Talks with You—About the Lucifer Match: or, The Sorrows of a Poet.....	729
The Floating Chapel of the Holy Comforter. Illustrated.....	579	American Notabilities—George P. Morris. Illustrated.....	737
The Slumberers.....	580	The Prisoner of La Force.....	746
The Height of Ugliness.....	586	The Dying Maiden.....	751
To ——.....	592	Pulpit Portraits—Rev. Geo. Peck, D. D. Illustrated.....	752
The Young Scamp. Illustrated.....	593	Holden's Review.....	761
Susy L——'s Diary.....	594	Topics of the Month.....	765
A Tale of Humble Life.....	601		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Genesee Falls.....	1	View on the River Stour, England.....	224
Louis Blanc.....	9	Port of Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands.....	257
Doctor Wm. Turner.....	17	The Welcome Home.....	272
Athenaeum and Royal Institution.....	24	Father Mathew.....	288
Horace Greeley.....	32	Rev. John Durbin, D. D.....	297
Professor Chester Dewey, D. D., M. D.....	40	Outlet of Lake George.....	321
Oregon City.....	65	View on Upper Mississippi.....	337
Major Andre—Cut in Profile by himself.....	67	Astonishment.....	352
Earl of Cathcart.....	69	View on the Erie Canal.....	386
The Gate House.....	71	Hans Christian Anderson.....	416
The Star Chamber.....	72	Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, D. D.....	425
Rhayader.....	81	Pyramid Lake—Oregon.....	450
Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	96	Monterey—Upper California.....	465
Illustrations of Schmidt's trip to Harlem.....	97-98	Winchelsea Church.....	483
Rev. Edwin H. Chapin.....	104	The first Grave of Napoleon.....	514
Niagara Falls.....	129	Rev. Daniel Sharp, D. D.....	561
Illustrations of English Shrines..... 135, 136, 137, 138, and 140	139	Floating Chapel of the Holy Comforter.....	578
Louis Napoleon.....	145	The Young Scamp.....	593
Elihu Burritt.....	160	The Bluffs of Semla.....	642
Rev. Robt. Baird, D. D.....	169	Georkey.....	672
Encampment in the Sacramento Valley.....	193	View of Meaux.....	706
Washington Irving.....	206	George P. Morris.....	736
View of "Sunny Side" on the Hudson.....	209	George Peck, D. D.....	752

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1849.

NO. II.



GENESEE FALLS.

NEAR GENESEO, N. Y.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1910.

NO. II.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library

VIEW ON THE GENESEE

THE Engraving, which we present our subscribers this month, represents one of the most charming scenes to be found in the State of New York. It is taken from one of the latest pictures of the lamented Cole, one of the greatest of American landscape painters, and is classed by connoisseurs among his most felicitous productions. The picture was kindly loaned to us for the use of our Magazine, by its owner, Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq., one of the most liberal and intelligent patrons of the fine arts in this country, who has probably done more for the cause, since he has occupied the position of President of the American Art-Union, than any other individual in the country. The scene represented in the engraving is on the Genesee River, near Geneseo, a wild and picturesque spot, peculiarly American in its character, and one of those subjects in which the genius of the artist always delighted. Our rivers abound in such wild uncultivated spots, which now lie out of the high road of travel, and are therefore overlooked by searchers after the picturesque. Of late years our young artists have taken their sketching materials in hand, and with a camp-stool and a knapsack, have gone all over the country in search after scenes of picturesque beauty. The results of their intimacy with nature have been not only a greater number of beautiful pictures which have been distributed over the Union and created a new interest for art, but they have made our people familiar with the places best worth visiting in their own land, and saved many an enthusiast from the trouble and expense of going to Europe in search of scenes which may be found at home in greater beauty.—Among those who first taught Americans to love American scenery was Cole. Although not a native of the soil, his soul seemed to glow with delight in contemplating the grandeur and loveliness of our river and mountain scenery. Until he transferred to his glowing canvass a semblance of our gorgeous forest scenery when first smitten by the frost, the wild and solemn magnificence of our lonely lakes and rivers, our majestic mountains, and green vallies, no American artist had ever attempted to represent American nature. All that landscape painters had attempted was to reproduce European pictures. Even the landscapes of Alston were painted after Italian models—nobody seemed to have looked upon the wilderness of American scenery as suitable for pictorial embellishments.

The appearance of Cole's landscapes, in which the prominent features of American scenery were so truthfully and beautifully portrayed, gave a new impulse and a new direction to art in this country. Let critics differ as they will in respect to the merits of Cole's paintings, there can be no difference of opinion as to the effects of his early works on American art. While he confined himself to such subjects as the one that forms the

picture from which our engraving has been copied, he remained unapproachable by any of the many imitators of his style, and they were very numerous, who were called into existence by the exhibition of his pictures. It was only when he attempted other kinds of landscape that other artists came near him. He was in art what Cooper was in literature—he first directed the mind of America to the wealth of romantic beauty which abounds in its primeval forests, by the woody banks of its nameless lakes and rivers, its roaring cataracts, and boundless prairies.

In the picture which we have had engraved, and given as the first of a series of American landscapes by American artists, all the features of the scene are peculiarly American; but the charm of color, the rich dark green of the foliage, the bright tints of the russet leaves, the clear depths of the blue sky, the bright, fresh, and glowing atmosphere of the whole, cannot be copied; but the engraver has performed his task well and given a faithful rendering of the original work.

We are particularly happy in having it in our power to furnish, as the initial of the new series of embellishments with which we intend hereafter to enrich our Magazine, one of the finest pictures of the greatest landscape painter which America has yet produced, and ever shall strive to furnish other pictures worthy to accompany this, in succeeding numbers.

The Art-Union is peculiarly rich in splendid paintings this season, and its prospects of ultimate regeneration of our national taste are extremely flattering. The list of subscribers for the present year already numbers some fifteen thousand, and as the limited time is fast drawing to a close, is rapidly filling up. This is cheering news to American art and American artists, and exemplifies the fact that we have stated when opportunities offer for its development. There are in the Art-Union every year many splendid paintings of our first artists which are transferred from the walls of our wealthy connoisseurs to those of the Gallery for the benefit of the picture-seeking community, and among them are some, which, with the permission of the owners, we wish to duplicate in our Magazine. We shall thus give our subscribers an opportunity of viewing many of these private gems, which otherwise would never meet the public eye. These engravings are to us very costly, far exceeding the amount we originally appropriated to all our embellishments; but, as our friends seem fully inclined to support us in our laudable enterprise, we shall endeavor to reciprocate by increasing our attractions. Our Portraits, as well as Views, will, we think, bear comparison with any others published in this country, and that of Mr. Greeley on another page, is certainly one of the finest specimens of drawing as well as engraving ever seen this side of London.

AN INCIDENT IN THE TRIAL OF AN IRISH PATRIOT.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

"A VERY original affair!" said I, laying down the Tribune of that day.

"What is that?" asked my companion.

"I refer to that scene in the trial of Smith O'Brien, when Dobbyn, the Irish Detective, is proved a perjurer by the unexpected testimony of Mr. D'Alton. All the circumstances connected with the affair—the visit of D'Alton at the Freeman Office; the hasty and successful measures instantly taken to bring him into court; the crushing power of D'Alton's testimony, and the complete unmasking of Dobbyn—would seem to make the whole as an interference by Providence, if all these things had not so unaccountably failed in the great result."

The gentleman, to whom I said this, was a grey-headed refugee from Ireland since the great rebellion in "Ninety Eight." He paused a few moments and then replied in a voice, trembling with age and strong feeling.

"I dare not trust myself to speak of the trial of O'Brien, for it reminds me of the days of Fitzgerald and Emmet. But there is one incident of those times, which I can mention with more calmness. Your remark suggested it. I will tell you of a providential interference, this time successful, in a trial of somewhat similar character. The actors were obscure and are now forgotten by all, except the few who then stood in the court room, and saw the heroism of a poor servant girl, trampling upon her own love for the sake of truth and justice in the cause of Ireland. *They* never can forget it. All that I did not at that time understand in the affair, I afterwards learned by inquiry of others—so strong was the interest that humble heroine made within me."

Late on Hallowmas Eve, a young man and girl were sitting together in the servant's room of an Irish country-seat. The latter was a fair and buxom lass, known far and near as "pretty Mary Donovan." She had an honest face too, where the very heart seemed looking forth, and one for whose real nobility a man might pledge his life. At the moment, it was clouded with anxiety and timid love.

Very near her, sat a young man with one of those false, handsome faces, that we occasionally meet, and always look upon a second time. His glossy hair was elaborately curled, and his eye hard and bright like jet, was marked with insincerity. His whole appearance was, as I have just said, handsome and false. Had the young girl whom he was so earnestly addressing, been a physiognomist, she would never have listened to his words, and as it was, her whole manner was wavering, distrustful, yet tender.

"Phelim, you know that I love you, and oh! that I could trust ye too. If I could shut my eyes while ye talk to me, I'd wait no longer but give ye the world at once, but whenever I look in your eye, you seem to be talking only with your lips,

and so I turn away from the face I *should* love to look upon."

"I understand ye, Mary Donovan," said Phelim bitterly, "and because the face I was born with don't suit ye, you think I am trying to cheat. It's no use to fool around ye any longer. I'll go to the mountains and join the fighting Boys to-morrow."

"Not because I sent ye there!" exclaimed Mary hastily. "Dear Phelim, forgive me, and I'll never vex ye again."

A glow, not of shame, passed over his face, as he saw the effect of his words in this; the first sign of triumph, and he persevered so cleverly that in a few minutes they were betrothed, and he had won the first ripe kiss from her dainty lips. Then followed the interchange of love tokens, usual among the Irish peasantry. They could only exchange locks of hair, for they had nothing else to give.

"Write on the paper around it the date of the blessed night, Phelim, and it will be twice as precious to me."

So he did, and Mary placed it carefully next to her heart.

They then began to talk of more serious matters. Both were poor, but hopeful, and ready to wait for some sudden turn of good fortune, which they fondly dreamed might come at any time. This discussion of ways, means, and all impracticable projects carried them far into the night, so far indeed, that Phelim, lover though he really was, yawned sleepily as he took his candle, saying,

"Good night, Mary dear, and don't forget Hallowmas Eve."

"Ah, Phelim," she replied, "I'll remember it long enough for us both."

So she did.

The next day brought tidings to the inmates of—Hall, that a large body of peasants had risen during the past night, and committed excesses, too common in those times of apprehension and resistance. Nor did they end with that night's work. What is known in history as the "Rebellion of Ninety Eight," speedily broke out, and for months kept the land in most fearful agitation. At last, the rebellion was crushed, and then commenced the trials of those leaders who had been captured. All crowded to the court to see their first men brought to trial and condemned, almost invariably, to death. One of these leaders was of great notoriety in the vicinity of—Hall, and when his case was called from the docket, every man, woman and child, flocked to the place of trial—some to sympathise with the caged patriot, some to exult over his fall, and very many to see the man, whose name had been held up as a word of equal terror to refractory children and full grown men.

"Mary," said her lover, as he saw her arrayed in rustic finery, "surely, ye're not going to the court to-day."

"Indeed I am," she replied, "I'll go and give the poor prisoner a blessing with my eye, since I can do nothing else for him. Why should I stay away, when a man is to be tried for his life, because he loved us too well? Surely we must go and say to him by our presence, that we are with him in our Irish hearts."

"It's no place for women, I tell ye," exclaimed Phelim with sudden violence, and then coaxingly, "Indeed, you must not go. Stay at home and think of what I'm telling ye, that I've got fifty golden guineas, and we can be married next week, or as soon as you'll only say the word."

"Fifty guineas in real gold! Who gave them to ye—was it the master, or—"

"Hush! Here's the master's own voice, calling me now, so I must go. Stay at home, Mary dear, or I'll not forgive ye."

"I don't understand ye, Phelim, and I will go to the court," said Mary to herself. "Fifty guineas of bright and heavy gold—blessings on the giver!"

In opening the case the prosecuting attorney was observed to look anxiously around the court, as if in search of some particular face. Each time he was disappointed, and at last was obliged to announce, that in the absence of its principal witness, the Crown would first resort to other evidence. And meagre enough was that evidence to all in the crowded court. Everything manifestly depended upon the principal witness, the *Informer*, and without his speedy appearance, the prisoner would doubtless be entitled to an acquittal. At last, the Crown officer finished his other evidence, and again peered anxiously about the court. This time his face lighted with satisfaction.

"Phelim Reeney."

"Phelim!" cried a faint, smothered voice upon the opposite side of the room.

"Silence there in the court!" shouted the Sheriff angrily.

But there was no silence in Mary Donovan's heart.

"I see it now—those fifty golden guineas! Ah, they have made Phelim Reeney an *Informer*, but they shall never make me his wife."

The *Informer* felt the moist, yet flashing eye of Mary Donovan, burning into his brain, and he shivered with terror, but the voice of the prosecuting attorney soon restored self-possession, and he coolly testified as follows:

He had disguised himself, and joined the rebels in their great meeting on the night of the first rising. He had especially marked the prisoner at the bar, as the seeming leader, and the one under whose direction the whole body acted. He heard this prisoner utter words, and saw him do acts of treason on that night. This was the substance of his testimony, and so clear, full, and direct was it throughout, that every one saw that the prisoner's life was hanging on the words from this *Informer's* lips. The Crown lawyers skillfully pumped him of every thing, and found that he had done full justice to his training.

The first question on the cross examination was in regard to the time of this affair. Phelim appeared somewhat uneasy, and replied in a very low tone.

"Louder!" cried one of the Judges.

"It was the night before the rising—Hallowmas Eve."

"No! it was *not* on Hallowmas Eve!" exclaimed Mary Donovan, rising with an uncontrollable impulse. "Phelim! you are not even an *Informer*—you are perjured!"

There was dead silence for one instant, and then the prisoner's counsel spoke sharply.

"What's this!" Let that girl come to the witness stand."

"Pale, but not trembling, she took the place where Phelim had just stood.

"You say it was not on Hallowmas Eve—tell all you know."

She fixed her eyes on her lover, and kept them there steadily until she had finished. No one questioned or interrupted her in the course of her broken testimony.

"Never would I be standing in this place, your Honors, if the false oath and the black word hadn't come from the lips of Phelim Reeney. Never would I open my mouth to condemn the man I love best, if he himself had not compelled me to do it.

"This man was once my lover, before he sold his country, and me too with it. And the very night that he first spoke his false words to me without check, was this same Hallowmas Eve, when he swears he was up in the mountains, disguised as one of the band of that prisoner at the bar. We talked till two in the night—do ye deny it? Look then at this, which I take from my bosom for the last time—this lock of your hair, wrapped in a paper—and ye've written on that paper, these words with yer own hand,

Phelim Reeney

to

Mary Donovan,

11 o'clock, Hallowmas Eve.

Take the paper and the hair, Sir,—'twill never come into my hand again.

"Isn't the shaking of that guilty man as good proof of my oath? Ah, Phelim, I see now where the fifty gold guineas came from, but did ye think at the time what ye gave in exchange for that bribe?

"This is all that I know, and oh! it is too much for me to say! for it strikes down the man I love. Phelim, why did you do all this? An hour ago, and worlds wouldn't have tempted ye to exchange places with that man at the bar, but now there's nothing ye wouldn't give to be this prisoner yourself. Ye'll be despised, and cut off from among men, but never can even you feel more misery than I shall find all my weary life, for I loved you, Phelim, and ye've broken my heart."

The old gentleman stopped here, but his eyes were eloquent as he mused.

"Well?" said I inquiringly.

"In the course of a long life," he continued, "I have often heard the outpouring of true genius, but never did I *see* such eloquence, as there was in the eye of that servant girl, when she faced her lover and made him a criminal. Even the hard-eyed Judges were softened by the sight."

"What became of her?"

"Ah! this is a true incident, and you must not

expect the ending of a novel. The prisoner was acquitted of crime: Reeney suffered the penalty of his crime, while Mary Donovan retired again to her service, forgotten and unknown. Had Ireland then attained her independence, you would long since have seen her name written in the annals of that desperate strife, and not have heard of her now, only through a chance story by an aged wanderer from his own unhappy land."

AN HOUR ON BROADWAY.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

TOURISTS and travellers with long purses, continually spend weeks in the country each season for the ostensible purpose of studying nature! A most preposterous idea! What! visit regions of mountain and rock, where nature intuitively shrinks from your embrace, and puts on her hardest, roughest features when you wish to win a smile from her face? Throw yourself bodily into the briars and brambles of a boggy pasture to search out pastoral charms? Seek out idle shepherdesses with phantom flocks on a mountain side, inhabited by nothing but unromantic cows, that you may boast of a study from nature? Fruitlessly endeavor, for days, to enveigle wary trout from their cooling ambuscades, in conjunction with an automaton insect, when, for three shillings, you could buy them ready cooked at Windusts? Pshaw! "The proper study of mankind is man," and if you would seek wisdom, neither accompany "those who go down to the sea in ships," or venture among the wilds of the back woods that you may study the beauties of nature. Come with me into the busy streets of iniquitous Gotham, and by the glance of the sun which shines as brightly for city-zens as their countrymen, we will see a few of the sights, and meditate upon the frailties of poor human nature. What we see here in an hour's time will hardly pass current as a glance at New York, but may suggest other inquiries which possibly will terminate in our advantage; and now we are on the street.

On week days we observe on Broadway the interminable roaring of the omnibusses, which renders *travel* almost *travail*, the abrupt curvatures of private carriages and their sudden transitions from right to left, and from left to right—the martial display of uniformed parallelograms, which debouch with military exactness from an ambuscade of hackney coaches, and press gallantly on to the field where the landlord charges them, (and sometimes pretty roundly)—the unequalled energy of enthusiastic juveniles, who in their exuberance of animal spirits, are desperately throwing cold water upon each effort of the in-

endiary, and bestowing volumes of wrath and Croton, with the happiest effect, upon every spot where the smoke is diverted from its proper channel—the dashing up at Stewarts of the prancing bays and purple bodied carriage of an up town *nabob-ess*, the plain blue and white of whose coachman and footboy bespeak that republican simplicity, whose *penchant* is not an affectation of aristocratic tinsel, and lordly gold and orange—these, aye and hundreds of other curious sights, meet the eye daily in one block—only one block of Broadway. I could on a Monday or Saturday afternoon point out to you, on the "dollar side" of our great thoroughfare, many a *lusus nature* of the fashionable world, many a monstrosity of upper-tendom—but stop! for ten minutes only, let us stand upon this corner and bethink ourselves, in a censorial capacity, "monarch of all we survey."

What have we here? with head *almost* as far above tide-water as the source of the Hudson—one finger slightly petting the dreamy indistinctness of an incipient moustache, which curls with contempt beneath his affectionate caress—his hand encompassed by the delicate texture of the skin of the kid, and enriched by the glitter of jewels, dug in other than Golconda's mines—his neck encircled by the brilliant cravat, whose sparkling surface overshadows the intense intelligence stamped on his brow—his feet adorned with the perfection of polish, which would have blinded Old Day and Martin with its unspeakable lustre—he comes like a meteor to the sober earth, and will perhaps sink into its depths as a nine days wonder. You might at first sight wonder whether you looked upon a man or his antipodes, but suppress your emotion, for I assure you 'tis a man. He was made to order by Jennings, and briefly strutting his hour upon the stage a respirative manikin or its walking synonym, superlatively happy in the smiles and caresses of the ladies, who, dear creatures! oftentimes mistake lavender-water for manliness, and construe patent leather into a perfect understanding, he glides through

the world a gilded butterfly, adapted to manhood and calculated only for the meridian of Broadway.

Directly behind him, flush with the excitement of "running with the machine," and redolent of red flannel, tobacco juice and independence, shuffles along the indomitable hero of a hundred battles, all beginning if not ending in smoke—the incarnate *Mose* of the nineteenth century. There you observe no affected coquetry with immature hair—no trifling with the mosaic of a flaunting neck-tie—no playful undulations of the head, and gentle inclination of the beaver at the beck of passing beauty, but a premeditated assumption of undue carelessness of dress marks the outward man. With a hat whose rim is guiltless of a curve, a shirt which bears the impress of its owner's nature, and is symbolical of the element to which it is consecrated, pantaloons whose fair proportions seem curtailed of their due developement, and cut from the original cloth by the purification of fire, boots whose body and sole seem warlike and ready to kick on suggestion from head quarters, he is indeed the perfection of the genteel rowdy—the personification of peripatetic eccentricity—almost an embodiment of nonchalance and asbestos. Ready to sacrifice life and limb for the benefit of others, and constantly refusing remuneration for his continuous peril, he stands, like an independent Tyrol, upon the dignity of his equality, and is always ready to "go in" for a friend, go out for a foe, or do both when the Chief Engineer wishes the favor. Is the *man* bandaged in the finery of the fop, or does he loosely swing in the disjointed anatomy which defies the rules of grace, and marks the shambling gait of the boor in the red shirt? I know what your answer will be, so defer it.

And now there passes us a very high shirt collar, (seemingly the grand principle upon which the body underneath is formed) with a very nicely fitting coat, plain, unassuming, vest of black, neatly polished boots, pants of fine broad cloth, and a massive gold headed cane. There is something besides all these, for the suit, though perhaps somewhat in years, could hardly go alone, and we almost recognize the face under the hat, albeit as stoical as the primitive Mr. Dombey. It is that of a down town merchant, who, having made a fortune in flour, is now as stiff as his own prices at the last quotation. There is as much expression in the ornamented head of his walking stick as in his face; and there beams from his eye a look of seraphic calmness, which nothing but a sudden fall in flour can effect. A heavenly expression of peace and good will toward all men (especially as he now has on hand a large quantity of superfine Howard street bought remarkably low for cash) irradiates his countenance, and his whole appearance betokens the man of quick returns, and large profits. See with what an air of firm independence he walks the pavement—how portly and significant of dollar and cents is his very stride across the curb stone—behold his stare of astonishment at the salutation of a porter who once worked with him, when his corporael being was stamped only with the brand—but that deep and most essentially a brand—of poverty. But he con-

soles himself for passing his old chum by thinking that as he is growing older he feels the infirmities of age are applicable to him, and especially is his eye-sight dim. He is right; his eye-sight is dim, though he could still see as far into a mill stone as his neighbors, especially if said stone had ever been in the flour business. But see; he treads heavily on the toes of the little wretch who is asking for alms on the corner, and as he passes on, wonders what the quotations are this morning.

But who is this, tripping along in a light sack coat, closely buttoned to the neck, yet wore with an air of jauntiness and affected taste, that shows the wearer has will, if not a way, for being tasty in matters of dress? His gloves, once bright and glossy, are suffused with that insipid tint which effectually damns the respectability of kid, his right boot is cursed with the vulgar defamation of a patch of *outré* magnitude, his hat, once the happy inspiration of Genin's genius, is now, like an old *roue*, rusticated in the shade of a previous reputation, and his whole appearance bespeaks the metropolitan Titmouse "out on business for the firm." A planet of intense brilliancy in his immediate galaxy, he gleams upon the milky way of Broadway as a star of the seventh magnitude—a mere parhelion of the fascinating Jeremy Diddlers of foreign extraction, shown up on the stage partly because of their scarcity, and partly because it is pleasanter to sneer at foreign presumption than domestic folly. In few words "our hero," as novelists term their most contemptible fop, is a lawyer's clerk, and when not engaged in dispossessing lone widows and threatening sickly fathers for a failure in the rent, may be seen sporting a little on Broadway, a sort of wandering *barratry*, whose master holds him in fee-simple for the execution of deeds, not of daring—but of the law. With a face upon whose surface is transcribed, in physiognomical letters, "writ of ejectment," "*habeas corpus*" and last, not least, "*non compos mentis*," he slides along the street like one of his own rusty rolls of parchment, and "affects a virtue, though he has it not."

And now there comes more indications of patent leather, but so destitute of the shade of dusty side-walks that you would at first imagine some *ladye faire* had dropped it from her basket to take a solitary promenade, did not the appendage of masculine feet denote the advent of another street comet. Superfine broadcloth encases his legs, dotted at the sides with those delicious corded embellishments, vulgarly 'yclept "railroad tracks," while its upper extremities are gathered into innumerable folds, which terminate in a focus whose radiation is hidden from the eye by the spacious front of a vest, wherein is blended the hues of the rainbow upon a very black velvet ground. From a corner of the pocket, to a very minute button hole in the vest, depends a chain, each link of which verifies the old adage "as broad as it is long." Two serpent's mouths hold pendant an enormous seal, whose graven coat of arms seem like a porphyry Laocoon struggling in the embrace of the vile reptiles. Upon his breast glows a seeming saucer of diamonds, whose variegated sparkles show the wearer to be a man of mark. And he is a man of mark—a very *black* mark,

however, and one who may be seen every evening with those palpable demonstrations of Ethiopian wit and humor, which have supplanted the more ambitious efforts of dramatic Dickens', and proved conclusively, what American editors have seriously disputed for a few years past—that *we Americans* do most decidedly encourage *native talent*. This gentleman—for, having plenty of money, he of *course* is a gentleman—is in his element when on Broadway. "The observed of all observers," he is to most of the town a French gentleman of fortune, and remembering Dr. Beecher's old saying, "let a lie alone and it will soon run itself out," he is too careless of fame to venture a contradiction. No doubt many of our quiet citizens have gone down to the grave with the delightful republican reflection that they have seen a live lord, when, in fact, their visual organs have only enjoyed a glance at a very white black man, or rather a very black white man, who prognosticates the fall of empires in the morning, speculates on probabilities of republican usurpations in the afternoon, and blacks his face for the edification of a crowd and a redundancy of sixpences at half past six in the evening. A human answer to the ancient proposition, "can an Ethiopian change his skin," he may well be styled a perambulating paradox—a negative proposition in humanity answered in the affirmative—a double-faced material syllogism whose *premises* are the morning and afternoon,

and whose *conclusion* is the evening recreation. His being is made up strictly of light and shade, but so artistically disposed, like the chameleon's color, that when white he instinctively plays the part of a black, and when black excels the natural negro himself. He is an evident improvement upon ebony nature, and it has been said that a deputation of colored gentlemen from the South has expressed a desire to witness his portraiture of many of the characteristics of the negro they have never seen, and if possible stimulate their sooty brethren to a competition with the exotics of every street corner, who with the progressive spirit of the age, have determined to show the people that nature is behind the times, and needs a little encouragement from them. Jovial black white man! Humorous white black man! Thy programme is a happy mixture of pleasantries and absurdities, thy success a palpable demonstration of the utility of tact before talent, of gumption in preference to genius. But Broadway is now fast filling up, and a confused mass of heads of the people will soon supersede these individual notorieties. Peculiarities will soon be but mere specks upon the surface of the multitude, and eccentric points will be lost in the rounded angles of the crowd. Individuality is merged in plurality, and to study characters we must now study ourselves. We may at some future time spend another "hour on Broadway."

THE ANGELS.

BY DUGANNE.

ANGEL OF HOPE.

I HEAR thy wings, my sister,
Though the night is dark around thee—
O, those wings are drooping heavily,
As if the tempest bound thee—
Tell me, sister—whither now?
Whence and wherefore journey'st thou?

ANGEL OF SUFFERING.

I come—O, I come,
From the hapless realms,
Where souls are dumb,
Where wrong o'erwhelms—
From the land where the Famine hath been—
Hath been and will be again,
And wring the hearts of desperate men
With slow, consuming pain,
Till souls that once were free from sin,
Are black as the soul of Cain!
Famishing mothers, and famishing sires,
And sons with hearts of hate,
Lighting their terrible signal fires,
Piling their hovels in funeral pyres—
Lying in wait, with hearts of hate,
At the cruel tyrant's gate!
Earth is mighty, and earth hath room
For millions of souls unborn!
Harvests smile, and orchards bloom,
And fields are heavy with corn;
And yet there cometh the Famine's doom,
And the livid Plague, and the pestilent tomb,
On Ireland's land forlorn!

ANGEL OF HOPE.

Heaven helpeth—Heaven helpeth—
Though the clouds may darkly frown:
Heaven lifts the poor and wretched—
Heaven brings the haughty down!
Trust in Heaven, suffering angel—
Through the cross shall come the crown!

ANGEL OF SUFFERING.

I have been to the darksome mine
Where Albion's infant slaves
In wretchedness toil—in hopelessness pine,
From birth to earth—
Nor joy nor mirth
From their cradles to their graves!
Children with withered hearts,
And maidens with never a maiden's shame—
Toiling and toiling till life departs,
Living and dying without an aim,
Living for ever to labor and labor,
Cursing their lords with horrible words—
Wrestling with brother, and struggling with neighbor.

ANGEL OF HOPE.

Heaven is mighty! and God is good!
Little of love is understood!
Yet cometh the hour
Of Beauty and Power.
Cometh the glorious day—
When Right shall be Might, and Darkness Light,
And Wrong be swept away!



LOUIS BLANC.

WITH A PORTRAIT SKETCHED BY COUNT D'ORSAY.

LOUIS BLANC was born at Madrid, on the 28th October, 1813. His grandfather and uncle died on the scaffold in the Revolution; and his father, a rich merchant, was actually incarcerated and on the point of sharing a like fate, when, by the intervention of a friend, he contrived to make his escape in female attire. After many dangers and adventures, having regained a considerable fortune, he proceeded to Corsica, where he married Mdlle. Estelle Pozzo di Borgo; and shortly after was appointed Inspector-General of France at Madrid, under Joseph Buonaparte, by the Comte Ferri Pisani, the uncle of his wife, and son-in-law of

the Marechal Jourdan. Here Monsieur Louis Blanc and his brother Charles were born. At the age of seven, he was sent to be educated at the College of Rhodéz, where his progress was so remarkable that at fifteen his education was entirely completed; and, having attained the highest honors, he repaired to Paris, where his father—who had experienced the most severe reverses of fortune—then was, and where his mother had died a short time previously. Finding his only parent, whom misfortune and distress had reduced to the most melancholy prostration of mind and body, entirely dependent on the Comte Ferri Pisani, who

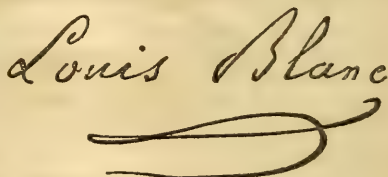
himself had not escaped in the general confusion of affairs, he resolved to accept any employment by which he might obtain an honorable subsistence for his father and himself. He entered the office an attorney of the Cour Royale, and in his leisure hours gave lessons in mathematics. With some difficulty, on account of his extreme youth, and even childish appearance, he succeeded in obtaining the place of tutor to the son of a celebrated mechanic at Arras; there he made the acquaintance of M. Frederic Degeorge, editor of the *Journal du Progres du Pas de Calais*, in which paper he wrote some remarkable articles. At the University of Arras he competed successfully for three prizes offered, viz: for the best essay in verse on the "Hotel des Invalides," for an "Eloge de Mirabeau," and an "Eloge de Manuel." He then returned to Paris, and having written some articles for a paper entitled *Le Bon Sens*, and presented them without other introduction to M. M. Rodde and Cauchois Lemaire, the editors of that journal, they were so struck with the unusual ability displayed in them, that they immediately gave him a regular engagement on the paper; and, on the retiring of M. Cauchois Lemaire, which was at no great interval followed by the death of M. Rodde, the *collaborateurs* of M. Louis Blanc wrote in a body to the proprietor of the journal, M. Lefebvre Meuret a rich Belgian senator, to request that he would place M. Louis Blanc at the head of the paper. To this, however, his youth again offered an obstacle; and, in order to satisfy the eyes of the public, M. Martin Malliefer (afterwards principal editor of the *National*) was appointed as his colleague. Owing, however, to a disagreement with the proprietor, M. Martin Malliefer withdrew before very long; and at nineteen M. Louis Blanc found himself sole editor of one of the most important journals of France. Here it was that M. Louis Blanc first laid the basis of the system which he has since so ably developed in his writings, and which, then entirely new, has made so great a progress in France as to determine one of the most striking characteristics of the Revolution of February. One of the most remarkable traits in this journal (while under the superintendence of M. Louis Blanc) was the spirit of independence which influenced it—whether with regard to the predominant interests or the raging ideas; and his firmness and disinterestedness are best proved by his

having quitted the paper because his desire to sustain the principle of the execution of railroads by the State was opposed by M. Lefebvre Meuret, who was interested in their execution by companies. Such was the esteem and affection that M. Louis Blanc inspired among his *collaborateurs* in the *Bon Sens*, that, on his leaving it, he was followed by every one connected with it. He then founded *La Revue du Progres*, in which the members of the democratic party, such as Francois Arago, Lamennais, Cormenin, George Sands, &c., wrote, and which contributed more powerfully than any other means to the constitution of the Republican party. It was in the *Revue du Progres* that M. Louis Blanc published a series of articles on the Organization of Labour, which produced so deep a sensation, that, on their being collected in a book, the sale of 20,000 copies has not exhausted their success. The labors of journalism not being sufficient to occupy the intelligent activity of M. Louis Blanc, he formed the bold resolution of writing the history of his time; and, notwithstanding the most strenuous attempts of his friends to dissuade him from a project likely to bring upon him a host of enemies, duels, and persecutions of all sorts, he persisted in his plan, and in the "*Histoire de Dix Ans*" carried it out with such singular success, that the book has not called forth a single refutation, notwithstanding that it was written with the most unsparing boldness. The last work of M. Louis Blanc is the "*History of the French Revolution*," of which but two volumes have yet appeared.

The part which, throughout his career, M. Louis Blanc has taken in defence of the rights of the people, naturally placed him in a most conspicuous situation in the late Revolution.

We give below a *fac-simile* of Louis Blanc's autograph, which can be depended upon as genuine and correct.

Louis Blanc




NANNUNTE NEO; OR, THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECRET.

PLUM MRS. PARTRIDGE had stirred for the twentieth time the immense fire which occupied almost the whole hearth, and Jack Wotherspoon, in his anxiety to satisfy the cravings of his stomach, had dispatched the last piece of the venison which had been set before him, ere he condescended to grow communicative. Fearing lest he might repent him of his promise, Mrs. Partridge filled once more his thrice emptied tankard, when Jack commenced.

"Thank-ye, fairest Moll; thou deservest any man's confidence after such treatment. The secret I have to tell thee, then, is this. But mind no blabbing, Moll!"

"Oh! not a word, Jack!"

"Well, then; but where was I, when I last left off?"

"Of Master Shirley you were talking, to be sure."

"Oh! aye—to be sure; of Master Shirley it was, then, but mind, secrecy, Moll—secrecy—or thou knowest what follows."

"Aye—aye—I warrant," retorted Moll, rocking to and fro, in her impatience to hear him.

"Thus, then, it is; Master Shirley, or Master Walter, or Master Walter Shirley, or whatever thou mayst please to call him, is a shy lover, but he does not yet so skillfully watch his cards, but that my master is fully aware of the game he is playing."

"If he be not dead, that is," put in Mistress Partridge, with a timely reference to recent events.

"Ah! if he be not—and between thee and me, Moll, Master Shirley is no more dead than am I."

"Where bides he, then?"

"That is a secret even I may not tell—for a good reason," he thought, "I don't know it myself. However, be he where he may, my master has him fully in his power, and will take good care that he does not return to thwart him in his wishes; for you must know, Mistress Partridge, my master has resolved to honor Mistress Effie with his own hand, and 'twould hardly suit, thou seest, that this Master Shirley, who, I doubt not, may be a very good sort of fellow in his way, though hardly fit companion for such as us, to be present to thwart him. Thou seest?"

"True; but thou knowest Mistress Effie has a spirit of her own, and is, moreover, devotedly attached to Walter; and sooner than wed another, and he alone, she'd do some dreadful deed, rest assured on't, Jack."

"Aye—but rank and wealth, against poverty and obscurity, are great inducements, Moll, and

besides, anticipating all those difficulties, my master has still a most powerful argument to bring in favor of his own proposal."

"And what is that, Jack?"

There was a noise, as of the rustling of garments, in the rear of the speakers, towards the inner door, at this juncture. Both looked around for the cause, but becoming seemingly satisfied that it was nothing more than the branch of a tree, brushed by the wind against the window, they went on.

"Why, I know not that, or I may be explicit on this point," returned Jack, in reply to Mistress Partridge's last question, "but this much I may say; thy master, old Gilbert, has done that across the water which would place his head in jeopardy, at the instigation of a single person. Thou wilt not be long in guessing who that person is."

"Your master, of course."

"I admire thy penetration; ah! Mistress Partridge! thou'rt a very treasure of a woman, and they are few that draw such a confession from Jack Wotherspoon. If thou wert but in England, fairest Moll, what a host thou'dst be dragging after thee!"

"Nonsense—you know you don't mean it," rejoined Mistress Partridge, making a feint of releasing herself from the arm which the half drunken Jack had slyly thrown round her. What would master say, if he caught us twain here, in such condition?"

"Say!" responded Jack, with a very tipsy leer; "why, what could he say, that I had the best of tastes, and that he'd not mind being in my boots for the once; but, steady! there's a time for all things, and, in sooth, it groweth late, and my head is not over steady this night. I'm so gorged with venison. Another flagon, Moll—just another, and I'll be going."

"Glutton!" she replied, patting with an assumed fondness, upon his bloated and scarlet cheek, "hast not had enow already? Why, see, thou canst hardly stand erect—well, well, one more, I suppose, can do thee no harm, Jack—but this is the last."

"The last—on my conscience, the last I drink this night," was Jack's reply, and almost as soon as he had said it, the ale was brought, and quick as thought was tossed down Jack's capacious gullet, with as little trouble as an ordinary man would experience in disposing of a glass of water.

"That's better than 'other, I verily believe," said Jack; "but 'tis late, and I may not stay longer; yet one word ere I go; and, egad! I came near forgetting my errand, Moll—which was, to bid thee have thy eyes and ears open—especially in all that relates to Mistress Effie and her good father. Do this, and communicate all thou hearest

to me, and thou'lt be well rewarded, Moll, thou'lt be well rewarded, trust me." And, having snatched a parting kiss from the buxom house-keeper, who promised faithfully to do all that he requested of her, Jack Wotherspoon, in a decidedly "mysterious" condition, staggered into the garden, made his way to the wall which separated it from the common road, and after leaping into a ditch that lay on the other side of it, made his devious way, with many oaths and imprecations, in the direction of his mother's lodgings.

But all was not done so quietly and secretly as "honest Jack" and his coadjutor had imagined; hearing an unusual noise and confusion below, Effie who had been upon the point of retiring to her chamber, had descended to the kitchen, where the sound of a strange voice occasioned her, upon the eve of entering, to pause. With a throbbing heart she had listened to Jack Wotherspoon's communication respecting her father, and the mysterious influence supposed to be held over him by Effingham, unaided, unable longer to control her rising emotion, she had fled precipitately to her room, and there gave full vent to her grief in tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the meanwhile, Effingham's reckless proceedings had attracted the indignation and disgust of the settlers to such an extent, that, although he had come out as a king's officer, entrusted with full powers to superintend their affairs, and any indignity offered by them towards Effingham was sure to be visited upon them by the severe displeasure of the monarch, they had resolved that he should know of their disapproval of his conduct, and their unwillingness longer to endure his insolence. They therefore held a deliberative meeting, and one of them, the tailor of the village, was selected as the spokesman, and sent forthwith to Mr. Gilbert to advise with him as to what should be done in the premises.

Mr. Gilbert was pacing his apartment in no very agreeable mood, when the messenger approached him, for he was still full of thoughts of the lost Walter Shirley, and the distressing effect which the want of intelligence concerning him had wrought in his daughter's health, had caused him much anxiety. His face was pale and haggard, his form so shrunken that his garments hung loosely about him, and his voice was weak and faltering—*forbidding signs in one so old as he.* Nevertheless, his face slightly brightened up when his visitor was announced, and he heard him though attentively, without venturing any remark until he had concluded.

"I acknowledge the justice of all you say, neighbor," he at length answered, "but must confess myself at a loss to assign a remedy. Sir Arthur Effingham is powerful, and has, moreover, the king's sanction to anything he may see fit to do. Nevertheless, I will see and speak to him, that he may not remain in ignorance of your opinions, which, to say truly, are but the echo of my own."

With many thanks upon his stammering lips, the little tailor was bowing himself off from the presence of the magistrate, when his cringing back came in contact with some resisting object, and turning suddenly, he found himself confronted with the object of his conversation, Effingham himself. He did not pause, however, to frame any idle apologies, but, reaching the head of the flight of stairs which the other had just ascended, he made but one leap in his terror to the bottom, and was out of sight before Effingham had had time to re-arrange the garments which the boor's clumsiness had disturbed.

Effingham was, himself, not altogether undisturbed, owing to the nature of the errand upon which he had come. Perceiving his approach, the magistrate had paused in the centre of the apartment, but without uttering a syllable—awaiting until his visitor should have announced his purpose; for his conduct towards Effingham had of late been of the coldest nature.

"Your pardon, Mr. Gilbert," said Effingham, in some confusion, finding that the magistrate had determined upon his opening the conversation:

"Your pardon for this intrusion, which might appear unwarranted and abrupt, but that the circumstances—in fact, Mr. Gilbert, I come to confer with you upon a very important business.

"Be seated, sir," returned Mr. Gilbert, briefly.

Having complied with this request, Effingham cleared his voice, as if to disembarass his conscience of divers unpleasant sensations which had been forming there during the last half-hour, and proceeded.

"By this time, sir, it is, I presume, no secret with you that I have conceived a passion for your fair daughter. This is, however, the first opportunity which I have had of disclosing the fact personally to yourself. My family, I need hardly say, are among the first in Europe, my rank is noble—my wealth princely—"

"But your *character*, Sir Arthur?"

"My character!" replied Effingham, in some astonishment.

"Aye, sir, your character; your connections, rank and riches are undoubtedly, but these are not the only recommendations which entitle a man to the esteem of his fellow beings. Do men say naught, Sir Arthur, of your private dealings? has your conduct always been of that description which might defy the prying curiosity of the gossip tribe?"

"This language, Mr. Gilbert, to one of my standing!—can it be possible that your intention is to insult me?"

"Does the language, then, apply to you, Sir Arthur?"

The magistrate looked keenly into Sir Arthur's eyes, as he said this, as if he would have read his visitor's inmost soul; but Sir Arthur avoided the glance—looking confusedly upon the ground.

"I am not used to such cross-questioning; all men have their enemies, and it is not improbable that I have mine. But this, sir, is not to the purpose. I have named my wishes, which are such as none but gentlemen encourage. Have I your consent, Sir Arthur, or have I not?"

"I regret, sir, that circumstances compel me to

decline the honorable alliance proposed by Sir Arthur Effingham."

The magistrate's reply was coldly polite, but it altered completely the manner and bearing of Effingham; for it gave him an opportunity of tearing off the mask, and appearing in the character which he was best suited to sustain.

"Then, sir," he exclaimed, "since you refuse—nay spurn my alliance, you must take the alternative. Gilbert—*alias* Ephraim Wyld—you are known to me. Yet, lest you doubt, let me recal to you remembrance of a certain occurrence, which transpired not long since in another land, and to which you fondly deem that there exists no witnesses."

"Effingham! great God—where, and how got you this accursed information?"

The appearance of Mr. Gilbert, as he uttered these disjointed exclamations, was frightful to behold. A look of the deepest agony was upon his face—his limbs trembled and bent beneath him, so that he was obliged to clutch a chair, to prevent himself from falling. Effingham folded his arms, and gazed upon his victim, with a look of gratified malice. Every thing had gone as he could desire, and in the end he already saw his triumph certain.

"But it was false—I never murdered him," continued Gilbert, frantically. "True, by my arm he perished, but 'twas in fair and honorable combat, and ere he died he blessed me."

"De Lacey blessed thee?" retorted Effingham with a sneer. "How came this rumor, then? Was not the part of your quarrel known to all—did you not wed the lady he had destined for himself—was not this cause enough for disagreement? Thou sayest he fell in honorable fray. Prove, then, thy words."

"Alas! I have no proof—no, but a limb to clear me from the stain. Yet were my brothers in our close esteem, and but for this sad quarrel—"

"Well, sir—your answer?" asked Effingham, coolly interrupting him.

"Man—Fiend, father, that can thus rejoice in broken hearts, nor feel a pang for them. How thou comest by this knowledge I know not—but it is evident thou art resolved to use it to my disadvantage. Well—do as you will, man—do with me as you will."

"Hearken, Mr. Gilbert—for such you are to all but me; how I come possessed of this knowledge, it matters not; enough that I have it; enough that, by one little word, if so disposed, I could blast forever your fair fame, and place your neck beneath the axe. All this 'tis in my power, by a warrant from the king, to do. But one word of yours will stay my purpose. Say only that you will bestow on me your daughter, and I will destroy the document, and swear eternal secrecy with regard to your misdeeds. What say you, sir?"

"I know not how to answer; my brain's confused—grant me some time to think—fear not—I cannot now elude you, if I would."

"Be it so, then; Sir Arthur Effingham is firm, but he is not ungenerous. I give you two days to reflect. If at the end of that period your answer is the same, rest assured, sir, you shall feel my bitterest vengeance!"

With these words, the designing villain turned upon his heel, and left the apartment. He had scarcely descended the stairs when the door of the apartment opened to admit another visitor, and Effie Gilbert lay sobbing upon the breast of her father.

CHAPTER XIV.

For some moments both remained in the attitude in which we left them at the conclusion of the last chapter, neither daring nor desiring to break the silence which had succeeded to the villain, Effingham's, departure.

At last, however, Effie raised her face, all suffused with tears, to that of her father, and a look of alarm overspread her pallid features at its altered expression.

"Great Heaven! you are not well—something dreadful has happened—tell me all, dear father—tell me all!" she exclaimed between her sobs.

"'Tis nothing, child—a passing fit of illness—nothing more," he replied, scarce knowing what he said.

"Nay—this sickness is of the mind, not of the body," she persisted earnestly; "Effingham has been here—he has uttered some dreadful threat—I am sure of it."

"Why, what can'st thou know of Effingham, child!" he asked in amazement.

She then related to him the scene which had passed between herself and Effingham, on a late occasion, in which he had made proposals for her hand; and also detailed to her father all that she had heard during the interview between Jack Wotherspoon and Mistress Partridge on the night preceding. Her father heard her through in profound agitation, and then bade her be seated, while he would tell her a story, which would remove from her mind all doubts as to the correctness of Jack Wotherspoon's assertion regarding his master's power.

"Years ago," said Mr. Gilbert, "when you, Effie, were as yet unborn, I had an intimate friend, between whom and myself there existed an understanding little short of that which binds brother to brother. We shared each other's confidence in common, and this world's goods divided equally; for both were orphans. In an evil hour we both became acquainted with her who afterwards became thy mother. Both were inspired by the self-same passion—both felt the self-same jealousy. An unlucky quarrel grew from this—a chance meeting led to words such as had been before passed between us—both were armed, and each unsheathed his sword—it was my sad fortune to remain the victor—yet ere my rival breathed his last he pressed my hand in his, and dying, blessed me. There were no witnesses—yet, somehow, Effingham got wind of it, and uses it unto my disadvantage."

"I was sure of it—I know my father never could be guilty of such crimes," exclaimed Effie, clinging to him. "Though all the world condemned, there's still one heart will never turn against thee."

"Alas, my child, " he answered, smoothing her fair head—"the danger's imminent. I cannot conceal from thee that I am totally in Effingham's power. Devoid of proof myself, I can only acknowledge my agency in De Lacey's death, and give myself up to justice."

"And is there no alternative—no means by which thou might escape?"

"Yes—one; but sooner than destroy my daughter's peace, I am resolved to suffer. For thou art young, Effie, and I a poor old man, whose sun of life has nearly set for aye. A few brief days, at least, must end my life, but thou mayest live for many happy years—live, it may be, to become the wife of that unhappy youth for whom we now feel such anxiety."

"God grant it may be—God grant we both may live to see it so; but I will see Effingham; if he be not, in truth, a monster, he cannot choose but listen to my prayers."

"Alas! my child—you know him not—this man; he is inveterate in his enmity, and knows

no mercy where his lust is concerned. Think no more of it—for the present, at least. Two days he gives me to decide, and in that time, Heaven, that sees the smallest sparrow fall, may interpose some obstacle to his schemes."

"I would Walter were here," she replied, dejectedly; "Walter—without whom I shall never be myself again. But why do I speak of him. It is my father's danger moves me now; fear not—*thou* shall not fall, whatever betide."

"Nor shall thou sacrifice thyself for me; poor girl, I read thy heart well as my own, but this dread sacrifice must never be. Go to thy couch and rest—I'm sure thou need'st it. For myself, I'll to my closet, and seek counsel there, where it has never failed me."

She threw her hands about the grey-headed old man, and gently kissed him. Then suffering herself to be led to the door of the apartment, she gave one tearful glance behind her, and straightway vanished.

AN HONORABLE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LAST ROYAL GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

THE last Royal Governor of New York was Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester. He was a man generally beloved. Mild, humane, in fact, one of "Nature's Noblemen." It has been thought by many, that had he held command of the British forces at the commencement of the Revolution, his popularity might have preserved to the Crown of England its "brightest jewels," as Lord Chatham called them, the colonies, the thirteen original States of the Revolution.

He commanded in Canada during its invasion by the Continental forces, under Montgomery and Arnold. After their defeat in the attack on Quebec, the prisoners which fell into his hands were treated with the utmost kindness by his orders. Many of the privates, even, were sent home on their simple parole.

Sir Guy was seated in his library, in the Governor's mansion in this city, busily engaged in writing, on a pleasant spring afternoon in 1783. It may be as well to mention that the building, or Governor's residence, still remains, the outside in its original condition. It is now the dwelling of the Hon. A. H. Mickle, our former Mayor, and stands on the corner of Broadway and State street. Long may it remain as a remembrance of the great WASHINGTON, Putman, and other well known soldiers of the revolution, who made it their home at the commencement of the war.

Sir Guy, as we said, was busily engaged in writing. His orderly entered the room and hesitated for a moment whether to disturb his commander or not. He took off his cap, raised his hand to his forehead, touched it, and stood thus, with true military precision, awaiting his opportunity to speak.

We may as well say a word or two about Sergeant Grant, for he figures somewhat in our story. He was a portly, well looking fellow, and had seen much service. He commenced his military career in Portugal, under the command of General Burgoyne,* and in the battle of Alcanza, was for his bravery promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

During the revolution in our own country, after participating in nearly all its severe battles, he had been, in succession, orderly to Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and Sir Guy Carleton. He might have risen to the rank of a commissioned officer, but for the rules of that period in the British service, very seldom broken, that none but a *gentleman* born should hold rank in the army. Rarely, even to this day, has a private been raised a grade beyond a Sergeant.

There stood Grant, erect as a poker, in the position we have described. Sir Guy was so fast

* General Burgoyne commanded the British troops before our Revolution, sent to aid the Portuguese against the Spaniards.

employed with his pen, and engaged in thought that he did not observe or hear the entrance of the Sergeant. The latter gave one of Corporal Trim's "ahem!" A kind of notice of his presence. Sir Guy looked around.

"Ah! Grant, is it you, what now?"

"There is a young lady, Sir, wishes to see your excellency immediately."

"Wait one moment, Grant, until I finish this letter, and I will receive her."

A moment hardly escaped before the prompt Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Royal forces rested from his labor, and said:

"Grant, now admit the young lady. 'Stay for an instant,' he continued, resting his head upon his elbow, and looking over his letter, 'do you know what is her errand?'"

"Yes sir, I must say I do, for a soldier, above all others, should keep his word not to lie. She comes concerning her brother, who is now in the Provost* for trial as a traitor, and she cannot obtain admission for to see him from the keeper, Cunningham. That is the whole story, Sir."

"Do you know the reason of his being arrested as a traitor?"

"Why, Sir, he took the oath on the first arrival of our troops in the city to be faithful to the king, but it is said that he did it merely to please his mother, who was on our side. He was arrested by Captain Nugent, of the Buffs, for sending, as it is told, private communications to the rebel Generals. I think your Excellency," continued the Sergeant, looking down and turning his cap, "that, after all, the poor fellow who stands by his countrymen, isn't bad or wrong at heart."

"A just remark that of yours, Sergeant," answered Sir Guy, "and I honor you for it. But I have to do my duty, and even punish honest men sometimes, that scoundrels may take heed. This war is a horrid business at best, Sergeant. Now show the young lady in."

There entered a female whose face was concealed by a thick veil. When asked by the Governor to take a chair, she sobbed violently.

"Lift up your veil, Miss, and do not cry. Guy Carleton, I trust, has ever a heart open to humanity,"

The young lady raised her veil, and, in spite of her tears, displayed a countenance of singular beauty and innocence. Her dark brown hair, and eyes of lustrous blue, with the blush of modesty upon her cheeks, attracted the tenderest sympathy of the Governor; sympathy not lascivious, but actually parental in its beaming emotions.

"Now my dear Miss, let me hear what you have to say. Talk to me as you would to a father."

The maiden was evidently much affected at the kindness with which the words were uttered by the Governor, and thus replied:

"My brother is immured in a prison—immured for being a friend of his country. My brother has been arrested for treason. I assure your Excellency he is innocent. Had I yielded to the base desires of Captain Nugent, he assured me, come what would, the life of my brother

should be safe. I spurned him from me, for I knew that my brother would rather die than see me dishonored. I ask of your Excellency if I did not behave right and proper. I understand you have daughters, and I know from what I hear of Sir Guy Carleton, that he would die rather than save his own life by their dishonor."

"True, Miss, most true," was the answer of the Governor; "I will see into Captain Nugent's conduct, but consider the situation in which I am placed by the King. According to what I have heard, your brother has been rightly arrested. He is to be tried by a court martial for treason, and I have but one course placed before me. If the court condemn him, he must die."

"Must die?"

"Yes, my young lady, *must* die."

"Then, God have mercy upon his soul!"

She knelt for a moment, raised her hands and prayed, not loudly, but still the Governor heard her words. They were as follows:

"Oh! Lord, protect my brother. If it is thy will he should thus cast away his life, let that life hereafter be eternal in paradise. He dies in a cause which is just and meritorious, therefore remember him in the world to come. Amen!"

The Governor was still more affected. He lifted that fair young girl from the floor, and said:

"Come, come, I will not submit to this; rise, tell me all in truth, but first I wish to know your name."

"I will answer all in truth and belief. My name is Jeanette Howard. Before the commencement of this melancholy war, my mother was on the British side, she was the daughter of an English officer, who was killed by the side of Lord Howe in the attack on Ticonderoga. It was solely through her request that my brother took the oath of allegiance to the opposing power of Britain when the army entered this country. He is accused of entertaining hostile opinions now, and that he has given information to Washington of affairs here."

"And what were those communications?" asked Sir Guy.

"That I cannot communicate to your Excellency from what I know. My brother has not denied that he has written to General Washington, but he says there was nothing treasonable in his correspondence with the Commander-in-Chief of the Continentals, or as I suppose you would call it, the "ragged rebel army."

"No, Miss Howard, far from it, I assure you. I have witnessed their bravery too often, thinly clad as they were, on a December day in 1775, to say one word against them in that respect. Now tell me your own desires?"

"I wish your Excellency to give me an order to visit my brother in his prison. I have been refused admission by Cunningham, without the written permission of the Governor of New York."

"The cruel keeper who has so long disgraced the position of Provost Martial to our army. He shall soon know his proper place." This was uttered to himself. "My dear Miss, I will give you the order myself; you *shall* see your brother this very night, but I cannot promise any hope of par-

* The present Hall of Records.

don, if he is found guilty by the Court Martial that assembles to-morrow for his trial, and that of other prisoners."

"Thanks, thanks, to your Excellency for this favor," answered Jeanette, for she had in her own mind conceived the idea of arranging for her brother's escape by the very order of admission.

This was soon made out, and the Governor said, on handing it to her:

"If found guilty, Miss Howard, I cannot pardon your brother." He gave his hand and said falteringly, "Farewell."

Her hand shook with emotion when they parted. At the door she was met by the kind hearted Sergeant.

"Well, Miss, have you succeeded in your errand with the Governor?"

"Thanks to you, I have. The soldier on duty before you came, refused me permission to see Governor Carleton. You afterwards, on hearing my story, took my part. May God bless you for it."

The Sergeant raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it, saying, "I have a daughter in old England about your age, and I could not but think particularly of her when I saw you. May your brother be preserved from death, though I much fear he is in danger."

And thus the good hearted Sergeant and Jeanette parted. Both had heavy hearts on the occasion.

She had that night an interview with her brother. It was long and interesting, yet one of tears. The sentinel on duty had agreed for a few pieces of gold to let her brother pass out. It so happened that Cunningham, who was in a neighboring cell, overheard the conversation.

Another sentinel was placed on duty, and Robert Howard, in attempting to escape, was at once arrested. The next day his trial came on before the Court Martial. He was convicted, and ordered with six others to be hung next morning at day light.

Oh! how painful was it to his sister when the sentence was told her. In vain did she seek the residence of Sir Guy Carleton—he was not to be seen. He had heard of the conviction of the prisoner, and rather than interfere with the sentence, he gave orders to admit no one.

The ensuing morning about four o'clock, the one on which Robert Howard was to be hung, the Governor was aroused from his sleep by a loud

knock. His valet entered with a note which was handed him. It read thus:

Your Excellency. The man Robert Howard, convicted of treason by Court Martial, is not really guilty, as I can convince your Excellency. He is to be hung in about an hour. Your attention is necessary.

Your Humble Servant,

THOMAS GRANT,
ORDERLEY OF THE 55TH.

The Governor rose at once, put on his clothes, and called in Grant. The result was that he directed a reprieve for an hour, and ordered the Court Martial to meet him immediately. It was not long before the Court assembled in the presence of the Governor.

"Gentlemen," he said to them, "you have found Robert Howard guilty of treason towards his majesty, King George. Let me know why. Captain Nugent, you have the principal evidence, I am told."

Pale with rage, yet lost to control, the Captain handed Sir Guy a letter which was proved to be in the hand writing of the prisoner.

GOOD GENERAL WASHINGTON.—May the world bless you. I have a reason to know that peace will soon be declared. God grant it. I have a word to say about Sir Guy Carleton. Had he been in command of the Royal army at the commencement of the war, he is so kind and humane, I think we should have settled all difficulties without trouble. Again I say, God bless you.

Your Excellency's Servant,
ROBERT HOWARD.

Sir Guy, after reading the letter, said, "come forth."

A door was opened, and Howard with his sister entered. The Governor raised his hands to his eyes, for a tear was descending.

"Howard, you are pardoned, you are free to go where you please. I am glad to hear that Guy Carleton is remembered with any favor, by an American."

The brother and sister rushed into each other's arms.

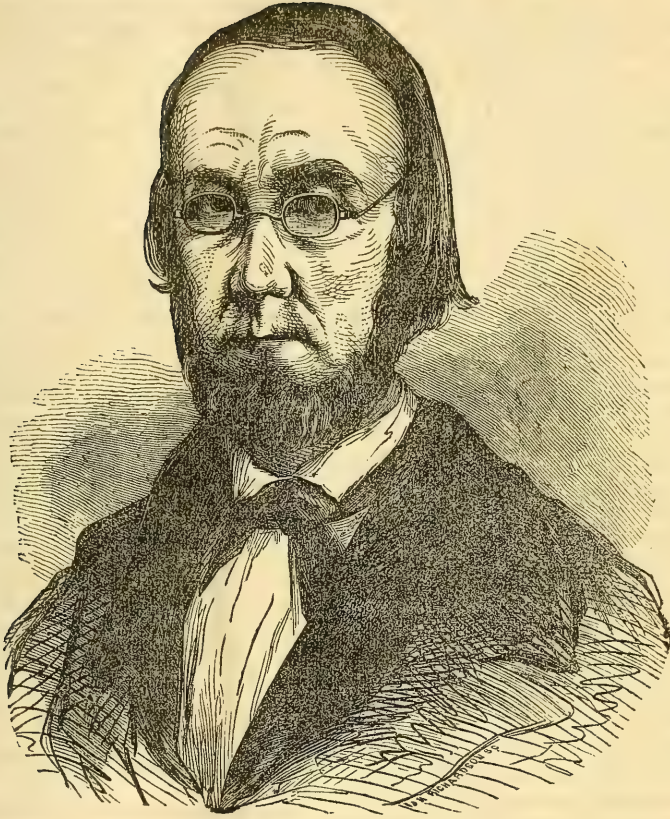
HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF GUY CARLETON,
the last Royal Governor of New York.

TRUE LOVE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Passion is blind—not Love: her wondrous might
Informs with three-fold power man's inward sight:
To her deep glance the soul at large displayed
Shows all its mingled mass of light and shade;
Then call her blind when she but turns her head
Nor scans the fault for which her tears are shed.
Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?

Can Scorn and Envy pierce that "dread abode"
Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
Not their's, mid inward darkness, to discern
The spirit's splendors how they shine and burn,
All bright endowments of a noble mind
They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
And better none its stains of frailty know
Than they who fain would see it white as snow.



DOCTOR WILLIAM TURNER,

OF NEW YORK.

DR. WILLIAM TURNER was born in the Second Ward of the City of New York, as were his grandfather and father before him. The latter, from whom he took his name and his independent spirit, had been attached to the British Navy; but becoming a Whig in the Revolution, he was punished for his daring by a long imprisonment in that most loathsome of all dungeons, the Jersey prison-ship in the Wallabout. The subject of this notice was educated in the City, and in 1821 he was graduated at Columbia College. He studied in the medical office of Dr. Samuel Borrowe, who then ranked among the heads of the profession, and occupied one of the houses in Broadway, now merged into the Mansion House of Mr. Bunker. Delighted with the branches of his studies, which involved botany, the nature and uses of the various medicines and remedial appliances, with anatomy and physiology, in the matter of practice he was perpetually encountering those stumbling blocks, viz: the general

ignorance which existed concerning the nature and cure of that large class of diseases, **FEVER**, and the alarming frequency with which the authors in repute directed the use of the lancet, the leech, and the cupping-instrument. It was in vain that he attempted to satisfy himself by counsels, and by meditating upon the confidence with which others acted in regard to them. Like the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, whenever he attempted to reflect upon the necessity of following the example of others, the lancet would present itself before him, yet with no disposition on his part to "clutch" the blood-indicating phantom. For four years he was held vibrating between conflicting powers, the attraction of one portion of his studies, and the repulsion of the other. At last, the centrifugal force prevailed.

His father being one of the proprietors of the New York Gazette, then the first and most profitable commercial paper in the city at that time, conveyed to him an interest in the establishment,

and he became assistant editor, a post which he faithfully and assiduously filled for nine years. The prosperity of the paper excited the cupidity of others, and a determined effort was made to supplant it. The Gazette had been hitherto famous for its advertisements, and the correctness of its marine intelligence. The new editor exerted himself to enliven its columns by enlarging its variety, and insisted that a newspaper should contain *news* of all kinds, and should keep pace with the improvement of the times. Finding it impossible to convince all his partners, and the war from without waxing hotter and hotter, he advised his parent to sell out their joint interest. The advice was followed, and both retired on the first of January, 1832. The subsequent career of the remaining editor was sufficiently disastrous; and in a few years themselves and their journal were no more.

The winter of 1832-33, he passed in the Havana with his friend Robert S. Bunker, Esq., (now of Mobile,) who had sustained a violent attack of bronchitis, and from which he happily recovered from the effects of the climate, and the judicious medical attendance of his companion. It was during this winter that the cholera raged in Cuba with unsurpassed ferocity. In Havana, the deaths were numbered by hundreds a day. The two friends, who had passed through a seige of the epidemic the previous summer in New York and Rhode Island, remained unmoved in the midst of its ravages, and employed themselves in visiting the cholera hospitals, and in observing the little wisdom that existed, and the corresponding small success that followed it. In the spring they visited Matanzas, and were quarantined four days as coming from a cholera port, though the inhabitants of Matanzas were at that very time expiring by scores. Thence they crossed to New Orleans and Mobile, encountering the second visit of the disease, at each place. From the former city the friends took a steamer for Pittsburgh, the doctor attended by a train of alarmed cholera patients, who rejoiced at finding a doctor on board, and eagerly placed themselves under his charge. Not one of these died, and some of them were loud in grateful acknowledgement at his having saved their lives. Among the neglected steerage passengers, under the charge of the officers of the boat, there was not the same success—scarcely a night passing that several corpses were not quietly carried ashore, and buried in the darkness. It may be said then, of the doctor and his friend, if any body ever ran the gauntlet of the cholera, they did.

In the summer of 1833, the doctor repaired to Burlington, Vermont, and entered the office of Professor Benjamin Lincoln, one of the most accomplished and learned men the country ever produced. Having attended the course of medical lectures in the University of that City, and publicly defended his thesis upon Pulmonary consumption, at the concluding examination he received his diploma of M. D. He returned to New York in the fall, but confined his practice, as before, to his immediate friends and relations, and to the poor. The vision of the lancet, however,

still continued to haunt him, nor was his instinctive aversion to it in any degree diminished.

In the spring of 1836, he visited the island of St. Croix, to take professional charge of, and to accompany home, the only daughter of the late Col. Marinus Willett, the wife of his friend, James H. Ray, Esq. The lady having had severe attacks of bleeding at the lungs, on account of which she, with her venerable mother, had been passing the winter on that beautiful island. The doctor had the happiness of restoring Mrs. R. to her husband, in the May following, in perfect health; in which she continued until winter, when, from exposure, she had another attack. For this, she was copiously bled in the arm, (though not under doctor T.'s advice,) and in a few weeks her gentle spirit fled, leaving her heart-broken partner the sole guardian of three lovely infant children.

In 1840 he was appointed, by Governor Seward, Health Commissioner for the City and County of New York, an office which he discharged with great fidelity for three years. His duties were not only of a sanitary, but of a fiduciary character, involving great pecuniary responsibility. His colleagues in the Board of Commissioners of Health, who were then also Trustees in the Marine Hospital, at Staten Island, were Dr. A. Sidney Doane, Health Officer, and Dr. Wm. James Macneven, Resident Physician—the last of whom afterwards resigned on account of infirm health, and was superseded by Dr. John W. Francis. During this administration, the affairs of the Quarantine Department were very prosperous, and the utmost liberality was displayed towards the very unusually large number of patients; yet the policy of the Commissioners enabled them, after defraying many heavy expenses, to save to the State nearly one hundred thousand dollars, a feat which no previous board had succeeded in performing.

The patriotic example and sufferings of his honored grandsire were often topics of conversation in the doctor's family, and it is not surprising that his mind was influenced by the recital. Hence he was found to take an early interest in politics, conceiving it the duty of every citizen in a Government like ours so to do; the faithful performance of that duty being the best test of the republicanism of the individual. What but a "mere cumberer of the ground" is that republican who looks with indifference upon this first of obligations?

Scarcely three weeks had passed after the inauguration of General Harrison, as Chief Magistrate of the nation, on the 4th of March, 1841, when, from the effects of exposure to the rain on that day, and the reaction of repose after an exciting campaign, that distinguished man was taken down with a slight indisposition. It is not now denied that the depletory treatment of his physicians, (by leeches and cupping) aggravated his disorders, under which he rapidly sunk, and on the seventh day expired, leaving the government in the hands of Vice President Tyler, whose defection from his party effected an entire change in the policy of the nation. The effect of this revolution, thus began by a few leeches, successively pervaded most of the States; and in 1843, when

New York had taken her share in the change, Doctor T. gave place to an officer of opposite politics, and retired from a position he had held with honor and respect.

In the summer of the following year, the Hon. Willis Hall, then at the head of the Whig party in New York, was taken slightly ill, early one morning, at his residence in Albany, with a tingling in one cheek and one arm. By the time the physician arrived, the symptoms had left him; but the doctor was a disciple of rules and forms, and these, in his opinion, dictated bleeding. The demands of science (?) were of course submitted to, but the honorable gentleman fainted during the operation, and on coming to himself it was found, he had complete palsy of the entire left side! His recovery was exceedingly slow. At the end of three months, unable to walk a step, he was carried in the arms of servants to the steamboat, and conveyed to New York. Here, under the chrono-thermal treatment of his friend, Dr. Turner, in one week he was able to walk about his room, with the aid of a stick. In December, accompanied by the doctor, Mr. Hall sailed for the Havana, and the two passed the winter together on a beautiful coffee plantation, in the interior of the island of Cuba. The mild climate and the excellent medical treatment proved of the greatest service to the eminent invalid, who returned in the spring, by the way of New Orleans and the Mississippi and Ohio rivers—was afterwards happily married, and has been since engaged in the prosecution of that active and exciting profession, the law.

Thus the doctor had made three trips to the West Indies with patients, in each case returning his patient in a recovered condition, a distinction rarely witnessed.

It was in the summer of 1841, that an event occurred of the highest interest to the subject of this memoir. A copy of Dr. Dickson's "Fallacies of the Faculty, with the chrono-thermal system of medicine," accidentally fell into his hands. "He read it," as he tells us, "with delight, and a strong conviction of its truth." And well he might, for it contains a demonstration, strictly mathematical, that the lancet, he so instinctively abhorred, was not only useless in medicine, but was the most certain means of aggravating all diseases, whether chronic or acute. Such, however, was not the conviction of the Faculty in general, when, four years afterwards, after close study and extensive experiment, he gave to the American public an edition of the work with an introduction and notes, by himself. "Curses, not loud, but deep," at the unanswerable nature of the exposures, were hissed at him from every side. All the intrigues and acts that malice and baffled rage could engender, were put into operation against him. A festive society, which had elected him one of their physicians, without any reference to his medical opinions, was used by his enemies, without its knowledge, as an instrument of vengeance. At its next anniversary, a larger force of shown up doctors attended, and, under the protection of the secret ballot, ejected him from an office merely honorary. What better proof of the strength of his position? Unable to assail him

openly, the only resort left was to stab him in the dark. But even this failed. So evident was the conspiracy, that to this day the honorable members of the association, (and they are numerous) refer to it with derision and contempt.

On the 14th of November, 1846, Dr. Wm. Anderson, who had been medical professor in several institutions in the country, was suddenly taken with apoplexy in a public restaurant in Nassau street. Dr. Turner, happening to pass by, was called in. He prohibited the use of the lancet, which another physician suggested; but by chrono-thermal means, he in ten minutes put the professor on his feet. As this was done in the presence of a great crowd of persons, who could not restrain their astonishment, the affair got into the newspapers. This was a new cause of offence on the part of the profession. But in a matter so important to the public, it was necessary to be exceedingly cautious, and to emulate the prudence of the serpent. After a consultation of three weeks, however, a plan was hit upon, notable for its insidiousness. The following card appeared in the *Courier and Enquirer*:

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1846.

The subscribers request the regular practitioners of this city to meet on Saturday next, December 12th inst., 1 P. M., at the Lyceum of Natural History, 561 Broadway. The design of this call is to ask the co-operation of our medical brethren in an undertaking intended to elevate the character of our profession—to advance its interests and to increase its usefulness by furnishing facilities for social intercourse—promoting harmony amongst its members and means of mutual improvement. In the prosecution of this object it is proposed to establish an academy of medicine and surgery and to provide a permanent place for its meetings.

VALENTINE MOTT,
ALEX. H. STEVENS,
ISAAC WOOD.

The scheme was carried out. Its design was to place under the ban all new things and their advocates, no matter how valuable—but to take care never to canvass them in public. But as contrivances sometimes recoil, as the constructor of the guillotine was its first victim, so Dr. Mott came near realizing a like fate:

"As guns when aimed at ducks or plovers
Recoil and kick their owner over."

Dr. M. had performed a very successful surgical operation. But he had the indiscretion to employ the inhalation of ether, so useful in subduing pain, but at that time a novelty. He was bitterly arraigned for this departure from the established *regime*, but a timely and abject supplication for forgiveness saved him from the utmost penalty of his own enactment.

It is needless to say that Dr. Turner was not sufficiently "green" to apply for admission into a self-constituted affair, thus hostilely organized. It happened, however, that a medical friend of his had his name presented for membership. This friend, some years before, not having the fear of the Academy before his eyes, for it did not then exist, had dedicated to Dr. T., in complimentary language, a medical work of great value. Since Dr. Turner could not be blackballed directly, it was thought to be a good chance to do so indirectly through his friend. Accordingly the cool proposition was made to the latter, that if he would publish

another edition of his book, cancelling the dedication, he should be admitted. The base proposal was indignantly spurned. And the Academy, as the lawyers say, "took nothing by its motion."

In the spring of 1847, Dr. Turner appeared with his "Triumphs of Young Physic, or Chrono-Thermal Facts," a little work designed simply to show what could be done by the new system; in which he was fortified by the testimony of people of the highest respectability in the country. This, of course, was only adding fuel to the envy and jealousy of his enemies, and brought down upon him, as its consequence, another rich harvest of abuse from the medical magazines and reviews.

In the summer of 1848, the first edition of the "Fallacies of the Faculty" having been long out of market, the doctor presented the public with a stereotyped edition from the Fifth London Edition, containing all the new matter of the author, and a second preface and other matter by himself. This has been remarkably well received by the

journals and the periodicals—many of which have been quite lavish in their encomiums upon it.

In 1845, Dr. Turner was married to Miss Ogden, daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, formerly an eminent merchant of New York, and well known in its history as prominent in the famous Miranda expedition.

Dr. Turner is in the forty-seventh year of his age, of the middle height, well made, and of a very agreeable and intelligent countenance. He is engaged in a lucrative and growing practice. Of a smooth and even temperament, the machinations of his adversaries are surveyed unmoved, and his aspect preserves its equanimity "calm as a summer morning" amid their most rancorous assaults.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

A MIRROR FOR AUTHORS.

IN WHICH THEY MAY SEE VARIOUS REFLECTIONS REFLECTED, ECCENTRICITIES DI-VERSIFIED,
AND WEAK POINTS BLUNTLY EXPOSED.

BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQ.

O THOU who whilom with unsparing jibe
And scorching satire, lashed the scribbling tribe,—
Thou who on Roman pimp and parasite
Didst pour the vials of thy righteous spite,
Imperial Horace! let thy task be mine—
Let truth and justice sanctify my line!

And thou, relentless Draco of the schools,
Whose laws were scored upon the backs of fools,—
Thou bi-tongued genius from whose magic lips
Poison for knaves—for good men honey drips—
Thou poet-Lacon, withering with a verb,
And reining folly with a figure's curb,—
Thou of the Dunciad! animate my strain,
For vain my task if 'tis not in thy vein!

As in some butcher's barricaded stall,
A thousand prisoned rats gnaw, squeak, and crawl,
While, at the entrance, held by stalwart hands,
A panting terrier strives to burst his bands,—
With eyes inflamed and glittering teeth displayed,
Half turns to bite the hand by which he's stayed,
So writhes and pants my terrier muse, to chase
The rats of letters from Creation's face.

Far scurvier vermin these—my biped game—
Rats gnaw but books—these gnaw the author's fame—
Holding Parnassus as a mammoth cheese,
Which, climbing not, they nibble as they please,
And plying tooth and claw so fast and well,
That the whole mount is like a hollow shell.

Pharoah was plagued with locusts for his crimes—
Happy was Pharoah to escape our times,
When myriad insects, plumed with pens of steel,
Buzz like some thrifty housewife's ceaseless wheel,
Buzz, but beyond the buzz, all likeness dwindles,
Save that their brains are *warps*—their legs the *spindles*.

Down, terrier, down! we'll drop the canine form,
And incarnate the buzzing insect swarm.
Let us invoke the BARDS!—as once in Wales
King Edward did—from mountains, swamps, and vales,

Convened them all—then broke each harp and head—
(Would that our bards had such a wise king Ned!)
Let us invoke them, and as up they spring,
Shoot them as boys shoot crows, upon the wing:
Then shall their death-songs poetize the blast—
Like dying swan-notes, sweet, because the last.

But whom to pounce on first—O, vengeful muse—
Faith! they're so near alike 'tis hard to choose;
A stereotyped and ancient form they bear,
Like sheepskin small-clothes of a century's wear—
Gray are they, yet chameleon-like, at times *green*,
Blue oftentimes, but seldom *red*, I ween.
Jack Ketch, when felons are about to die,
Divides their garments, but so will not I—
Though rainbow hues, like Joseph's coat, their dress,
Should all exchange, could scarce fit each one less;
Each eyes his fellow's garb with crafty glare,—
Some well-known patch he recognises there—
Some button stolen where he stole his own,
Some diamond brooch, with ostentation shown,
Which he will swear is paste, and in a trice,
Prove that he bought one like it, at half-price.
Motley and mean in truth these hangdogs be—
A scurviest *er* ne'er marched through Coventry;
And what inflames mine anger as I gaze,
His stolen shreds each knave with pride displays:
This one wears breeches that might make his shroud—
This in a child's caul his huge head would crowd;
This dabbles daintily with French *fabrique*,—
This wears a helmet o'er his visage sleek:
All stolen, all misused and brought to waste—
Gods! if they *must* thief—why not thief with taste?

Pause, gentle muse, and bend with muscles pliant
To our acknowledged Paixhan, Mister Bryant:
Bryant, the king of cis-atlantic gammon,
Apollo's proxy and chief clerk to Mammon!
My fingers tremble, and my pulse grows faint—
Awful the task a noonday sun to paint.
Fain would I praise this laureat of our nation,
Were not all praise but supererogation.

He is so fixed a fact—so constellated—
Like bankrupt's debts, he can't be overrated !



His name's a sad sponsorial misnomer—
Had Nature spoke, he had been christened Homer.

What time our presidential politics
Count game much less by *honors* than by *tricks*,
When Rynders welds like Hercules his "club,"
And social Greeley peeps from cynic tub—
Then Bryant—poet-laureat—Nature's boast—
Treads the old party rounds, from *Post* to *Post*;
New nibs his pen to brand each truth as scism,
And damns all *isms*, save conservatism.

Now, by my modesty ! I like friend Bryant,
But as a man ;—I can't endure a giant :
I like his landscapes, mountains, woods, and *copses*—
And freely own he's death on Thanatopsis ;
But, with due reverence, I can see no justice
In making him a classical Procrustes ;
And lopping hapless bards of heel and head,
To fit them for his gas-inflated bed :
I thank him kindly for his blankest verse—
I've seen much better—but I've seen still worse—
I bless him for his homeopathic stanzas—
His apothegma clear as Sancho Panza's—
U'll own, in fact, he's Brobdingnagian—but
Just so was Gulliver—in Lilliput !
Yet I will grant that he a new Anteus is,
But, gracious, Max ! no apotheosis.

Bozzaris is no more—and dead is Astor—
I wish to heaven that HALLECK had no master !
Trade like Medusa turns the heart to stone,
And jarring sounds destroy the harp's sweet tone :
Figures our bard still hath, but tropes I doubt—
Invoices plenty, but no voice comes out—
Bozzaris died by steel—but gold can slay
The man by whom Bozzaris lives for aye—
Astor is mightier than the dreaming "Turk"—
Requiescat in pace—Astor's clerk !

China is all the world—her sons celestial—
Outside barbarians are no more than bestial :
So Boston is our Yankee land of hyson,
Counting all barbarous beyond *her* horizon ;
Her Whipples out-Macanley Mac himself—
Her Brownsons lay Carlyle upon the shelf ;
Her Emersons, her Everetts, and her Channings,
Are worth a score of Foxes, Pitts, and Cannings ;
In short, her Lowells, Longfellow, and Tappans
Are good celestials as Chinese or Japans.

Cantab LONGFELLOW—belle-lettre professor—
Of Washington's head-quarters sole possessor :
Belov'd of booksellers, adored of "sophs"—
Lo ! at thy name, my muse her bonnet doffs :
I'm but a "*satyre*"—thou "Hyperion" fair—
I'm "half seas over"—thou art "Outre mer ;"
Yet, in the mighty name of Low, I'll venture,
For debt thou owest the world, to make *debuture*.

Not for the debts thou owest a score or less
Of foreign bards, who now wear Yankee dress ;



Not for thy clipping of old rusty coins—
Thy head enriches what thy hand purloins ;
Not for thy thought-webs cribbed from monkish looms—
They're better in thy tomes than in their tombs ;
Thy alchemy has made much gold from lead—
So, "let the dead past bury" all "its dead ;"
For ancient wounds let silence be the suture—
I ask a debt thou owest the awful future.

Art and position, Hal, make thee a poet—
If Nature lends her signet, pray let's know it :
Haply thy Harvard fame immortal seems—
Haply thy name and verse be synonyms.
Yet, if thou would'st thy proper glory reach,
I say to thee, as Lear said—"mend thy speech !"
Cast off thy dressing-gown and gird thy loins—
And learn what Deity on song enjoins :
Thou hast portrayed ideal wrongs and woes—
Now, by my harp ! canst real wrongs disclose ?
Thou hast drawn tears for miseries long forgotten—
Canst thou find nothing in our time that's rotten ?
O that the church-yard Past were ransacked less—
Those ghosts, the poets, then might mankind bless ;
If the old catacombs were left to moulder,
Gold mines of song we'd find, ere Pan grew older !

Lowell ! 'twere meet more *meat* were in thy verses—
There's *pep* enough to stock a host of nurses ;
At times sententious thou—at seasons wordy—
Thy harp *cremona* half—half *hardy-gurdy* :
Giant in thought—too oft in language puny—
A silver spoon makes poets ofttimes *spony*.
Hadst thou been born, like Burns, to guide a plough,
Thy *share* had deeper been in *souls* than now :
Thy hand wants nerve—'tis soft, now, as thy heart—
Art lives for *thee*, but not for Art thou art ;
The mettled soul rings not to yellow metal,
And golden nets too oft the muse will nettle !

Lo ! well thou hast done, but thou canst do better—
If thou'lt win credit, make the world thy debtor !
Pour out thy *soul*—albeit with flaws and fractures—
Give us *thyself*—pure *Lowell manufactures* :
Then shall thy heart-beat vibrate through our pulse,
And all thy songs be milestones of results !

Hark ! WHITTIER's sledge upon the hearts of men,
Beats its continual music—"ten-pound-ten !"



The burdened slave affords our bard his burden,—
Other than *subject* subjects not a word on ;

Sworn foe of institutions "patiarchal,"
 Were 't not for *darkies* sure his fame would *darkle*:
 (Black ground gives diamonds their brightest sparkle :)
 But, oh! how frail "Othello's occupation!"
 When slavery falls—falls Whittier's avocation;
 He lives, the black-man's friend, and, faith, he'll die so—
 A paraphrase of Wilmot's great *Proviso*!



With tomahawk upraised for deadly blow,
 Behold our literary Mohawk, POE!
 Sworn tyrant he o'er all who sin in verse—
 His own the standard, damns he all that's worse;
 And surely not for this shall he be blamed—
 For worse than his deserves that it be damned!

Who can so well detect the plagiarist's flaw?
 "Set thief to catch thief" is an ancient saw:
 Who can so scourge a fool to shreds and slivers?
 Promoted slaves oft make the best slave drivers!
 Iambic Poe! of tyro bards the terror—
Ego is he—the world his pocket-mirror!

Poe's not the worst of bards, though bad he is;
 Poor man! his worst of sins is synthesis!
 Nor is he by great odds the worst of critics—
 Only he runs stark mad on analytics:
 Give him a dumpling, and he'll hatch a *thesis*—
 Talk Choctaw to him—he'll choke with *diagnosis*;
 If he lives long enough, we'll find, *per Hercle*!
 He'll print the cabula, and square the circle!
 The mystic fates alone can tell how often he
 Means to dress up old flame in new *cucophony*!

I almost passed by Willis—"Ah! *mi boy*!
 Foine mowning! da-da!" Faith, I wish him joy—



He's forty-one years old,—in good condition—
 And, positively, he has gained "position."
 Gad! what a polish Upper ten-dom gives
 This executioner of adjectives;
 This man who strangles English, worse than Thuggists,
 And turns "the Trade" to trunkmakers or druggists
Labors on tragic plays, which draw no tiers—
 Writes under bridges, and tells tales of peers;
 His subjects *why*—his language sugared *curds*—
 Gods! what a dose!—had he to "eat his words!"
 His "Sacred Poems," like a rogue's confessions,
 Gain him indulgence for his worst transgressions:
 His "fugitive attempts" will doubtless live—
 O that more works of his were *fugitive*!
 Fate to his fame a ticklish place has given,
 Like Mah'met's coffin, 'twixt the earth and heaven:
 But, be it as it will—let come what may—
 Nat is a star—his works the *milky way*!

END OF PART I.

A SONG.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

WHERE is my Native Land?
 Where the East sparkles?
 Where the wide, wooded West
 By the sea darkles?
 Where the soft, sunny South,
 Like a bride glowing,
 Sees the proud sun in state
 To her couch going?
 Where the great Nor' winds march,
 On their trumps blowing?
 Where is my Native Land?

That is my Native Land
 Where the East sparkles;
 Where the wide, wooded West
 By the sea darkles.
 South and the North! alike
 Ye claim my being:
 All races are the same
 To the All-Seeing.
 Down with the feudal lie!
Man is my brother:
 God is my Father, and
 Earth is my Mother.
 The WORLD is my Native Land.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

As the dark hours of midnight o'er me steal,
 Wrapped in a continuity of gloom,
 Whose sombre shades so sadly stamp their seal,
 Like the forewarnings of an early tomb,
 I bend my thoughts in retrospective view,
 Where early hopes abroad their shadows threw.

Primeval sports of boyhood! How they pass
 In glorious pageant as their memories rise,
 A huge diurnal and nocturnal mass
 Of infantile *erratta*—but the skies
 Smile not less sweetly o'er me now, because
 My youth revoked dull gravity's by-laws.

I do remember me that house of red,
 Built, like an eagle's eyrie, on the rocks,
 Where morn, and noon, and night in vengeance sped
 On my devoted ears the doleful box,
 Which, like Pandora's, would, when touched, disclose
 A thousand times ten thousand earthly woes.

Within those walls I learned my A. B. C.'s,
 And from them down to W.'s and Y.'s!
 There, when not minding well my Q.'s and P.'s,
 Kind Mr. M., indignant, blamed my eyes!
 As Moses smote the rock and water fount,
 My eyes, 'neath Moses' rod, in tears were drowned.

That winding hill below the school-house base,
 The surface capped with ever-welcome snow—
 The model sleigh which joined the merry chase
 Of dears—not deer—how oft I scarcely know!
 In anger once I cut the merry train,
 But quick returning—"cut, to come again!"

Our old white church—a relic of past time—
 Did in its towering height toward heaven aspire!
 Sacred enigma! Fifty years thy chime,
 Yet '48 beheld thy mournful pyre!
 When half a century saw thy ways upright,
 Vandalic hands removed thee! What a site!

Our Lyceum Hall! methinks my eyes behold
 The shades of Knox, Copernicus and Clay,
 Their favorite doctrines crushed to earthy mould,
 Beneath a withering aye or scorching nay.
 Dull Theory there was oft to Practice changed,
 And Practice then to realms of Theory ranged.

What pleasant groves I do remember there,
 Of cherry trees and plums, both black and blue,
 Of rare ripe rarely ripe, and many a pear,
 Whose single pears we oftimes cut in two.
 And yet the fruit which oftentimes met my search,
 Was that which grew upon the limbs of birch!

And then the store of drugs and paints—and *dies*,
 And galling gallipots and pots of gall;
 (One can't remember full names if he tries,
 So extracts must suffice to name them all!)
 The red bound books—alas! how seldom read,
 The languages they spoke to me were dead.

Old 'lection day! within the sunlight clear,
 I saw battalions weapons deftly wield;
 And though few warriors found a bier, yet beer
 Cast e'en field officers upon the field.
 Though some were built upon the minor key,
 The major part high privates seemed to be.

The glorious Fourth! what patriot gasconade
 Burst from the tent where all were diners-out;
 Forensic eloquence and lemonade
 Did, o'er the whole assembly, freely spout.
 That day transformed our soldiers, butchers, clerks,
 To civic Sheridans and village Burkes.

That pond, too, where, when scarcely ten years old,
 My steel shod feet their maiden effort made,
 And, like most maiden efforts, quickly told
 My course was on a somewhat downward grade!
 The stars I saw that day eclipsed the shower
 Of meteors, which o'er blest New Haven lower.

A happy time was our Thanksgiving Day,
 With turkeys, pumpkin pies, and all the rest;
 Young men then carved their calves and e'en would sleigh
 The very girls they always loved the best.
 What snow-bank notes upon my hearing fell,
 As chimed the tongue of that delicious belle.

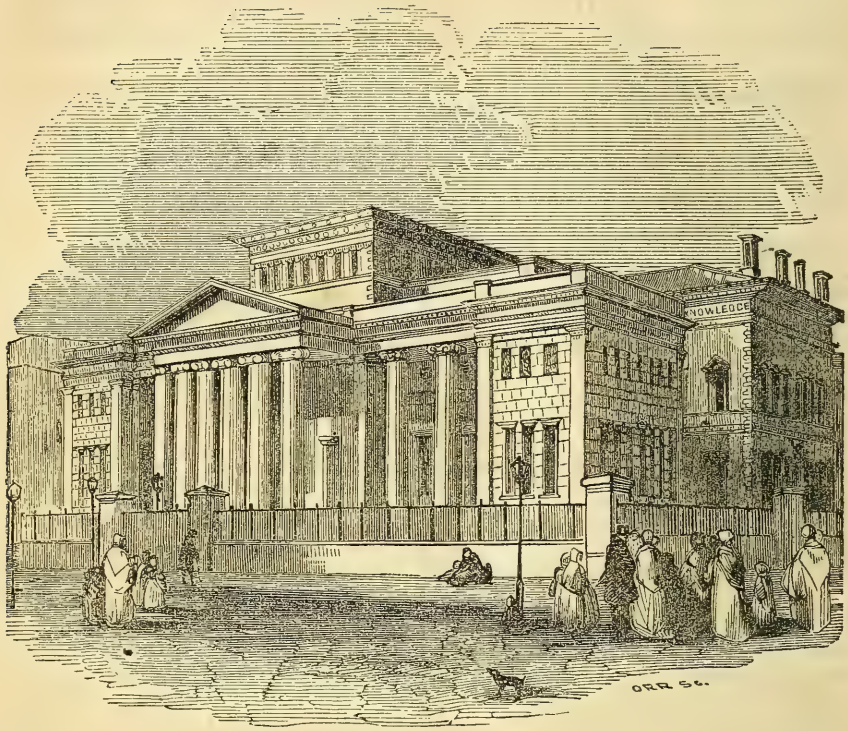
How often in the singing school I sat,
 With voice just like a hurricane—quite blown;
 'Twas once pronounced by Mr. M. *A flat*,
 Though other friends had called it *Barre-tone*.
 But then to me it seemed an obvious case,
 Its general tenor with a note was base.

Those spelling schools! their names I love to hear!
 Decked gaily out with merry boys and girls;
 Where words (at least the right ones) seemed as dear
 And hard to buy as are Hyperion's curls.
 Love—easy spelt—was not defined as well,
 As over all that word would cast a spell.

And now, while pacing up and down the Park,
 Where Nature's small but very pretty face is,
 Where singing birds half-yearly have a lark,
 And sickly squirrels get up rotary races,
 I can't but think that Life is like a crest,
 First up—then down—then 'neath the billows breast.

Now that those hours of boyish sport and glee
 Are safely sepulchred with days of yore,
 Whene'er their memories live again with me,
 Like little Oliver, I "cry for more."
 Such glorious thoughts and pleasant fancies bring
 The sweets of life without their bitter sting.

So when the midnight hours upon me steal,
 Wrapped in a continuity of gloom,
 Whose sombre shades so sadly stamp their seal,
 Like the forewarnings of an early tomb,
 I bend my thoughts in retrospective view,
 Where early hopes abroad their shadows threw.



THE ATHENÆUM AND ROYAL INSTITUTION, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

THE great manufacturing town of Manchester presents but few buildings of any great architectural pretensions. The above buildings are among the few that are entitled to any particular notice.

The Manchester Athenæum was established as a sort of literary society for young men of the middle classes; where a library of books, the periodical journals, lectures, classes for the modern languages, &c., are placed at the disposal of the members for a moderate annual premium. It bears some resemblance to the Mercantile Library Association of New York, and other similar institutions in this country. The Royal Institution was established for the encouragement of literature, science, and the arts; and it is creditable to the manufacturers of Manchester, that they subscribed nearly the whole of the money necessary for the construction of this fine building. Rooms for an annual exhibition of pictures and works of art, rooms for the School of Design, for the Manchester Geological Society, &c., are set apart from those which form the Royal Institution. Both this and the Athenæum are erected from the plans of Mr. Barry, the architect of the

new Houses of Parliament; one is in the Italian Doric, and the other in the Italian Palazzo style; and both exhibit that fine taste which distinguishes the architect's compositions. In the Athenæum have been held meetings, in which men eminent in political and literary circles have taken part; and when the British Association met at Manchester in 1842, the Royal Institution and the Athenæum (which are separated only a narrow street) were connected temporarily by a covered way, and placed at the disposal of the scientific strangers.

The Literary and Philosophical Society, which the venerable Dalton did so much to elevate in European fame, derives all its value from the papers produced by it, and from the names enrolled among its members, and not from the building devoted to its meetings. So long as the *Atomic Theory* of Dalton remains as the basis of modern chemistry, so long will the 'Transactions' of this Society be held in grateful remembrance. The Natural History Society has a Museum in Peter street—a neat building in which is deposited one of the best collections to be found in the provinces.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC; OR THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR,

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER V.

As the weary traveller, who traces the winding slopes of some deep declivity, with entangled brushwood fettering his footsteps, finds at last in the far distance an opening that leads to pleasant valleys, so my weary spirit, that has so long been sitting under a heavy weight in a gloomy November day, has been ushered, by the kindly sympathies of a woman's heart, into the glorious summer of perpetual sunshine. Dark as the day was, and gloomy as the spirits were that stalked in their bodiless forms around my habitation of woe, the day has brightened, and the tell spirits have vanished, and now haunt me no more. I am happy—but it is the happiness of one whose heart has been long pressed by care—surcharged with bitterness, and at last seen in a vista, rising from the ocean where it had been so long hid, the Morning Star—that star, that of old pointed with unerring accuracy to the place where the WORLD'S great Prophet was born—the REDEEMER of the people—how great was the revulsion, and how joyous was the change. The star was there, brightly beaming, and sweetly shedding on my heart the repentance that it had so long needed, and that it had sighed to obtain.

My old love had been transferred (for it had not died) to an object as sweetly beautiful, and as beautifully sweet, as the one, who, in her beauty, had nestled her charms in the humid dampness and the chilly arms of DEATH. She was not less beautiful than the other, nor was she mentally less gifted. In form my old love flaunted before my eyes in all the exquisite grandeur and beautiful proportions of Venus de Medicis—the high impersonation of that glorious goddess, while the object of my *living* love stood before me, the personation of the Venus Anadyomene of Appelles. At once graceful and light, she blended the voluptuous charms of one with all the exquisite gracefulness of the other. Such was the woman of my idolatry—such was the shrine at which my heart had paid its worship.

A few weeks previous to the time appointed for starting on my southern journey, and while my heart had almost recovered from the disquietude into which the untimely death of Sulma had thrown it, I received, through the post office, an epistle from a young lady whom I had previously seen revelling in the young joys of her maidenhood. The place where I first saw her was in the Chesnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, and she was pointed out to me as the most beautiful and accomplished woman in the city. I endeavored at the time to procure an introduction to her, and

would have accomplished my design, but was hurried from the city very unexpectedly, by a press of complicated business, to a different place. All this happened more than two years before I received her letter. In the interval she had won a high name, for a young authoress, in the Republic of Letters. As her letter was somewhat unique in its style, and in many parts deviated from the subject on which I addressed her, and as she will figure somewhat extensively in the pages of this true history of the records of human feelings and passions, I have transcribed the veritable letter for the edification of the gentle reader:

PHILADELPHIA, ———

Courtesy, if nothing else, Mr. Toddlebar, would have induced me, ere this, to have answered your letter, had not circumstances, over which I had no control, prevented me. There is a magic in sincerity which finds its way at once to the heart, and feeling quite confident, from the tone of your epistle, that I am dealing with a gentleman, I will a "plain unvarnished tale disclose." It seemed to me, while reading your letter, that I were talking, (as it were,) with one whom I had long known, and highly esteemed. There was so much respect, and withal, so many kindly feelings, that candor compels me to say I was impressed with a conviction that the author could not be otherwise than one whom I should be proud to call—friend.

I have three brothers, sir, some of whom perchance you may know, at least by reputation. I am the youngest child in the family, and consequently, the favorite, if not the flower of our happy household. My eldest brother has been for years master of an East Indiaman; he was promoted to a Captaincy at a very early period of life, since which time he has made several voyages to Canton, which, for speed, have never been rivalled.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The manuscript here is filled with a long description of the other two brothers—a description that can be of no interest to the reader, consequently, this portion of the letter is suppressed.)

Pardon my egotism, but you wrote me as a stranger, thereby paying me a flattering compliment, and I conceive it a duty, as I feel it a pleasure, to make a brief mention of my kindred as a guarantee of my respectability. Methinks I hear you say you have not told why you answered not my letter at once. I will tell you now. I am in the habit of receiving many, very many letters from various places, and Mr. Godey, (one of my most intimate friends) having a box at the Post Office, usually receives my letters: two of my brothers, and my father, were present when he gave it me, and of course asked to see it. Oh!

if you knew how punctilious they all are. As I before remarked, I felt as though I should plume myself on your acquaintance, and wished to answer it at once, but they objected flatly. They said that if you knew any one by whom you could be introduced by letter to me, that would be the proper way, and until then I should do nothing in the matter. I dared not object after the fiat had gone forth, but in my heart I felt that it would be treating you wrongly, and determined, as soon as an opportunity offered, to assure you that I was not ungrateful.

Although at that sweet place called home, surrounded by those who are connected by the ties of blood, even my mother—she who has watched beside my infant couch, and soothed my childish cares—does not share my thoughts. I have bowed down beneath that utter loneliness of feeling, which cries out at every hour, thou art, alone, wrapped in its unparticipated solitude. I may smile on, and laugh loudly to deceive those about me, but still life is to me a very weariness, for I am not understood by those who surround me. I have had friends and lovers, but still they filled not up the measure of my wishes—they were not kindred spirits, and there was an aching void: I love my relations, many of them almost worship me, but my affections are deeper than life, stronger than death, high as my wishes and deep as my scorn. When my friends say of me, "she is depressed." Ah! who can tell what lies hid beneath the hollow mask of the world's cold smile. I feel at times as though this world was not worth cleaving to, and that "to die is gain." The light of many an eye must be quenched, the music of many a sweet and familiar voice be hushed, and the throbblings of many high and ardent spirits be quieted forever; childhood must pass untimely away into a land of shadows; youth must be arrested in its bright career; beauty must say unto the worm, "thou art my sister," and to corruption, "thou art my brother;" manhood must be stricken down in its vigor and prime, and weary and worn old age must be gathered to mansions of eternal rest! The pride of the family circle, and its prop, must be laid low; there will be vacant seats by the hearth-stone, and green graves in the churchyard! It is a fearful thing to love what death may touch.

When I commenced writing, I intended my epistle should be, to use a cynical expression, "brief as a woman's love," but I have extended it to an enormous, aye, a terrifying length. Nay, do not frown, I throw myself entirely upon your generosity for forgiveness, and have the vanity to hope that all my delinquencies will find an advocate in your kindness.

Permit me, in conclusion, to offer you, Mr. Toddlebar, unfeigned wishes for health, happiness, and future prosperity. I shall, of course, expect you to be, with regard to this letter, silent and secret as the reproofs of conscience. I shall at any time be glad to hear from you, and call you friend. Direct, should you write, to the care of Louis A. Godey, and do not revert in the remotest degree to my answer—my friends, after the prohibition would be greatly chagrined.

With remembrance and kindness,

LAURA TODDHUNTER.

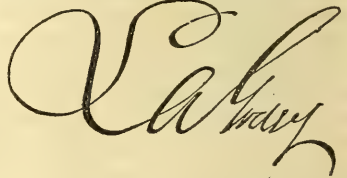
Immediately on the reception of this letter from Miss Todhunter, I addressed her one through the Post Office, and from that time, for several months, we continued to correspond regularly. Friendship to woman, at any time, is a dangerous thing, for friendship invariably ripens into love. It was so in this instance, although the rule may not hold good in every case, from a simple profession of friendship, we became very ardent lovers. My letters had touched a tender chord in her bosom, and responsive to the vibration, she yielded a full and cordial sympathy. I had now two beautiful and intellectual women deeply attached to me, both confiding, and both too generous to doubt my undivided attachment. Can I be blamed then for my possession of human vanity?

On going to the Post Office one day, among other letters, I received, to my surprise and indignation, the following from a Mr. Louis A. Godey, of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, July 23.

DEAR SIR,—Miss Laura Todhunter is now in the receipt of some six or eight letters from you. As a friend of that lady, will you communicate your intentions to me in thus addressing her.

Very Respectfully Yours,



At the same time, I had the honor of receiving a very sweet one from my beloved Laura. I wrote her immediately, and very indignantly, on the subject of Mr. Godey's interference in the matter. To this letter of mine, in the due course of mail, I had the pleasure of receiving from her the following apologetic letter. Enclosed in her letter, I received, on an ivory plate, her miniature, painted by Sully. It was a gift not only valuable as bearing the true likeness of a beautiful woman, but it was sacred to me, as the production of a great American Artist.

PHILADELPHIA, ————

I have just received Mr. Toddlebar, from my brother, a letter from you, which I conceive a duty to answer immediately. You have no conception how deeply I regret that I should have been the innocent, unintentional cause of having your feelings wounded in the remotest degree. The letter, of which you sent a *fac-simile*, was new to me, but from personal experience—my own knowledge of Mr. Godey—I am quite confident there has been some misunderstanding. I have known Mr. Godey intimately, have associated closely with him for years, and have found him, on all occasions, a gentleman in the true sense of the word; high-souled, and to the letter generous and manly. Your own good sense will at once convince you that he could have no object in insulting one who never injured him, and towards

whom he could entertain no hostility; one who has proved himself by his letters to be a gentleman, and a man of genius. Nay, you may believe me, when I say, whatever appearances may be, Mr. Godey meant no offence; he is as familiar in our city as a household word, and his urbanity of manner and suavity of address, have made him an acknowledged—a universal favorite. He is my brother's most intimate friend, and his actions to them, as well as his numberless kindnesses to me, impress me with the conviction that you have mistaken his character and intentions. I am not surprised that you should feel aggrieved. I can, aye, and do understand your feelings upon this occasion, but am confident his interference was not ill-meant. For my sake, think no farther upon the subject, let it be from henceforth and for ever as buried treasure, as departed things, as a dream all told, which has not even left a memory.

Mr. Godey is a Benedict, he has a sweet lovely wife, with whom I am most intimate, so that in my eulogy of him there can be no sinister motive.

Pardon the brevity of this scrawl, I am at this moment languishing beneath an excruciating headache, which compels me perforce to conclude my letter hastily. I have taken the liberty of forwarding you an old number of the *Lady's* book, with an article of my own in it. Accept unfeigned wishes for health, happiness, etc., and should you visit Philadelphia at any future time, no one will welcome you with more pleasure than she who subscribes herself,

With Remembrance,

LAURA TODHUNTER.

P. S.—I have taken the liberty of sending you my miniature, taken for me by Mr. Sully. As you gaze on each lineament, sometimes think that there is at least one heart whose pulses are throbbing responsive to thine own. A sweet good night! Ever thine own

LAURA.

There is no weapon more powerful than the spoken words of a charming woman—man yields to it, and at once becomes subservient to it. Before I had but half finished reading her letter, I had entirely forgotten Mr. Godey, and could not in my heart censure him. What would I not forgive, for one of her smiles—nothing!

Mr. Godey, so far as I am acquainted, is not a writer of any distinction, yet his autograph is valuable as the writing of one with whom the *literati* of our country has had much to do. It is a manly one, and denotes firmness of purpose, and unscrupulous honesty of character. The ladies of America, if no other ones, are certainly under great obligations to him for the fine manner in which he has invariably gotten up the "*Lady's Book*."

CHAPTER VI.

IN my investigation on the subject of chirography, I have found that the mental constitution of man bears, through its every ramification, a marked resemblance to his hand writing. This resem-

blance is not an imaginary thing, that the idealist may deal in to accomplish his train of thought, which tends to subserve a certain purpose, but it is a real and truthful index to the intellectual character. As much as Casuists may dispute about the falsity of the peculiar resemblance that the mind bears to the hand writing of an individual, there is no truth, we think, better established than this. Take, for instance, the signatures of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence, and compare each name separately with those of our present United States Senators, and the most casual observer will be struck forcibly with the great difference between the relative strength of the characters of each. The former is massive, with breadth and depth, portraying most truthfully the peculiar idiosyncrasies of those men of iron souls and determined purposes, while the latter, in most instances, will be found at once *petite* and unformed.

Although the lute of Amphion raised the walls of Thebes, the beautiful lyric, "My life is like the Summer Rose," has scarcely diffused its *aroma* on the hearts of the American people. This simple song is one of the most beautiful lyrics of American Muse. Although its popularity is far extended, and its beauties highly appreciated, it is not more popular than it is deservedly meritorious. Its Author, Richard Henry Wilde, in his magnificent conception of the beautiful, conceived this *ditty*, and then no more, forever, touched again the lyre in simple numbers. He was willing to rest his future fame on this solitary "Rose." He wrote other things, and his muse attempted other flights, but the *divine afflatus* seemed to have departed from his bosom.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The originality of this song has been seriously contested by many of the critics, both of the Old and the New World. Whatever merit may appertain to the piece, *even admitting its originality*, I can conceive of none, save that of the negative kind. Its merit certainly is not of such positive character as to make it of equal renown to some other lyrics which I could mention, as having emanated from American authors.)

Mr. Wilde, who but recently departed this life in New Orleans, wrote a hand *un-marked* by any high characteristics. Although chaste, it was wanting in the *picturesque*, and there is nothing in his chirography to denote a mind of a high order of genius. With the single exception of the song just mentioned, he has written nothing in verse to denote a mind capable of producing any thing startling, beautiful or grand. He has in prose (which was his *forte*) done better things. As a jurist, his learning aided him, but it could bring no fruits for his imagination. He had a kind and generous disposition, and his loss has been a very serious calamity to the social circles in which he moved. The chasm will not be filled by any other, for there was no one in the select circles in which he moved, to take his place. Among the many letters which I have at different times received from him, the following one, and the first written to me, will, perhaps, give as correct a notion of what the man was, as any other in my collection.

WASHINGTON, February 21, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—Your very flattering letter of the 27th ult., received August, after my departure, and

was forwarded to me here, where my professional engagements in the Supreme Court of the U. S. have prevented an earlier reply.

Having, as I have always done, a more humble estimate of the merit of the trifle to which you refer, than the public and yourself have been pleased to call it, the very exaggeration of such praise is an additional claim to my gratitude, and

while I must humbly and sincerely deny my title to such high honors, it would be ungracious not to acknowledge how many obligations I am under to so kind an allusion.

Receive my thanks for the warm interest you express in my pursuits and believe me, with the best wishes,

Very Faithfully Yours,

Richard Henry Wilde

During the Tyler Dynasty (that peculiar interregnum which happened between the death of Harrison and the election of Polk) I was in full correspondence with the chief members of the President's household. Having had the misfortune to be appointed by Mr. Van Buren to an office in one of the South-western States, Mr. Tyler found me administering the duties of my office in a manner that suited my own peculiar views, and not after the manner of the Vicar of Bray. I was written to several different times, on the subject of my peculiar predilections, by the high functionaries composing the *elite* of the "White House." The first letter which I had the honor of receiving from any of the persons alluded to, was from the President himself, and was in the following words: to wit:

WASHINGTON CITY, ———

MY DEAR SIR,—The peculiar circumstances in which I have been placed by the death of William Henry Harrison, *coupled* with the spiteful opposition which the Whig party has taken against my administration, renders it necessary for me to address a few of the leading members of the Van Buren party on the subject of sustaining my views, in relation to the administration of the Government. Believing that I will find in you a friend, and one disposed to be generous, even to

an enemy, I make free to ask you for an unbiassed opinion of my acts since I have been President of the United States.

Hoping to hear from you on the subject, and believing that you will preserve the necessary secrecy,

I am, very Respectfully, Your friend,

J. Tyler

On the very day that I received the above letter, and by the very same mail, I had the honor of receiving one from James K. Polk, then a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American people. It is strange what means are resorted to, by candidates for office, to accomplish the leading wishes of their hearts. The sum of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, is certainly a good bait to throw out to catch humanity. There are some hearts so high, however, that no sinister motives can induce the will to prostrate the soul on the altar of the World's Ambition. The letter from Mr. Polk was as follows:

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, ———

DEAR SIR,—A long acquaintance with you, and some previous knowledge of your family, have induced me to address you on the subject of the pending Presidential contest. It is well known to you, that I have not sought the office at the hands of the American people, but as the Convention, in its partiality, has nominated me to this high and responsible office, I feel it a duty

that I owe the party which has voluntarily sought my advancement, to use all lawful means to gratify the wishes of my friends.

You will, therefore, please oblige me by informing me, by return mail, what my prospects are for getting the electoral vote of your State.

With assurances of my high respect, I am

Yours very Sincerely,

James K. Polk

The autograph of Mr. Polk is much better, and far more picturesque than is his general chirography. His chirography is common place, such as almost any man of good education would write.

It is in good keeping, and in common with his mental character, which is devoid of originality, or any just conceptions of the beautiful. Such a man will never err to the extent of infamy, nor

will he, by the force of his own mind, ascend to the highest pinnacle of renown.

As the lumber that encumbered my journey in the dull political *routine* of politics, has now been removed, I feel a renewed vigor in the opening prospect. Already the air is more balmy, refreshing anew my feverish brow. Transported from Gehenna, the arena of political strife, to the honied groves of Tempe, with the blooming flowers around, I feel the vigor of the heart inspiring me onward, to more delicious valleys and sweeter groves. Within the distance I see the far-famed Parnassus, and, flowing sweetly at its base, I hear, in soft cadences, the limpid Cephissus. Within such a place one must ever feel, while before his mental vision stands the illustrious author mentioned below.

Among the numerous letters, which I have had the honor of receiving from this great English author, I propose to transcribe, for the benefit of the public, the following one :

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE, }
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, }
Tuesday, February 23, 1841. }

DEAR SIR,—You were quite right in feeling assured that I should answer the letter you have addressed to me. If you had the presentiment that it could afford me sincere pleasure and delight to hear from a warm-hearted and admiring rea-

der of my books in the back woods of America, you would not have been far wrong.

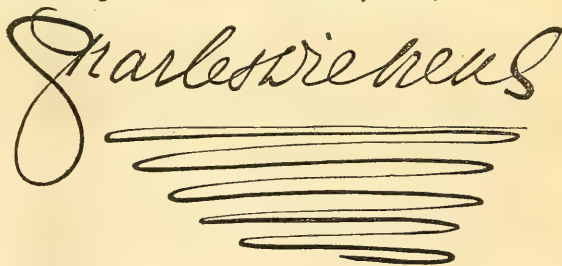
I thank you cordially and heartily, both for your letter, and its kind and courteous terms. To think that I have awakened a fellow-feeling and sympathy with the creatures of many thoughtful hours, among the vast solitudes in which you dwell, is a source of the purest delight and pride to me, and believe me that your expressions of affectionate remembrance and approval, sounding from the great forests on the banks of the Mississippi, sink deeper into my heart and gratify it more than all the honorary distinctions that all the courts in Europe could confer.

It is only such things as these that make one hope one does not live in vain, and that are the highest rewards of an author's life. To be remembered among the household gods of one's distant countrymen, and associated with their hours and quiet pleasures, to be told that in each nook and corner of the world's great map there lives some well wisher who holds communion with one—in the spirit—is a worthy fame indeed, and one which I would not barter for a mine of wealth.

That I may be happy enough to cheer some of your leisure hours for a long time to come, and to hold a place in your pleasant thoughts, is the earnest wish of Boz.—and with all good wishes for yourself, and with a sincere reciprocation of all your kindly feelings, I am, Dear Sir,

Faithfully Yours,

Charles Dickens



Among the many distinguished authors with whom it has been my good fortune to associate, I know of none whose memory leaves on the mind a sweeter recollection than that of Charles Dickens. There is in his heart much of kindness, and, like some crystal river, it flows gently, to water, with his human sympathies, the sterile places in man's affections. His mission to the Earth has been a kindly one, and with the best wishes for the people, he has acted his part most faithfully by the truth.

His writings have unquestionably done much in the way of correcting the abuses in the Manufacturing Districts. The visit of Mr. Dickens to our shore was made at an unfortunate time for his own fame. He was then the ideal of the American people—*worshipped* by many warm and generous hearts. He was looked upon as a creature far above any other mortal, and when he landed at Boston, never was such a demonstration of

gladness manifested by any people. He was feted and toasted, and Jupiter on Olympus never had such attention paid him, by the inferior deities, as had Charles Dickens in his triumphal journey through the United States. Women became deranged about possessing a lock of his hair, and men from Maine to Florida run mad about obtaining his autograph. Such was the public feeling on his arrival in America. It was no wonder then that a revulsion in the feeling of the people should take place, and the revulsion would have been the same, had he never written an article about us. The truth is, to account for it philosophically, we had raised him so far above our level, that we become ashamed of ourselves, and determined at once to pull him down. A spirit of disapprobation had manifested itself, long before the appearance of "American Notes," and the "Notes" were only brought up as a plea for the homicide. The chirography of Mr. Dickens is inconceiva-

bly beautiful, and gracefully picturesque. It has all the distinctness of the German text, with much of its *unique* uniformity. One can not look upon it without experiencing a certain sensation of joy, and a desire to know something more of the man.

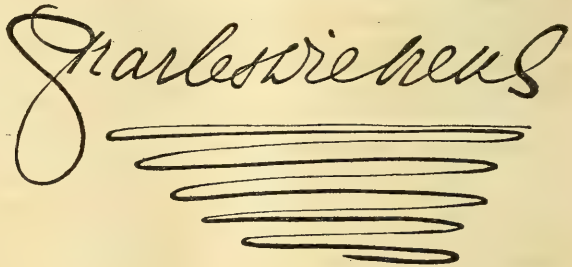
(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In examining the papers of Mr. Toddlebar, and the various Manuscripts, (and they are as numerous as the leaves of the forest.) I was very forcibly struck with the style of one of the many letters which he received from the author. A copy of it I have made, and sent to Mr. Holden, with a request that it may be inserted in this place, as a conclusion to Chapter VI, of Mr. Toddlebar's "Autobiography of a Monomaniac.")

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
PARK GATE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON,
January 13, 1843. }

DEAR SIR,—I am much flattered by your having inscribed to me your very beautiful lines to Shelley's memory. I have read them with very great pleasure, and like them exceedingly. I regret, however, that I cannot undertake to procure their insertion in a London Magazine, as I have no connection with any of them, and am obliged to make a rule never to address their Editors on behalf of other writers. If I did, I assure you they would have no rest; and I should be suffocated by favors of their conferring.

Always yours,
faithful and obliged,

Charles Dickens



Whatever difference of opinion may exist in the minds of the people in relation to the kindly feelings of Mr. Dickens' heart, there are none, I believe, unwilling to award him the possession of high genius. As an artist, he is as true a one as nature ever formed. He has drawn characters as

life-like as others see them walking the streets, and portrayed in faithful delineations, the true traits of their character. Such is my opinion of the inimitable Boz.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEATS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

THERE is a flower of glorious apparel*
That opens in the hush of lonely night,
And, ere the morning lark begins her carol,
Is sadly touched with blight.
The honey of its cup is never tasted
By bee, or humming-bird, gay sprite of air!
Why on the solemn darkness is thus wasted
A loveliness so rare?

Type of that flower was Keats, the young and gifted,
Charming with song a cold and thankless world,
While the black clouds of wo above him drifted,
And Hope her banner faded.

The light of fame at last, through darkness streaming,
Came, falling not upon his living head,
But, like some funeral torch, a fitful gleaming
Threw only on the dead.

* Night-blooming cereus.



HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

HORACE GREELEY was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3d, 1811, and is the oldest of five children now living. His father and mother, who still survive, were natives of New Hampshire, and belonged to families long resident there. His ancestors on both sides had always been attached to the farming interest, and occupied a very respectable position among the hardy tillers of the soil of New England. There are many local traditions current concerning the extraordinary proficiency of Horace in most of the branches pertaining to common school education; but, as every great man has to suffer in mature life for previous precocities, either good or bad, we shall not here retail these tales. Suffice it to say, in all the rudiments of education, he was uncommonly proficient, with the sole exception of penmanship, which utterly defied his efforts. Judging, however, from some very fine specimens of his writing on the Tariff Law, given by him to the Whig party in their copy book, he has since that time rendered himself nearly perfect in that failing branch of his early days.

In 1820, the father of Mr. Greeley removed to Westhaven, Vermont, near Lake Champlain, and with his sons was engaged in clearing land for a farm upon contract. Here he remained for six years, Horace being employed either in assisting in the saw mill, or upon the farm, which his father worked upon shares. During this time he enjoyed no advantages of education superior to the common schools of the day, (and then they were literally more common than now in facilities of education), and, in fact, he has never to this day attended any other than a district school. His evenings were devoted to reading and study, the means for which were oftentimes furnished by his neighbors, when his own limited resources failed. In those long winter evenings he laid the foundation of a prosperity, which, emanating entirely from strict self-culture, has seldom been equalled, and never excelled by that of any young man similarly circumstanced. What a lesson to the youth of America is presented in the picture of his early struggles, later trials, and subsequent triumphs! What a victory of mind over the accident of birth, what a complete prostration of bodily difficulties by the genius of mental endowment.

On the 18th of April, 1826, he entered, as an apprentice, the printing office of the Northern Spectator, at East Poultney, Rutland County, Vermont. Here he remained till the paper was discontinued, in June, 1830. His relatives, in the meantime, had removed to Wayne, Erie County, Pennsylvania, and on leaving East Poultney he followed them. There he remained about one year, working in the different printing offices of Lodi, Jamestown, and we believe Fredonia. He was then known to fame only as a flaxen-haired journeyman printer, not particularly promising in talent, or likely ever to create much of a sensation

in the world. In August, 1831, he left Wayne for the City of New York, where he thought he might procure steady work, and has ever since resided in the latter place. For the first year and a half he labored in a printing office as a journeyman, most of the time, we believe, in a job office, which then stood just above the corner of Duane, in Chatham street. Many interesting anecdotes are related of him during those eventful eighteen months, not the least amusing of which is relative to his first suit of clothes bought in the city. He exhibited his extraordinary taste for coats of most outlandish cut, vests of singular proportions and colors, and inexpressibles of most reprehensible longitude, by purchasing, cheap for cash, a most decided homespun, adorned with bright brass buttons, and "fixings," which served to render him the observed of all observers. From that time he was universally dubbed, by his fellow workmen, an oddity of the first water.

In 1833, he commenced the publication of a daily newspaper for another person, but the project soon afterward failed, and in March, 1834, he established the New Yorker, a weekly paper of some celebrity, and considerable ability. This was an undertaking of great magnitude, for he was almost entirely without friends or acquaintances, and dependent upon chance for success. This paper was published for about seven years with but moderate success, although its circulation, at one time, reached about nine thousand copies. It was eventually merged in the Weekly Tribune in September of 1841.

With the year last mentioned may be dated a new era in Horace Greeley's fortunes. On the 18th of April, 1841, he, in connection with Thomas McElrath, a lawyer of considerable talent, established the Daily Tribune. The publication of a daily paper was then a much less complicated matter than now, and the public was far easier satisfied than at the present day. Mr. Greeley had, for a year or two previous, become somewhat conspicuous among American Notabilities from several causes, and was, consequently, the right man to undertake the foundation of a journal intended to embrace, as a Prospectus, the whole platform of Whig principles upon which its editor should stand, as the *locum tenens* of the great Whig leaders. From the outset Mr. Greeley strenuously advocated the claims of Henry Clay to the Presidency, and nerved himself to a contest with other factions of the party in a manner which implied his determination to show himself to the world as the herculean political Atlas, from whose shoulders the great champion of the Whig party should swing himself into the Presidential chair. And faithfully he carried out his plans and projects; for seven years and upward he followed, or led, the revolutionary fortunes of Mr. Clay, and, unlike many of his political friends, was faithful to him to the last. The proceedings of the Whig Convention at Philadel-

phia, in June last, are so fresh to our readers that they are hardly worth mentioning here. When the decision of that Convention was announced, and General Zachary Taylor was found to be the presidential candidate of the great Whig party, the disappointment and chagrin of the Greeley Whigs (if they may be so called,) was intense. A new party was spoken of, new measures were canvassed, new men discussed. Mr. Greeley declined hoisting the Taylor flag at the head of the Tribune, but, though he remained perfectly non-committal, his choice was understood to be for a free soil candidate in opposition to the regular nominee of the Whigs. But when the matter was thoroughly considered, and the Buffalo nomination spread throughout the country, Mr. Greeley acted the wise part, and hoisted the names of Taylor and Fillmore at the head of his columns. Just previous to the election there appeared in the Tribune an address to the voters of Ohio, and a similar one to those of Pennsylvania, which undoubtedly had a great effect upon the popular mind of those states, and, had they been written a month or two before, might have influenced the popular vote of the former state in a very different way. Those addresses are, in our opinion, among the best things Mr. Greeley has ever written, and while being remarkably condensed and clear, they covered the whole ground of Whig principles, as distinctly as though five times the length. These papers display in a strong light the peculiar qualities of his reasoning powers, and may be profitably read by Democrats as well as Whigs.

We have thus glanced at the boyhood and subsequent career of the subject of this sketch, and though many items are necessarily left untold, which might prove highly interesting, our space compels us to say no more on the biographical portion of the article. We shall now mention some of the peculiarities, eccentricities and theories of this remarkable man, which may serve to show those who never saw him the real Horace Greeley as he can be seen any day about town.

At about 10 o'clock in the morning of nearly every day of the week, may be seen, gently shuffling down Chatham street, with an undulating, rollicking motion, peculiar to sea-sick landmen and land-sick seamen, a form, in which the common concave of the back is supplanted by a full convex, and the usual distinguishing marks of manhood's prime seem entirely obliterated. Upon his head may be seen a rough beaver, generally worn "up," the rim usually at an angle of about forty-five degrees, while from beneath its jagged points may be discerned a quantity of hair of the color and consistency of well-dressed flax. Upon his back floats the drapery of that same old coat, whose original immaculate white has been sadly defiled by contamination, perchance with politics, and now bears unmistakeable evidence of frequent intercourse with time, tar and tallow. Flowing from his neck, and hanging pendant in the breeze, is an enormous handkerchief, whose loose knot is not, as some of his political opponents intimate, emblematical of his future fate, albeit somewhat significantly drawn under his left ear. A superfluity of linen is seldom recognizable, and,

save upon festive occasions and the receipt of unforeseen political news, he is entirely innocent of collar in any of its various ramifications. His vest, primitively of a full black, is now a most dubious brown, and withal marked with that spirit of greasy independence noticeable in obese Berkshires at a mature age, while the buttons, in their relative position to the button-holes, verify the scriptural quotation, "the last shall be first, and the first last." Descending to the inexpressible portion of his dress, we discover, in plain terms, his pantaloons, wherein are blended, though not perhaps exquisitely, the pure black and whitey-brown, which commingle with so little glossy sympathy as to render somewhat questionable the present color of the goods, though we may safely call them cis-atlantic and invisible black. Their cut is not of that delicate pattern of the Broadway school, where can be traced the graceful outline of a curve, which, according to Burke's theory, is a constituent of the beautiful; nor is their surface stamped with the classic ideality of the costume of Rome, but rather with the spotted reality of grease. Neither are the legs clasped tightly around his limbs, but so carelessly disposed as to leave upon the beholder the impression that he fell into their intricate folds when getting out of bed, and since had been fruitlessly endeavoring to extricate himself from their meshes. The pattern from which the legs are cut is invariably "scant," which of course abbreviates their latitude and cuts them off in their prime—while their folds exhibit a most beautiful specimen of grotesque grouping, which might prove invaluable to Bingham and other painters of curious figures. But his hat and boots—those opposite poles of his corporeal being! One may be styled negatively good, the other positively bad; and there they stand, dilapidated representatives of incarnate eccentricity, helping to make the man Greeley in all his *outré* costuming. They are the Alpha and Omega of his incongruous habiliments—the preface and index of his mind—the grotesque and arabesque of his outer man, and as much a part and parcel of the individual as are the face and hands. His hat is one of those mathematical problems impervious to solution, but seems to consist of several pieces of felt curiously disarranged and dovetailed together in a manner to defy suspicion. The ragged excrescences, which project from the crown in every possible shape and direction, like the armorial bearings of the fretful porcupine, display no tendency towards amalgamation, but rather seem to defy the rules of grace, and determined to assume a shape never before thought of in a hat. But his boots—coarse, clumsy, and mal-formed—covered with the drippings of the street, and innocent of any attempt at brightness—prove conclusively indeed "there is nothing like leather." Evident master-pieces of some juvenile Crispin, whose labors on the bench were too frequently interrupted by his constant practice at the bar, they seem built from the model of a Mississippi flat-boat, and, like the English dray-horse, make up in bottom what they lack in speed. His pantaloons bottoms and boot tops, which are unquestionably fixed stars of his solar system, and should be found in conjunction, are generally seen in oppo-

sition, the latter coyly shunning the embraces of its kersycmere neighbor, while between them there is an impassable gulf—a sort of flesh-colored chasm—which nothing but the connecting links of steady straps can ever obviate.

His height, when erect, is five feet, eleven; when stooping, about five feet, six. His perpendicular average may be safely stated at five feet, nine. And now, as he comes rolling along up Nassau street, his hat poised upon the bump of concentration, as marked in Fowler's Chart, his neck-cloth awry, his white coat flying behind like the streamer of a man-of-war, his hands filled with most plebeian peanuts, whose shells fall thickly around like the fruits of an incessant bombardment, his whole speech caustic with denunciations of democracy, and redolent of rebuke of radicals, he seems a sort of municipal Diogenes, let loose from his tub to sport awhile in the crowd, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

Greeley in the street, and Greeley in the chair editorial, are two distinct individuals. In the former he is a beautiful specimen of the *antique*, claimed by that political virtuoso, the Whig Party, in the latter an intellectual exponent of most absurd theories. Possessing a remarkable fund of information, a most retentive memory, and having at his fingers' ends the general and political history of the world for the past century, he is admirably calculated for the onerous duty of directing the opinions of a powerful party, and guiding the impulses of a great faction. Able and skilful as a logician, he is yet emphatically a theorist in the most speculative sense of the word, and no advocate of available doctrines political or social. Utilitarian in every thought and feeling, he uses a glass to discern the beauties of the idea, when, with the naked eye, he could easily read the glories of the real. He abruptly advances, and, with all the tenacity of a reformer, supports arguments for which the world is unprepared, and deems it necessary to anticipate the future by neglecting the present and avoiding the faults of the past.

Honest and upright in all his intentions, he yet strains too eagerly for that reformatory millennium which shall discard the superfluities of fire-arms, hangman's ropes, collections of property in unlimited amounts, manual labor by goods and chattels, and various other peculiarities, in which mankind is prone to indulge, and seeks to present society at once with a plan of constitutional reform, whose peculiar tenets have not been thoroughly discussed or even satisfactorily tested.

We have not room, nor do we wish here to discuss the merits of association, abolition of slavery and capital punishment, land limitation, or any of the various reform measures of which Mr. Greeley is supposed to be the head and front in this country. We have dealt more with the characteristics of the man than the mind—touched more circumstantially upon his old clothes than his opinions. We confess personally to an admiration of Horace Greeley, amounting in some respects almost to reverence, induced perhaps by the tendency of even his most absurd doctrines to the cause of right, and cannot but pronounce him one of the most remarkable men of the age. Fearless and bold where his conscience teaches him so to be, he has marked out a new era in the progress of human improvement which will not soon be forgotten, and to posterity will leave a name for honesty of purpose, perseverance in the cause of right, opposition to tyranny and oppression, and advocacy of moral and social reform, which will endure long after the recollection of his unsurpassed talent as a partisan editor is forgotten.

The Portrait of Mr. Greeley presented on another page, is a correct likeness of the man, and will give our readers an idea of his general appearance. As a work of art, we think the engraving will bear a comparison with some of the best of Gavarni's Portraits, (executed in similar style,) and reflects great credit upon Mr. Wallin, the designer, and Mr. J. H. Richardson, the engraver. It is certainly one of the finest specimens of Wood Engraving extant.

SPRIT BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM HUBBARD.

THE sky is bright above thee,
And thy path is germed with flowers;
The tones of those who love thee,
Lend a witchery to thy hours;
To the hours that now are bearing
From her girlhood's early years,
The dear one who is sharing
All our hopes and all our fears.
Early girlhood, evanescent,
Fades as morning into noon;
And the charms that gild thy present,
May be withered all too soon:

Thy lip may lose its redness,
And thine eye its radiant sheen,
And the pallid hue of deadness
Reign where Beauty once had been.

But the glory of the Spirit
Is removed above decay—
There's a guardian angel near it,
Who preserves its light away.
Whether in the gloom of even,
Or the morning of our years,
With the borrowed hue of Heaven,
Bright and radiant it appears.

TENDENCIES OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED LECTURE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

* * * What, then, are the prominent characteristics of our present Social Order, and of that state or degree of civilization which has obtained under it?

I shall hardly be disputed if I say that the main-spring of our general activity is *the desire of personal advantage or distinction*. The child is stimulated to crowd its memory with long rows of crooked words to which it as yet attaches little meaning, by an exhibition of the pleasure of surpassing, or the shame of being surpassed by his fellows. For personal gain or the comfort of his family the laborer wields the axe, or shoulders the hod—the fisher braves the fogs and the gales of the Grand Banks—for personal glory and gain the lawyer moves the audience to tears by his eloquent vindication of the forger's or burglar's innocence—for gain the author writes, the warrior fights—for gain, I had almost said, the parson preaches. (I trust none will construe this as a reproach—I but recognize a general necessity of our social condition.) Nay: he who should be driven or entrapped into the avowal that the object of his life-long endeavor is something else than the acquisition of personal good, from the gratification of his palate up to the saving of his soul, would be generally regarded as a hypocrite or a nunny. Family attachments and family duties may seem somewhat to modify this desire, or rather, to enlarge the circle of our selfishness, but it is only seeming. Those intimately connected with us are a part of ourselves; identified with our comfort, our consequence, our reputation. The basis of all ordinary effort, all current aspiration, is the maxim, "Look out for No. 1."

The natural consequence of this direction, acting upon an age of uncommon intellectual attainment, is immense mental and physical activity and development. We are, beyond all precedent, a *working* people. Mountains are leveled, valleys filled up or bridged over, canals and railroads constructed, forests exterminated, cities built, with a rapidity unknown to any former period. Every year adds sensibly to the aggregate of human wealth; every year sees important improvements in the implements wherewith that wealth is created. It is a moderate computation that the average practical value of a day's work—that is, the amount of the comfort and necessities of life it will fashion or create—is now twice what it was fifty years ago; and the aggregate valuation of property throughout the civilized world is probably twice what it was at the close of the great wars, some thirty years ago. Thus the world at first glance would seem to be steadily outgrowing Want and its consequent miseries, and rapidly regaining the plenty and physical enjoyment of Eden.

But here we are confronted by a startling and gigantic fact. Wealth has greatly increased, but

the majority of men and women are in no respect gainers thereby. Labor has become more efficient, but the laborer derives no benefit therefrom. Take the average of civilized, Christian Europe, and a year's faithful work ensures a less competent supply of the goods of life than did the like work, though not half so efficient, a century since. In this country, owing to its immense area of fertile and still unoccupied soil, I think the case is somewhat better; yet all must see that this exemption is but casual and temporary, and the ultimate conformity of the general rule certain. Already, in spite of our great National safety-valve, the Public Lands, we see our cities and villages swarming with redundant population, including the overflow of Europe's surplus millions; and the cry is still, "They come!" Each advancing wave of population renders more difficult to the destitute the task of earning a livelihood by filling the channels of employment, and raising the price of Land. Already in our cities rents are higher, yet wages lower, as compared with those of bygone years; already the progress of Labor-Saving Machinery, which ought to be a blessing to all, is regarded with undisguised aversion and hostility by a large portion of the sons of toil. And this is not the stupid prejudice that it has long been represented. True, it *ought* to be the case that any decided improvement in Art, any signal discovery in Science, would benefit the entire community, and especially those whose need is greatest; but is such the fact? Here, for instance, starts up an inventor who proposes to tell us how the types for a daily newspaper may all be composed and adjusted by an ignorant lad turning a crank—ultimately by an occasional puff from a steam-engine. The world, we say, is greatly benefitted by the invention: that is, it is supplied more cheaply and profusely with books and periodicals in consequence. But what shall become of the large class whose trade is thus supplanted—the men who have hitherto obtained a livelihood by setting type? Intelligent and capable beyond most mechanical laborers, they yet, as a class, know no other way of earning a livelihood than that of which the march of improvement has deprived them; yet their families cannot do without food, their landlords *will not* do without rent, until they can acquire the needful skill in some other vocation. And if they could surmount this preliminary obstacle, where is the vocation which solicits them? Who can point out a branch of industry above the rudest and lowest—nay, I waive the exception, and ask, who can tell of a means of earning a livelihood, unless it be throat-cutting at ten dollars a month, which this day *solicits* workmen? I hear of contemplated migrations to this favored land of Peace and Plenty, by a thousand or more London masons, and a still larger number of London tailors; but I do

not hear of any part of the country where these masons, these tailors, are wanted. I know that in New-York at this moment, while the rent of the smallest decent tenement costs two hundred dollars a year, there are thousands of good mechanics working for less than five dollars a week, each with a family to subsist somehow out of the product of his labor, while very many are at work for still less, and thousands, who would gladly work for anything, are vainly seeking and grimly starving for lack of employment. And this calamity of having nothing to do, or being forced to labor for a price utterly inadequate to sustain a comfortable existence, grows every year more and more formidable, and general. It haunts the pillow of the rugged artisan; it unnerves his arm and renders his days heavy; it dashes his manner to his employers with servility, or the insolence which is a reaction from servility; and the general fact that Labor in any decently rewarded vocation is more abundant than the demand, for it prevents hundreds from entering into the pursuit they would prefer, and for which Nature has intended them. Hence it seems clear that the hostility of the Laboring Class to the invention of Machinery which interferes with their several pursuits, is not the vulgar prejudice which it has long been represented, but a just, though utterly ineffective and hopeless protest against impending calamity. Were Society rightly constituted, a valuable invention would be the blessing, not the bane of the Toiling Millions; and Mechanical Progress would carry them along with it instead of rushing over their prostrate and defenceless bodies. As Society is constituted, the injury inflicted on Labor by Machinery is immediate and palpable—often calamitous—while the resulting benefit in the cheapness of some product he requires is remote, precarious, and seemingly inconsiderable. To lose his situation, though its pay be meagre, when another is not to be had, is a disaster for which the facility of buying stockings or shirts sixpence cheaper is a very inadequate recompense.

These, then, are the phenomena presented by a general view of Civilized Society: Wealth in the aggregate increasing, but the number of the destitute increasing in a far greater ratio, Labor becoming more and more efficient with each successive discovery in Science or improvement in Machinery, yet employment becoming more and more precarious, and the average reward of Labor less and less considerable; land and other fixed property rising in market value, while that which gives it its value—namely, Human Effort, or skill—becomes less and less productive to its owner as it becomes more and more so to the consumer of its fruits. There must be something defective or vicious in the machinery whence such results evolve themselves.

But the progress, the rapid multiplication of Labor-saving Machinery is one of the inexorable facts of our time—we cannot arrest it, much less reverse it. Five hundred eloquent orators, demonstrating the superior independence, healthfulness and happiness of the Many in the good old days of the great and little spinning-wheels, where the family apparel was spun by the daughters, and woven in the family hand-loom, would not be of

the least avail. They would not call into existence a single specimen of the discarded household implements of our mothers and grandmothers, except as an antique curiosity. On the contrary, the march of Machinery is manifestly onward, and still onward, with ever-increasing speed. The manufacture of Fabrics has been entirely and forever absorbed by it; by the Cotton-Gin it has formidably and eventually invaded the domain of Agriculture, and the lodgement thus effected is to be followed by a general conquest. Already machines of great efficiency and cost have taken in hand the excavation of Earth, the mowing of grass, the cradling of grain, the dressing of hemp and flax, the sowing or planting of seeds, &c., &c. Every year adds to the number and the power of these inventions, diminishing the relative value of mere manual capacity for Labor, and exacting the practical power of Capital. On every side the finger of Destiny points us palpably to the day rapidly approaching, when the mere isolated Laborer will be nothing, while Napoleonic combinations of capital and skill with blind force will be everything. The period surely and rapidly approaches when the simple Man of Toil cannot compete with organized, well appointed, skillfully directed Industry in any department of Human Effort—when one hundred men, hired or owned by Capital, and adequately supplied with the most powerful machinery, will produce more grain, as they now do more cloth, than one thousand can do by separate, uncombined exertions. Whenever that day shall have arrived, the landless laborer—the mere laborer, who has not been trained to special dexterity as a director of the gigantic operations of Machinery—will be a hopeless bankrupt, an inevitable beggar, unless some corresponding, or rather counteracting change should have been wrought in his Social condition—in his habitual relations to Land and Capital. Let the portionless Laborer but stand where he is, while everything else moves forward with electric velocity, and his inexorable doom is the hopeless slavery of Pauperism.

I commend a Social Reform, therefore, not merely as a feasible means of bettering the *present* condition of the Toiling Millions, but as essential to their preservation from a fate infinitely worse. Should any of you insist on regarding it as a device or a scheme, I would point you to the necessity which has arisen, the still more urgent necessity which each successive year is creating, for some radical change, and I press those who dissent from our expedient, if such they will consider it, to tell us what else shall be done? The problem for their solution is this—"How shall it be rendered certain that a man, able and willing to labor, shall be enabled at all times to earn the bread required by his family?" To this problem Association proffers a positive, an affirmative, a conclusive answer, I believe no man has ever disputed that, carried fully into effect, it will abolish Pauperism, unwilling Idleness, and unrequited Toil. And can that which promises so much be unworthy the thoughtful regard of any Philanthropist or Statesman.

I know it is said that the rightful cure of the Social evils we combat is Christianity or Religion.

But can it be that we speak so unintelligibly, or that our adversaries utter words without meaning? Religion, we may say, was the great need of the man found wounded, stripped and bleeding, by the Good Samaritan; but how to be applied? In prayers and masses, in tracts and Bibles, or in the practical form of kind treatment, of binding up his wounds and providing for his sustenance and comfort? I understand the latter as the precise thing which Religion dictates and enjoins, by no means excluding or forbidding the more formal service also. The Priest and the Levite clearly thought Religion his great need; his creed was out of joint, hence his forlorn condition—the Samaritan probably thought only that he was a fellow-being in distress, and hastened to render him substantial aid and comfort. Does any Christian doubt that his was the truer religion, whether he prayed with his face to Jerusalem, to Mount Gerizim, or vocally not at all?

I ask those who interpose the all-sufficiency of Religion as if it were an answer to what we urge, or a demonstration that a Social re-construction is unnecessary, to give us a definite idea of their meaning. Here, for instance, in many a desolate garret lives a devoutly Christian widow, with her half-dozen children. She is most willing to work; so are they, so far as they are able; but she can only have work when others see fit to employ her. Yet the children must have bread, the Landlord must have rent, anyhow; in fact, her inability to find work only renders him more urgent in his demands. What shall Christianity do in this case? What shall it command *us* to do? Give her bread, do you say? True, if no better way presents itself, that is our imperative duty. But if it would be Christian charity to give her bread, how much more is it to enable her and her little ones to earn their bread by honest toil, and to ensure them opportunity to earn it at all times and under all circumstances? This is not merely far preferable to her, and her children, to whom naked charity, even when inevitable, must be a bitter and mentally degrading resort, but it is far better for the community, which is enriched by the sum of their earnings not only, but of the skill and capacity they must necessarily acquire in the process of earning, and by the spirit of manly independence and self-reliance, which honest, self-sustaining industry naturally creates. I maintain, therefore, that if it be indeed a Christian duty to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to aid them by downright alms, it cannot be less so to devise and provide for them the means of living, without charity, upon the just fruits of their own fairly rewarded and permanently employed labor. Such is the Christianity and the Charity of Association.

Let me here barely glance at the reciprocal influences of Population, Land and Labor. Let us suppose Massachusetts to contain five thousand square miles of arable land, and her population to consist of fifty thousand families, or ten to each square mile. The average value of her arable soil, we will say, is now twenty dollars per acre. But while the Land is a fixed quality, the population is steadily increasing. In a single generation it has become five hundred thousand souls, or

one hundred thousand families; and in another generation one million persons, or two hundred thousand families; and now the arable soil is worth not twenty, but in the average sixty dollars per acre. If each family were the owner of its proportioned part, or something near it, this would not be inadequate. There would be still sixteen acres for each family, which, with a proportion of the sterile and rocky woodland for fuel would do very well. But, in fact, there will be found fewer owners of farming land with the population at one million, than there were when it stood at two hundred and fifty thousand, and the great mass must now live by hiring land of the few, or by selling their labor to the few, which amounts to the same thing. Practically, the Labor of the State must now pay to the Capital nearly four times as much for the privilege of cultivating the soil, and enjoying its fruits as it did when the population was but two hundred and fifty thousand. Tested by the standard of the market, the land is worth so much more than formerly, and must be rented, or sold, or worked by hired labor, so as to return a corresponding profit to its owner. Let us suppose each acre to have rented for the value of two day's work formerly, it must now be rented for the price of seven day's work, other things being equal. But population doubles yet again, and now each acre of land, so great is the number of competitors for the privilege of cultivating it, will command a yearly rental equal to at least twelve days faithful labor. I will not pursue the illustration farther, though I have not even yet reached the point already attained in the depression of labor, consequent on the increase of population, and resulting increase in the market value of Land, in England, Belgium, and some other countries. Your own minds will have already grasped the true conclusion that the very structure and essential laws of Civilized Society doom the Laboring Classes to sink irresistibly lower and lower, until their remuneration reaches that point where existence, with ability to labor, can barely be sustained. "I have a notion," said one of the Sultans to his Grand Vizier, that it would be a good thing to exterminate all the Rayahs—(that is Christian subjects) at once, and have no more trouble with rebellions." "True, Oh Ruler of the Faithful!" replied the Vizier; "it would be convenient in that light; but how would your treasury bear the loss of the Capitation Tax?" Precisely to the same extent does our present Civilization take care that the Laboring Millions shall not famish. If they did, Land and most other fixed property would sink in value disastrously. But if a bushel of corn per week will just keep a laborer and his family in sufficient health and strength to work, and the price of another bushel will furnish just sufficient shelter and clothing to save them from freezing to death, then the price of two bushels of corn is the standard to which the laborer's weekly wages do incessantly tend, and which they will ultimately reach. The consummation may be protracted by a hundred foreseen and unforeseen events; by emigration, by pestilence, the ravages of war, by scientific discoveries, or mechanical improvements, (though many of these are rather calculated to

hasten it;) but this is the ultimate and unavoidable goal, as surely as the stone rolling by its own gravity down the side of a mountain, though it may sometimes rebound higher than the spot it occupied a moment before, will roll to the bottom unless arrested. The point whereto Labor incessantly tends in Civilized Society, is that of bare and scanty ability to support existence.

I rest in this on no mere assertion, nor yet on my own hurried demonstration, as those among you who may be familiar with the writings of those termed Political Economists well know. To say nothing of Malthus, who traces out the doctrines of the school to their unavoidable yet horrid conclusions, you will find in the pages of any of the modern doctors of the sect, and especially in those of the Edinburgh Review, their ablest periodical expositor, repeated, continual fulminations against the improvidence and selfish misdemeanor of early marriages among the Poor, as tending immensely to aggravate their miseries and the public burdens. God's command to the human family to "Be fruitful and multiply," is overruled by the Economic school as directly at variance with the imperative dictates of Political Science, so far as the Poor are concerned. It is stigmatized as a crime against their order, and against the general rule. And, if the present be regarded as the true and Divinely appointed constitution of Society, this is undoubtedly correct. Every accession to the number of the Laboring Class is an additional competitor for its scanty means of subsistence, and a detriment to its general well-being.

It is not, therefore, in the view of the Association school, the fault of this class or of that—of the heartlessness of the Rich or of the thoughtlessness of the Poor—that want and misery so abound. Until the Social laws and usages, the Social constitution, which make man the rival of him who should be his brother, are radically changed, these results are unavoidable. Charity and magnanimity may soften their rigors, but cannot change their nature nor destroy their existence. All efforts to render the Laboring Millions independent, comfortable, happy, to secure them steadfast employment and adequate reward, without changing the structure of Society and the nature of their relation to Land and Capital, are but renewals of the thriftless, never-ending labors of Sisyphus. Effective, enduring reform must begin at the basis, laying a broad and firm foundation. It must begin by devising, or discovering a

Social Order which shall recognize and give effort to three natural and essential Rights, as inherent in all men, but for which Society and Government have as yet made no provision. These are

1. The right to cultivate a portion of the earth, and enjoy the fruits thereof, paying for its use only a just remuneration for the Capital expended by others in rendering it available fruitful.

2. The Right to Education, practical and thorough, so as to fit the individual for efficiency in various fields of usefulness.

3. The Right to Labor, and to the just and equal recompense of Labor, in other departments of usefulness as well as that of Agriculture.

On the establishment of these Rights, and their extension ultimately to all, rest my hopes of a general and signal melioration of the condition of the Toiling Millions, and not alone of these, but of the entire Human Family. Let them remain in abeyance as hitherto, and I see not what is to prevent the landless and moneyless class from sinking still deeper and deeper into destitution, uncertainty of subsistence, ignorance, immorality and degredation; dragging all others invisibly but really after them. Let this remain unaccomplished, and though the Nation and the World may grow rich, the mass of the People will become poorer and poorer; and the wealth which is covering the world with its stately edifices, will ultimately be taxed out of being to erect and sustain the Prisons and Poor-Houses which the laws that favored the accumulation of this wealth have rendered necessary. The rule of "*Laissez faire*"—of bidding every man take care of himself—though momentarily favorable to the cunning and the strong, is not ultimately and permanently best for any. Were it not for our unexhausted abundance of still unappropriated lands, it would speedily run itself aground, even in this country. A different Social organism, based on the opposite principle of receiving equal and ample opportunity to all, of making each the friend and brother of all, each interested in the welfare of each, and none profiting by the abasement of any, is the earnest and vital demand of our time. Nay, more; it is the remedy to which our existing evils point, the reaction which the aggravated vices and inequalities of our present Social condition are creating. And herein do I discern the latest and best of the Tendencies of our existing Civilization. * * *



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.
BY SIGMA.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

The July No. contains a Portrait of Rev. Dr. Potts; August, Rev. Dr. Tyng; Sept., Henry Ward Beecher; Oct., Rev. Dr. Cox; Nov., Rev. Dr. Dewey; Dec., Rev. Mr. Sommers; any of which can be obtained of C. W. Holden.

XVI.

PROF. CHESTER DEWEY, D. D., M. D.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY ORR AND RICHARDSON, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY A. MORAND.

AFTER all, how many refreshing things there are along the dusty highway of life! With all the dreariness, wearisomeness, vexations, breakdowns, and occasional upsets, there is a great deal to gladden, invigorate, and inspire. How refreshing is an occasional chat with a friend, or the "treeing" of a good idea that suddenly darted out of the wayside; or, still better, the routing out and running down of a good thought in one's own brain, which perchance had been hunted over many times before in vain. How refreshing, too, is Nature, with her "voice and eloquence of beauty." The blue sky from its deep bosom sends deep joy into the heart, and the bright sun lights up gladness within. And then the music of the birds, and the rustling of the leaves, the gentle hum of insects, and all the glad forms of Nature, stir within the soul a gladness that sends the blood

thrilling through the veins; and the voice breaks forth in a ringing shout of effervescing glee, mellowed with the devout tones of humble thankfulness to the Giver of every good. And then the merry laugh of children greets our ears, and the music of happy voices caroling their early loves. We see youth feasting at the loaded board of social joys, and old age leaning on the arm of youth, peacefully and hopefully threading the descending path that shall change at death for an ascending flight; and we see hope light up the eye of all—of "youth in life's green spring, and he who goes in the full strength of years, matron and maid, and the bowed with age,"—and we see goodness laying hold of that higher, holier hope, within whose blissful folds are wrapped a bliss unutterable! It is refreshing, too,

"To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things,
To love the rill of waters and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world;
To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
Whose purity and distance makes it fair;
And in the gush of music to be still
And feel that it has purified the heart."

Ah! there is much of beauty and of good in life's journey. But refreshing as all these are, beautiful, sunny, graceful as they are, they do not equal in refreshing beauty, sunniness, and grace, the sight of a man who, steadfastly standing in his allotted place, performs the work that Providence has laid out for him, undismayed by its severity, unseduced by its surrounding pleasures; who in singleness of heart follows right on in the path that opens before him, doing—valiantly, effectively doing—because it is his duty to do, the work which others may do or leave undone, because it is for their interest or their credit; and in addition to this—in addition to filling the sphere in which he stands—striving also to shed the warmth of sympathy and the light of information on all the waysiders and travelling companions in life's journey, dispensing charities, encouraging goodness, exciting inquiry, radiating happiness in all his onward progress. Such a sight is beautiful, we say—woman in her purity is beautiful, nature is beautiful, thought is beautiful, but this steadfast, single-hearted, sympathizing man is more beautiful. Now there is a great deal of selfishness in this world, and a great deal of false ambition, arrogance and conceit; and a great deal of native sensibility, wrapped up, locked up, steel-mailed, crusted over, lost to human sight or touch, and safe from being disturbed by the timid knockings of want or the hoarse demandings of despair. But withal there is a great deal of disinterestedness, of self-forgetting, of watchful tenderness, of sensitive sympathy, responsive to all the calls of humanity, whether coming from the chill of penury, or the tossings of disease, or the haggardness of want; or, still worse, from sterile ignorance, or blighting vice, or unforgiven sin. It is for the sake of evidencing

this noble devotion to duty and humanity, of setting forth the comforting and encouraging and really refreshing in this world, as well as to picture the Pulpit Oratory of America, that these sketches are prepared. We wish to embody in the course of these biographies, the highest character of man, the true genuine manhood, in a variety of its developments and experiences; as well as to present a particular phase of oratory. Hence we shall not always select those whose names are the oftenest mentioned, or whose presence attracts the largest audiences, or whose voices fill the widest churches. We may bring out to view, reluctant though he be, the country pastor, whose life is fraught with little of incident, and whose name has never been blazoned in the public prints, introduced with a sounding flourish of "the gifted, the eloquent and accomplished," and supported by two D.'s as a rear-guard; but whose mind has expanded widely and character grown nobly, for all that—and as a means of overcoming his reluctance, we shall simply remind him that "Holden's Magazine" is a candlestick, his quiet village a bushel, and refer him to the fifth chapter of Matthew, fifteenth verse, for an explanation.

The truth is, and it requires no very wide observation to establish it, that the "greatest" preacher is not always the best preacher, nor the most distinguished divine the possessor of the truest philosophy, nor the most fascinating pulpit orator the realizer of the purest religion. It is in the ministry, as it is pretty much everywhere else, that those of the worthiest worth, the heartiest hearts, and the mightiest minds live in their worth, love with their hearts, and labor with their minds, unnoticed and unknown by the great world. They have their circle, and that they fill—to that they are centre, circumference, and radii. In it they are loved and respected beyond all others, and exert a controlling influence; but the world sweeps by them without bestowing one sidelong glance, and perhaps without receiving one upturned look. Now we find no fault with this arrangement. We doubt not it is just as it should be. In fact, it could hardly be otherwise in the natural order of things. The world is not quick at detecting unobtrusive merit, and there is something revolting to genuine merit in obtruding itself. It is a common saying that a man must blow his own trumpet before anybody else will blow it for him. Do not infer, because we say that much genuine merit is undistinguished, that in our opinion all merit is hidden behind the veil that intercepts the public scrutiny. By no means. The world often sees correctly and drags forth and sets up merit where it deserves to be and act. Sometimes merit puts itself forward from a sense of duty; still there is much left behind in dim corners, and we may perchance go there and reveal it. With the intention of presenting some such character as we have described above, albeit one that is extensively and favorably known, we asked Prof. Chester Dewey, D.D., of Rochester, New York, for the privilege of preparing a "sketch" of his life. He did not reply to us, "Calumny is the price a man pays for being great;" but he objected, by saying, "Oh, my life will be worth nothing

to you. It has had no incidents. It is the life of a thousand others—simply one of hard work. I have striven to do my duty, and that is the whole of it." To this objection we tacitly assented, but still pressed our suit, saying that we would assume the responsibility of its interest. 'So, indulgent reader, if you should find this article uninteresting—we think you will not—but if you should, judge us, and not the subject, and try to feel as friendly as possible towards a sober article. As Prof. Dewey said, his life has not been one of incident. He has never sailed around Cape Horn, nor had any hairbreadth escapes among the Arctic whales; neither has he, like the subject of a previous sketch, thrilled with the sight of England's proudest fleet, or bounded to the music of a dozen regiments, or quaked with the booming of 2000 cannon. It was not with reference to incidents that we asked his permission to talk about him. It was with another purpose; that purpose we have stated.

Chester Dewey was born October 25th, 1784, in the town of Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts—the native place, as it will be remembered, of Orville Dewey. They are first cousins, their fathers' being brothers. Chester Dewey's father was a farmer who was prevented from obtaining a liberal education by the troublous times of the Revolution, but who ever esteemed the privileges which college life affords as the choicest in the world. He was a man of strong mind, sound judgment, sober integrity, and consequently, of commanding influence in his town. In those days when lawyers and courts were not as now, to be found like the altars of Baal, "on every high hill, and beneath every green tree," he was resorted to as the arbiter in disputes, as the judge of the place, and from his decisions an appeal was rarely demanded. But respected as he was, he always suffered in his own feelings from the lack of a liberal education. He felt that it was his natural birthright, that he would have appreciated it, improved it, and been profited by it. And then in his thoughtful inquiring state there came up before him so many questions which a liberal education would have solved, so many labyrinthine threads of information which that would have enabled him to follow out into the open day, that he was troubled by his deficiency. He felt, too, the lack of a higher facility in communicating what he did know. As it was, he possessed a singular clearness of expression, but he longed for a greater power, which he felt that a college training would have given him.

With these convictions of the advantage of a college education, he determined to give to his first born son that which he so sorrowfully wanted. With this purpose in view, he exercised more wisdom than some parents manifest, who keep their sons from the soil as they would from a contagion, deeming that headwork precludes handwork, that the "college boy" would be ruined by being first the "farmer boy," that the hand which is to hold the pen, and turn the leaf, and dig Greek roots, should never hold the plough, or turn the furrow, or dig garden roots. He began by first educating the body of his boy, before the brain, and developing the muscle before the mind.

"*Sana meus in sano corpore,*" was his golden principle of education. If such were the system of all parents, and if all sons appreciate health, and would *work* to get and keep it, we should hear less of ragged authors, dilapidated teachers, and bronchitical preachers going to Europe. Stephen Dewey's first born did his fair share of work on his father's farm, before he went to college. He had, however, all the advantages of school instruction which the times afforded, and play enough to keep his spirits buoyant, his cheek rosy, and his eye bright. He was from childhood remarkably active in his habits, ever in motion, prompt and alert. It is a pleasing incident as illustrative of the maxim, "the boy makes the man," that when an infant he always rocked himself to sleep. His mother taught him when he was laid in the cradle to put his little hand on each side, and do his own lullabying. Either in consequence of this early training, or of an active temperament, or perhaps of both, he grew up a stirring, independent, self-relying youth, with a mind ever on the look out for information.

We are not sure that the Rev. Professor will thank us for the disclosure, but nevertheless, there is a well authenticated tradition that there was only one boy in the village that was his match in wrestling, and that on the cricket ground he was usually "chosen on" first, and was very apt to be on the "big side." His childhood was an unclouded one. He was, what one would style, a *sunny* boy, ever bright, buoyant, bounding, the light of the home circle, and a favorite with all. He early discovered quickness of perception, with a "gift" at imitation, so that, when a mere child, he afforded great amusement by performing sundry little feats, which are often taught to bright children. Despatch in doing what was to be done, was also manifested at an early age, united with a principle of *order*, which is very rare in young people. Oh! how many trials and tears would have been spared to "the rising generations," if they all could learn to "hang up their caps," and "shut the doors," as readily as did young Dewey. He felt an absorbing interest in whatever thing he undertook, whether play, or study, or work; and was thus impelled on by his own zealous spirit in the path of untiring industry. Hence, as well in the school-room as on the cricket ground, he "stood at the head." When he was thirteen years old, his father was laid aside from business by a protracted illness, and upon him devolved the whole care of the farm. He went manfully through with his task, but it was long ere he recovered from the wear and tear of that summer. For the time being his health was ruined by it.

Most of the fitting for college was accomplished in the district school: three months, however, was spent with the Rev. Mr. Robbins, the minister of Norfolk, Connecticut, who fitted hundreds of young men for college, being accustomed to receive them into his family for that purpose, according to the excellent usage of those days.

Mr. Dewey entered Williams' College, situated at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1802, being then in his seventeenth year. He proved himself to be a superior scholar, ranking among the first in his class. While a good mathematician and a

classical scholar, he evinced a decided partiality for natural sciences, which has since ripened into such a distinguished excellence in that department of knowledge. His warmth of heart, open manly disposition, and gallant sentiments, won the regard of his classmates. He had no false pride, no exclusiveness of feeling, but that keen appreciation of the good points in his fellows, and the generous sensibilities of a common humanity, that wide-embracing sympathy for the "great brotherhood of man," which should ever be welling up in refreshing outpourings from the hearts of all, and ever does from the hearts of the right-minded. In college Dewey "strove to do his duty." His class was a superior one. Among the twenty-six which composed it, the distinguished name of Judge Betts appears. In this connection we will refer to an interesting trait of Mr. Dewey's character, because it was developed at this time. We refer to his generosity in communicating knowledge. He never hoards it up in the coffers of his brain, there to rest or rot, but he puts it into general circulation. He talks out his thoughts, dispenses his facts, and with whomsoever he is, the child or the man, the ignorant or the learned, he is ever exciting enquiry, quickening thought, imparting information, and adding to his own store. His mental capital is ever productive. We commend his example to the many educated men who have a talent, but hide it in the napkin of their selfish silence; who have a light, but are themselves the bushel to it. There is a duty which such men owe to community. They have received extra privileges, and they are bound to bestow extra favors. They are bound to scatter the seed they have garnered, that it may spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold. They have no right to go through the world a locked up library with the key lost. They ought (in the Western phrase) "to shell out." If they know anything, let them allow other people to know it too, they will be none the poorer for it—ah! they will be richer for it, richer in their own stock, richer in the consciousness of doing good, richer in the gratitude of all. Mr. Dewey is a man who pours out upon all the stores of his information. Hence his conversation is ever entertaining and instructive, and his society sought. He began life with the resolve to be lavish of his knowledge, and thus it was, that his college vacations were regarded as gala days by his family—for he managed in a most attractive and easy way to scatter among them all the treasures he had gathered.

In a previous number we have referred to the strong religious influence, unceasingly exerted at Williams College, and to the fact of its being distinguished for the frequency of those remarkable occasions, perhaps not improperly termed "Revivals," when the soul seems to rouse itself from the lethargy of sense to a living perception of the Unseen and Spiritual; when great truths, long disregarded, start into living, acting realities; and when Eternity, in its towering pre-eminence, absorbs in its shadow all the interests of Time. Such a season occurred during the third term of Mr. Dewey's senior year, and he bowed himself beneath the power of his presence. From that day he was actuated by nobler impulses than the

promptings of natural sympathies. A penitence for past ingratitude towards the Supreme Benefactor—for neglect of infinite truths and holy love for God filled his soul. Under the impulse of these higher sentiments he consecrated himself to the work of proclaiming salvation, and of persuading men to lay hold of the new, the spiritual life. Immediately after his graduation, he was violently attacked with typhus fever, and at one time his life was despaired of; but the constitution built upon his father's farm, was not found wanting, and he entirely recovered. As soon as health allowed he commenced his theological studies with Stephen West, D. D., of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a divine of those days pre-eminent for his sound theology and actuating piety, loved and respected almost to adoration. In October, 1807, he was licensed to preach by the Berkshire Association, and during the following winter taught a school in Stockbridge, and preached regularly in West-Stockbridge, a village five miles distant. Stockbridge has always been distinguished for its refined and literary society; and by the cordiality with which he was received into its choice circle, his love of social intercourse was amply gratified. He was still subject to the failing of his childhood, that of being a favorite—and here, too, he found his favorite among the fair daughters of this beautiful village. She was the pride and joy of the place, a girl whose presence was a charm to the glad ones, a balm of healing to the sorrowing. She had a finished person, a quick mind, gay humor, and a true heart. How could he but love her? How could she but love him? In the spring of 1808 he made a pleasant, leisurely journey, with his sister to Canada, in the sensible, sociable manner of those times, before steam had whirled away the good old practice of riding in one's own conveyance, thirty miles or less a day, and stopping for the night with some hospitable cousin or long lost friend. We allude to this journey, not because it was fraught with the stirring incidents which characterized the Canada expedition of Sommers, described in a previous number, but because it is dwelt upon by its projector with hearty, yet subdued pleasure, as the only journey of his life for unmixed recreation, and social enjoyment, when work, work, duty to self or the good of others, was not the impelling and controlling motive. From July to November of the same year, Mr. Dewey preached in Tyroingham, a small town in the same county. Here his labors yielded most happy results. When he went there, the church was well nigh trodden under foot, having been rent by dissension, and depressed by poverty. The greatest revival which has ever blessed the church, occurred during his ministrations, and he left it prosperous and independent, as it has ever since remained.

In November he was invited to a tutorship at his Alma Mater, only two years after his graduation—a striking evidence of the esteem in which he was held, as this office was only a tutorship in name, being endowed with all the responsibilities of a professorship. He entered upon his duties under peculiar and testing circumstances. During the previous spring and summer, an effort had been made by the students to relieve the institu-

tution of certain obnoxious tutors. This occasioned some trouble in college, but the difficulty seemed to be amicably settled at Commencement, and the students returned at the beginning of the year with the expressed intention of moving on quietly. Professor Olds, however, a man of strong and independent character, felt that the disturbances of the previous year could only be atoned for by a written acknowledgment on the part of the Junior class, which had taken the lead in the movement; and at his suggestion, it was agreed by the Faculty, that a paper to that effect should be drawn up and each member of the class compelled to sign it. This was done; but unfortunately each member of the class refused to sign it, and all the influence of Prof. Olds, popular as he was, had no power to bend their resolve. At this juncture, when a whole class were arrayed against the Faculty, the President declared himself on the side of the students, and the Professor, with all the Tutors, feeling their honor compromised by the course of the President, resigned in a body, and left the President sole officer, "with none to dispute his control." Consequently college was adjourned for four weeks; at the close of which, Messrs. Dewey, Nelson and Robbins entered upon the vacant tutorships. Into Mr. Dewey's hands was consigned the refractory Junior class, which selection placed him next in authority to the President, and virtually threw upon him the responsibility of the institution. He proved himself equal to the emergency; and at the outset showed forth that tact of government, the power of influencing young men so that they shall govern themselves, which has since rendered him so successful as a teacher. Upon his first meeting with the class he frankly confessed his own inexperience, told them of the evil reports prevalent of their insubordination, and reminded them that the only way whereby the community could be convinced that they truly stood upon right ground, as they professed to do, was by a faithful and manly performance of duty for the future. The appeal hit the right spot; the students were thrown back on their own individual responsibility; they proved thenceforward admirable pupils; studies were heartily prosecuted, and perfect order maintained. It was an interesting tribute lately paid by Judge Kellogg, a member of the Junior class, who used nearly the following expression: "I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that first recitation and Mr. Dewey's address. He put us on our honor, and after that we wouldn't for all the world have done a rebellious deed. The whole account of this rebellion may be found in "Sketches of Williams College," which, by the way, is an interesting and racy work, written by Messrs. Davis and Wells, graduates of that institution.

After remaining a Tutor for two years, Mr. Dewey was endowed with the title and perquisites of "Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy." This was a change more of name than of reality, as his substantial duties remained the same. He held the situation until 1827, a period of seventeen years—the best years of life—from the age of twenty-six to that of forty-three. These years were devoted to the upbuilding of

Williams College. We shall briefly speak of them as a whole, for they constituted a term of life, complete in itself, devoted to one purpose. The consignment of the Junior class to Mr. Dewey, the Tutor, was but an earnest of the consignment made to Mr. Dewey, the Professor. As in that instance, so ever after, he was stationed at the post of hazard and responsibility. When a matter of importance and of delicacy was to be managed, requiring resolution, judgment, and personal influence to ensure its success, he was the man to handle it; when any difficult point was to be gained, he was the one to reach it; when any boisterous breakers were to be cleared, he was the one to take the helm. Thus, in time, this feeble, struggling, yet growing institution learnt to lay its weightiest burdens on him, and consign to his care its more precious interests. We do not intend, by any means, to imply that he heard all the important recitations, or made out the bills, or always disciplined the students; but simply, that in any case of doubt, his counsel was essential; in any case of difficulty, his presence was indispensable; in any difference of sentiment, his opinion was ultimate. Now, this is said without reflecting any discredit on the other able officers of the college. They were equal to their duties, and faithful in their performance. But we do not imagine that a college hierarchy differs essentially from other associations of men, in which there is always one man who, having received a title of supremacy deeded to him by Heaven, invariably takes the lead, shoulders the responsibility, bears the brunt, and "rules the roost." This is not always the one who wears the highest official robe; it is not always the king who rules, or the president who presides, or the admiral who plans the attack. There always are Metternichs and Guizots and Websters. As was seen in the last sketch, there was a Nelson, who was not the admiral at the storming of Copenhagen. We think that no one, acquainted with the facts, will deny to Professor Dewey the preeminence we have assigned to him. He did much to advance the standard of scholarship, and enlarge the course of study. In the department of Natural History he was unwearied in his efforts. The departments of Chemistry and Botany he established on their present enlarged basis, and indeed laid the corner-stone. Previous to his coming, comparatively nothing had been done in them. For the promotion of these and of Geology, he commenced a system of exchanges throughout the country, and carried on a large correspondence with the *savans*, not only of America, but also of England, France, Germany, and even Prussia and Norway. In religious matters, also, as well as in governmental, he exerted a truly efficient influence. He was the one whom the student sought in his serious hours. He was the guide of the inquiring spirit, the awakener of the dormant, the consoler of the penitent. He prayed with the prayerful, rejoiced with the forgiven. The spiritual interests of the college depended much on him. The thought is solemn of holding such a post. Professor Dewey "strove to do his duty" at it. He had the best good of the students as a constant object of attainment; and

vigilant watchman as he was, his "beat" extended beyond the limits of scholarship. He strove to inspire his pupils with the purpose to be men, true men, complete, Christian men. He succeeded, too, in *getting at* the students, in reaching their inner life, appreciating their feelings, prejudices, sympathies. He was acquainted with them, *knew* them individually. They, on their part, loved and respected him. They came to him for counsel, guidance and encouragement.

As illustrative of the excellent relation existing between the teacher and the taught, we will venture to narrate an incident which has come to our knowledge. Belonging to the Sophomore class of 1824, there was a poor Irish boy, who was struggling up through a liberal education, with the purpose of becoming a minister. He was assisted in his efforts by the "Brick Church" of New York. He was fitted for college at an academy in Amherst, but did not, as was expected, enter the college there. In the midst of his regular duties and daily studies at Williams, there came a letter from the officers of the "Brick Church," stating that, in consequence of certain reports which had come to them prejudicial to his character, the assistance of the church would be withdrawn from date. The intelligence came upon the poor fellow like a thunderbolt, so sudden and so crushing. No opportunity was afforded for self-defence or explanation—the letter was decisive and final. In this state he went straight to Professor Dewey and told his trial—that his support was taken from him, that he must leave college, relinquish his hopes and plans of doing good and self-improvement, and all for an offence of which he was ignorant, and of which, whatever it might be, he protested his innocence. Prof. D. had regarded this son of Erin's Isle with perhaps a peculiar interest. He had been inspired with confidence in him. His fellow-students respected and liked him. He was a good scholar and unexceptionable in his department. Under these circumstances, Professor D. told him not to leave, or trouble himself about the paying of bills, and going to the President, prevailed upon him to consent to the young man's remaining, on the assurance that he himself would take the responsibility. So the poor Irish boy studied on, without any particular notice being taken of the "Brick Church." At the end of six months, or thereabouts, a second letter came from the officers, stating that the charges of delinquency had turned out to be false, renewing their support, and, better than all, paying up the arrears of the last six months. So the young man was saved. Prof. Dewey saved him. And the Irish boy of 1824 is now none other than the "Kirwan" of America, ay, the "Kirwan" of the world!

In our narrow limits, we can only refer to a rebellion which came off in college about this time, and to Prof. Dewey's admirable management and removal of the difficulties. It arose from the rustication of one of the students by the President. His fellows demanded his restoration. It was refused, and the body of the students rebelled. It was the wildest rebellion ever known there. Professors were locked in, one narrowly escaped with his life, bells were rung, and horns

were blown, night after night, and college exercises suspended for several days. Had it not been for Professor D.'s mediation and moderate counsels, most of the students would have been expelled; among whom would probably have been included one who is now the president of a college, another who is a professor, another who is one of the first lawyers of New York, another who is a useful minister, and so on. It was in such ways, by his calm judgment and his influence with the students, that Prof. D. accomplished a deal of good.

Reference has been made to the high religious tone of this institution. Several revivals occurred during Professor D.'s administration. In these he exerted a controlling influence, as the religious guide, the earnest preacher, and the sympathising friend. One unusually interesting occasion of this character happened near the close of his residence there. The first manifest intimation of any special earnestness of feeling was made by the call of a student (whose name was Jenkins) on Professor Dewey, with a request from the Junior class that a prayer meeting might take the place of the morning recitation, as the great seriousness among the students prevented the usual study. Jenkins had been an infidel, but his manner now precluded all suspicion of hypocrisy. He was so deeply moved as almost to forbid utterance. The request was readily granted, and Professor Dewey met with the class for prayer. It was a sublime meeting. There came together then a band of students utterly transformed by some unseen power. Levity, recklessness were all gone—earnestness, honesty filled their souls with the depths of feeling stirred—tears flowing—prayers ascending. Yes, it was a sublime sight! And this feeling continued, and the earnestness prevailed, and prayers were answered. Between forty and fifty enrolled themselves under the banner of the redeemed. Jenkins became a Congregational minister; he was settled in Connecticut, and afterwards in Maine. At the close of the term, instead of the usual Junior exhibition, Professor Dewey preached a sermon, in accordance with the unanimous request of the students. That sermon they published, and we hope to be able to give an extract from it. It is beautiful to recur to such experiences as these, to look back upon a pathway all studded with fresh green spots of happiness and righteousness, started into life by one's own watering and nursing. Ah! grant to us such a retrospection. Let us look upon a row of good deeds done, rather than a row of coffers filled. There is a story of a German merchant, so wealthy that he paved his courtyard with silver dollars; but here is the pathway of a life paved with good deeds—a golden pavement, that leads right up to that city whose streets are "pure gold, like unto clear glass."

In 1827, Professor Dewey sent in his resignation of his Professorship. And why, if so useful and influential, did he resign? This is a question difficult to answer in such a brief biography. Suffice it to say, that he was strongly urged to leave. A high school for boys had been established at Pittsfield, on a grand scale. He was wanted as its Principal. It was a fine opening for usefulness.

The academical education at that time was much inferior to the present. It needed to be elevated. To this end "The Gymnasium" at Pittsfield was established. It offered advantages far superior to most of the schools at that time. Only one other institution of the kind was in existence, which was located at Northampton. Two more were afterwards organized at Amherst, and at New Haven. Strong representations were made to Mr. Dewey, of the importance of such an undertaking, and the desirableness of his co-operation. It was set forth as a wider field of usefulness, and a more responsible post, and the cause of education needed him at that post. These arguments were aimed at his vulnerable point. He yielded; and, greatly to the regret, as well as surprise, of the trustees sent in his resignation, and immediately removed to Pittsfield. There may have been some minor reasons which influenced to this change, but so far as we can learn, they were disconnected with his relations to Williams. But it was not long ere Mr. Dewey discovered that, although, in reality he may have mounted a higher station, demanding stronger powers, and imposing greater responsibilities, in the popular opinion he had taken a "lower place." The principality of a high school did not figure so largely as the Professorship of a College. All the world are not like Cæsar. "Second at Rome," sounds better to many, than "first in a village." Whether the "*vox populi*" was orthodox or not in this instance, we do not pretend to decide.

But to the prevalent sentiment that the profession of the Teacher is inferior to the "three learned," we must file a bill of exceptions. We are among those who regard the Teacher's profession as one of the highest; indeed, we cannot acknowledge it to be inferior to any, unless it be that of the Pastor and Preacher, who is but the *religious* Teacher. And as such we believe it will one day be universally regarded, and the boasted titles and affected claims of outward circumstance and factitious life, sink, in comparison, to a deserved insignificance. It would be enough to magnify the profession in the eyes of some, to show the list of those who have belonged to it, or to cluster the names of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Milton, Johnson and Arnold. But others will object to such evidence, perhaps rightly; for the man does not make the profession, or the profession the man. The man is the man whatever his occupation—the profession is the profession who ever assumes it. There are other grounds for judging in this matter.

What are the faculties or gifts demanded by it? The answer to this question will give the grading number. Why is not the industrious and expert scavenger equal to the industrious and expert mechanic? Simply because less is demanded of the one than of the other. In the one, most noble powers may be wanting, which in the other must be in full exercise. We see and must confess a distinction. There are the high and the low—the aristocracy and democracy—the patrician and plebeian. "There are diversities of gifts," and though "God worketh all in all," yet the distinctions must be acknowledged, and the honor pro-

portioned thereto. We therefore ask, what is demanded by the teacher's profession?

It first demands *intellectual superiority*, and a thorough knowledge of the subjects taught, and of many others only incidentally connected with them. The notion that *any one* can be a teacher, that a sinattering of knowledge with a good text book open before him, are enough for instructing in any branch, is absurd and prejudicial to the interests of true education. Even the acquisition of the rudiments of a study requires the guidance of one thoroughly acquainted with it. Work half done is not done at all, and obstacles are being fast put in the way of future progress and success. The teacher must himself be a truly *educated* man, that is, his own mind must be developed, and disciplined, or he can never cause the minds of his pupils to become so. He must have a quick perception of *mental workings* and idiosyncracies, and heart-workings too, we might add. All minds cannot be dealt with alike, nor each mind in the same way at all times. Even the most different and opposite treatment is needed, according to their states, and the mental feelings, and superiorities. The teacher must not only have an interest in the studies of every class, but this interest must be kept fresh and new, and this in spite of the most frequent and long continued repetition. And to this must be added the power of infusing this interest into the minds of the pupils, and arousing and exciting them. This may be considered the great gift of the True Teacher. It is one of the marks of Genius, and here we would say, with emphasis, that a common man cannot be a teacher, for Genius is of necessity uncommon and precious.

We should like, if we had space, to enlarge on this point, and to add to it another closely allied to it—the necessity of exciting the spirit of inquiry, of honorable *skepticism*, so connected as it is with true advancement. Essential as these qualifications are, we must place the *moral* above them. The teacher must be the true man, the good man, the noble man, that his own pupils, by beholding, may reflect and become the same. Though we are not speaking of the moral or religious teacher, yet the moral so transcends the intellectual, character so transcends talent, and the influence in the one is so much more certain, powerful, necessary and immediate than in the other, that we think no intellectual advantage ought to be regarded as in the least balancing a moral disadvantage.

We have thus briefly described the true Teacher, in order to elucidate our meaning when we say that we believe Professor Dewey to be such an one. He is learned, intellectual, religious. He appreciates the shades of difference between different minds. His knowledge of human nature is discriminating. His influence over the young is ennobling and inspiring. He gains the love of his pupils; and now the pathway of his declining years is all strown with the grateful tributes of the many pupils he has educated—now in a successful manhood. To them we appeal for the endorsement of our view.

For a number of years "The Gymnasium" greatly prospered under its able principal, and

outlived the other institutions of the kind, but at last it was affected like its fellows, by the improvement in village schools, which drew off scholars from the large high schools, and became so reduced in size that Professor Dewey deemed it best to remove to Rochester, in the State of New York, and take charge of the "Rochester Collegiate Institute." This change was made in 1836, and was doubtless for the best. Here he still remains at the head of a school which receives from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty different scholars in a year. This institution, we understand, ranks at the head of all schools in that part of the country. It offers unusual advantages for education. Quite a number of young men go out from it to various colleges every year. Professor Dewey has done much for the cause of education in Western New York. He did not take leave of her interests on leaving Williams College. Indeed, it was in her cause that he left there, and he has ever continued faithful to her, watchful of her wants, and enthusiastic in her behalf, originating good for her, and guiding plans of beneficence to a successful consummation. She was his early love, and he has ever been her loving protector "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer." And he has shown this devotion, not only in making his own school a worthy model, but also in efforts to elevate the character of school instruction throughout the State; and especially in labors for the advance of the Public Schools. He was active in the formation of the "Teacher's Institute," of which he has been, and for aught we know, still is, the President. In the annual conventions of this Society, he has acted an important part. For his own school, in addition to other valuable apparatus, he has obtained a fine reflecting telescope, and also the best Orrery in the United States, a most ingenious and valuable instrument. We hope not to tread on forbidden ground, in repeating what Dame Rumor brings to us, (albeit, she may not be such a bad creature as Virgil describes her,) when we say that Professor Dewey is regarded as the head of his profession in the West, and that the other teachers willingly yield him the pre-eminence which his own modesty would never claim. Indeed, Mr. Dewey is very popular. For all his manifest labors, he has won the reward of the confidence and affection of an extensive and intelligent community. We know of no man in his department who is so much of a favorite. He still retains, it will be seen, the same failing of his childhood and youth. It could hardly be otherwise. Gratitude would tend to inspire regard. And then his cordial manners, his social feelings, his enthusiasm in all good enterprises, and his excellent common sense would necessarily attach strongly to him those enterprising, public-spirited, generous-hearted, Western New Yorkers. He is one of them, and they are one with him. Four months in the year, Mr. Dewey spends at the East, in lecturing on Botany and Chemistry, at the Medical College of Pittsfield in Massachusetts, and of Woodstock, in Vermont. This work absorbs all his vacations, and deprives the school of a portion of his time. He is at Pittsfield in the fall, and at Woodstock in the spring.

He is in the habit of delivering two lectures of an hour each, during every day of the whole course, besides the arduous preparatory work in the laboratory. The professorship at the Pittsfield Institution he has held since 1822, with the exception of two terms. He entered upon the one in Vermont in 1841. Mr. Dewey has ever cherished his youthful fancy for the so-called Natural Sciences. They always were natural to him. And now he may often be seen, with his bag on his back, and his hammer in hand, and very likely a troop of pupils in his rear, (for it's very difficult for boys to "get ahead" of him even in the matter of recreation) clambering over the cliffs, scaling the mountain spurs, and roaming the fields, in search of layers, and strata, and "croppings out," and "primary rocks," and "secondaries," and "specimens" in general. In this way has the bodily vigor built upon his father's farm, been retained through all the wearing, pressing duties of a long literary life; and now, as he draws nigh unto the allotted limit of "three score years and ten," his form is as erect, his step well nigh as elastic, his eye as bright, and his laugh as hearty as when on the cricket ground he "tallied up" higher than all his fellows. In this particular, as well as in his free outpourings of knowledge, we would commend his example to his Brethren in America. If the clergy would tinge their pale cheeks with the morning sun, let the fresh breeze brown them, and the mountain scramble tire them, if they would search out Nature, in her chosen places, and study God in that book of Revelation, whose leaves are the fields, and caroling birds the commentators; if they would occasionally find "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," then we should hear fewer complaints of feeling "Mondayish," and perchance fewer complaints of "cold hearts;"—this study of Nature might warm devotion towards "Nature's God," as well as warm the blood that courses through the body. But pardon, reverend Sir, this assumption of your prerogative; we would not this preach to you, had we not often heard you eulogise the luxury of *hearing* a sermon.

Prof. Dewey has written much on scientific subjects. He has been a correspondent of Professor Silliman's "American Journal of Science and Arts" since its establishment in 1814, writing principally on Caricology. In this department of Natural History he has taken the lead in this country. We have only space to refer to one interesting article in this Journal, which shows the fallacy of the well known and hitherto unquestioned experiment of the distinguished Dr. Murray, employed to prove that water transmits heat from particle to particle, without necessary motion among the globules. In this demonstration Prof. Silliman expressed great gratification, but could not refrain from coupling with this his regrets that Mr. D. should have shown his friend, Dr. Murray, to be guilty of such a blunder. In 1829 he wrote a scientific description of the plants of Berkshire county, which was engrafted in a "History of Berkshire," by Dr. Field. In accordance with appointment by the State Government, he wrote in 1841 a "History of the Herbaceous Plants of

Massachusetts." He has also published other minor essays on scientific subjects. It is well to state also that he is a member, "in good and regular standing," of the "American Academy of Arts and Sciences," established at Boston; of the "Lyceum of Natural History," at New York; of the "Society of Natural Sciences," at Philadelphia; and of the "American Society for the Promotion of Science," of which he was one year the President.

In addition to all these labors, Dr. Dewey has preached, on an average, about one sermon on every Sabbath since he went to Williams College. In the pulpit, we should hardly style him eloquent or brilliant. He is instructive, interesting, and earnest. He always develops some good thought, expounds the Scriptures felicitously, and has a good share of variety in his reasoning. We would regard, however, the appeals he makes to the responsive feelings of man's nature, to one's gratitude, desires for immortality, and innate perception of the Good, the Wise, and the Pure, together with the manifestation of sincerity and a glowing humanity, as the distinctive characteristics of his preaching.

Having sketched the biography of Dr. Dewey, we will close by gathering up the hints we have dropped of his character, and presenting them in one view; for which we earnestly hope to obtain the best of encomiums—that of its being "true to life." As respects the outer man, he has a well-built, symmetrical form; is near six feet in height, and of a full habit without being corpulent. He has a large, finely-developed head, and a face beaming with kindly expression. In his whole bearing he is commanding and attractive. A wood-cut cannot do him justice, more than it can represent the summer sunshine. The fundamental trait of his character is his *benevolence*. This is the centre about which the others complete their appointed orbits. He is self-forgetting in the thoughtfulness of others. He radiates happiness upon all within his sphere, be they high or low, ignorant or learned. Of this ever-actuating benevolence his biography is a sufficient evidence. We look for no higher proof than is found in the fact of his having been a teacher of youth for forty years, having delivered about four thousand lectures, and preached not far from three thousand sermons—the first two departments having been filled for a bare livelihood, the last for nothing. After all, these constitute the smaller part. It is the minor charities, that cannot be filed and numbered; the daily, hourly overflowing of kindly feeling and appreciative sympathies; the gentle words, the generous advice, that constitute the warp and woof of his benevolence. It is not extravagant to liken the ongoings of his life to the pathway of the sun, now coloring in its course the modest violet, and lighting up the dark corners, and again breathing warmly on the proud forest tree, and bathing the mount in radiant glow. Thank Heaven! there are some such men on this earth. Such were described in the introduction—refreshing sights in this dark world, beautiful as

the visions of a departed Eden. This benevolence induces the free communication of knowledge, of which we have fully spoken. The knowledge of some lies on their dyspeptic brain like the undigested dinner on their stomachs. With Dr. Dewey it is the source of health and strength. In regard to his untiring industry, we will allow his seven hundred sermons and lectures to say a word, in connection with his thousands of pupils. He despatches business without slighting it; is generous without prodigality; charitable without effeminacy; self-forgetting without recklessness; enthusiastic without a hobby; sociable without loquaciousness; inquiring without inquisitiveness; holding opinions without being opinionated; learned without being pedantic; starting questions without engendering skepticism; decided without being dogmatic; and finally has a noble head without being a phrenologist.

In fine, he has "ever striven to do his duty."

We ask you, Knowers of Professor Dewey, are we extravagant in this? No! no! we hear you say. Ah! there is an almost infinite difference between the good and bad, there is a great gulch between the benevolent and selfish. The former we can hardly laud too highly.

Youths of America! Here is an example you may attain. You cannot all be Presidents or Senators, but you all can live a life of sunny happiness—a life of generous radiation. We have not presented to you a man of surpassing genius like a Milton or a Bonaparte, nor one of surpassing talent like a Goethe or a Washington; but yet how beautiful the character we have pictured, how easy (in one sense) of imitation!

But how came he by this character? Ah! that is a deeper question. Nature, doubtless, was generous to him, but he had a childhood like all "born of woman," and that childhood was one of impressions and of moulding. And it was his *mother* who, like all mothers, impressed and moulded it. Aye! it was his mother who taught him, and guided him, and inspired him, and prayed for him. She taught him to do what he ought to do, promptly and thoroughly, and bear up the burdens of others cheerfully; to be watchful of others' wants, careless of his own; to keep life's great work before him, and thus be unmoved by trifles; to hold heaven in view, and thus be manful under the work of life. She was self-sacrificing and self-forgetting, and he grew up like her; she loved God and all his creatures, and he came to love with the same holy love; she joyed with the joyful, and sorrowed with the sorrowful, and his heart, too, opened in sympathy with all. And now, as that godly mother draweth nigh to fourscore years and ten, with a heart as warm, a conversation as delightful, a hand as free, a sympathy as glowing, a benevolence as wide-embracing as when, threescore years ago, she nurtured her sunny boy—with a life full of interest behind her, such a son present with her, and a Home of redeeming love before her—Look on her, ye Mothers, and say, Is there not a treasure ye also can win? Is there not a duty ye should meet?

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Dr. Knox's Lectures on the Races of Man.

We hope that before long some of our publishers will give to the American public the Lectures of Dr. Knox, which have appeared in London in the *Medical Times*. They contain a vast amount of recondite learning, and are marked by great depth of thought and novelty of speculation. There is no subject of greater interest than that of the races of man, nor any upon which there has heretofore been so small an amount of philosophical reasoning in connection with extensive information. The Lectures of Dr. Knox are marked by a startling boldness of argument, and a confident manner, which impresses us with the conviction that his knowledge and habits of observation justify the novelty of his propositions. We extract the following, on the early settlement of Canada by the Gallo-Celtic race, from one of his recent Lectures.

"The great Celtic family of Gaul colonized Canada, a portion of the race settled in it, and they carried thither, I was about to say, their religion, manners, laws, forms of holding property, &c.; but why not rather say at once, that a portion of a Celtic race from France seized on a part of Canada; that, being Celts, they carried with them the Celtic character? Is not this enough? What else could they do? They had, and they have yet, their seigniories and their laws of primogeniture; their natural indolence and good taste; their habits of clinging to each other and leaving the country desolate; they huddled themselves in villages, seemingly terrified to locate in the open country; they had no self-dependence, no go-ahead notions; and so they all but stood still, waiting the arrival of the latest fashions from Paris. Then poured in the Saxon upon them, seized their territory, and advised them to become English. With this seemingly quite reasonable request they refused compliance; hence the revolts—hence the attempts to re-establish Celtic authority in Canada. This struggle can only cease when the Saxon has become the preponderating race in Lower Canada, which can never happen until the laws of entail and primogeniture are abolished. These laws perpetuate the Celtic race, and with it all the feuds of races." They have the same effect precisely in Ireland; Canada is merely a western Ireland and Wales; the inextinguishable hatred of races is in full play; unite they never will; one must become extinct. Now it is easy to see which goes first to the wall; the laws of entail, after a severe struggle, will be abolished in both countries, and then the Saxon steps in with his self-dependant, go-ahead principle; then flourish commerce, manufacture, agriculture, and every useful speculation; then Ireland become Saxon, but not till then. So will 'le bas Canada,' as it is called, soon, under such circumstances, cease to be Celtic. In the mean time we must not suppose that the Celtic struggle will end here.

* * * * * We shall see; time unfolds all events; the war of race will some day shake the Union to its foundation. They never will mix—never commingle and unite. Though using the same language, they apply to some most important words totally different meanings. The one loves war, the other peace; the law and the constable's baton is generally sufficient for the rule of the one, and the bayonet, on which of course all law ultimately reposes, is kept out of view; but with the Celt this, I think, can never be; he can be made to respect the law only by means of the sword ever drawn. It is not that he is more savage or brutal (the term in no shape applies to him) or less a lover of justice than others; but his temper is quicker, and he flies to the sword, to arms, as his natural instinct. Against this disposition the state must ever be on its guard."

"How speedily," observes Dr. Knox, "does the Anglo-Saxon show his real character when relieved from the pressure of the Three Estates. In America he will not allow a black man to be a free man; in Australia he deems him entirely beneath his notice; in Tasmania he swept him, and at once, entirely from the land of his birth."

Mrs. Sigourney's Poems. Illustrated by Darley. Carey & Hart, Phila.: John Wiley, New York.

The practice of illustrating books is as old as the art of book-making itself; but notwithstanding its antiquity, and

the favor which the fashion now finds with the world, we cannot but regard it as injurious to art, and in violation of good taste. The representations of actual scenery, and the portraits of persons, are, of course, not the kind of illustrations objected to. The representation of real objects adds greatly to the value of historical and descriptive works; but an attempt to illustrate by pictures a work of the imagination must always prove abortive; the mixed method of conveying ideas must necessarily cause a confused image in the mind. Either the picture will destroy the idea of the writer, or it will fail to give as vivid an impression. There is one exception, and that is in the case of an author's illustrating his own writings, when his pencil comes in aid of his pen to depict the idea in his imagination. The writings of Thackeray afford a striking instance of the good effect that may be produced by an author illustrating his own conceptions. Every illustrated book of poetry that we have ever seen, has been a failure when viewed in the light of illustrations of the text. The pictures may be very beautiful by themselves, but as illustrative of the poetry they are bad nine times out of ten. Thus, the illustrated Shakespeares, Scotts, Miltons, Moores, and Byrons, although the highest artistic genius has been employed upon them, have all been failures. Of the innumerable pictures which have been manufactured out of Shakespeare, there are hardly half a dozen that have proved successful. Books may be rendered very showy, beautiful, and even valuable, by the addition of pictures, and yet be not in the slightest degree improved, or rendered intrinsically better; and the pictures would be equally as valuable by themselves, as when bound with the text which they were intended to illustrate. There are some seeming exceptions to the rule, and the work before us is an eminent one. Mr. Darley is a remarkable illustrator. He has the rare faculty of comprehending the meaning of his author, when there is any meaning to comprehend, and when there is not, as often happens, he supplies one. He must surprise many of the authors whose works, or writings, he has illustrated by giving a clear and perfect image to most indistinct and ill-conceived figures. In his designs for Mrs. Sigourney's poems he has been extremely happy, and, in several instances, has given more beautiful images with his pencil than he could have found in her text.

Mrs. Sigourney has so long been a favorite poet, her writings are so widely known, and her position, as an author, so well defined, that it would be an idle task to attempt at this time to criticize her pretensions. Although Mrs. Sigourney cannot be regarded as a woman of splendid genius, yet she is, unquestionably, possessed of the rare power to touch the popular sympathies. If she is not a great poet she is a good one, and her compositions are of that character which lie level to the common understanding; if she rarely rises above, she as rarely falls below this well peopled region. She is always pure in sentiment and religious in feeling, and probably has penned as few objectionable lines as any popular writer of the day.

It was a well-deserved compliment to this most excellent lady, to produce her poems in a volume worthy to be placed by the side of the other illustrated editions of our poets—of Bryant, Longfellow, Willis and Halleck. This volume in its illustrations appears to us to be the best of the whole series. It is certainly in no manner inferior in point of paper, printing, or binding, and the illustrations, as we have already expressed our opinion, are superior to those of the other illustrated poets.

The Biglow Papers. Putnam. New York. 1849.

THIS is a new, an entirely new, and a very neat volume, which has manifestly been made up by the author without having an eye to any other work which has ever been published. There is nothing fashionable about it, nor yet is it unfashionable. It is simply fresh, and, which is not by any means a matter of course, re-freshing. A book that is a book should be a book by itself, from the title-page to the finis; and such is the volume entitled "The Biglow Papers." It is edited by Parson Wilbur; but let us give the title-page in full, which will explain the nature of the work more clearly than we probably could do.

"MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

"THE BIGLOW PAPERS, Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and copious Index, by HOMER WILBUR, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam, and (prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned and Scientific Societies (for which see page v.)

"The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flûte,
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute.

Quarles's Emblems, B. ii. E. 8.

"Margaritas, munde porcine, calcasti: en, siliquas accipe.
Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg. § 1.

"Cambridge: Published by George Nichols. New York:
George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1848."

But the work does not begin with the title, nor with an introduction, nor a preface, nor a dedication, like other books, but with some "notices from an independent press," a few of which we copy, with the prefatory note of the editor.

"[I have observed, reader, (bene- or male-volent, as it may happen.) that it is customary to append to the second editions of books, and to the second works of authors, short sentences commendatory of the first, under the title of *Notices of the Press*. These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. Considering these things with myself, and also that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various moribund panaceas, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attaching the *bobs* until the second attempt at flying the kite would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art. Neither has it escaped my notice, nor failed to afford me matter of reflection, that, when a circus or a caravan is about to visit Jaalam, the initial step is to send forward large and highly ornamented bills of performance to be hung in the bar-room and the post-office. These having been sufficiently gazed at, and beginning to lose their attractiveness except for flies, and, truly, the boys also, (in whom I find it impossible to repress, even during school-hours, certain oral and telegraphic correspondences concerning the expected show,) upon some fine morning the band enters in a gaily-painted wagon, or triumphal chariot, and with noisy advertisement, by means of brass, wood, and sheepskin, makes the circuit of our startled village-streets. Then, as the exciting soups draw nearer and nearer, do I desiderate those eyes of Aristarchus, 'whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.' Then do I perceive, with vain regret of wasted opportunities, the advantage of a paneratic or pantechnic education, since he is most revered by my little subjects who can throw the cleanest sunnimer-set or walk most securely upon the revolving cask. The story of the Pied Piper becomes for the first time credible to me, (albeit confirmed by the Hæmelinians dating their legal instruments from the period of his exit,) as I behold how those strains, without pretence of magical potency, bewitch the pupillary legs, nor leave to the pedagogue an entire self-control. For these reasons, lest my kindly prerogative should suffer diminution, I proscribe my restless comrades, whom I also follow into the street, chiefly lest some mischief may chance befall them. After the manner of such a band, I send forward the following notices of domestic manufacture, to make brazen proclamation, not uncon-

scious of the advantage which will accrue, if our little craft, *cymbula subtilis*, shall seem to leave port with a clipping breeze, and to carry, in nautical phrase, a bone in her mouth. Nevertheless, I have chosen, as being more equitable, to prepare some also, sufficiently objuratory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate. I have modelled them upon actually existing specimens, preserved in my own cabinet of natural curiosities. One, in particular, I had copied with tolerable exactness from a notice of one of my own discourses, which, from its superior tone and appearance, I concluded to have been written by a man at least three hundred years of age, though I recollected no existing instance of such anteluvian longevity. Nevertheless, I afterwards discovered the author to be a young gentleman preparing for the ministry under the direction of one of my brethren in a neighboring town, and whom I had once inadvertently corrected in a Latin quantity. But this I have been forced to omit, from its too great length.—H. W.]"

"From the *Universal Literary Universe*.

"Full of passages which rivet the attention of the reader Under a rustic garb, sentiments are conveyed which should be committed to the memory and engraven on the heart of every moral and social being..... We consider this a unique performance..... We hope to see it soon introduced into our common schools..... Mr. Wilbur has performed his duties as editor with excellent taste and judgment..... This is a vein which we hope to see successfully prosecuted..... We hail the appearance of this work as a long stride toward the formation of a purely aboriginal, indigenous, native, and American literature. We rejoice to meet with an author national enough to break away from the slavish deference, too common among us, to English grammar, and orthography..... Where all is so good, we are at a loss how to make extracts..... On the whole, we may call it a volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves."

"From the *Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle*.

"A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel that it was ever our bad fortune to lay eyes on. The author is a vulgar buffoon, and the editor a talkative, tedious old fool. We use strong language, but should any of our readers peruse the book, (from which calamity may Heaven preserve them!) they will find reasons for it thick as the leaves of Vallombroze, or, to use a still more expressive comparison, as the combined heads of author and editor. The work is wretchedly got up..... We should like to know how much *British gold* was pocketed by this libeller of our country and her purest patriots."

"From the *Oldfogrumville Mentor*.

"We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely printed volume, but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the worth of its contents..... The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size..... In reading this elegantly executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish..... On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect and turns of expression, a dash of humor or satire might be thrown in with advantage..... The work is admirably got up..... This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality."

"From the *Saltriver Pilot and Flag of Freedom*.

"A volume in bad grammar and worse taste..... While the pieces here collected were confined to their appropriate sphere in the corners of obscure newspapers, we considered them wholly beneath contempt, but, as the author has chosen to come forward in this public manner, he must expect the lash he so richly merits..... Contemptible slanders..... Vildest Billingsgate..... Has raked all the gutters of our language..... The most pure, upright, and consistent politicians not safe from his malignant venom..... General Cushing comes in for a share of his vile calumnies..... The Reverend Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth....."

Then follow one of the earlier poems of Hosea, a Latin Proemium, the title, a note to the title, an introduction, and a table of contents. After these outer-casings comes the kernel of the nut, and a nut well worth cracking it is. As

the poems of Hosea Biglow have obtained a pretty wide celebrity, we hardly feel under the necessity of adding to the "Opinions of an Independent Press," but will content ourselves, and probably our readers, much better, by giving the following extracts, as specimens of what the author is capable of doing.

"From the Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss.

"..... But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is 'The Courtin'."

"Zekle crip' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huddy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

'Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

"The wannut logs shot sparkles out
'Towards the poottiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chimy on the dresser.

"The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

"She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

"He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtle 'em the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle."

The following poem, we believe, was the first that brought Mr. Biglow into notice, and as it is not only a very good specimen of his style but of his sentiments, we give it entire, although it is somewhat long.

"A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO THE HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, INCLOSING A POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

"JAYLEM, June 1846.

"MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a strutting round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin an' fiffin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hesea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosity wouldn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's ta'e stuck onto his hat and eenmost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figured onto his coat and trowsis, let alone wut natur had sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder on.

"wal, Hosea he come hom considrabl riled, and arter I 'd gone to bed I heern Him thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in flt-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, says she, our Hoses's got the chollery o' suthin anuthar ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amutink pottery* ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busy-ness like Da and martin, an' I shure enuf, com mornin, Hosity he cum down stairs full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his vases to Parson Wilbur bein he haint any grate shows o' book larin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson was drefille tickled with 'em as i hope you will Be, and sed they was True grit.

"Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em him now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last verses, but he told Hoses he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the rest on 'em, beia they was very well As thay wuz, and then Hosity

ses he sed sunthin anuthar about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 70 year cum next tater diggin, and their aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

"If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Kesiah used to say it's nater to be cutus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad."

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

"Thrash away, you 'll hev to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you 'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahoid o' me!

"Thet air flag 's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
'Sposin you should try salt hay fer 't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

"'T would n't suit them Southern fellers,
They 're a drefille graspin' set,
We must ollers blow the bellers
When they want their irons het;
May be it 's all right es preachin',
But my narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

"Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegaders.)
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it 's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who 'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' riled?

"Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testymint fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It 's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you 've gut to git up airy
Ef you want to take in God.

"'Taint your eppylets an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint allollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.

"Wut 's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it 's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it 's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it 's eurus Christian dooty
This ere cuttin' folk's throats.

"They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they 're puple in the face,—
It 's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the birthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

"Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take seech everlastin' pains
All to git the Devil's thankee,
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it 's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chans thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you

* Aut insauit, aut versos facit.—H. W.

"Tell ye jest the eend I 've come to
 Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
 An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
 Any gump may larn by heart;
 Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
 Hev one glory an' one shame,
 Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same.

"Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
 You 're agoin' to git your right,
 Nor by lookin' down on black folks
 Coz you 're put upon by wite;
 Slavery sint o' nary color,
 'Taint the hide thet makes it wus
 All it keers fer in a feller
 'S jest to make him fill its pus.

"Want to tackle me in, du ye?
 I expect you 'll hev to wait;
 Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You 'll begin to kal'late;
 'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
 Coz you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish drones?

"Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I 'd be sech a goose
 Ez to jine ye,—guess you 'd fancy
 The etarnal bung wuz loose!
 She wants me fer home consumption,
 Let alone the hay's to mow,—
 Ef you 're arter folks o' gumption,
 You 've a darned long row to hoe,

"Take them editors thet 's crowin'
 - Like a cockerel three months old,—
 Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
 Though they be so blasted bold;
 Aint they a prime set of fellers?
 'Fore they think on 't they will sprout
 (Like a peach thet's got the yellars,)
 With the meanness bustin' out.

"Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
 Help the men thet 's ollers dealin'
 Insults on your fathers' graves;
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,
 Help the many agin the few,
 Help the men thet call your people
 Witewashed slaves an' pedlin' crew!

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
 She 's kneelin' with the rest,
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
 In her grand old eagle-nest;
 She that ough' to stand so fearless
 While the wracks are rond her hurled,
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless
 To the oppressed of all the world!

"Haint they sold your colored seamen?
 Haint they made your env'ys wiz?
 Wut 'll make ye act like freemen?
 Wut 'll git your dander riz?
 Come, I 'll tell ye wut I 'm thinkin'
 Is our dooty in this fix,
 They 'd ha' done 't quick ez winkin'
 In the days o' seventy-six.

"Clang the bells in every steeple,
 Call all true men to disown
 The tradooers of our people,
 The enslavers o' their own;
 Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South:—

"I 'll return ye good fer evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil
 Makin' man the cus o' man;
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean ideas,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace!

"Ef I'd my way I hed rather
 We should go to work an' part,—
 They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it would n't break my heart;
 Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined;
 An' I should n't gretly wonder
 Ef there 's thousands o' my mind."

The richness of illustration, the quaintness of phraseology the copious flow of thought, the mastery of language, and, above all, the profound and tender sentiment which pervade alike the poems of Hosea and the comments of the single hearted Parson, who is worthy of being placed by the side of Parson Adams, the flower of parsonhood, plainly indicate the authorship of the Biglow Papers, and we find, in the Boston Chronotype, that they are attributed to J. R. Lowell. The editor of the Chronotype, who is a reliable critic in such matters, institutes a comparison between Lowell and Holmes, a part of which we copy, as it is a very excellent piece of criticism, in itself, and is so much above the ordinary "notices" of the newspaper press, that it deserves to be preserved from the ephemeral fate to which newspaper writings, however excellent, must be consigned. We hardly know what the editor of the Chronotype means in saying that Lowell "might polish as much and shine as brightly" as Holmes, for, in respect to "polish," it cannot be denied that he is at least the equal of Holmes.

"Holmes and Lowell differ, yet they are almost as like as two peas. Both are humorists, laughers, genial souls, to the marrow. Both love all men, themselves included. Both despise cant, humbug, and sham. But Lowell, with more of the combative, also despises some other things, such as brute power and injustice. Dr. Holmes, either by fear or veneration, nestless under power as it is, asking no questions, kicking up no muss. He takes the world as he finds it, being careful never to laugh at the powerful, however ridiculous. We don't say this is from self-love. Perhaps it is only a want of faith in his weapons. However this may be, it makes him bear the same sort of relation to a poet that a Boston dandy-soldier does to one of the Bunker Hill boys of '76. In dress and equipment he is brilliant and faultless. But all for what purpose? To tickle the idle crowd.

Lowell, if he had not his eye so fast fixed on greater things as comparatively to despise little ones, might polish as much and shine as brightly, but his object is to hit. And he does it. The queer Yankee wit, strong common sense, and fearless truth of Hosea Biglow, have done more than any ten times his amount of words to awaken New England to the folly of a brutal, wicked war, and the cowardice of submitting to the domination of slaveholders. It is poetry to the purpose.

And what a setting Parson Homer Wilbur has given to these truly Yankee gems? What an arranging, to speak musically, making a sort of comic opera, in which all the chords of the ludicrous are dexterously called out. The learned introductions, notices of the press, Latin preface, notes, literary fragments, &c. &c., are set off against the homely Yankee vernacular with the most excruciating effect. Only fancy one of the dignified, important characters, who value themselves so highly on their learning, their literature in the abstract, falling upon such a book! Would n't he drop it as a pig does a hot potato? A windbag should beware of encountering a hedge hog. The less self-important and word-wise critics have to say to Lowell the better. He evidently knows what he is about. If he don't spend much time putting Day and Martin on his boots, he has a marvelous facility of communicating motion to sapheads from the toes of them.

"Now to pay our readers for so poor a tale about what is rich, we will give a sample from one of these poets, in prose. First from Parson Wilbur's introduction to the 'Pious Editor's Creed!'"

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercise any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkenells with a *staby!* 'to bark and bite as 't is their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen."

Foot-Prints. By R. H. Stoddard. New York. 1849.

The title of a book should afford some indication of its character, but it seems to be a failing among young authors to give wholly unmeaning titles to their productions, reversing the manner of old authors, which was to give a kind of table of a volume's contents in its title. "Foot-Prints" might be reasonably supposed to be a treatise on geology, a book of travels, or a collection of essays. Such a title would be very proper for a work on pedestrianisms, but who would imagine that it was the title of a volume of poems? Probably not even Mr. R. H. Stoddard himself would ever have been led to expect a collection of small poems under such a title. Perhaps he thinks that poetry is a drug in the market, as we have often seen it stated in the newspapers, and that no one would look into his volume if it were simply called a collection of poems; but poets, above all other men, should avoid false signals. Mr. Stoddard thrusts his book into the world with this very pyth and sensible preface:

"I have no apology to offer for any faults which this volume may contain. If it is what it assumes to be, Poetry, it needs none: if not Poetry no apology could render its pretensions less contemptible or save it from oblivion."

To say less than this would not be possible, and to say more would have been unnecessary. Poetry needs no apology and mere jingling verse deserves none. Mr. Stoddard is perfectly correct, therefore, in putting forth his verses to stand upon their own merit, or fall for the lack of it.

We cannot discern any decided evidences of poetical genius in Mr. Stoddard's volume; whatever we read in it sounds like a faint echo of something we have read before. His poems are, undeniably, suggestive, but they suggest the names of other poets. It is very easy to trace in nearly every one of the poems of which the volume is composed a very close intimacy of the author with Hood. There are no plagiarisms that we are aware of, but there is a tone of imitation throughout the volume.

The poems did not come of themselves, but were generated by other poems. There is an ode to the moon, which runs on thus:

"Sweet Moon! thou art exceeding fair and bright,
Walking the palaces of Night alone,

Rounded and glowing, full of tender light—
Soft as the pearl in Cytherea's zone.
I have been sitting with delighted eyes,
Beside my casement, in the shade of leaves
And vines that clamber o'er my cottage eaves
Watching thy glorious advent in the skies.
I saw thee when thy pilgrimage began,
Passing the dusky threshold of the West,
With one lone star behind thy train of light,
Was it fair Hesperus, the page of Night?
Or him thou lovest best,
The enamoured shepherd boy, Eadymion?"

It is quite impossible to read this and not feel that the source of the writer's inspiration was that tender and melancholy ode of Hood's addressed to the same luminary.—The following, which was probably intended for a sonnet, as it contains just fourteen lines, is palpably derived from a kindred source. Yet we will do the author the credit to say that it is very unlike Hood, notwithstanding it suggests that most humorous and melancholy poet:

AUTUMN.

"Hail, Autumn! Monarch of the mellow year!
Steward of Nature's bounties, scattering round
With liberal hands to us, poor almsmen, cheer,
Making our hearts with joyfulness abound.
Fantastic Masquer! in how many shapes
Dost thou appear to us, in vineyards now
A wreath of fadeless ivy on thy brow,
And in thy hand a bunch of purple grapes!
A thresher, mottled o'er with dust of gold
That rises from his flail—a reaper old,
Beside the sheaves asleep the noontide hours;
With Plenty, orphan of the Summer sweet,
Thy little Nephew sitting at thy feet,
Weaving a coronet of oaten straw and flowers."

But we will allow Mr. Stoddard the privilege of putting his best foot before our readers, the following poem is one of the longest in his volume, and, we think, the best:

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

The Old House lies in ruin and wreck,
And the villagers stand in fear aloof;
The rafters bend, and the roof is black,
But bright green mosses spot the roof;
The window panes are shattered out,
And the broken glass is lying about,
And the elms and poplars cast a shade
All day long on the colonade.

The lawn in front with its sloping bank,
A garden sweet in its happier hours,
Is covered with weeds, and grasses rank,
Usurp the place of its faded flowers:
Adders bask in the summer sun,
And rusty toads and beetles run
Over the paths, the gravelly floor,
Where children played in the days of yore.

A light wind bloweth—the front door swings
And creaks on its hinges—the sun lies there,
There's a web stretched over it full of wings,
And the spider watches within his lair.
I see the stair-case slant, and wide
The empty hall and rooms inside,
The floor is covered with damp and mould,
And the dust floats up like a mist of gold.

I hear a noise in the echoing hall,
A solemn sound like a stifled sigh;
And shadows move on the dusky wall
Like the sweep of garments passing by;
And faces glimmer amid the gloom,
Floating along from room to room;
The Dead come back, a shining train,
And people the lonely house again.

I see a beautiful Ladye bright,
Stand at her mirror with conscious pride,
Decked with ornaments, gems of light,
And robed in white like a lovely Bride;
And her younger sisters, blithe and fair,
Are twining flowers in her wavy hair—
And, lo! another unseen before—
The Bridegroom peeping in at the door!

Yule: the walls are covered with holly,
 And a mistletoe bough is hung on high,
 The wassail passes—the men are jolly,
 Kissing the blushing maids a-sly;
 The old folks sit by the crackling blaze,
 Living over their early days,
 The children chatter and laugh in glee,
 And the baby crows on its grand-sire's knee.

And now 'tis Summer, and children sing,
 And hide in corners and shady nooks,
 And sit on the floor in a little ring,
 And one in the middle reads fairy books.
 Twilight comes and they cease their play,
 And crowd at their mother's side to pray,
 And kneel, and after their prayers are said,
 Kiss her and huddle away to bed.

But gloomier pictures come with years—
 The sick man lies on a bed of pain,
 And the pale wife sits by his side in tears,
 Watching his broken sleep in vain—
 In vain! for his days on earth are done:
 And the falling sands of his life are run;
 A kiss—a smile—and the soul is fled,
 And the living is left alone with the dead.

A funeral now in the darkened hall,
 The mourners gather around the bier,
 And look their last, and the children small,
 Peep in the coffin and shrink with fear;
 The body is borne with tears and woe
 Down the shaded avenue slow,
 Down to the gate where the mutes await,
 And the plumed hearse and its sable state.

The house is quiet and sleeps in gloom,
 The mirth and revel of yore have fled,
 The widow sits in the silent room,
 And dreams of the dear departed Dead,
 Fast by the magic of Memory bound—
 And the books and busts and the gifts around,
 Deepen the spell, and more than all
 His portrait, hung on the sombre wall.

The shadows thicken—a gloomy train,
 Sorrow and sickness—death—the pall—
 Sorrow and sickness—death again—
 'The shade of his wing is over all—
 Right and left his arrows fly;
 One by one the family die;
 And the Old House falleth in decay,
 And wastes with the silent years away.

The Romance of Yachting. By Joseph C. Hart. Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THE reader of this flimsy work will be rather surprised to find that the author has never been on board of a yacht, and that the title of the volume has no relation whatever to its contents, which are of the most flimsy, incoherent and miscellaneous character conceivable. The style of the book is bad, the sentences in many instances slovenly and ungrammatical, and the ignorant assumption of the author astounding.

We have never seen a book having so much pretension and so little merit, before. The author professes to have made a passage from New York to Cadiz in an ordinary freight vessel, which is the extent of his yachting experience, and the romance is all in the monstrous romances which he lets off in regard to affairs in general. He begins by an attempt to prove that the New Englanders are greatly inferior to the Knickerbockers, and having disposed of the Puritans, and the Mayflowermen, to his satisfaction, he next falls afoul of Shakspeare, and, in his senseless twattle, displays a degree of impudence and ignorance beyond all conception. Shakspeare he denominates "the smallest of poetasters," denies him all merit as a dramatist or a poet, says that the sole cause of his popularity was his obscenity; characterizes the "Winter's Tale" as beneath contempt, and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as poor trash. The

whole of this tirade about Shakspeare, which he calls "giving him his true position in the literary world," is a curiosity of filthiness, bombast and ignorance. By what means the respectable house of Harper and Brothers were induced to allow their names to appear as the publishers of such a collection of discreditable nonsense and incoherent raving, we know not, but the fact of such a book being published by such a firm, deserves to be noticed among the curiosities of literature. Mr. Hart, the author of this volume, is also the author of "Miriam Coffin," a novel which made some talk at the time of its appearance on account of the supposed fidelity of its descriptions of Nantucket and the inhabitants of that island, where the scene was laid. But "Miriam Coffin," as a literary production, had little more to recommend it than the Romance of Yachting, and its local descriptions were not a whit more correct than the author's opinions of Shakspeare, of whose writings he appears to know nothing but what he has gathered from Lardner's Encyclopædia.

A Guide to Health and Long Life: or, What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid. By Robert J. Culverwell. J. S. Redfield. New York. 1849.

ALTHOUGH the manner in which this work has been brought before the public savors somewhat of quackery, yet it does not follow that it is, therefore, the work of a quack. All popular works are, in fact, obnoxious to a similar charge; to be popular they must be devoid of abstruse technicalities, and all non-professional treatises are regarded as quackery by the professional. The work of Dr. Culverwell is not calculated, certainly, for the use of professors, but it is admirably calculated for general reading and cannot fail to be beneficial in its effects. In England it has been very widely circulated, and we doubt not it will have an extensive sale in this country. It contains a good deal of important matter, which has been embodied in a very readable style. In addition to the rules for health, there are a good many excellent receipts in this work for cooking a variety of palatable dishes that need not be avoided.

Some people regard works of this class with suspicion, and think that the kind of knowledge they impart is apt to do harm, but we do not think so; the great danger to the young is in not knowing "what to avoid," and this they cannot know, by experience, until the avoidance becomes too late to cure the disorders which improper indulgences may have engendered.

Model Men. By Horace Mayhew. Harper & Brothers.

THIS is a reprint of one of the numerous illustrated books issued by Bradbury and Evans, the Punch publishers, of London. It is very handsomely illustrated with engravings by Hine, one of the Punch illustrators, and is altogether a pleasant little book for the pocket when going on a railroad or steamboat journey. The models are of men not often seen in New York, but they possess a good deal of humor, and some human nature. The following is probably as favorable a specimen of the artist's modelling as could be selected.

"THE MODEL FAST MAN.

"You know him at once by his being the noisiest, the most conspicuous person wherever he is. His dress, too, never fails to attract public notice. He is unhappy if not seen—he is miserable if not heard.

"In the street he flourishes a little stick, which, for want of something better to do, he rattles against the railings. He stares ladies in the face, and takes his hat off to carriages, and delights in kissing his hand to some old dowager who is looking out of a drawing-room window. A sedan-chair is his great amusement. He stops the porters, and asks them what they will take him to Buckingham Palace and back

aga'n for? He directs a hackney-coach to drive as fast as possible to the British Museum, and to ask Sir Henry Ellis to put 't under a glass-case among the Fossils. He takes a card that is offered to him by a street conjuror, and gives him in return one of his own, with an intimation that he "shall be happy to see him at any time between two and four." He walks behind fat old ladies, and is very loud in the praises "of the jolly mad bull there is in the next street." He rings arena-bells and inquires "if they could oblige him with the loan of a cucumber-slicer for five minutes." He removes any pewter-pot he finds, and knocks at the door to ask "if it belongs to them: it was hanging outside the railings, and might be stolen by some unprincipled person." News-venders and his especial favorites. He calls them from the other side of the way to ask "if they have got the *Independent Doorknocker* of 1356; if not, he should like to see the third edition of the *Times* to-morrow." He makes cruel faces to babies as they hang over their nurses' shoulders, and is flattered if he makes them cry. If he meets with twins, he is happy indeed. He shouts into sausage shops as he passes by—"D'y'ye want any cats, dogs, or kittens to-day?" He hails an omnibus, and whilst it is stopping, turns down the next street; and he looks at a cabman till he drives up to him, when he wonders what the "cabbie" wants: he was only admiring his handsome whiskers. If he finds a looking-glass he adjusts his toilet in it, and takes off his hat, and bows to himself, exclaiming, "On my word, you are looking remarkably well; I never saw you look better." He looks at the milliners through the shop-windows, and darts at them his most piercing smiles. He stares at the watchmakers at their work, with intense curiosity, and talks to them with his fingers, till they get up and leave their stools with great indignation. If he meets the Lord Mayor's carriage with three footmen on the foot-board, he is sure to call out "Whip behind!" and he laughs his loudest if the coachmen should unconsciously lay his whip across their calves. He is very rich in noises. His "Va-ri-e-ty" is unequalled at two o'clock in the morning; and his collection of "Ri-too-loorals," and "Rum-ti-oddlies," and select choruses, is not to be surpassed by the oldest *habitué* of the Coal-hole. He whistles, too, through his fingers; and can bark, crow, and bray quite naturally, especially inside Exeter Hall, or any place where he should n't do it. One of his proudest achievements is to enter an omnibus crowded with females, and to display on his knees a large jar, marked "Leeches." He delights, too, in sprinkling cayenne-pepper and snuff on the floor of a dancing-party after supper, or in going behind the conet-a-piston, and making him laugh during a long solo, when the struggling laughter oozing out in short gasps through the valves, nearly sends him into fits. He glories in sending in six "brandies warm" to the chairman and different gentlemen on the platform of a Temperance Meeting. He makes a practice of ringing the bells of all doctors as he walks home at night.

"In the theatre, he slams the box-door, and shouts "Box-keeper!" with the most stentorian lungs. He is vociferous in his applause, and sparkles up at the prospect of a row. He likes to sneeze during the pathetic parts, and shouts "Bravo, Wright!" when the old father is blessing his long-lost child. He revels in a burlesque with plenty of Amazons in it. He cries out "Encore!" at everything, but Hicks especially.

"In respectable society he is awkward, and generally very quiet. He does not dance, not knowing what to say to his partner. He hangs about the door and staircase, and consoles himself with the cakes and wine; he leaves early, for "he is dying for a pipe and a drop of beer."

"In his appearance he selects the gayest fast colors, and the more the merrier. His shirt is curiously illuminated with pink ballet-girls. He has the winner of the Derby in his pocket-hankerchief. His boots are very delicate, only keeping him and sole together with the aid of large mother-of-pearl buttons. He revels in a white hat. His trowsers are of the chess-board pattern. His shirt-jin is an Enormous Gooseberry, which would make the fortune of a penny-a-liner. His coat has a Newmarket expression, of the very deepest green. He is above gloves, but encourages a glass, suspended by some magic process in his left eye.

"His accomplishments are various. He carries in his waistcoat pocket the stump of a clay pipe, the bowl of which is quite black. He can walk along the parapet of Waterloo Bridge. He can sleep in the station-house upon an emergency. He can slide, skate, and box a little, and play the French horn. He can win a game of billiards, and give you twenty. He is "up to a dodge or two" at cards. He can imitate all the actors, and a brick falling down the chimney. He can fry a pancake in his hat, and light a cigar at a lamp-post. He can manage a pair of sculls, and tool a tandem through Smithfield Market. He can talk slang with a novelist, and "chaff an University Man" off

his legs." He can also "do a bill," and many other things as well as persons, that ought not to be done. He is proficient in all the gentish graces of life, and knows "a small wrinkle or two" of everything. High life, low life, gambling life, sporting life, fashionable life, every kind of life he is intimately acquainted with, particularly fast life. "This consists in his beginning the day six hours after everybody else, and finishing it six hours later. It implies the knowledge, on his part, of the Polka, with certain embellishments, and a constant attendance at Casinos, and other places where that knowledge can be displayed. It involves, also, a course of theatres, sporting-houses, masquerades, singing-taverns, cigar-shops, cider-cellars, and early coffee-houses. To all of these the Model Fast Man is an accomplished guide. He condemns every thing as *slow* that does not keep pace with the rapidity with which he runs, or rather gallops, through life; and he annihilates everybody as slow who presumes to live like a rational creature. All books are slow—Shakspeare is slow—all domestic, all quiet enjoyments are slow. The country is very slow, and so are sisters. He even calls the railways slow. His great impulse is "Fast bind, fast find," and he sighs that society is not bound by the same fast law. He is without shame, as he is without gentlemanly feeling. He is familiar with servants, is very facetious with conductors, calls policemen by their letters, jokes with waiters, and does not care how he insults an inferior. Impudence, to him, is fun—brutality, the excess of refinement—giving pain his most exquisite enjoyment. His highest notion of humor is saying to everything, "I believe you, my bo-o-o-o-y." In the morning—that is, the afternoon—he is feverish; in the evening—that is to say, four o'clock in the morning—he is what he calls "fresh." His first call is for soda-water, his last for brandy. Such is the great beginning, and such the grand end, of the existence of the MODEL FAST MAN."

History of Congress. Biographical and Political. By Henry G. Wheeler. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

THE design of Mr. Wheeler is a very good one, but his manner of executing it is not wholly unobjectionable. If he should go on with his work after the style of these two volumes, it will form in the end a larger library than that which the Caliph Omar conferred a blessing upon the world by destroying. Rees' Encyclopedia would be a cabinet library compared with Wheeler's History of Congress. The two volumes now published make about a thousand pages, and we have hardly a dozen biographies; and as it appears to be the author's purpose to give the biographies of all the members of the 30th Congress, it will require about forty volumes more to complete the design. The second volume contains the biographies of T. Butler King of Georgia, Timothy Pilsbury of Texas, Robert McClelland of Michigan, and John Wentworth of Illinois, and a history of the internal improvement conventions of Memphis and Chicago. The four honorable gentlemen whose biographies are given, all represent States in Congress of which they were not natives. Mr. Wentworth is a native of New Hampshire, Messrs. King and Pillsbury of Massachusetts, and Mr. McClelland of Pennsylvania. The work contains a considerable amount of useful information, but we cannot bestow praise upon Mr. Wheeler's style, which is extremely diffuse without being copious, nor upon his manner of arranging his facts. The portraits accompanying the biographies are coarsely executed, but being copied from daguerreotypes, have an air of similarity to the originals.

The Immigrant's Good Samaritan. By Harmon Kingsbury. D. Finckh. New York. 1848.

THIS little volume has been prefaced by an introduction from the Rev. Henry Tappan, D. D., but we do not find in that, nor in the book itself, any explanation of the motive in publishing it. It contains a good deal of crude information respecting emigrants, but nothing likely to prove of benefit to immigrants. The facts, too, are not always truths, for they are so loosely arranged, and so ill-digested, as to convey no truths at all, and, in many instances, the facts are far from being true in themselves. Among other mar-

vellous items, under the head of "Extravagance of the Nobility," we have the following amusing information.

"The Lord Mayor of London has a salary of nearly \$40,000 a year. He has also a mansion, or palace provided by the corporation, which is furnished with great splendor; the banquet-hall rooms and the Egyptian hall, are magnificent apartments. There is a spacious and elaborately carved state bed. There are twenty-four footmen in sumptuous liveries allowed the Mayor, besides a sword bearer, who rides with him in his state carriage, a chaplain, a post-master, two marshals dressed in sumptuous uniform, and twenty marshals' men, in blue, red and gold. The Mayor, during his year of office, is always dressed in a court-suit, and wears a scarlet mantle trimmed with sable fur, a large gold chain and diamond badge, pending from it round his neck. His wife is called the Lady Mayoress, and, should she become a mother during the time of her husband's mayoralty, she receives a silver cradle as a present from the corporation. The carriage of the Mayor is generally most beautifully adorned with painting and gilding, and the liveries of the servants are generally gaudy in the extreme, being one mass of gold or silver lace. The state coach is an immense vehicle of carved work richly gilded, and having paintings representing the triumphs of commerce and civilization over barbarism. These paintings are by the celebrated Hogarth. The 'Lord Mayor's Day,' the ninth of November, the day of his inauguration into office, is one of great splendor; the state coach with six horses, accompanied by the footmen in state livery, the whole of the guilds or city companies in their mantles of ceremony, large banners of silk with the arms of the companies, and a number of knights in full armor, as in the days of the tournaments. This gorgeous procession returns by water. The boats are all gold and carving, the rowers in rich dresses, twenty to each boat; and the banners of all sorts streaming from them."

The most worshipful Lord Mayor of London, if he should ever read this little book, and we fear he never will, will be greatly astonished to learn that he always wears a scarlet mantle and a large gold chain with a diamond badge pending from his neck. The boats, "all gold," and the silver cradle, will equally surprise him as well as his wife, the Lady Mayoress. This kind of information may be very serviceable to immigrants, but we do not precisely understand how they will be able to use it for their benefit. The Rev. Dr. Tappan says, in his preface:

"Our country, in becoming an asylum of the surplus population of the old world, is becoming also a grand missionary field, where the fairest opportunities are offered for evangelizing men. The nations are coming in upon us, and it is our great work to educate them for such freemen as the truth makes free, to redeem them from the bondage of hierarchies and dark superstitions, and to bring them under the power of an untrammelled gospel."

The most ignorant of the immigrants who come to this country know but too well that there is no surplus population in the Old World. The surplusage that occasions all the misery which it is their object to flee from in emigrating to this free country is that of non-producers, it is because the idlers bear too great a proportion to the workers, that causes the distress in European nations, and not the surplusage of population. The population is the wealth and conservative protection of a country. The West is poor without people, but increases in wealth exactly in proportion to its increase in population. The law by which the whole universe is governed will prevent the old world and the new from ever being over populated. The following ideas of the hidden causes of the tremendous torrent of European immigration now setting towards this country, are from the New England Puritan, and may be taken by our readers at whatever value they may see fit to set upon them; to us, we must acknowledge, they do not seem imbued with a spirit of prophecy.

"God's hand is in the immigration from Europe. Much is said, but we doubt whether enough is thought, of what

God is doing in the transfer of the surplus population of Europe to this country. It is a mysterious feature in the Divine plan that has kept in reserve, in our west, so much of the best land in the world, for the exigency of this era, and for the purposes for which this immigration is now taking place. When, in former ages, wars, famine and pestilence were commissioned to reduce the surplus population, it was not because the world had become too small for its people; for here was a vast portion of this continent, the very garden of the world, left to be the 'joy of wild asses, and the pasture of buffaloes.' This ground was reserved for this time, for God had an intent, at this time, to bring together upon it a portion of each of the nations of Europe—to bring them away from their spiritual despotism, to breathe the free air, and receive the radiation of a free gospel here; and then on the new lines of sympathy and intercourse, which they should have opened with their father-land, to send back an influence to be as life from the dead to all Europe." The Divine plan seems now to be developed far enough to show that this will be the result, provided that the American Church shall be aware of the high vantage ground on which God has placed her, and faithful to the trust committed to her. Once before, for a great purpose, He laid on a portion of the people of Europe a necessity for coming hither. He drove them hither by the heavy pressure of his hand, because he had a great end to answer by their coming. In the arrangements of his inscrutable providence he ordered it so that the choice spirits of the church reformed should feel an irresistible necessity for self-exile from all that was attractive in home and country, and go out, not knowing whither they went. For our fathers came here from no mere spirit of adventure or romance. It was rather in the spirit of martyrs. The alternative was, on the one hand, a surrender of their principles and allegiance to God; on the other hand, exile, imprisonment or death. Exile was their choice of evils. Home was as dear to them as to us. They came hither, feeling that they were compelled to exchange their homes for a wilderness. In other words, the Providence of God, by a heavy and powerful hand, conveyed them hither. And through that transfer of a portion of Europe's population, God accomplished what we now see to be a great work, yet a work whose greatness we have hardly begun to see. Now he is putting forth a new edition of the same work. Again has he laid a broad and powerful hand on the people of Europe, and is compelling thousands of them to seek subsistence here."

As this is the height of the holiday season, illustrated books intended for gifts, are the prevailing class of literature which our book publishers put forth. We have a good many on hand that we have not even found time to examine or space to name. The greater part of them are as worthless and flashy as the toys and cookies which abound at Christmas, but some of them have sufficient merit, both as regards their literary contents and the artistic character of the embellishments, to entitle them to a place in every well selected library. Among this class is Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights, which has been published by the Messrs. Harpers in very beautiful style and handsomely illustrated by an immense number of neatly executed wood-cuts, which are not only valuable in themselves, as artistic productions, but of service in enabling the reader to comprehend the text. The Messrs. Appleton have republished a very costly, but not very elegant work, called the Women of the Bible. We say republished, for the embellishments form the chief value of the work, although the literary portion of it has been contributed by some of the most eminent writers, belonging to the clerical profession, of the United States. A work of a very different character has been published by Putnam, called Lays of the Western World; the literary portion is excellent, being contributions from our most famous poets, but the embellishments are of that style of bastard art, which has recently become fashionable, called illuminations. The only merit in these illuminations consists in the manual dexterity of the gilder and painter. It is the work of the artisan, and not of the artist.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



WELVE months ago this day, darling reader, we took pen in hand to begin a running comment upon the transitory topics of the times, to pick out the biggest and brightest, and the most pointed and prettiest of the particles that were running through the hour-glass of Time. How little either you or I suspected twelve months since that the beginning of 1849 would be the beginning of such entirely new times as the present. Never before did that two-faced deity, the god Janus, who has seen more New-Year days than we can enumerate, looked back upon such

an eventful year as that which has just slipped through our fingers and left us all a year older. The year of the flood saw greater physical changes on the earth's surface, but not greater moral changes than 1848—blessings rest upon its head if it have one—was a witness to. What may happen in 1849 we will not pretend to guess, for it is not our business to prophesy but to chronicle; however, let what will come we are prepared for it. The transactions of the last year have so hardened our nerves by marvels, that it would take some event wholly in conceivable to create the least astonishment. Our people have become so accustomed to having a budget of wonderful news once a week from Europe, that nothing now causes so much surprise as the announcement that there is nothing surprising to be told. No news is, proverbially, good news; but no news now is astonishing news. But, although there have been so many changes in the social condition of mankind during the past year it is a great consolation to know that the old elements of society and the essentials of social comfort have not undergone any perceptible changes. Water continues to run down hill, as usual, and we have heard of no instance of its refusing to freeze when the thermometer falls to zero; people laugh when they are tickled as they did in the time of Shylock, and money continues to make the mare go, as it always has done; the north wind is cold as usual and shooting pains in the toes are as sure prognostics of wet weather as ever; none of the colors of the rainbow have faded, and the first streaks of light are as golden and purple as when the world was in its infancy; ginger continues to be hot in the mouth, and as for fire it is as difficult as ever to hold live coals in the hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus; women have lost none of their sweetness nor their talkativeness, and babies are cunning as they can live, and as much like their papas as ever; ignorance is as presumptuous, and merit as modest as usual, and, in short, if it were not for the newspapers, to be candid about the matter, we should not know that anything very wonderful had hap-

pened or that the world was not the same old sixpence it had always been. Upon the whole we think that 1849 will not be much unlike its predecessors, in spite of the revolutions in Europe and the election of Old Zack. But, as every year adds to the stock of popular knowledge, and as knowledge is power and the only true cause of happiness, we may safely predict that 1849 will be a better and happier fellow than any of his ancestors. The past year has been as prolific in books as of revolutions or anything else, but among them all there are not half a dozen worth preserving, yet there are few which do not contain something worthy of being saved from oblivion. "Long have people cried out against the multitude of books," says the Abbe Trublet, "and yet it is universally agreed that there is not one which does not contain something good. It would be desirable, then, that three-quarters should be suppressed, after what was worthy of being preserved had been extracted. These extracts would constitute a very curious book, if they were well made, and would have for a title, *Extracts from the Books which are not read*. But who would undertake such a task? Besides being very laborious, very long, and very wearisome, to ensure its success, it would be necessary to have, if not what are properly termed talents, at least qualities, almost as rare as talents. Little glory, moreover, would accrue, even from the most successful execution. This accounts for the fact that good works are scarcely more rare than good compilations." This is well said; to make a good compilation, requires almost, if not quite, as high an order of talent, as to produce that which is good. But the work of an editor or a compiler is like that of a miner, the world sees only the precious metal which he obtains without knowing what heaps of worthless rubbish he has had to dig through to find it. It is in knowing what to reject that the value of an editor's talent lies. When Thomas Campbell was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* that work obtained an unprecedented popularity, but not from the writings of the editor, for he wrote but little for its pages, but by the fine tact he displayed in the papers which he admitted, and it acquired a reputation which made the fortune of its proprietor. One of the most remarkable instances of good editorship that we know of is that of Punch, a work which has attained a circulation and a reputation wholly unparalleled in the history of periodical literature.—These have not been the result of accident, nor are they so much the result of what the paper has contained, as that it has never contained anything objectionable to good taste, to the moral sense, nor antagonistic to its general character. It is a perfectly safe work, and can always be relied on. Such a character could not have been obtained for a work of the kind had it not been under the supervision of a discriminating editor, who he is we do not know, but Mark Lemon, a dramatic writer, has the credit of being editor of Punch.—If so he is a rare fellow, and half the success of that wonderful periodical, which is said to be the most valuable literary property in England, is owing to his tact and discrimination. Many attempts to establish similar works in this country have failed, but not so much from lack of talent as for the lack of a discreet editor. There is another reason why a work like Punch could not succeed in this country, and that is because it would have to compete with such a multitude of replications of a similar character. The *Westminster Review* said, very truly, in reference to this matter:

"The acknowledged inferiority, in certain branches, of American to English literature, is chiefly, if not altogether, owing to the absence of a law of international copyright.—The system of legalized freebooty—that right of border-foray—which enables an American publisher to appropriate the labors of an English author, and defraud him of his hire, has been, by a most just retribution, the bane of American literature. Thanks to this system, authorship by profession is in America a career, if not impossible and unknown, at least one to which the entrance is fenced off by difficulties that must defer many from venturing upon it. On this point Mr. Griswold speaks with authority:

"A short time before Mr. Washington Irving was appointed minister to Spain, he undertook to dispose of a production of merit, written by an American who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of the principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost," he says, "alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, for the copyright of which they had nothing to pay." And not only is the American thus in some degree excluded from the audience of his countrymen, but the publishers, who have a control over many of the newspapers and other periodicals, exert themselves, in the way of their business, to build up the reputation of the foreigner whom they rob, and to destroy that of the home author who aspires to a competition with him.

"This legalized piracy, (continues Mr. Griswold, warning, as he proceeds,) supported by some sordid and base arguments, keeps the criminal courts busy; makes divorce committees in the legislature standing instead of special; every year yields abundant harvests of profligate sons and daughters; and inspires a growing contempt for our plain republican forms and institutions. Injurious as it is to the foreign author, it is more so to the American, and it falls with heaviest weight upon the people at large, whom it deprives of that nationality of feeling which is among the first and most powerful incentives to every kind of greatness."

MAN has been called by an old philosopher an unfeathered biped, but here is an account of a feathered biped that appears to be endowed with a good many manly qualities: "On Farm Isle (Isle of Shoals) Mr. Blucher owns a hen that accompanies him daily in his fishing-boat, and denotes satisfaction at unusual success by audible demonstrations.—The hen also goes in his boat to Portsmouth, scrambles on to the wharf, picks about in the vicinity, never failing to be 'on hand' when wanted. Mr. Blucher brought up this hen by hand, and she would never roost or keep with the poultry; she also has the crow of the male and the bearing of the game-cock. All the animals on the farm pay the hen marked respect; even the great house-dog and an immense tom-cat seem to take it as a matter of course to obey the hen.—At an intimation from Mr. Blucher, this hen will take to the water and paddle about like a duck, and frequently from the edge of the shore or rocks is seen to pull in fish of considerable size." This feathered biped should receive some hen-some compliments from its owner; the eggs of the wonderful creature, if she ever consents to do so unmanly an act as to lay eggs, would sell at very high prices, we should suppose, for the sake of keeping up the stock. The closing months of the year are marked by festivals of a semi-public character in New York; public dinners, anniversary orations, complimentary balls and feasts for the benefit of the poor are continually taking place during the cold weather months, when as the mercury in the thermometer runs down, the blood runs up into the hearts of men, and their sympathies expand, and their feelings grow tender and generous. The coldness without drives men to seek for warmth and cheerfulness within. They love to come together and look upon one another's faces, and gain warmth from pressing each other's hands. These are comforts which the inhabitants of warm climates never know. The greatest luxury of the tropics is coolness and quiet; a still calm shade, soli-

tude and repose, the antipodes of enjoyment in northern climes. Among the many amusing meetings held in New York during the month of November was that of the Chamber of Commerce, which celebrated its centennial anniversary on the 21st of that month. A discourse was delivered by Charles King, a member of the Chamber, formerly a merchant, but now the commercial editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. King was also the founder, and, for many years, the editor of the *New York American*. The conclusion of Mr. King's address was so eloquent and feeling a tribute to the commercial profession, as one of the most powerful of the agents of civilization, that we are tempted to extract therefrom the following passages:

"If what has been said this evening shall tend in any manner to revive interest in the Chamber of Commerce, I shall derive the highest gratification from being, in some humble degree, associated with such a revival, for I, too, was bred a merchant, and never cease to feel proud of being associated with a profession which is the civilizer, the refiner and the liberator of the world. The Genius of Commerce is indeed well symbolized on the Seal of this Corporation, by the god Mercury with his winged cap and his soul-compelling caduceus. The old Greek Mythology, full as it is of hidden wisdom, and typical of higher things, has in some of the attributes ascribed to Mercury, well foreshadowed the nature and conquests of Commerce, for it too, as is fabled of the youthful Hermes, robs Neptune of his trident, Venus of her girdle, Mars of his sword, Vulcan of his forges, and even Jupiter of his sceptre. It is Commerce which covers with its ships the subject sea, which sweeps over the globe for materials to adorn beauty, which seals in its scabbard the red sword of War, and cultivates Peace and the arts of Peace; which lights the fires of the mechanic arts, and last and greatest of all, teaches man no longer to bow down before idols of his own creation on earth or in the skies, but, looking erect to heaven, to walk among his fellow-men as an equal, while walking humbly and devoutly before the true and no longer conjectural or unknown God.

"It was the distinguishing feature of the merchants who formed this association, and of their immediate successors, that they filled that most interesting portion of our history, when commerce was rising from its cradle and taking the first steps in that grand progress, which is already the marvel of the world—and which is yet advancing.

"At such an epoch every movement was important.—Events at other seasons the most trivial were now momentous, casting forward shadows of dark and solemn import.—Nor were the men of that day limited in their reward to that which the eye of faith alone could discern—for many were the instances where the individual pioneers lived to enjoy in real fruition the harvests earned by their industry and forecast.

"A young German was found among the number, pursuing within the solitude and depths of the primeval forests of New York, the trapping of the beaver upon its remote and then almost inaccessible waters.

"That individual lived to be pushed before the advancing wave of civilization inward and inward, and yet farther inward, through the great range of inland seas to the utmost extremity of Lake Superior, and thence onward to the Rocky Mountains, and still borne on by the wave, surmounting them, till he was checked only in his progress by the shores of the Pacific.

"This humble German boy, thus urged on from ocean to ocean, stands (and his memory will long endure) as a type of American progress. The field of his earlier achievements—the Seneca Lake—then a solitude and a waste, is now gemmed with gardens and temples of science and religion; and in this city, his final abode, and resting-place and sepulchre, are provided the means, through the munificence of that young trapper, of building, furnishing and maintaining, a public library, on a magnificent scale, free to all, and which will bear to all time the name of JOHN JACOB ASTOR."

THERE have been but few original works issued from the American press during the past month; trade has been in a great measure suspended, and hardly anything has been done in the line of books but to balance them. But there have been a few books issued which lay claim to originality. Among them have been a work called "Moneypenny," by the author of *Puffer Hopkins*, and a historical romance from

the press of James Monroe & Co., of Boston, called *Merry Mount*, by a new author whose name we have not heard. The following short extract from this last named work will afford some idea of the author's style:

"For a moment we return to the solitary of Shawmut. The day had been one of fierce and unclouded sunshine, the evening had been cool and serene, but the night which was now approaching seemed to be of another character. The moon had sunk in the west, overwhelmed at her departure by the hosts of dark and shadowy clouds, which seemed to have gathered from every quarter to huddle her from her throne. The north wind blew its trumpet-blast through the shivering woods. The scud flew thick and fast across the upper sky. There was a wild hurrying and trampling in the air, as if from a conflict of invincible aerial hosts. Suddenly a flaming meteor, larger and more lustrous than a planet, shot completely across the sky, springing up from the north, culminating almost to the zenith, and disappearing in the sea with a crash like thunder. Then the thickly congregated mass of clouds suddenly rolled away, like a scroll that shrivels in the flame, and the hermit saw in the western sky, hanging just above the horizon, the gigantic image of a flaming sword. As he was gazing with a sensation of awe at this strange phenomenon, which displayed itself just after his eyes had been dazzled and his ears stunned by the sudden appearance and violent explosion of the meteor, it vanished, while a little above the quarter where it had disappeared he distinctly saw the images of four ships, slowly ploughing their way across the blue and unclouded expanse of ether, with snowy sail and flying pennon, each, after a few moments, successively disappearing in a mysterious and ghost-like manner, below the western horizon. The solitary stood gazing at this strange succession of weird and unwonted appearances with a singular trouble in his mind. He stood watching long after the last aerial ship had sunk below the horizon, anxiously awaiting the appearance of some new and still more bewildering phenomenon.

"No farther sign appeared however. The clouds gathered again over the face of heaven, the night grew gloomy and starless, the wind, now veering towards the east and freshening to a gale, spread its wings, damp and heavy with ocean mist, across the murky landscape. The hermit, who felt chilled and depressed by the sudden atmospheric change, as well as perplexed by the wild and boding appearances which he had witnessed in the sky, looked fearfully around, lest perhaps the former preternatural but beautiful face, which had not long before appeared to him, might even now be gazing through the dense foliage of the oak tree near which he was standing. He almost dreaded, as he cast his glances slowly around him, to find those dark and mournful eyes looking upon him with the same warning and prophetic expression which they lately wore. But the strange apparition did not return to him that night, although his imagination, strongly excited by the unusual phenomena of nature which had just displayed themselves to him, might easily, it would seem, have bodied forth, out of the melancholy and dreamy fancies which were thronging about his mind, some visible shape of mystery and terror, such as had once before perplexed and haunted him."

Among the new works announced as soon to make their appearance before the reading public is Mrs. Kirkland's "Sight Seeing in Europe," which will doubtless prove as popular as all the writings which have flowed from her facile pen. We have read parts of the work and find that it abounds in the same lively, piquant, sensible and humorous observations which have been peculiar to all her published volumes. We clip from one of her exceedingly pleasant letters the following remarks on the children of England:

"Pretty children one sees in abundance everywhere—and so nicely kept! It seems to us that nobody knows so well how to care for the physique of children as the English.—They feed them with the simplest possible food, and are astonished when they hear that our young folks share the rich, heavy, high-seasoned dishes of their parents. Oatmeal porridge is considered a suitable breakfast for infant royalty itself; and a simple dinner at one o'clock, the proper thing for children whose parents dine sumptuously at seven. Exercise is considered one of the necessities of life; and a daily walk or ride (not drive) in the fresh air the proper form of it. It might be superfluous to notice any thing so obvious if it were not that so many people in good circumstances with us, neglect this, and keep their children immured in nurseries, or cooped up in school rooms, with no thought of exercise in the open air, as a daily requisite. We wish nothing

so much for these benighted parents, as that they should once become acquainted with the habits and principles of a well ordered English nursery. A reform in that quarter is much needed among us, and we know of no people so well able to be our instructors as the English, who have certainly brought the nursery system to great perfection, but as respects the comfort and advantage of the parents and children."

Such remarks from a woman of Mrs. Kirkland's habits of observation are worth attending to. The majority of mothers in our country are as cruel as Herod to their little ones, but all in kindness. It is the kindness of ignorance, however, which is as injurious as the greatest cruelty of a revengeful savage. But we trust that the time is coming when our own matrons will be better "posted up," as they say in Pearl street, in physical ethics, and will learn not to kill their offspring out of kindness to them.....THE marvelous stories of golden sands in the rivers of California have been again revived; and now there is no longer any doubt of the truth of the first reports that reached us on this side of the New World, of the treasures discovered in our newly acquired territory of California. The new *El Dorado* will soon be overrun with gold hunters, and the only precious metals in that distant sister of the confederacy will be iron and copper. It has been ascertained beyond a question that the beds of the Feather river and the Sacramento are beds of gold. The amount of the precious metal that has been for centuries washed into the sea must be beyond conception, and the fact that such a treasury should have remained so many years unknown to the inhabitants of the country is among the greatest of the marvels connected with the affair. The addition of so great a quantity of gold to the amount now in circulation will, of course, tend to depreciate its value, and as old debts must be paid in the new currency, it will be the same as reducing twenty-five or fifty per cent, as the case may be from the obligations now contracted.—Col. Mason, the military governor of California, supposes that if the United States authorities should take possession of the mines that a sufficient quantity of gold could be obtained in one year to pay off the national debt. But what would the government do with the gold after the debt should be paid, for, of course, the annual gain from the mines would greatly exceed the annual expenses? Would the government become a gold merchant and sell the precious metal? That hardly seems "the thing" for government, yet we do not see, clearly, what else the government could do with the precious metal. If the time should ever come when gold would be substituted for brass and copper in the construction of common articles for domestic use, the pleasures of living would be greatly enhanced, and the necessity for labor greatly diminished. Golden lamps, wash basins, spoons, door handles, dishes generally and ornamental furniture, would greatly add to the pleasures of house-keeping. The time now used in scrubbing and scouring brass and Britannia metal utensils might be dispensed with. Picture frames of gold would be extremely beautiful, and we may yet see the "b'hoys" running with fire engines enriched with gold ornaments. If gold should ever become so abundant as to be used for domestic purposes, ornaments for the person made of that material would no longer be worn; it would be a miserable piece of vanity, worthy of a savage, to hoop the fingers with rings of so common a material as gold; and as for suspending it from the ears, as ladies now do, they would as soon think of hanging an oyster shell from the lobes of their ears. Another effect of the abundance of gold will be to make a paper currency the only representative of value. However, it will be a good while before the state of things which we have imagined will occur, and we fear that we shall not wash in a golden hand basin during

this year, but we know not what a year may bring forth.—We have other mineral riches besides the Californian rivers of gold. On this side of the Rocky Mountains we have copper, iron and coal in amazing quantities, and there are more reliable sources of national wealth in these common minerals than in silver and gold. Mr. Prentice, an intelligent English traveller, who has been in this country during the past year surveying the land, and taking notes of the people, has returned to Manchester, where he has been a newspaper editor for many years; and since his return he has been delivering a series of lectures on this country. From one of his lectures as reported in an English paper we make the following extract in reference to some of the mineral resources of the Western States, which are as rich in the elements of wealth as the gold rivers of California:

"In reference to the capacities of the country as a field for emigrants, there were other requisites besides abundance of land; and the working man should prefer to settle in a district where minerals, and especially coal, were abundant, because, however fertile a place might be, wood in time would become scarce; and the settler on prairie land, if not located near the wooded banks of a river, would find the cartage of his fire wood forty or fifty miles a somewhat expensive undertaking. A district producing abundance of both food and minerals would ultimately possess manufactures. The extent of the coal fields in America was enormous. One field on the west of the Alleghany Mountains, extending 700 miles in length, covered an extent of 63,000 square miles—more than the whole of the surface of England and Wales (hear.) And it must also be considered that the expense of shaft-sinking was not needed, as the coal seams lay horizontal and cropped out on the banks of the great rivers, the Monongahela and Ohio, and only horizontal passages were necessary. Coal of the finest quality may be had for twopence a cwt.; and one seam, called the Pittsburgh seam, a part of the above field, was ten feet in thickness, and extended over 14,000 square miles (hear.)

"The Illinois field was still more extensive, spreading over 70,000 square miles. It occupied one half of Illinois and Indiana, and extended over the Ohio into Kentucky, being laid open to navigation by the Ohio, the Great Wabash, and the Illinois rivers, and bounded on the west by the Mississippi. The centre of the great State of Michigan was also a large coal field, occupying probably 25,000 square miles—nearly equal to the whole of Ireland (hear.); and a bay of Lake Huron was indented into it for a distance of fifty miles, giving it the advantage of the navigation of all the lakes. It was advisable that emigrants, whose aim was not so much to earn present comfort, but to make provision for their families, should settle on or in the neighborhood of these coal fields, where their children would ultimately be enabled to choose whether they should be employed in agriculture, or in those occupations which resulted from an abundant supply of iron and coal (cheers.)"

Mr. Prentice did not visit the United States as a critic of manners, the character in which the majority of English travellers have visited us, but to make observations on the natural resources of the country, and he accordingly gives a most glowing description of the localities which he visited and recommends his countrymen to emigrate here without delay. In respect to climate and society he makes the following remarks:

"As to the climate of America, all the country north of the line formed by the base of the Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia States, would agree with Englishmen. The States south of 36½ degrees of north latitude were too hot for Englishmen. Even in the Northern States, the climate was trying to an English constitution, but still it could be endured by care and temperance (cheers.) With regard to the society of America, a notion prevailed that the settlers must of necessity be at a great distance from each other; but it was foolish for a man to isolate himself thus, as he at the same time increased his distance from a market for his produce. As to the sociality of the Americans, they were rather a pleasant people than ourselves, and devoid of that *hauteur* which distinguished our upper classes. There were no poor men. There was no cringing to masters, but a manly independence and intelligence in the working classes (cheers); and so great was the respect shown toward the female sex, that were the President of the States occupying

the choice seat in a railway carriage, he would be compelled by the usage of the country, to relinquish it in favor of the wife of the humblest weaver from the New Cross in Manchester (loud cheers.)

"The American artisan would have due respect shown to him, and honor being awarded to labor, he was cheerful and happy (applause.) The Americans were justly proud of their institutions, their republicanism, their equality, and the cheapness of their government; but John Bull was apt to become pugnacious at the oft repeated boast. He must, however, keep his temper."

Comparing the populations of the different States with that of England, Mr. Prentice says:

"Illinois contained 52,000 square miles, and the number of inhabitants was 9 1-10 to the square mile. This State was more fertile throughout than England was. There were no high barren mountains like those of Wales, Westmoreland, and Cumberland; and there was no ridge or backbone like that which runs from Northumberland through Derbyshire to the midland counties. Almost every acre of the land was capable of cultivation. In this State, also, there was room for the whole population of England (hear.) The State of New York contained 45,000 square miles, being only one fifth less than the size of England, and had only 52 7-10 inhabitants to the square mile. An erroneous notion was prevalent that all the places near the coast were filled up; but in the State of New York itself there was a whole county that had never yet been surveyed, having no inhabitants but a few Indians—and bears (laughter)—and there was no doubt that a careful man, going out with a little money, would find just as good a bargain in land in that State as farther west, with the advantage, also, of ready communication with the sea by the port of New York.

"Pennsylvania contained 40,000 square miles, with only 35 inhabitants to the mile; noble rivers and delightful valleys, and abundant natural facilities for dairy produce; and it abounded in iron and coal. Ohio contained the same number of inhabitants to the square mile as Pennsylvania; and, in the centre of the State, there was a considerable amount of prairie land, which, however, would require to be drained before it could become productive and healthy. Indiana contained 37,000 square miles, and 18 5-10 inhabitants to the mile. The vast State of Iowa, on the western bank of the Mississippi, contained only the fifth part of a man to the square mile (laughter.) Wisconsin, another State of vast extent, which was thickly peopled in the southern part by German settlers, who sometimes arrived at the rate of 1000 a day, contained 100,000 square miles, and had only three-fifths of a man to the mile. Massachusetts, the most closely populated State in the Union, contained 100 persons to the square mile; but he would not advise emigration to the New England States, as the ground was composed chiefly of granite, though there were fertile bottoms on the banks of the rivers. Then, for those who did not relish republicanism, there was a capital opening in Canada, where they would find a people loyal enough, who abused the Americans, spoke of the evils of republicanism—were, indeed, even more John Bullish than ourselves, and proud of being the dependency of a great empire; they were Englishmen—Britons."

A MILLIONAIRE OF THE PRESS.—Nothing is more common than to see men of middle age who have retired from business after accumulating a fortune; but it is something quite new to hear of the editor of a paper leaving off his occupation because he has acquired a fortune at his business. But such things do sometimes happen in these improved days. Last month Mr. Beach, the proprietor of the New York Sun, sold out his interest in that paper to his sons and retired from the management of the establishment to enjoy the fortune which he had gained by the sale of a penny paper. Mr. Beach made his exit from the newspaperia world in a very becoming and handsome manner. He issued cards to all the respectable members of the editorial fraternity inviting them to his fine house in Chambers street, formerly the residence of George Griswold, one of the wealthiest merchants of New York, and here he received the congratulations of the members of the Press, and took his farewell of a position which had proved so profitable to him. The entertainment which was served up on the occa-

tion was both elegant and liberal. The history of Mr. Beach proves what may be accomplished by patience, perseverance, and method in business. He came to this city not many years ago a journeyman cabinet maker, and afterwards entered the Sun office as a clerk, in time he became the sole proprietor of the establishment, and by tact and good management he has gained a large fortune, and given to his sons the most profitable newspaper establishment in the United States. The penny press was among newspapers what the Dollar Magazine is among monthly periodicals; it did not cause a revolution, but it created an entirely new element in the business of life and enlarged the influence of that great machine, the daily Press, and extended its potent sway where it must ever have remained unfelt and unknown. The penny papers have the largest circulations of any daily papers published in the country; the Sun of New York has a circulation of about 35,000 copies daily and the Philadelphia Ledger of about the same number.—But even a circulation of 35,000, large as it seems, is but small compared with the population of New York, which is 500,000. As our Magazine is not intended for any particular class, but is made to suit the wants of the whole world of English readers, we expect to reach a circulation of four times the number of any daily or weekly paper ever published. Of the successors of Mr. Beach we can confidently speak as possessing the necessary qualifications for conducting a paper of the immense circulation and influence of the Sun. Mr. Moses S. Beach has for some years been the "responsible" editor, and on him has devolved the arduous duties of continual and laborious action as well as that watchfulness so necessary in directing and guiding. That he will "tread in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," to the entire satisfaction of the community, none who know him will doubt in the least. Of his partner, Mr. Alfred E. Beach, we may be excused for saying a few words. He grew up, as it were, with us, from boyhood's days, and was one of our earliest and warmest hearted friends. When the world looked coolly upon us, and even partially refused its sympathies, when those who had for years walked side by side with us as friends, (friends in the literal, dictionary definition of the word,) turned coldly away from communion, and proffered advice which they freely gave because it cost nothing, when old men were profuse in predictions and charity in charity, and young men were cool in congratulations and contemptuous in civilities, and we were disgusted with lip service, which flowed as water—to waste!—then we found in him a friend, a true, a noble-hearted friend, who always *had* stood by us in trouble, and who, to this day, has done the same. Acting only on the impulses of a noble heart, he warmly clasped our hand in his own, and proved one who would not forget in manhood the nature of his school-boy sympathies. The honorary title of *man*—*man* in the fullest, noblest, manliest acceptance of the word—is his, and, if the title honors him through its bestowal, he reciprocates by an acceptance. And now that he is fairly launched upon his new career, we tender him the hand of friendship, as he, time and again, has given us his own, and wish him all the prosperity and happiness, all the success and worldly wealth which he so richly merits. May his shadow in the Sun never be less, nor his prospects on the earth more liable to earthly destruction. . . . The sixth volume of Washington Irving's works has been issued by Putnam, in a style of corresponding elegance with the other volumes of this author's writings; it contains the whole of Bracebridge Hall, a work which is still popular after a quarter of a century's existence. This work has higher merits than the Sketch Book, because, although composed of separate essays like that popular work,

it is a history of a family, and all the different parts help to elucidate each other. The stories introduced into Bracebridge Hall, by way of interludes; the "Student of Salamanca," "Dolph Heyliger," "Annette Delabre," and the "Spectre Ship," are so wholly foreign to the main interest of the work that they tend to lessen its merit. They are well enough by themselves, but they do not harmonize with the other ingredients, and we suspect that they are generally skipped by the majority of readers. Irving is just such a writer as could hardly have been looked for in America; without any of the prejudices of Englishmen he is thoroughly English in the quiet humor which pervades his writings. His sketches of English character are as fine as anything that has ever emanated from an English pen; the pictures of domestic life in Bracebridge Hall have never been excelled by any English author; Ready-Money Jack, Master Simon, the Squire, the Gipsies, Lady Lillycraft, the General, the Rooks, and all the dependants of an English Country House are not merely sketched, but finished with a delicacy of touch, that could only have been looked for in a native to the manor born. He is a thorough artist, and leaves nothing unfinished or in a slovenly condition. And he shows a proper respect for his reader, as well as a proper regard for himself, by not attempting anything which he is not fully competent to finish. It is a fortunate circumstance that he can now, when his writings have become classics, superintend the republication of his earlier works, and so consign them to posterity in a perfect form. They are most beautifully published, and together form the proudest monument of which our native literature can boast. It is not a little remarkable that the most popular of modern English authors, Dickens, confesses that he modeled his style after that of Washington Irving, and felt pride in being compared with him. Our great prose writer is still living in the midst of us, in a hale and hearty bachelorhood, spending his time partly at his quiet residence on the Hudson, near Sleepy Hollow, and partly in the city, surrounded by his old friends, and in intimacy with the literary eminences of the country. He may generally be seen at mid-day in the store of his publisher in Broadway, and those who formed their ideas of him from the portraits which have been published would hardly recognize in the prim looking old gentleman in a brown wig the author of "The Wife" and Knickerbocker's History. . . . Literary people are very often unfortunate in their matrimonial engagements: there seems to be a perversity in literary women, in particular, in throwing themselves away upon men who have no sympathy in their tastes or pursuits. Women of brilliant talents seem to take pleasure in uniting themselves to the merest sticks of men, as though they selected them on purpose as foils. During the past month the public journals have been filled with the particulars of the domestic infelicities of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler and her husband. He married her for her beauty and talents and she him for his wealth. Where there was no sympathy in the beginning there was no likelihood of its growing by familiarity. Mr. Malaprop was of opinion that it was better to begin with a little dislike, in matrimony, but we have never known aversion to change into love by marriage. The safer way, we think, with due deference to Mrs. Malaprop, is to begin with a little love. The case of Mrs. Butler is one of peculiar hardship; for a woman to be deprived of the care of her children, through the instrumentality of her husband, is one of the most melancholy that we can conceive of. Many of the letters which passed between Mrs. Butler and her husband, in relation to their separation, have been published, which reveal a sad story of suffering. The following letter from Mrs. Butler to her husband proves her to

be a noble-hearted, generous woman, and we cannot but think that the man whose conduct required such an appeal and expostulation was unworthy the affection or confidence of her, whose happiness he had destroyed :

"THURSDAY, December 15th.

"My Dear Pierce :—The other day, when I asked you what it was that you required from me, when you rejected the attempt at a reconciliation, that my affection and conscience both prompted me to make, you replied, that until I obeyed your will you would not be reconciled to me. In reflecting more solemnly upon our sad condition, and the means by which I may have been instrumental in causing it, and the means (if any) by which I might perhaps ameliorate it, I have been at a loss to imagine in what I have disobeyed your will or opposed any wish of yours, but with regard to the question which you asked me about the money which I had borrowed from my sister—this I believe—I mean, refusing to answer that question, is the only act of opposition to your will with which I can tax myself.

"At the time when I refused to satisfy you upon that point, your mode of interrogating me was such as to rouse all the worst feelings of my nature, pride, resentment, and a resistance which I conceived justified, to a demand which I thought you had no right to make.

"But I perceive that our position is so perilous now, our future happiness more, much more, our future conduct seems threatened at this moment by such fatal influences, that there is no possible concession of pride, or resentment, or any other feeling, that I am not prepared to make for the sake of retrieving the past, and averting the future. That future! Do you see what it is? Do you contemplate, as I do, in it, the utter destruction of all our hopes, the deterioration, it may be the complete degradation of our character? Look through the remainder of our youth, more than one half of which is now already passed, at what lies before us—a home without love, without peace, without virtue, whence we shall each of us make haste to depart as from a place accursed, to seek forgetfulness of all its disappointments, at bitter sources which will return nothing but poison into our hearts? Look further yet, think of the lonely present, the dark accusing retrospect, the cheerless and fearful prospect which must close the existence of two human beings, who have thus wickedly wasted every blessing that ever was bestowed upon creatures most favored by Providence.

"For what a lot might ours be! Have we not youth, health, a most fortunate social position, many friends who rejoice in our welfare, our children? Oh! Pierce, Pierce! I look at our children and tremble, lest God should strike them for our sins; lest we should be punished in some awful way, through them, for our abuse of all the benefits which are daily showered upon us, and which we are turning into judgments against ourselves. For God's sake, and for your children's sake, and for your own sake, Pierce, my husband, oh, still my most tenderly beloved, let us be wise before it is too late; show me wherein I have sinned in this our terrible condition, and mercifully help me to amend it.

"Save yourself, and me, Pierce, and our darling children, from a ruin worse than any worldly beggary, from self-condemnation of each other, from a daily and hourly departure further and further from all noble and holy influences. Let us be friends, let us be christians, let us return to our duties, and to the path where peace and happiness are found. I implore you by that love which you once had for me, by that unalterable love which I still bear you, and which makes me dread being the cause of wrong in you, more than any conceivable thing, put away from your heart all evil thoughts and feelings towards me, forgive me, forgive me, and deal with me with righteous and merciful dealing, and spare yourself the reproaches of your conscience, and the upbraidings of your better nature. Do not, for God's sake, give yourself up to unworthy pursuits and pleasures; remember your children, Pierce, and as you hope to influence them towards what is noble, virtuous and excellent, do not forsake them and me, and destroy our common life, which, if not one of sacred mutual duties, of mutual help, compassion and affection, must be a thing accursed and evil to us all, which we shall have to answer for having made so. Before writing to you, I prayed to God to grant that I might speak to your heart as I have spoken from my own. May He bless you, and guide you, and enlighten you, my husband."

In affairs of this kind, it is unsafe for an outsider to give an opinion, but we cannot help thinking that the noble woman of genius was sacrificed to the jealousy of a husband who was incapable of appreciating her superiority.

The jealousy was of her superiority, her husband was not willing to be known only as the husband of Fanny Kemble, and it was his own fault that he chose for his wife a woman who was so much his superior in mental greatness. The fault, certainly, was not hers. What sort of a person this was, upon whom the high-spirited, noble-minded, and beautiful Fanny Kemble bestowed her love and her hand, may be judged from the following extract from another of her letters to him :

"My sister leaves town on Monday. I shall not remain in her house after her departure. Perhaps as you have undertaken the management of your own household, you might choose to make such arrangements as, by enabling us to live entirely separate, would also restore me to my children, from whom, I have nowise deserved to be parted, whose loss is unutterably grievous to me, and who must suffer in many ways from my absence. In proposing this arrangement to you, namely, an entire separate establishment, though in the same house, I must explain the motives that lead me to suggest this plan. You have apparently lost all affection and regard for me, and have attained such a state of indifference towards me, that you can see me and speak to me as you would to one of your servants, or a common acquaintance, while in every essential of intimate intercourse, affection, confidence, kindness, we are utterly estranged, and have as little in common, whether of sentiment or interest, as two people who had never seen each other till yesterday. This state of things appears perfectly agreeable, or at least, endurable to you—it is not so to me. I told you so the other day. I now repeat it, together with my reasons for not being able to endure it, which I also laid before you the other day. Having loved you well enough to give you my life when it was best worth giving—having made you the centre of all my hopes of earthly happiness—having never loved any human being as I have loved you, you can never be to me like any other being; it is utterly impossible that I should ever regard you with indifference. My whole existence having once had you for its sole object, and all its thoughts, hopes, affections and passions, having in their full harvest been yours, as you well know they were, it is utterly impossible I should forget this; that I should forget that you were once my lover and are my husband and the father of my children; such love as mine has been for you, might in evil hearts and by evil means be turned into hatred; but be sure it never can become indifference in any one, nor in me can it as certainly ever become hatred. I cannot behold you without emotion; my heart still answers to my voice, my blood in my veins to your footsteps; and if this emotion is to be one of perpetual pain—sudden, violent, intense, almost intolerable pain—judge how little I am endowed by nature with a temperament fit to endure so severe and incessant a trial. My intercourse with you, if not a source of happiness, becomes one of anguish, and the necessary communion which a life of intimacy brings, furnishes perpetually occasions of suffering greater than I can bear. I have told you this already. I appealed to your humanity, when, after a prolonged season of this species of mental torture, I found myself, from a combination of moral and physical causes, so nearly deprived of my senses as to be upon the point of destroying myself. I entreated you to save me from the horrible state of nervous malady into which this very kind of intercourse with you had thrown me. God knows your answer was hardly that of a man, much less of a friend or husband."

Here is an extract from another of her letters to her husband, who seeks to obtain a divorce from her on the ground of her deserting him :

"I hear with great pain that you are ill. I dare not come to you for fear of annoying and irritating you, but I implore you to let me come to you, and be with you while you are suffering and helpless. Oh! Pierce, I love you dearly; pray let me come and nurse you. I am miserable to hear of your illness—only send me word that I may come,—pray—pray do, dear Pierce."

THE IMMENSITY OF LONDON.—New York is fast striding towards the first rank of cities; its population, in the city proper, is at least half a million, while the suburbs, dependent upon the city, and whose population do in fact belong to it, number at least two hundred thousand, so that New York may be considered as large a city as Paris, and half as large as London, which is the monster town of the world.

But the comparative magnitude of a city cannot be determined by its population; their relative condition must be considered in making an estimate of their comparative grandeur. The number of poor people in London is much greater than that of New York. It makes a great difference whether ten families live in one house or in ten houses. We have been led to draw some comparisons between the two cities from looking over some London statistics, drawn from the London Post Office Directory: an English writer, in commenting on them, says: "London, the mother of two millions of children, must be fed. Looking, then, to the list of those on whom the task devolves, we find, in the first place, a corps of 2500 bakers. It has been calculated that this corps consumes and disposes of in all about 1,000,000 quarters of wheat each year. Four-fifths of this is made into bread, and distributed among the inhabitants of the metropolis in the shape of quarter loaves, to the number annually of 15,000,000. The bread thus provided cannot—so at least say they who can afford to say it—be consumed without butter, and we find 900 buttermen coming in to the rescue, with 11,000 tons of butter every year, and 13,000 tons of cheese! Bread and butter are suggestive of tea and sugar; and we find the large number of 30,000 grocers and tea dealers helping to spread our tables with the luxuries and comforts of the East. We are thus also naturally conducted to the dairy, which employs 900 established dairy keepers, with a whole army of Welsh and Irish milkmen and women, and *professes* to afford an annual supply of 8,000,000 gallons of milk, but, as will be readily conjectured by those who are familiar with the anomalous aspect of this fluid in London, great uncertainty attaches to all statistics about it. Her dinner-table is supplied with meat by upwards of 1700 master butchers, with their men; and the annual number of beasts slaughtered for use, including oxen, sheep, calves, and pigs, amounts, as is calculated, to 1,701,000. Her more luxurious children spend £80,000 a year on poultry, and employ therefore a proportionate number of poulterers. Her supply of fish is the duty of more than 400 chief fishmongers; and although it is impossible to give a correct estimate, her annual consumption of this article cannot fall short of 15,000,000 pounds and is probably above that quantity. Her vegetables and dessert are the occupation of nearly 1300 green grocers and fruiterers, and, it is supposed, cost annually about £1,000,000 sterling. Her table is supplied with wine by 1000 merchants; and, alas! her poor are poisoned with intoxicating beverages by *eleven thousand* public houses! On account of the great distance from place to place, and the manner in which a "connection" is scattered, it is customary for butchers, bakers, fishmongers, green grocers, and some other tradesmen, to send out their respective wares in spring-rigs, or, as they are usually termed, 'White chapel Carts.' In London and its environs the number of these vehicles is very great. Milk is usually served from pans suspended by a yoke from the shoulders. The supplying of milk (from the pump as well as the cow) is considered a good trade; and we can at all events certify that 'our milkman' and his wife on a late occasion went to the Opera as gaily attired as 'the best of 'em.' If this instance of 'the way the money goes' be thought surprising to strangers, it will give them a notion of the extent of trade carried on in apparently insignificant situations, when we mention that 'our fishmonger,' who occupies a little shop scarcely larger than a sentry-box, is rated at £200 a year by the income-tax commissioners. The greater number of these small tradesmen, as they are ordinarily termed, are far from economical in their habits, though it must be owned they earn their money by a course of industry beyond anything exem-


plary. To return from this digression. The clothing trades of London are numerous, and in many instances on an extensive scale. It is commonly alleged that the fair sex are exclusively addicted to the extravagance of dress. Whether what we are about to state will roll away this disgrace or not from them, we dare not affirm; let gentlemen, however, be made acquainted with this truth, that our parent city keeps for us alone 2880 master tailors, while, for the other sex, her establishment of milliners of the same position only amounts to 1080. We are bound, however, to add, that she also sustains upwards of 1400 chief linen-draper and haberdashers. Her boot and shoemakers number about 2160, and her hosiers between 300 and 400." Here is a piece of curious information from the same source: "The number of persons employed, in consequence of the sub-division of labor, upon a single article of general requisition, has often attracted observation. Take, for example, a watch, and let us notice how many master mechanics in London are employed in its construction. There are 9 cap makers, 42 case makers, 15 dial plate makers, 1 silversmith of watch and clock countenances, a number of enamellers, engine turners and chasers, 9 engravers, 15 escapement makers, 8 finishers, 4 fuse makers, 23 case gilders, 12 watch-glass makers, 10 hand makers, 2 index makers, 24 jewellers of holes, 5 joint finishers, 3 makers of watch-keys, 4 dealers in watch materials, 25 watch-motion makers, 1 pallet jeweller, 2 pallet makers, 3 pendant makers, 3 pinion makers, 36 secret-spring makers, 10 watch-spring makers, 11 tool makers, 5 wheel makers, and 686 so-called watch makers! Thus there are 25 distinct and well-marked branches of this trade, or, in all, about 968 master tradesmen, of course employing a large number of operatives, engaged in the construction and sale of watches in London." An extremely interesting essay might be written on the different trades and occupations of our own metropolis, where nearly every man makes his own living by his industry. . . . NEW YORK AS IT IS.—There have recently been a class of publications issued in different forms, professing to give representations of *New York As It Is*, which might with much greater propriety be called *New York As It Isn't*. They exaggerate, if exaggeration be possible in such cases, descriptions of the vilest haunts of the vilest part of the people and call them pictures of "Life in New York." To those who are ignorant of the existence of such places, this kind of knowledge imparts neither pleasure nor profit. Such filthy and revolting revelations can answer no good purpose. But they are to the last degree pernicious and absurd when given as representations of "New York As It Is." There are such places in the city, as those described, unquestionably, but they form a very inconsiderable part of New York. New York as it is, is a City of churches, of benevolent institutions, of thrifty merchants, of comfortable houses, of lecture rooms, atheneums, libraries, theatres and markets; of ship yards, manufactories, warehouses, hotels, of intelligent mechanics, work-shops and printing offices; of elegancies and refinements, of peace, abundance, and rational enjoyments. In giving a picture of New York these should not be omitted; to represent the low and filthy haunts of the idle, the dissolute, the vicious and their victims, and to call such representations a picture of New York as it is, is much farther from the truth than it would be to give representations of the churches, the Bible House, the Sunday schools, the prayer meetings and the lecture-rooms, and call them by such a name. New York as it is, is very far from being what it might be, but it is infinitely better than the writers who represent it as a second Sodom would try to make the world believe. The 'Spirit

of the Times," in commenting on one of the dramatic representation to which we have alluded, says: "Yes, New York is represented, not, as was once the custom, by members in Congress or Assembly, but by a pick-pocket, and a mere utilitarian companion—a 'bank forger'—being the first appearance of such a personage on the stage or in the lexicon. Nor do people see the fun in having the contents of their pockets transferred, and we have no doubt whatever but it will become a highly popular amusement neatly to extract wallets and purses—should you prove unsuccessful, you may become the hero of a tragedy—at all events, of a farce.".....**PAY OF AUTHORS.**—The correspondent of an English paper gives the following particulars respecting the remuneration which certain well-known writers have received for their works:

"The late Mr. Tegg, the publisher in Cheapside, London, gave the following list of remunerative payments to distinguished authors in his time, and he is believed to have taken considerable pains to verify the terms. Fragments of History by Charles Fox, sold by Lord Holland for 5000 guineas. Fragments of History by Sir James Mackintosh, £500.—Lingard's History of England, £4683. Sir Walter Scott's Bonaparte was sold, with printed books, for £18,000. The Life of Wilberforce, by his sons, 4000 guineas. Life of Byron by Moore, £4000. Life of Sheridan by Moore, £2000. Life of Hannah More, £2000. Life of Cowper by Southey, £1000. Life and Times of George IV, by Lady C. Bury' £1000. Byron's Works, £20,000. Lord of the Isles, half share, £15,000. Lalla Rookh, by Moore, £3000. Rejected Addresses, by Smith, £1000. Crabbe's Works, republication, by Murray, £3000. Wordworth's Works, republication, by Mr. Moxon, £1050. Bulwer's Rienzi, £1600. Marryat's Novels, £500 to £1000 each. Troiloppe's Factory Boy, £1800. Hannah More derived £30,000 per annum from her copy-rights during the latter years of her life. Rundell's Domestic Cookery, £2000. Nicholas Nickleby, £3000. Eustace's Classical Tour, £2000. Sir Robert H. Inglis obtained for the widow of Bishop Heber, by the sale of the Journal, £5000. (The nett receipts of the first two editions of Sir Walter Scott's Bonaparte are estimated to have been £10,000.)"

In addition to the above, Mr. Tegg has given the sums which he has made by publishing American books without paying their authors a penny; we have been told that this Tegg cleared \$30,000 by the publication of Mrs Child's "Frugal Housewife.".....**JOHN NEAL'S IDEA OF POETRY.**—John Neal has been very quiet during the last half dozen years, but he has just broken out a-fresh in a new place, but with an old subject. John was always perplexed to define poetry, but he has at last given a very striking exemplification of what he considers poetry. In an essay which he calls "What is Poetry?" published in one of the Magazines, the vehement Down Easter says: "Not long ago I heard a very respectable gentleman say of his grandchild in a doze, 'Take that baby out and stretch him on a board, and fasten him down, and give him a lick of black paint all over,—and don't let him wink till he dries!' Yet he never dreamed that he was talking poetry—and in a fair way of rivaling Dante himself." John is, himself, a poet, and therefore he ought to know all about such things, but if that precious old file who wanted to give his grandchild a lick of black paint should ever happen to rival Dante we hope to hear of it. His name ought to have been given so that Dr. Griswold might put him among the rest of the American poets and also give the specimen of poetry quoted by Mr. Neal. We do not deny that John Neal is a very high authority in literary matters, but his ideas as to what constitutes a poet, are, certainly, very peculiar....."**THE art preservative**" of the human face divine is endowed with so many "professorships" and subjected to so much competition in the way of puffing and noticing, that a person hardly knows where a good picture can be obtained, so to those laboring under such fears we wish to offer a little advice.—

Examine the Portraits of American Divines in the last volume of Holden's, universally acknowledged to be perfect in naturalness, fidelity of expression, and correctness of outline, and you will observe each picture was taken by Mr. A. Morand, the artist *par excellence* of our great metropolis. Mr. Morand, who is one of the oldest operators in the country, deserves, as well as receives, the support of the picture-loving community, and our readers can, in part, thank him for the excellent portraits of the clergymen, so generally lauded by the Press.....If our readers will look at page 35, first column, line 37 from the top, and there read *ideal* for *idea*, they will probably get a better idea of our meaning. "Mistakes will happen," &c.....**THE ISLAND CTRY.**—We spoke in very favorable terms of this Weekly Paper last month, and can only reiterate our previously expressed opinions. It is certainly one of the best Family Papers in this City, and presents some features which are peculiar to its columns alone. It is published with numerous engravings in each number, and, as will be found by reference to our cover, is a model of cheapness as well as ability. With the new volume, which has just commenced, is a fitting time for new subscribers, and those who wish to be in the weekly receipt of 25 or 30 columns of good reading, can find such in this agreeable sheet. For terms to Clubs, see our last page.We should also mention the Weekly True Sun, but really have not room till next month.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Devitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as *the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent.* By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain *scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c.* If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere *nominal price* to *country subscribers*, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our *very small* profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered.* For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1849.

NO. II.



OREGON CITY.

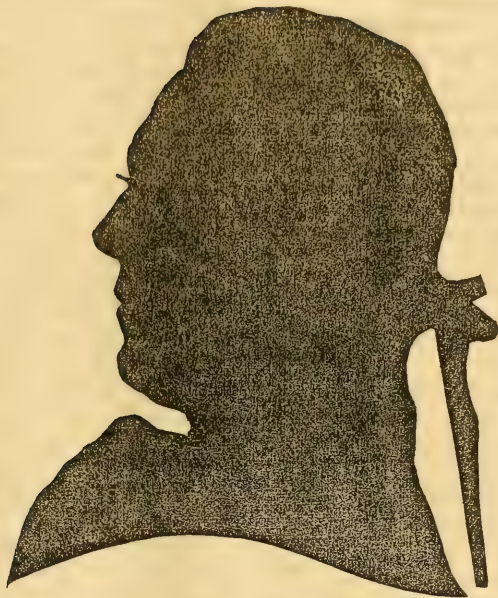
(FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

J. H. HARRISON SCULPT.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



APR 10 1901



MAJOR ANDRE, CUT IN PROFILE BY HIMSELF.

THE LIFE OF MAJOR ANDRE.

WITH SOME FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

BY HENRY A. BUCKINGHAM.

THE fate of Major Andre, so tragical and melancholy, has been alike the theme of the scholastic historian, the poet and the painter.

It will be remembered that he was hung at Tappan, and his body placed in the centre of the field where the gallows was erected. When James Buchanan was appointed British consul, he asked of the English government permission to remove the bones of Andre to his native land.—The order was granted and they were taken to London by a British packet in 1818, and buried under a splendid monument in Westminster Abbey.

In disinterring his remains it was found that a peach tree, which stood at the head of the grave, had completely entwined its roots around the skull of Andre. Nothing was left but the bones and a leathern string, such as was used in tying up the back of the hair, which was worn long at that period.

His last surviving sister, Miss Margaret Andre, died in London three or four years ago at the advanced age of ninety-one. The Major possessed some considerable property, and his last will, dated on Staten Island in 1778, is now on file in the surrogate's office of New York. His papers, literary and otherwise, he left to a friend in London, to select and publish as he thought proper. If these manuscripts are now in existence they might

throw much light on the secret movements of the British army and Arnold's treasonable correspondence.

Andre's native place was London, where he was born in 1749; consequently he was thirty-two years of age at the time of his execution. As his name indicates, he was of French descent, though his father was a native of Switzerland. He was a merchant of London in the Levant trade.

Young Andre received his education at the college in Geneva, though intended by his father to pursue his own business as a merchant. His father having died in 1769, he chose the profession of arms, which had always been his own desire. He entered the British army—the Royal Welsh Fusileer Regiment—as ensign, at the age of twenty-two. The next year he spent, on leave of absence, his time in travelling through Germany and other portions of continental Europe, improving himself in the language and customs of the nations he visited.

Andre was a most accomplished man. He spoke several languages with great fluency, was a fine painter, a good poet, and knew something of every branch of the arts. He corresponded with many of the most distinguished literary men of the time. There was an engagement, it is generally understood, between him and Miss Honora Sneyd, who, after his death, became the wife of Mr.

Edgeworth, uncle to the two Miss Edgeworths, the well-known novel writers.

He was ordered to Canada with the rank of lieutenant, took passage for Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1774. The late General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, one of the bravest colonels in the Maryland line of the Revolution, was a fellow passenger, and always spoke of Andre in the highest terms.

He proceeded leisurely to St. Johns by the way of New York, and reached the post where a portion of the regiment to which he belonged was stationed. Montgomery, with the American army, came before St. Johns in the fall of 1775, which surrendered. Andre was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged and promoted to the rank of captain.

In 1777 he was appointed aid to General Grey, and was present at the battle of Brandywine, the capture of Philadelphia, and the battle of Germantown. He was also engaged at Monmouth, in New Jersey, on the march of Sir Henry Clinton, after his evacuation of Philadelphia to New York. In 1780, when General Grey left for England, he received the appointment of aid to Sir Henry Clinton, and was made adjutant general of the royal army, with the rank of major.

He was a great favorite of Sir Henry, and ardently beloved by his brother officers. In fact, from all accounts, he was entitled to be loved.—With varied talents, of no common order, was united the manners of an educated gentleman. A miniature portrait, painted by himself, in Smith's narrative of his own supposed connection with Arnold's treason, represents a young, mild and pensive face. This miniature was probably made before he left England in 1774.

As a poet, Andre was somewhat famous, particularly in the satirical and humorous vein. Not long before his capture and death he wrote the "Cow Chase," in allusion to the carrying off a large number of cattle from Hackensack and its vicinity, after his unsuccessful attack on the refugee block house at Bull's Ferry.

He wrote a great deal for Rivington's Royal Gazette in New York, and was supposed to be the author of the account of "Mischianza," a tournament given to General Howe at Philadelphia in 1778 by the officers of the British army, at the time of his recall from the command of the British army by the ministry at home.

His correspondence with Honora Sneyd was very extensive, as appears in some little reminiscences she published, occasionally, after his early fate. As an executive officer he was prompt and decisive, and considered the best adjutant general in the service that had held the office during the war. Faithful and loyal he laid down his life for his king and country, and suffered the disgraceful end of a spy.

At what time Arnold commenced his correspondence with the elder Beverly Robinson, a tory colonel in the British army, whose patrimonial estate was on the North River, near West Point, but on the opposite side of the river, is not known. Robinson's property had all been confiscated by the provincial Congress of New York.

It may be that Sir Henry Clinton, knowing Ar-

nold's dissatisfaction at certain supposed ill-treatment from the court martial, before which he was tried for certain peculations as military governor of Philadelphia, may have prompted Sir Henry to sound Arnold through Robinson.

Congress had ordered the investigation, and Arnold had many bitter enemies in that body.—Taking all these things together it is as likely to suppose that the first overture was made to Arnold as that it came from him to the British commander-in-chief. It seems more likely the former, as the immediate correspondence was carried on by Sir Henry's adjutant general and aid, Major Andre, under the assumed name of "John Anderson, merchant, New York," and by Arnold, under the signature of "Gustavus." Most likely Andre's papers, if in existence, could throw light on a subject much doubted by historians.

Be it as it may, the scheme was well, deeply, and, but for almost miraculous circumstances, securely arranged. It may be truly said that Andre was his own executioner, as we will shortly show. Beverly Robinson, being in communication almost daily with his tory friend on the Hudson, and the frequent bearers of flags of truce, was selected to meet Arnold and arrange the details for the capture of West Point.

Robinson was a man somewhat advanced in years, and it was thought better to entrust the matter to a younger man, one more energetic, and a thorough soldier. Andre took his place; ambition on his part made him forget his peril.

What inducements were held out to Andre are not known. The fire of youth was upon him, and the promotion that would follow his success lured him to destruction. Evidently Sir Henry Clinton was his adviser, or he would not have endeavored so strongly to save him after his condemnation and trial. The capture of West Point was thought by Sir Henry Clinton the ending of the war. Vain delusion!

On the 20th September, 1780, Andre left New York in the Vulture sloop-of-war, never again to return alive. The next day the sloop-of-war anchored in Tappan bay. Smith, the agent, came on board with a communication for Beverly Robinson, which Andre received and opened.

On the same night he landed on the shores of the Hudson in his uniform, under the direction of Smith. Was it vanity thus to place himself inside the American lines. He had a private interview with Arnold outside of Smith's house, which Smith says lasted until near daylight, when they separated for ever.

The next morning they, Smith and Andre, undertook to return by boat to the Vulture, but she had fallen down the river in consequence of Col. Livingston having brought some heavy guns to bear upon the ship from the shore, which threatened her destruction. This was another link in the web of Andre's capture.

They returned to Smith's house and staid there all night. According to Smith's account, Andre seemed much dejected. Smith says he did not know him otherwise than as an agent of General Arnold's, and that he had no knowledge of Andre in any way.

Andre changed his uniform for a coat of Smith's,

and the latter undertook to go part of the way with Andre to guide him on his route to New York by land. That night they slept within the American lines, Andre, or "John Anderson," appearing more dejected than ever, Smith writes.—He left him next day not a great distance from Tarrytown to pursue his journey alone to New York. He took a road different from the one directed by Smith.

He was captured at Tarrytown by three militia men, by his own want of judgment and coolness, the events of which are too well known to be related. He was taken to the quarters of Colonel Jameson, who commanded the nearest American lines.

Jameson, with perfect stupidity, permitted Andre or Anderson to write a note to Arnold, which the colonel sent forward. This gave time for Arnold to escape by his own barge down the river to the Vulture an hour before Washington's arrival from his interview with Rochambeau, the French commander at Hartford. In the meantime Andre had become known to Washington in a letter by his own confession.

He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hung as a spy, and ordered for death by Washington, on the 30th September. Washington felt an interest in his fate and made an effort to save his life. The following anecdote was related to the writer by Matthias Ogden, Esq., a resident of Jersey City, a son of Colonel Ogden, now deceased, at one time Governor of New Jersey. He was then a captain in the Jersey line.

General Washington sent for him to come to camp. He of course obeyed orders. The following conversation ensued:

"Captain, your brother, Colonel Ogden, has an excellent horse."

"Yes, sir, but I have one as good."

"You know the road well between here and Powles Hook?"

"Every inch, sir."

"I wish to send a communication to the British officer commanding that post immediately. Select twenty men as a trooper escort; mount them on any horses you may choose, and come to my quarters at once."

"I will take the men out of my own company, sir, and mount them."

He was not long in returning. General Washington handed him a packet, and said,

"Ride as fast as possible to Powles Hook so as to be there by midnight at the extent, and return with the same speed so as to be here to-morrow morning."

"It shall be done, sir."

"A word or two confidentially. Take the commanding officer aside and whisper to him it is for Sir Henry Clinton and concerns the exchange of Andre for Arnold."

Captain Ogden, with his escort, rode with such rapidity that they reached Powles Hook about ten o'clock that night. It is now called Jersey City. At that time it was a peninsular, a creek separating it from the main line. Ogden bore a flag of truce, and was admitted, leaving his men on the other side of the creek. The officers were just seated at the mess table for supper when he was introduced.

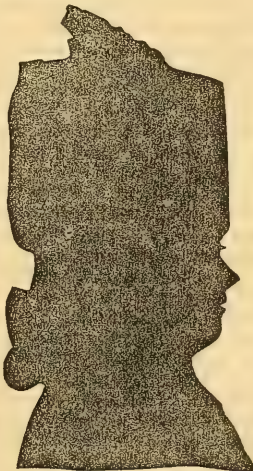
He delivered his letter with the talismanic words in private. The officer's face lighted up with joy, he called for a boat, introduced the captain to the officers, who was invited to take a seat with them. Never was he better treated; the wine flowed freely, but there was no jest or joke passing round as usual. It seemed as if the officers anticipated his errand, and awaited with anxiety their commander's return. It was midnight before he came back, and his countenance was full of gloom. Taking Captain Ogden aside, he said, "Sir Henry Clinton says it is impossible in honor to deliver up Arnold, and if he did, there would be no spies; all would be suspicious of being delivered up."

Ogden immediately left. He found that his men had not been neglected, but well taken care of. They returned and reached camp within the required time. Thus Washington's attempt to save Andre's life failed, as did a meeting for the same purpose between General Greene on one side and General Robertson on the other.

On the 2d of October, 1780, (Andre, who had been reprieved, in the hopes of Arnold's delivery, to that time,) was hung at Tappan. He died like a brave man. Washington has been censured for not complying with Andre's request to be shot.—Who ever heard of a spy being shot? There is no such record in the annals of war.

To the honor of Captain Ogden be it said, he did not see Andre executed. He refused to go, he thought so much of the man. He perished as much regretted by the American as the British officers.

We give with this article fac simile profile cuts of himself and the Earl of Cathcart, then a colonel in the British army, as a specimen of Andre's skill as an artist. That he died justly by the rules of war none can doubt, but alas! to protect such a wretch as Arnold. Few names will go down to other generations more pitied and lamented than that of MAJOR JOHN ANDRE.



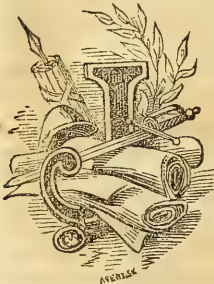
EARL OF CATHCART.

PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.



UST at the close of the past summer, it was our privilege to sojourn at a hospitable old English house in Hertfordshire—a stately mansion with abundant space—and yet, withal, so comfortable and suggestive!—every nook fitted with old story-telling cabinets, or great high book-cases crammed with rare books—books that con-

jure up old memories, talk in quaint language, and have a dark-determined-knowledge-look. The walls, too, were impressive teachers, hung with fine portraits—Vandyke, Lely, and Sir Joshua—speaking from the canvass. And when our eyes were uplifted from the page, it was so delightful to us city dwellers to gaze out of the large windows into the green park, diving through dark recesses and deep hollows—beneath huge ‘Patrician trees.’ So still, so solitary was the dwelling, that, but for the hallowing view of the Church tower, and the smoke from the adjacent village of Aldbury, we might have deemed ourselves detenus in ‘the happy valley.’ It was so delicious to watch the clouds gathering over Moneybury Hill; to canter through the never-ending green drives of Ashbridge; to wonder at the tameness of the forest deer; to speculate on the geological formation of Incombehole, where giants might play at bowls; to creep among the venerable box-hedges, and appreciate the taste of the old monks of Aylesbury, who here established a Health-house for such of the brethren as were ‘sick in the flesh,’ to pause still longer on the ‘Beacon Hill,’ that rises boldly and verdantly above the village of Ivinghoe, and recall much that we have read, or tradition tells us, of the times of England’s bitter struggle between Despotism and Liberty,—when upon that very hill was kindled the answering fire, which told to Harrow the issue of the fight at Edge-hill, that Harrow might tell it to eager and anxious London! What fearful times—fearful to read of even now—most fearful to those who knew that the freedom of future England was in their keeping; when one of the hard Iron men, in whose high bravery and truth of purpose our utilitarian age finds it no easy matter to have faith, exclaimed, in the Commons House of Parliament, ‘We must fight as in a cock-pit—we are surrounded by the sea—we have no stronger holds than our own skulls and our own ribs to keep out our enemies!’

Pacing further back, we recalled the old rhyme—

‘Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
From the HAMPDENS did goe
For striking the Black Prince a blowe.’

The three sisters were within our ken, while we stood on the Beacon Hill, and, without pausing to consider whether History confirms or contradicts the legend, THE NAME, thus suggested, reminded us that the home, and the grave, of the truest—the purest—the best—of England’s Patriots, was nigh at hand, among the far-famed Hills of the Chiltern Hundreds.* A morning drive would take us there, through the quaint villages and green lanes of Buckinghamshire—all tranquil and grateful for the abundant realities of a full-lapped autumn; and then we might have some hours to ramble amid scenes the great and high hearted Patriot loved so well; thus commencing our PILGRIMAGES by a visit to one of the most interesting of England’s hallowed SHRINES.

We passed that evening with Lord Nugent’s interesting history of the Patriot, to whose dwelling we had vowed a pilgrimage; calling in, occasionally, to council, one of the Old Chronicles, or consulting a volume of grave Parliamentary Reports—resolved to strengthen and refresh our memory, before presuming to look upon the honored urn that contains the ashes of John Hampden.

We all knew when he was born—in 1604; that the city of London was his birth-place; and that he manifested an early love of letters, overcome only by those stern duties of the times to which taste and pleasure must unobtrusively yield. His reputation for scholarly attainments must have been considerable; for he was chosen to write the gratulations on the union of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth. Strange destiny! that Prince Rupert, the issue of that marriage, should have led the troops at Chalgrove, by whom John Hampden was slain! We found him, in 1613, studying the law in the Inner Tem-

* From these Chiltern Hills is derived the name of three of the hundreds of Buckinghamshire, viz: Stoke, Desborough, and Bonenharn, constituting a district to which very frequent reference is made in the proceedings of Parliament, by means of the well-known phrase, “taking the Chiltern Hundreds.” It is a mere ceremony, a legal fiction, expressed by the words accepting the situation of steward or bailiff of her Majesty’s Chiltern Hundreds—an office purely nominal; for though, perhaps, the claim to some fees might be enforced, if duties were performed, yet as no functions are ever discharged, so no rewards are acquired by the holder; it is therefore only “in the eye of the law” that it is an “office of emolument.” No such office can be conferred by the Crown on a member of the House of Commons without his thereby vacating his seat; and it is only by obtaining office that any person, *qualified* to sit in Parliament can rid himself of the duties which any body of constituents may impose, even without his consent.

ple; there acquiring the knowledge to which he afterwards gave practice to the salvation of that law. Yet this study in no degree hardened his nature; nor did it ever become stern under Puritan ascendancy: he loved worthily, and at twenty-five years old—in 1629—married whom he loved—Elizabeth, the daughter of Edmund Symeon, Lord of the Manor of Pytton in Oxfordshire. His lineage was old and honorable, his fortune more than ample, his love successful, his mind nurtured to perfectness by severe and thoughtful studies, and enriched and adorned by the higher delights of poetry; while his healthful frame enabled him to enjoy all country sports amid the delicious scenery he loved—as fathers love their children—where he cherished, as twin-born, the home affections and the Liberty that glorifies the name of ENGLAND. How clearly we felt, while tracing out the vast possessions that made him, perhaps, the richest Commoner in the kingdom, and reveling over the little of either conversations or correspondence, that remain to those who would have sate at his feet for instruction—how clearly we felt that he was *forced* by troublous times from the privacy he loved; appearing suddenly, as Sir Philip Warwicke says, ‘with all great qualities ripened about him, of which he had never given a crude or ostentatious promise.’ He was, indeed, compelled to raise the standard by what, among many high and noble qualities, was the highest and noblest quality of his nature—a deep, stern, true, unquailing love of Justice! Although in Parliament during a portion of the reign of the first James, his fame, filling all England, is based upon the occurrences of the last few years of his great life. Like his cousin Cromwell, he entered the arena when the blaze of youth had sunk into the deep burning fire of middle age, he had numbered forty years before he was recognized as ‘the patriot Hampden.’ There is no record of his having bowed in the ante-room of the coarse and faithless James, for the title his mother coveted for her son: he had nobler aspirations, nobler company, than that which waited there; the Chronicles are radiant with the glorious names of those who constituted with him the GREAT MOVEMENT—the Parliamentary party. How they echo through the vaults of history! Wentworth, and Pym, and Eliot and Selden! But we write not a Chronicle—though tempted to dwell upon strange records of strange times—often with natural indignation, when we read how James, scrambling through his dignity more like an idiot-baby than an anointed king, could offer insults to men like these!

We glanced rapidly over the early reign of his successor, the first Charles; dignified by some high virtues; disfigured by lack of forethought and want of truth; born out of season; belonging to the past, unwilling to advance, if not incapable of moving, with the times that rose and swelled about him! Then the gathering of Parliaments—dark clouds heralding a tempest—now dispersing; now collecting—outraged in their dearest rights and privileges—struggling for their constituents, as men struggle for life, against ‘imposts,’ and ‘levies,’ and the worse mockery of ‘loans,’ which no man was free to refuse; Hamp-

den with his friends—laboring with them to the death, yet seeking no self-glory. As the horizon darkens, as the storm gathers, so does this great spirit come brightly forward—suffering imprisonments even in the GATE-HOUSE,* but never swerving, for a moment, from the path of honor-



able, though perilous, duty. How glad are we to find him again free; and though retaining his seat for Wendover, once more listening to natural thunder from the depths of his own deep woods—watching the increasing breach between the king and the people, but surrounded by his home affections, while upholding the Puritan doctrines in which he trusted, and pondering the means of checking the tide of unlawful prerogative.—Strange minglings of good and evil!—inseparable from all destinies! He had suffered persecution, indignity, and imprisonment; but he was at home—with the wife of his bosom—the children of his love! Trusting in God—trusting, yet prompt for action. We rejoiced with him in his enjoyment of the free air, and in his strong hope of the future—the strongest of all strengths; but there and then a sorrow came upon him that, for a time, obliterated the past—put aside for awhile the public wrongs that wrung his heart; for even more full of agony than the wail of oppressed England, was the deep-toned bell of that little church—where they all sleep now—when it knelled out to hill and valley that the mistress of Hampden—the beloved and cherished of its lord, the wife and friend of his youth—had been called away from him, when her counsel, tenderness, and affection were needed most.

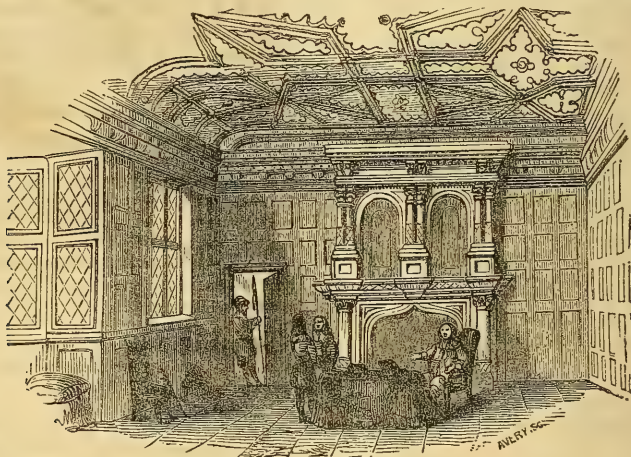
It takes brief time to read or tell of these events. Alas! the seeds of civil war were soon sown, and nurtured, both by King and Parlia-

* Hampden was confined in the Gate-House for his opposition to the forced loans endeavored to be imposed on the country in 1625. This prison, which obtained much celebrity during the civil war on account of the incarceration of so many eminent men within its walls, was erected in the reign of Edward III., and was originally the principal approach to the enclosure of the Monastery at Westminster from the open space in front of the western towers of the Abbey. It was converted into an ecclesiastical prison shortly afterwards, and was used for criminals on the suppression of monasteries. It was pulled down in 1777, at which period it had become a debtors' prison. Our view is from a drawing published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1836.

ment, who, now, wearied of each other, sought not peace. If the olive branch were held out, it was stripped of its leaves, and showed but as a dry and sapless twig. The patriot's energy was summoned from retirement by another blow struck at the country's liberty by the issue of a writ for the levying of 'SHIP MONEY.' SHIP MONEY! words steeped in the best and bravest blood of England—words to which we owed eleven years of nearly uninterrupted civil war! At the head of the resistants to this new impost, stood John Hampden; the eyes of the court and the people were alike turned upon the champion now ungloved; the subject fighting for the law—the monarch *against* it; the King and the Commoner pitted against each other to the death, all Europe abiding the issue! The Commoner was overthrown, but not in fair fight; the 'court rescue'

was the establishment of general discontent; the King and the People were separated for ever by a matter of thirty-two shillings and sixpence!

Turning over the leaves of old and modern histories, we found that ancient worthies of the Chilterns differ as to the exact spot upon which the money was levied, many localities contending for the glory. No matter the place; there is no doubt as to who piloted English liberty through this particular storm. After its lull, brief as it was, Oliver Cromwell and John Hampden would have sailed, with a chosen band of Puritan friends, to Connecticut; but the doomed king forbade their departure! Well for us that it was so. Truly, enjoying, as we were, that evening, the freedom of free speaking, thinking our own thoughts, and uttering our own words, without dread of STAR-CHAMBER* or GATE-HOUSE, we



carried back these thoughts to things those grand old champions of our liberty wrought for us. Why do we utter hard words against these iron

men in unadorned helmets? Staunch, stern, true, deep-hearted men,—enthusiasts, as all must be who work great changes,—men combatting with themselves as well as with their foes; fighting with the arm of flesh; and yet at war with those passions which lead strong men captive,—heroes in a double sense!

How rapidly, with those old books as our guides, did we pass over an interval of some ten

* The resuscitation of levies for furnishing ships to the king was one of the last acts of the life of Noy, the Attorney-General, who, by similar researches among obsolete usages, had already embroiled the court and country. He did not live to see this act enforced, but his friend the Lord Keeper Coventry warmly approving all means of extortion, revived a practice which had only existed in the earliest stages of English government, before the rights of the sovereign and people had been clearly defined: and which had, in these distant days, been but sparingly resorted to. Finding that sea-port and other towns had occasionally been called upon to furnish ships for the service of the crown, it was determined to revive the forgotten power which had been abrogated by Magna Charta, and make it the means of raising a direct and heavy tax over the whole kingdom, subject to the king's will alone. The pretended reason for the rate was the aggression of Turkish and other pirates; yet was the money obtained by this unpopular and unconstitutional tax so badly applied, that the Algerines took many English vessels, and made captives of nearly 5000 Englishmen, while the Dutch seized two ships (East India-men) valued at £300,000. At no period of our country's history was the British flag and the sovereignty of the seas less respected. The bold opposition of Hampden struck a death-blow to this levy, which had been enforced and obtained, owing to the fears of some, and the disinclination of others, who looked less at the great principle involved in the right of arbitrary taxation in the crown, than at the sum required from each person, and the trouble and danger of opposition.

* This building may be considered as the focus of Charles' despotism. From hence issued all the extortionate loans and levies which ended in the great civil war. So frightful in the end did it become, that its name infused terror, and to be "Star-chambered," was applied as a term indicative of the severest and cruellest infliction of semi-legal tyranny. In this court were men summoned by extra-judicial right, fined mercilessly and extravagantly, branded as felons, their noses split, and ears cut off, for acts and words less strong than many in use daily by the Press at the present time. The Star-chamber stood on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, and was originally a portion of the royal palace. It obtained the name *Camera Stellata*, from the walls or ceiling having been ornamented with stars; but the building in use for the meetings of this court from the end of the reign of Elizabeth until its abolition in 1641, although probably built on the site of the elder-chamber, was evidently of the Elizabethan era, as the letters E. R. and the date 1603 appeared over one of the doorways. It was pulled down in 1836, for the erection of the New House of Parliament. Our view exhibits the interior of the principal room, from a sketch made immediately previous to the demolition.

or eleven years, and then again find Hampden married to Letitia Vachell; but she could have had but little contentment with her great lord; his habits of life were changed; she never resided with him in the sweet bowers of the Chiltern Hills. He lived for the people's service, not his own pleasure; and during the time passed in London they resided (as we read) in 'lodgings near the house occupied by Pym in Gray's Inn Lane.*

The night was passing, and we were anxious about our next day's pilgrimage; we looked out into the park, the moon was shining brightly upon the upland woods, and the monument at the termination of the avenue to Ashbridge showed like a hugh spectre on the brow of Moneybury Hill. We felt it was time to restore to their shelves the venerable councillors who had revived our knowledge of the past; replacing a volume is like saying adieu to an old and dear friend; and there seemed an almost interminable number of last words to speak before we parted. In them all we saw, pitted against each other, the KING and HAMPDEN—the former, preserving his natural dignity and courtliness of bearing; unsparing of his own toil and presence to work out purposes unworthy;—the latter, having thrown away the scabbard when he drew the sword; chiefest among those who added to their rigid morals a noble and simple vigor; having put on, as Sydney says, 'the athletic habit of liberty for the contest.' And yet, during the short remainder of his

great days how bitterly was 'the Patriot' tried—domestic sorrows loosening the cords of life! The funeral plumes that waved over the coffins of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Knightly, and his eldest son, were stirred by the trumpet blast, the howl of ruined villages, and the still more agonizing pangs of treachery—the treachery of relatives in whom he trusted! The motto on his banner,

'Vestigia nulla retrorsum,'

marked well his public course, and marshalled him, at the head of his troop, clad in the ancestral color of his house, the Lincoln green, to the various fields of Coventry, Southam, Worcester, Evesham, Edge Hill, Reading, Chalgrove; one by one these old chronicles were replaced; yet still we lingered in memory over pages eloquent with facts.

It was impossible to dismiss them from thought without again and again thanking God for the many blessings we enjoy in our age and generation—contrasting England of the present with England of the past; without rejoicing that the best lessons we receive in all high, all true, and more especially, all womanly virtues, issue from the Throne; knowing that no English woman of rank, elevated or humble, can have loftier aims or nobler ambitions, than to regulate a household, to bring up children, to study all domestic duties, in close imitation of Her, whose example is of far weightier force in her Kingdom than all the precepts of her servants in Divinity and Law. The times in which we live may abound in difficulties; the 'Arts of Peace' may have been cultivated to ruinous excess; we may have to guard against the enervating effects of luxury on the one hand, and the debasing inroads of poverty on the other; but we have liberty of conscience, no evil influences in high places, no civil war to ravage our lands and desolate our homes. Our task is but to preserve the freedom, purchased by the bold hearts, great heads, and iron arms of our forefathers—and to be grateful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* When Mr. John Forster was writing the lives of some of these great lights, he sought in vain for vestiges of their dwellings. They were probably "garden-houses" with a pleasant look out towards the country. John Gerard dates the dedication to his *Herbal*, published in 1597, "from my house in Holborne, in the suburbs of London." Gray's Inn Lane was at that time one of the principal roads into London, and was connected by the old bridle-ways with the great north roads at Highgate. In such suburban districts the old aristocracy lived, and the Lord Gray of Wilton having a mansion here in the reign of Edward III., gave name to the *Inn*, which became celebrated as the residence of some of our greatest lawyers.

TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT HUMBUGS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

You welcome me with a right hearty welcome this freezing winter night, do you not? Let me sit down close beside you, and hold your warm hands in my own, for I am cold, and weary, and it does me good to look into your pleasant face this evening, and with my whole heart I cannot refrain from wishing you the happiest possible New Year.

How cheerfully the fire is blazing on your hearth! Ah! there is no humbug at all about *that*; its warmth and cheeriness is a substantial reality—an expansive subject, about which I could expatiate endlessly, did I not feel far too good-natured, now that I am seated close beside you, to pronounce an irrevocable doom upon the odious “air-tights”—and besides, that is not what I have determined to talk about just now.

Hark! how savagely the wind is howling, like a wild beast let loose around the house! No matter for that, when we are so well sheltered. Pile on the wood—draw nearer to the fire, and we will drink to the health of the New Year. How nobly he has come in! With a struggle—but that is past; and now the youth is careering, not in the footsteps of his dead old father—his impetuous feet are rushing forward, whither none of his progenitors have trod. Between you and me, we must love this young stranger, not perhaps on his own account—though his wild, free spirits are enough to win the affections of any one who has nothing else to do but fall in love. We hardly know him as yet, but we can respect him, and are quite excusable for taking uncommon interest in the youth because of his noble sires and grandsires. Even in Democratic America, we cannot but respect one who can boast such a long line of respectable ancestors, and such “*noble blood in his veins*” withal!

We must remember, too, that, setting aside all his pomp of relationship, this same new comer will have, himself, considerable to do with us—he will work wondrously in our destiny—so before we have got any farther on in our acquaintance with him than the mere formal introduction—before we know whether he will prove our friend or enemy, we will resolve to use him well; shall we not? But setting him aside for a moment, I mean in thought, for *personally*, for twelve long months, he will be our constant companion, let us speak of something else.

I cannot but congratulate you, my friend, that you are in possession of such a comfortable home—you have been well instructed in the *art* of fire-side enjoyment. Those rich warm curtains, how they irresistibly warm the heart, shutting out so closely all prospect of the dark clouds, and the storms, and the snow, and the ice, and the half-frozen passers-by in the streets of Winter! and the bright lamp-light, almost as good as a second pair of eyes, what a show, and reality too, of gladness and enjoyment it diffuses through your room! You have pictures too, glorious pictures,

which open so wide the gates of the ideal land! blessed be the artists! And you have books, the rich “wisdom of the wisest,” and music—why, *what* a home you have—how happy you must be—but peradventure you *are not* happy. Speedily then search out the root of bitterness, if there *be* any, it must exist in your own heart—if, in *such* a home, happiness is not, the fault, believe me, is not in your “stars,” but in your own self.

I have said there is no humbug in your generous warm fire, but while we sit here so cozily together, let’s moralize a little—I trust we shall agree.

Full and running over with humbug is this broad earth of ours to my eye. Indeed, my friend, even in contemplation of so monstrous and mighty a thing as human life, I have oftentimes been tempted to think it is *all* one glorious specimen of the power of take-inity.

For instance, consider the grand theme of *human love*, and tell me what you think of it. Is it not rather like a great flourish of trumpets through the world, which herald in a — nothing? Yet how constantly is that word love lingering on the *lips* of men! It is the subject of ceaseless talk with philosophers and moralists, and like a thread of fire it runs through the discoursing of every poet. It is the essence *said to pervade the whole earth and every human heart*: is it so? In our whole vocabulary there are no three words so easily pronounced as “*I love you.*” Have they any meaning? Glance but a moment at the recorded and *un-written* lives of men—gaze but a second on the terrible profundity of darkness existing in the human heart—if you see not enough to make you exclaim at once, Love, of *all* delusions, *thou* art chiefest!—then I hail yours a truthful and wondrously hopeful soul, my friend, and take hope and heart again to myself from having made your acquaintance.

Setting aside love then, (you believe there is after all *something* in that, and most respectfully I make the exception on your account,) there is in the world—the *man-made world*—an immense amount of unmitigated humbug, which, like a dense fog, surrounds almost every particle of truth! Do you buy—do you sell—do you love—do you hope—do you believe?—then you know very well what I am talking about. You understand me far beyond all necessity of explanation. Do you make many friends? You are young, and rejoice, and exult in these friendships—I will not make your wisdom on *this* point, I will only hope it may not be *your* experience to find friendship the saddest of *all* humbugs.

Fame! Was ever delusion like that? Yes, many, many less supporting and consoling in their nature, and yet see how strangely even fame partakes of the transient nature of moonshine.

There are many kinds of worldly humors, but I speak now of those that cling to the man who is crowned with the crown of *literary* honor.

His genius is proclaimed through the world, and all men "join to do him reverence." How readily and reverently we bend the knee to him whom we hail a prophet, priest, and king in the Temple of Genius! But a day comes when him we almost deified is summoned from the throne of his earthly triumph.

Scarcely is he laid helpless and voiceless in the tomb, when another and still more aspiring mortal comes into the field, and shows his mighty strength in dismantling the proud monument of our god, and his remorseless hands tear down, "from turret to foundation-stone," the record of power and skill the dead man left. Ah! how eager the newly-risen one is to expose to us the sandy foundation and the crumbling stones whereon our lost friend reared his stately structure! How exultingly he points to all the ruin which *his* hands have made! How soon our amazement and grief subsides into contempt and carelessness! and then, most of all—what finally completes the whole, and makes our "hero-worship" but a brilliant piece of humbug, we *forget* the illustrious dead!

But I must draw still more closely together the limits of this conversation, or we shall fail, I fear, to deduce from it any home truths. Illustrations are the great fashion of the day, and you know there is nothing so unpardonable as *being out of fashion*, therefore I will illustrate my argument.

As I came hither I passed by a most luxurious home, surpassing even *yours* in point of richness and stateliness. But do not let this statement excite your envy, for worlds *I* would not possess that mansion if I must take with it all that will one day burden the heart and the conscience of its owners. They are welcoming in the New Year joyfully, with dancing and music, and all kinds of *refined* merry-making there; they are celebrating *his* debut (with whom they have *personally* no more to do than the most ragged and filthy beggar in the streets,) as they would celebrate the birthday of a first-born. But as I passed on the ice-bound pavement by that dwelling, whose master and mistress I know well, more intently than on the young, and light-hearted, and beautiful gathered there, my mind's eye rested on the lady of that house. I could see with what pride, and stateliness, and almost queenly air she receives the homage and "compliments of the season" of her guests. I know her graceful, and refined, and accomplished—there can be no difference in people's opinion as to that—but apart from all this, I would speak of the lady's early life, and of *my* impression of her character.

Twenty years ago this New Year's day, she stood in the establishment of an extensive dealer in ready-made clothes, with a bundle of garments in her hand which she had just finished. She was then, as the romancers have it, in the *first blush of beauty*. Bewitchingly fair she was indeed, despite the miserable garments which looked as strangely out of place upon that noble form, as a deal frame surrounding a rich painting. From her early childhood she had labored as she was laboring then, for support; she had never known anything of ease, nor indeed much of comfort. The only child of parents who were counted poor

among the poor, she was early left alone in the world to provide for herself, and this she had resolutely, and well done, by constant and untiring diligence. It was no ordinary spirit that possessed that young girl. There was energy in her character which made her disdainfully repel the thought of groping her way in darkness and penury all her life. There was an ambitious spirit within her which kept alive the intense desire of *being something in the world* besides a poor unknown seamstress; there was a strong hope ever with her that she should one day fill quite another station in life than that which she then occupied.

Till this "never-to-be-forgotten" New Year's morning she had always been waited upon in this *establishment* by one of the head-clerks, but on this particular day the master of the shop came forward himself, and received from her the work done, paid her, and with unusual liberality allowed her a trifle more than she had earned, and having given her another package of pieces out of which raiment was to be fashioned, he wished her a happy New Year, and graciously attended her to the door of his shop.

Deep in the mysteries of dollars and cents, and revolving in his brain eternally plans for aggrandizement and *progress*, for that too was *his* hobby as well as *hers*, the young merchant had never before even noticed Jenny Ewin when she came and went from his store. But on this morning Robert Retson was in particularly good spirits. He had examined his books of the past year; he had learned that his profits had even exceeded his expectations, and this knowledge had imparted a cheerfulness and satisfaction to his mind, as welcome as it was unusual. He was just in the right mood for admiring anything beautiful or pleasing, presented before him, no matter in what shape. No wonder then that the fair face and noble form of Jenny Ewin took such a strong hold on his fancy.

Next to his own prosperity, the chief thought in the merchant's mind all that day was that a most admirable looking girl was this Jenny, and that a certainly desirable and *stylish* looking wife she would make. He had heard the seamstress spoken of by his clerks as being a very "paragon," as far as outward appearance went, and astonishingly quick at work, earning by her needle double the sums earned by other females who were also employed by him. Oftentimes his curiosity had been awakened in regard to her; but till this New Year morning fortune had never thrown him in the way of the young seamstress. Now that he had seen her, it was wonderful what an effect was produced on his mind, till that time shockingly obtuse on the subject of *female* beauty, for, be it known, Robert was a bachelor.

From that day the master seldom failed to be in the way when Jenny Ewin brought, twice in each week, her finished work; and ere long his attentions extended far beyond the mere wishing her a very good morning, and informing her of the state of the weather, &c. Sometimes, when he was not buried "head and ears" in the most interesting work that was ever ignored with his attention—his day-book—he would accompany her on her return to her humble home; and he

even went so far one rainy day, yes, even he, the aspiring, wholesale Robert, as to protect her from the *drizzling element* by his umbrella, while he experienced a kind of happiness in carrying it over her beautiful head.

All this, one could not but foresee, in a man like Robert Retson, must *mean* something; and it *did* mean something; and to that *something* Jenny was not blind; for before another New Year came, aye, before six months had passed away, she was Mrs. Robert Retson, and lived in a comfortable, pleasant house, that bore as little resemblance to her former dismal and lonely home, as it does to the splendid mansion where she is living now.

It was not suddenly, nor by magic, that Mr. R. R. reached the consummation of his wishes, and became a truly rich man. No, indeed; it was only after years spent in the "business-line," where his accumulations were *never* foolishly expended; it was only by gradual enlargement of his store, and *slowly* extended operations, that he became what our "merchant-princes" might even condescend to denominate wealthy. They were well mated, Robert Retson and his wife. Both were desirous and determined on riches, which they believed, and justly, to be one chief instrument to aid them in "rising in the world." So they lived prudently like sensible people, knowing very well that but in one way could riches be laid up, and their great desire consummated. And they worked hard too. Of all the "hands" employed by the enterprising wholesaler, there were not any that plied a busier or more successful needle than his young wife. Robert and his wife made but few acquaintances. Why should they? Their fortune once made, how suddenly they would give the back street on which they lived a "cut direct." And when filling their stylish home to-be, how much better to have few neighbors and acquaintance, to give the cut also—for of course it was out of the question to suppose that the friends of their humbler days would be fit acquaintance in their longed-for future! Oh! they were wise people, indeed they were, this Mr. and Mrs. Robert Retson! They had studied well the secret means of *getting on in the world!*

Well, the day for which they toiled, and planned, and contrived, by day and by night, came at last; and one bright morning saw the gentleman and lady entering their splendidly-furnished house in a fashionable quarter of the city. The flourishing wholesale store of Robert Retson, Esq., passed into the hands of his confidential clerk, and the "retired gentleman," whose mind since boyhood had been through his whole life to all intents and purposes buried in thoughts and aims of profit, set himself about calmly and *sensibly enjoying life*. Was it not high time such reward should come to him? Remember he had been forty years preparing for such a day!

Perhaps it would not be digressing too much for me to ask how well capacitated you think a man is, in retirement and idleness, to enjoy life, when, for thirty, or forty, or fifty years, his mind has been constantly, *on the stretch* and alert,—eager above all other things to buy and sell and get gain? Perhaps, if you do not unfairly seek to

evade the question, you will think with me that, common as such thoughts and plans are in the minds of men, there never can be a more mistaken idea of the nature of happiness than he entertains who seeks for it thus. And miserably humbugged is the man who thinks, *in a moment*, to change the whole current of his life, expecting his bark to glide as smoothly and peacefully on as it did before!

The aforesaid merchant and his wife removed, as I have stated, into a fashionable quarter of the city—as much unknown, be it understood, as in the great world, or rather *little* world inhabited by the "upper ten," as they were on the respective mornings when their appearance created new wants in two needy households. It is useless now to tell you how manifold were "the twists upon twists, and the tricks upon tricks" whereby the hitherto "unheard-of's" *wormed* (most emphatically) their way among the "exclusives," and came to be known, and talked about, and quoted, and imitated. To make the matter short, they adopted the means usually adopted by such people for such means—(I might give you a recipe, but forbear now)—and found they succeeded "to a charm."

But in this attainment there was no danger of ridicule being drawn down upon Mrs. R. R., by the publicity which she sought; she carried not with her into the brilliant circles of refinement and luxury, where she had forced her way, that vulgarity, and coarseness of mind and manner, which oftentimes are the accompaniments of such ambitious seekers. The fact is, this woman was, as she is still, at the time of her introduction into *the* world, a masterpiece of beauty and grace. She had been distinguished for it in poverty; it had shone through and above her wretched garb, and when the glittering crown and robes of wealth were laid upon her, they were but meet and proper raiment—and then the glorious picture showed well in its gilded frame!

Sorry am I that I cannot report similar fact respecting the lady's mind. Would it be a truthful and natural story, if I could? Proud—ambitious—poor! proud—satisfied—wealthy! Such a change could not be wrought in any mortal without the corresponding changes in the mind.

It was impossible with her, as it is with every human being, to give themselves wholly up to one absorbing and intense desire, to labor, and direct every effort to one attainment, without being touched, tinged, or tainted by the efforts they make, and by the actual possession of the object sought. If it is goodness, and holiness, and purity, for which such constant, unwearied struggle is made—if a mind naturally strong and unbending, seeks through long years such object, living all the while in such a manner which must guarantee the supposition that it would one day not fail of attaining holiness, and almost *perfect* goodness, even while that seeker of things heavenly is yet far from being satisfied with the progress he has made, while he is most ready to confess himself in all sincerity a most miserable sinner, *you* would behold in him one meet already to be a partaker of the rest of the saints; you would see in him *almost* an angel on the earth.

If it be dominion and power that an active, decided mind is seeking—if the terrible strength of man's soul be bent to the grasping of command, I surely need not tell you how ambition directed toward the attainment of such object eventuates. Almost unconsciously your mind will turn to the island-rock in the far Southern sea, upon that solitary man stricken in the very height of his pride and power, by the bolt of God's heavy displeasure. You will not think of him only as he was there, shorn of his grandeur, a captive and helpless—you will also remember him in the pride of his greatness, stripping from him, and laying at the feet of insatiate ambition, the love which of itself made him greater than the greatness he coveted—you will see him ceaselessly and consciously doing violence to justice, and love, and truth. You will behold him wronging the nobleness of his nature continually, and bowing with ever-increasing adoration before the terrible God, which at last made even "the desolater desolate." If more contracted in its outer influence than the ambition that fires the warrior and leads him on to loathsome and bloody, though brilliant deeds, yet as sad and ascertain is the change which sweeps over him who gives himself up early in life to the one sordid end of acquiring wealth. It is more contracted—but the very contraction, and necessary concentration of that influence, makes it *fearful*! It is wise, it is well to prepare for the hour of sickness; it is pleasant to repose in peace and ease, when the shadows of age are gathering round, with the knowledge that one's own hand has gathered all these comforts and luxuries together which surround him. But it is *not well*, it is *not wise*, to bend down the lofty hopes and the aspirations of youth to the mere object of worldly aggrandizement; it is not well to see the bright eyes of youth changed to the cold and stoney glare of dollars and cents; it is not pleasant to note the close corners of the *calculating* mouth, the wrinkles early gathering on the youthful brow, and the locks of manhood tinged with gray. It is *not* pleasant to observe all this, and know that the life of the young man has become already as a mint; that the generous thoughts are coined; that the noble heart, the sympathies, the affections, the hopes, and the desires are all, all coined, bearing each the image and superscription of the money-god. It is not well to see how cold, and cautious, and selfish, and hard, the *man* becomes, who would not, could not recognize himself, and who in fact is hardly to be recognized as the glad, and noble, and hopeful boy, the careless child, the tender, sinless infant.

There is no necessity of taking this latter case as *supposable*, if you are not in a state of almost *impossible unsophistication*; you have seen, you know, God grant you have not *felt* this sad, strange change which the love and worship of money, and of the *place they buy*, induces in the human heart, therefore I need not dwell on the unpleasant subject longer.

There are no children to gather around the board and hearth-stone of Robert Retson; none to spend and inherit the wealth which he has been so many years in accumulating. To them-

selves they have gathered it—it is *their own*; they only may employ and enjoy it. There may be a pleasure to them in the mere *possession* of riches such as theirs, I think there is. They spend their money freely for it is almost unbounded, and Jenny Retson has the name of being *so charitable*! Does it seem strange to you that people should *know* of her charities, since it seems to be of the nature of "the greatest of these" to dispense aid, and kindly words, which are of themselves a kind, and a noble kind of charity—in *secret*? I will tell you. There is not a subscription paper circulated among the "upper ten" but bears *her* name among the very first, accompanied by a noble sum well worthy her riches; and in the church, and *always publicly*, her well-filled purse is in her hand, and she is ready to distribute. It would not be *charity* in me to say that she doeth it "that men may see her good works;" and whether in order that they may "glorify their Father which is in heaven," I cannot add. Let us talk a little more about her charity, for it is towards this point I have all the while been verging.

This very day—yes, the morning of this glad New Year—Mrs. Retson descended to the basement of her splendid mansion to give the concluding directions for the brilliant display she contemplated for this evening. In the midst of the important directions she was giving to a servant respecting the entertainment on which enormous sums had been already lavishly expended, a timid, faltering knock, as of a child, was heard at the outer door; and in a moment, a little girl, whose garments were wet with the melting snow, came into the great kitchen. She looked around the well-warmed room, as though her eyes were little used to such a scene of comfort; but when they rested on the stately woman who bent upon her such an inquiring gaze, that had but little of pity in it, she turned slowly and half-falteringly towards the stove. Spreading out her little hands over the hot iron, and shivering with cold, she drew the wet, ragged shawl, which was, alas! such a miserable protection from the storm, through which she had braved her way hither, closer about her slender form, and stood as though fearful of breaking the terrible silence (as it seemed to her) which had ensued on her entrance into the kitchen.

"What does the child want?" at length asked the *lady*, in a sharp, heartless tone of voice, oh! how different from the soft, thrilling words she addresses to her guests to-night! Had she but known it! The gentle tones she utters now on those who need them not, had made that poor child happy to day—had won for herself a blessing without price. "What does the child want?" Oh! there came an answer to the harsh words, which *should* have touched the heart of the beautiful lady—an answer from the child, whose tears flowed fast as she spoke, which should have haunted her human heart, which she will remember, I know, in an hour when she will vainly strive to forget it. "Bread, lady, for mother is sick, and we are *very* hungry!"

"The usual story—these odious beggars!" exclaimed Mrs. Retson, turning from the ragged

child to the well-clad, well-fed servant—"Do you send them off, Sarah, every one who presumes to come here; I, for one, will not encourage them in their impudence."

The child heard these cruel words—they were enough. She knew that she had begged in vain, and turning hastily away from the warmth within, she endeavored to fold the remnant of a shawl closer about her, ere she should go forth and face the driving storm again.

"Stay a moment," cried the lady, as the girl lifted the door-latch, "stay, I will give you something for your dinner for the sake of that pretty face of yours, though you do not really deserve any thing. Here are some pieces the servants cannot eat, and the dogs won't; they will make a good meal for you. Take them, but be sure you never come here again; and take my advice, go to work at once, the sooner the better; this begging about the streets is no way to get a living."

Work! the child is about nine years old, she cannot be more! Oh! how oblivious time and good fortune have made that woman to the past! I trow Jenny Retson did not remember to-day of her youthful years. She has quite forgotten—she who has rested for so long—the time when in weariness she labored for a mere subsistence; she has forgotten those days of old, over which for so long the cloud of darkness hung, when not a beam of light illumined her way! She does not remember—oh! strange and sad forgetfulness!—how much she would have given *then* for one kind word of encouragement, for one particle of friendly aid or sympathy! The glittering veil of prosperity had dropped between her and all such unpleasant recollections; they do not haunt her now!

The child went from that stately dwelling-place with the bones servant and dog refused, in her wet apron, a choice nourishment indeed for her sick mother! and the lady thought no more of her, or of her *charity*!

If you care to know more of the little beggar, this much I can tell. To-night, while Mrs. Retson is entertaining her guests in so much style and lavishness of display, if you will but look in a home some distance from this elegant abode, you will see a broken-hearted, sick woman, striving to get a little nourishment—alas! how different from that she needs!—from these dry crusts, and unsavory bones. You will see what will assuredly make your heart bleed, if you care to pause a moment, and remember the myriads of families *beside* this, suffering this joyous winter night from hunger and from cold!

Sick at heart from being so cruelly repulsed, the little girl went to no other house to-day. She found it a harder thing than even the rich woman believed, this begging from door to door, and hearing from careless lips the insults, which they who know not what it is to be hungry and cold from *poverty*, choose to heap upon the helpless, who know not any other way when the hard winter, and sickness, and destitution overtake them, but to send forth their children to ask—oh! they might well ask—in God's name, for the food and the raiment which they, more favored chil-

dren, more trusted, honored stewards of His bounty, have no right, *and should not dare, to withhold!*

Do not believe I am romancing; but rather bless Heaven, if you, my friend, have not, this New Year's morn, been tempted in your own rejoicings, to turn a deaf ear to the calls for charity which have been made on you.

I would not care to reveal what was in the heart of that sick woman while she lies in her uncomfortable bed, *hungry and cold*—do but think of *that*—and heard the sad story of her child's ill success, and saw the little one's tears, and thought the while on all the homes where joy and *thanksgiving* (?) reigned to-day. If you are human, you know well enough what must have been in her mind. I do not *say* she questioned the providence of God; nor that she wondered and was amazed that she, no better perhaps, but surely no worse than they, should lie there so full of pain, and so miserable, while *her* child was withheld from all that gladdens and rejoices the heart of childhood so particularly at this happy time of the year. I will not say there was bitterness in her heart, as she listened to the merry voices of the passers-by, and heard the jingling of sleigh-bells, and the hurried tread of light feet, which spake of happy hearts and comfortable homes to which these feet were hastening. I would not assert she was sorely tempted to curse God and life, and die, as one of old, when she saw the wan sunlight peering into her desolate home, revealing all the want that was there, laughing almost in her face at the empty cupboard and fire-place, which were all that she could boast—I only ask you to think of yourself as for a *moment* filling her place—what thoughts would be filling your mind and heart!

Would patience continue in your heart her perfecting work? Would smiles dwell on your lips? Would such joy pervade your whole being that it would overflow in the shape of blessings on every God-made creature? or, would you look with loathing on your kind, which could send you, in the time of sickness and distress, the fragments from a table, which even the very dogs refused? What say you? But you are rubbing your eyes and wondering what all this I have said has to do with humbugs. I might reply, "much every way." Now that you have the secret of Mrs. Retson's *public and private charities*, perhaps you too have arrived at the conclusion that the whole of it was *no* charity at all, but a very *ridiculous humbug*. The truth is, there is more of genuine "moonshine" clinging to, and passing off as true charity, in the world, than almost in any other branch of the Christian morals; perhaps than there is in all of them together. When one of the Gospel Immortals proclaimed to his people and the world that greater than Faith, which is as a Star in the East to guide the weary traveller safe through every storm and danger, and that greater than Hope, which is the Sun to our life, is this most excellent gift, Charity, do you imagine *he* conceived it *possible* that one day the mere doling out of a few dog-and-servant-refused morsels would be dignified with that name?

You lie down on your warm couch to-night, wanting for nothing under heaven—no, not even,

perhaps, the blessing of God; pleasant dreams will hold you in their soft embraces. But before you listen to these sweet songs of fairy land, let me ask you a question that I would to heaven my voice might ring through the ends of the earth—how many hearts have *you* made glad to-day? Of all the multitude, of the crowd nigh surrounding you, how many have you made go to their rest this evening, feeling, as the light of the New Year grows stronger over head, that they have, what they almost began to fear they had not, a friend upon this cheerless earth! How many have you sent to their rest well fed and warm for the first time in long weeks? How many hearts have you empowered to think over your name, and mingle with it blessings for your charity, and far more, ah! yes, far more for your kind and sympathising words?

I am told there is much of sterling charity in words of advice given to the hungry beggar at my door. This is a very truism; but so long as I know the power of physical want, I also cannot fail knowing how worse than idle is unasked advice to the faint and weary mortal, who perhaps, probably knows far better what disposition to make of himself, and of his time, than we, such perfect strangers to his life, and his intentions, and desires. I do not deny it is well to administer sometimes *such* charity, but I do say, we should examine and take good heed to whom, and wherefore we address it. Let not an idly-spoken word, or for-a-moment-interested thought, in its utterance, part the husband and the wife. If any human feeling is still left in her breast, she can bear *his* unkindness far better than your cruel words of *him*, whom she *has* loved, whom, despite his faults, she may still love.

Do not bid the little child who is yet, if the children of the poor *ever* are, in the land of the blessed ideal—do not bid her, with rebuking words to “go to work.” Remember you, whose days are passed in pleasant idleness, in blessed, or rather unblest ease, remember how hard those little hands will become through the toil of years—the very years which with you will pass so swiftly and so happily away. Think, as night after night draws on, how wearied and care-worn she will grow. How she will rise early, and toil through the long day, and yet her work cease not as the even-time draws nigh. It is an easy thing to bid a child *work*; it requires no very great exertion to tell the fainting but loving woman to seek a home in the poor-house, and bind out her children, the children for whom, blessed be God! she feels as much affection, and “receives as great a recompense of reward” in loving, as the richest, proudest mother! and you may call this *charity*; it does not *make* it so. As long as this world endures, as long as one portion of His children have ten talents committed to their trust, and to others barely one, it is a *duty* terribly binding on every one who hath, to aid his brother whom he seeth in need of his aid. Why pray God’s kingdom may speedily come? Is it not idle, a very mockery indeed, when we scorn and spurn His poor, who with us are bound eternity-ward!

Now, is there not a vast amount of humbugging in this so-called charity! Of all the Chris-

tian graces of which an obtainment of reputation is so easy, there is none perhaps in which it is so difficult honestly to perfect oneself. Threefold in its nature—of thought, and of word, and of deed—it comprehends almost every excellence, and adornment of the Christian character, it is the illuminate power which, when possessed in its fullness, must make the owner a shining light, which *cannot* be hid. Let us see to it that we know something of charity beyond its mere name—so that, in that day when we shall be sent, like the most miserable of beggars,

“Stripped, and naked to the grave,”

we may not blush to think of the time when we were clothed “in the purple and fine linen” of riches every day.

Of the life that remains on earth to Robert Retson and his wife I may not speak, without it is in the language of a prophet, which I do not profess to be. If revelling in the fashion of this world, and making “idols” of such “a perishing thing” as gratified ambition, and the like, *can* make the happiness of immortal mortals, then I cannot hesitate in saying they will be happy always. But if, when old age creeps over them, they have not laid up in their past a store of better recollections than they have yet done, I scarcely think they are among the to-be-envied people of the earth. The splendid woman will not care to think of more than *one* pale little face from whose tale of want and sorrow she has turned with a deaf ear away!

Oh! let not this New Year shine upon you as it does on her, an unworthy recipient of His goodness and mercy! She is the admiration, and wonder, and envy of the circle in which she moves—but still unworthy, unworthy! What would you think were you see a child, snatched by kindly hands from a life of penury and distress, and reared in a home of luxury, at an age too when she could retain a vivid recollection of the destitution of her early days, what would you say if you saw such an one turning unmindfully from the cries of the children of her father and her mother, who lived in misery beneath the same roof where first she saw the light? You would turn away in horror from such an one, and all her beauty, and grace, and charms, would be loathsome in your sight. Could we but look upon life thus! for it is in just such a light the King of Heaven regards us all. All his children—fed by his bounty—yet some through *one* negligence and selfishness feeding on the husks and the crumbs of the bountiful repast.

Do not, with the impression that beggars are oftentimes impostors, draw the conclusion that *all* are unworthy, and therefore decide you will not give at all. It betokens a strange and not desirable state of mind, when one, either early or late in life, can turn a deaf ear to the voice of want. Just imagine for a moment what must be their thoughts, to whom only a glance at the comforts of life is given—and these comforts in the possession of another—think with what feelings they must watch your richly and warmly-robed form, treading through the very streets where they

must walk with downcast eyes, and looks of deep humility—who must draw nigh to you, and speak with you only in the language of supplication!

I have heard of beggars sometimes spurning the proffered crusts and bones of them who find the unsavory store so fast increasing that they can *afford* to give the worst away! I do not, cannot wonder at it, when I think they are the same in nature as we, I cannot be amazed that they *spurn* sometimes in bitterness of heart the refuse of the tables, from partaking of whose fatness chance only has expelled them!

Our country does not, like the old world, teem with multitudes of paupers, but there are poor enough surrounding us. See to it, you whose larger charities go abroad to the ends of the earth, you know not whither, which are indeed like "bread cast upon the waters," which shall return again. Do not, in giving for purposes in which you cannot feel so deeply interested because of your very ignorance of the recipients, do not shut from yourself the luxury of making one human heart happier and better. Do not deprive yourself of the joy of seeing one care-dimmed eye growing brighter, one desponding voice becoming more glad and joyous in its tone because of your aid. Oh! there is a blessing more to be coveted than riches, and power, and knowledge—it is the blessing the Almighty God pronounces on the

heart of the "cheerful giver;" and much of humbug as there is attending this most "excellent of gifts," and masquerading in its outer garb, there is in it the loftiest, and chiefest virtue; therefore, if to-night, when I say to you, "Charity suffereth long, and is kind, and envieth not, and is not puffed up, nor vaunteth itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and *never* faileth;" if you can say in reply to all this, "It is mine, this heavenly charity," then, ere I go from you, then would I say, peace be in your house, and happiness in your heart; though even this is half idle, when the very fountain of Love, which *is* Charity, dwelleth in you, and will be ever with you a source of unfailing joy and consolation.

If I have inveigled you into hearing a discourse on charity, by presenting the subject under what might prove a more attractive head, do not feel that you have exactly been humbugged; for I do assure you, my dear friend, there is something fearfully *real* in the power which human beings have to do good to one another; and if, under any feint, I have induced you to think to-night more earnestly of what you have little thought upon before, I cannot consider my work on this New Year's day a profitless and useless one.

DEATH OF THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

DESOLATE Mother—ever sad and lonely,
Mourning for one to thy own bosom dear,
Thy precious daughter—well beloved and only—
How oft these thoughts awake the silent tear.

For that loved voice and step—thy heart is yearning,
Ye almost listen—but it is all in vain—
To thy fond memory they are oft returning,
But ye can never hear them in thy home again.

To years of childhood's night, and rosy pleasure,
Thy bleeding thoughts return when she was thine,
And time had made her thy companion—treasure—
For thought and use had ripened well her mind.

Her tenderness and worth, and deep affection,
Is a rich legacy to thy lone heart.

And while ye grieve, it is a sweet reflection
That "*gold* wants wealth" such blessings to impart.

And ye are not alone in sorrow mourning,
For she had other friends that knew her worth,
That loved the gentle virtues all her life adorning,
That mingled tears with yours when she left earth.

But this short life with us will soon be ended,
Its joys—its sorrows—all will pass away—
Where Jesus is by Seraphim attended,
May it be ours to join that bright array.

There may ye meet—for there alone 'tis given,
To dwell in perfect happiness and love,
Oh! to exchange this *dying* world for Heaven,
Is bliss reserved for those who meet above.



R H A Y A D E R .

THIS is one of the numerous wildly romantic views on the river Wye in Wales. Its name is pure Celtic and the meaning of it is the cataract. To us Americans who are accustomed to Niagara Falls, the Falls of the Passaic, the Genesee Falls, Trenton Falls, and numerous other stupendous water falls, such cataracts as that of the Wye do not very forcibly impress the imagination. But our English friends make the most of their small water falls.

"Rhayader, as you approach it, has a strange wild appearance, perhaps wilder than any other place on our river; and indeed it would not be

easy to find its rival on any other river, either in England or Wales. A huge rocky dyke stretches across the bed of the stream, and seems to shut out its progress. In some places the water forces its way over the barrier, but the main body winds round, and through breaks in it. Before the bridge was built, the water used to rush over and form a noble cascade, whence the town derived its name—Rhayader Gwy, for so it is called in Welch, signifying 'the cataract of the Wye.' But when the bridge was erected, the bed of the river was deepened, and the fall in consequence destroyed.

BORDER BULLETS.

NO. IV.

THE TRAPPER'S STORY.*

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

"AND so," said I to the old Trapper, as we sat cosily over a cheerful wood fire, after partaking of an abundant supper, "you, who have been fed, as it were, upon real dangers, and lulled to sleep, for years, by portentous winds, do not profess to be invulnerable to attacks of fear? How singular that you, the boldest among bold hunters, the hardest of hardy trappers, should plead guilty to such a womanly weakness."

"I can't say, youngster," answered the old man very complacently, as he filled another pipe with genuine Cavendish; "I can't say as I'm ashamed to tell you that I have been afraid. It certainly is a quality of a brave man to fear danger; a rash man may unnecessarily court it. For my part, I have never felt inclined to throw away my life foolishly, but have yet ventured it carelessly where it was endangered, when I knew it was my duty to do so. Agin, I've been unknowingly drawn into curious scrapes, almost impossible to get out of, and in one or two cases felt as if I would rather be at home under my buffalo skin in the corner, though there mightn't be as much glory in it. Did I ever tell you a singular affair of mine that happened——, but I know I haven't told you this; so, if you will draw your chair up a little closer, and lay another log on the fire, I'll try and interest you for an hour or so."

I needed no second bidding. The log was soon blazing away at us; and as, in the interim, the old man's pipe had been newly replenished, preparatory to one of his long tales, I drew my low chair to his side as he commenced.

"I never kept a log-book or almanac in all my life," said the old man quietly, "and so I can't be expected to give you dates and figures of months, or days, or years, like an accountant's clerk. I can only say such and such things happened, and the only marks by which I can even tell that they really took place, are scored on my breast and arms so plainly, that I can't think I dreamed of them. A smart cut of a hunting-knife across the breast-bone can't be scratched off with a pen-knife like a blot of ink, nor can a lunge in the ribs be effaced like a pencil mark beneath India rubber. I carry with me no schoolboy recollections—my memories are all of my manhood's prime.

"It was a fine autumnal morning, of some twenty, perhaps thirty, years ago, when I started out very early to try my hand upon some of the deer with which the forests abounded. There had been a slight fall of snow the night previous, just tining the branches of the trees and the underbrush with

its purity, and I knew that a boy brought up in the settlements could hope to bring down half a dozen antlered bucks before sundown, if he tried. I filled my horn to its utmost capacity, pocketed two extra flints, and double my usual number of balls, and before the sun had shown his face before my door, was carefully picking my way along the bushes which skirted the rear of my hut. But I could not find any intimation of the presence of a deer, and the sun was high in the heavens before the foot-print even of a rabbit had greeted my eyes. Civilized members of humanity would have cursed and raved; I did no such thing. I changed my course to a section where at all seasons deer most abound, well knowing that success would repay the trouble of reaching so distant a spot. This favorite hunting-ground of mine was about twenty-eight miles from my hut, which might render necessary my absence from home for one night at least. But with no ties of family to draw me home, I cared nothing for its pleasures, and resolutely bent my energies to the task of annihilating space as speedily as possible. My step in those days, youngster, was as firm and elastic, as buoyant and graceful, as the fantastic curvatures of young maidenhood in the giddy mazes of the dance; while my bound was as aerial as the flight of an offending fairy before the hot pursuit of terrific Oberon; and ere the sun had half-way descended the dark clouds which would escort him to the invisible world, I had reached my destination. In an hour a splendid buck was at my feet, past the agonies of death, and the work of a few minutes more rendered me the possessor of as fine a meal of venison as ever graced the board of a king. Then I was supremely happy, and, while feasting and drinking, did the honors of the table in a manner to suit all the guests, myself included.

"Of course you know the effects of a full hearty meal—especially of venison—upon a stomach deplorably wan with abstinence from animal food; and you can imagine how cosily I sat over the remains of the feast and cogitated upon my probable prospect of reaching home that night, which at first seemed not improbable. But as the sun was fast disappearing, and I did not much relish a forced march without the blessing of sunlight, judgment taught me to stay in the forest till morning. This I did not much dread, as I saw no indications of an approaching storm; and accordingly resigned myself quietly to an evident desire for sleep, now manifest in my corporeal functions. Insensibly there stole over me

* To those who would raise objections to the "Border Bullets" because the expressions are not idiomatical to border hunters, but are peculiar to the vernacular tongue of the settlements, I can only say, I am no Trapper, or even Frontier man. These tales were told me some years ago by an old hunter with whom I chanced to become acquainted in the West, and though in putting them on paper the spirit of his peculiarly expressive pronunciation and tenacious hold upon ancient orthography, which to me gave them their greatest zest, are totally lost, the incidents and matter are all his own.

that opiate slumber which is the precursor of a suspension of nature's faculties, and I gradually faded away into a deep sleep, as quietly as though at my own fire-side.

"How long I slept I know not, but when I opened my eyes the forest before me loomed up in all the density of total darkness, and my vision in vain tried to pierce the surrounding gloom. It seemed as though the black shades of midnight brooded over the whole scene in the intensity of darkening horror, and hemmed me in from retreat on every side. I instantly realized a peculiar sensation about my feet not belonging to the awakening from a common sleep, and at the same moment a tingling thrill of the veins of my hands warned me of some reaction in the atmosphere. Simultaneous with this discovery was my sudden uprising to a sitting posture, and as I spread my hands beside me, preparatory to rising, I found my arms imbedded to the elbows in the chill embraces of newly-fallen snow. I will not say that I was horror-struck, but the warm blood rushed through my veins in rapid pulsations, and instantly awoke me to a sense of my terrible situation. There was I, more than a score of miles from my own threshold—that dear threshold, whose humble pleasures I had never sufficiently realized when in full possession and peaceful security—and before me a sheet of the pure white of nature, whose simple folds would, perhaps ere the rising of the sun, enshrine me in a shroud, whose majestic beauty would hardly atone for the sacrifice of a cherished life, and leave me to wither or rot in the varying changes of a western winter. And then, numbened and chilled with cold, which reigned supreme in the air around, pierced to the bone of my every limb with the terrible power of the triumphant element, I bent my knee humbly before that God who had protected me through many equally imminent perils, and invoked of him aid to my weary body, that I might safely reach some sheltered spot ere I consigned my immortal part to his care. And then rising, refreshed from my communion with his invisible spirit, I calmly betook myself to the task of unfolding the intricacies of the path, covered as it was with the evening snow.

"The blue crescent of heaven, which but a few hours before had gleamed so brilliantly above me, was now completely shut out from view, and the blinding gusts of driven snow which, at measured intervals, swept past with the accompaniment of monotonous wailing so sad and mournful in its impressions of momentary solemnity, smote the strings of my heart as something terrible and overpowering in promises of ill. Involuntarily, and without aim or purpose, I wandered on, ever and anon turning from my direct path with serpentine flexibility, and always straining eagerly for a glimpse of that heaven which I could not but fear would never again greet my eyes. And as I brushed from my cheek the delicate flakes which rested there so gently that I scarcely acknowledged their presence, I with mathematical precision computed the probable number of hours ere I should lack the strength necessary to brush off from my flesh the feathery fleece which should entomb my corse.

"And then across me gradually stole those indescribable feelings, constantly impelling the body onward to deep sleep. They seemed to encircle my heart with promises of a benign slumber, whose influences should quiet all my pains, and soothe my fears and sorrows. Tempting me through the wondrous power of nature, I could hardly resist the dalliance of the universal passion, and nearly relinquished myself to its embraces without a struggle. But then there came across me the recollections of old men and young, warriors as well as women, manhood as often as infancy, swallowed up in the vortex of inexorable death through a moment's weakness, and I nerved myself to a contest with the insidious adversary. Stern was the struggle, and I had once nearly resigned myself to fate, when a sudden suspicion of skylight met my eye, and for the time thwarted the deadly designs of the tempter. Those who have never ventured the perils of a wintry storm, without a hope of succor, can only imagine very faintly the strength of mind and tenacity of purpose requisite to a safe deliverance from the dangers of a snow-storm slumber, with nothing to pillow the head but the drifting flakes of white.

"Oh! the hours of that long night were lengthened into slow marches of eternity, and expanded into an infinity of time. Daybreak seemed retrogressing, and its accessories entirely eclipsed. But at last it came, and never beamed light more invigorating to my soul; and yet it in a measure proved painful to me, for it served to show in vivid colors the horror of my situation. The horizon seemed muffled in the pale folds of wintry weaving to such an extent that the deep blue of heaven and the yellow of the forest foliage were commingled in a formation of purest white. As far as my eye could extend, desolation reigned supreme. No welcome cabin, no friendly hut, rose in perspective to break the monotony of the landscape; but one interminable bank of driven snow, whose surface was as treacherous to the foot of man as the slight crust that springs upon the lake after an early frost, bound my straining vision.

"But I had no time for reflection. The lethargic slumber, which had threatened my system a few hours before, might return with redoubled violence, and it was absolutely necessary that I found shelter from the driving sleet which nearly pierced my vitality. I must look around for means whereby the stern winter could at least be avoided for awhile. Alas! no cave, or cavity, or crevice, offered any hope; an unbroken level of pure white occupied the whole scene. But onward I kept my course, as steadily as though upon a hunting excursion in sunlight. Tightening the belt of my hunting-shirt, and gathering its folds securely about my neck, I groped my way through the pitiless blasts of wintry air, ever trusting in the goodness of God for redemption from my trials.

"At last, as I turned the sharp angle of a clump of alders which skirted a swampy piece of ground, I thought I discerned afar off the outline of a rude hut, though so enveloped in snow as hardly to be discernible. At first I imagined that my feverish thoughts had conjured up some spectral

tenement in the wilderness, and could scarcely believe my eyes; but as I gazed more and more steadily upon it, and gradually drew a few paces nearer, I saw that I was indeed in view of a rough hut which offered me a shelter and protection. Gladly I availed myself of the opportunity, and in half an hour had reached the threshold.

"Though the sleet struck fiercely upon my unguarded face, and nearly blinded me with its violence, I surveyed the premises carefully ere I ventured to raise the wooden latch of the door. It appeared to be a common sort of hut, built of rough unhewn logs, the crevices filled with clay, which time and exposure had hardened to the consistency of stone, and precisely such a dwelling as could be found in any part of the country west of the Mississippi. My fears on that score being quieted, I carefully entered, and found myself in an apartment, some sixteen feet by twelve, lighted only through some half dozen narrow chinks between the logs, which had been unfilled with the mud. At the farthest side of the room was a rude fire-place, unoccupied by kitchen utensils of any description, while the only articles of furniture discernible were two rough blocks of wood, evidently designed for seats, and a coarse unplanned table, which fairly tottered when I placed my hand upon it. In one corner of the room there seemed a sort of recess which might be filled with pots, kettles, provisions or ammunition, but feeling disinclined to prosecute my tour of exploration any farther, at least till after a little refreshment from sleep, I cast myself leisurely down in a corner, and, pillowing my head on my hand, prepared for rest. Not a living soul was near to disturb the security of my slumber, and lulled to sleep by the shrill winds which whistled backward and forward around the corners, I was soon oblivious to all around me.

"How long I slept thus I know not: I was at last aroused from a pleasant dream (wherein I had shot some half-a-dozen fine deer, and carried their bodies home) by a confused murmur of voices, which broke upon my ear in such discordant notes as to awaken me fully to a sense of my situation. With remarkable presence of mind—and that is a quality easily learned in the backwoods, youngster—I lay perfectly quiet, and never even interrupted the irregular cadences of my breathing, so peculiar to a tired hunter. I instantly recognized two voices in close, though not very quiet conversation, and strained my ears to catch the words which should be spoken. Not a syllable of that discourse could be uttered without my knowledge, not a sentence could be formed without my cognizance thereof.

"I can't think him exactly a regulator, Dick, though what he can be doing here is rather, as you say, curious," said a voice in very distinct tones. "But don't you think it the best way to step outside and let him move off when he wakes?"

"No," answered Dick very resolutely, and with an air of determination which boded me no good; "no, I tell you. Whether he be regulator, spy, or lost hunter, he has found our place, and the secret will be no longer a secret. He must be snagged."

"Dick Williams," said the other slowly, "though I care as little about spilling blood as you do, I don't like to cut a man's throat when he has never offered me harm. But if you think it necessary that we stop his breath, why I will lend a hand most willingly."

"I took you to be a man of sense, Tim Gray," said Dick, "and am glad to find I'm right. But hadn't we better let him sleep awhile longer, poor fellow, he's got to go a long journey;" and the ruffian laughed immoderately at his brutal humor.

"Why, yes," said Tim, "when he wakes, or before he fairly opens his eyes, drop gently upon him with one knee, point your knife right, and it will soon be over. But let's finish this tough piece of a haunch, and bring out the old Monongahela, which must be dying with old age by this time." And then was heard the low laugh and scurrilous jest as they plied their knives on the venison as an incipient demonstration of the manner in which they would cut me up.

"You can imagine that my situation was very precarious indeed. Here was I, alone, almost defenceless, and incapacitated from the use of my arms by the certainty of instant death as soon as I moved, and in a small room with two murderous assassins, who were impelled to my murder by the instinct of self-preservation, and you cannot wonder that I was undecided what to do. I knew they would watch like stealthy tigers for my uprising, and that their knives were already uplifted for the destination of my heart. Supplications would have no effect upon such fiends as they must be; and I could not bring myself to think of begging for my life of such scoundrels. To attempt a personal rencontre with them would be, I at first thought, the height of folly—the extent of madness; but as I passed over in my mind all the circumstances of my visit here, conjectured the probable calling and business of these men, brought to recollection the rumors of unlimited massacres and robberies which had been committed on the Lower Mississippi for a few years past, and then dovetailing these facts, and surmising this to be a secret retreat of these piratical marauders, concluded that I must be in the presence of some of the band. I saw that my only remaining hope lay in my broad right hand and sharp knife. With no one man, standing fairly face to face to me, and armed and accoutered to the very teeth with murderous intent, was I afraid, but would, in a cause like this, have risked my life without a murmur; but here, in the limits of this little room, with rough logs before, beside, and behind me—no friendly tree whose trunk could afford me shelter from a stray ball—I owned the chances looked somewhat against me. But I could delay no longer; action was now the word—no cool, careful reconnoitering watchfulness on my part, but instant, certain and sure intent of offensive warfare. My first movement, of course, was to ascertain how and where my antagonists were placed; my second to survey the position of their rifles, and count the chances of success in a hand to hand conflict. I carelessly, to all seeming, drew the back of my hand across my eyes, placing the fingers slightly apart, so that a quick

glance between them would give me sufficient information of the localities; and then giving vent to a continuous moan, so peculiarly applicable to a restless sleep, turned over on my other side, bringing my opponents by the movement directly in front of me. At the first intimation of my waking, I saw, through my distended fingers, each ruffian grasp his knife resolutely and with an air of determination which boded me no good, but as my arm fell listlessly to my side, and my deep breathing indicated the most perfect sense of security, their hold relaxed, and they turned again to the partially filled bottle which stood before them.

"Nerved as my mind was to encounter un-moved the most startling dangers which encompassed me on every side, I could plainly feel my pulse vibrate with a quicker motion when their watchfulness discovered my slightest motion, and the blood rushed to my face in such overwhelming profusion as rendered the dim light of evening the only safeguard. My enemies were not six feet distant, and the least twinkling of my eye, the smallest upward tendency of my body, and a knife would surely reach my heart. Many a calmer man than I, youngster, would have burst outright some of his smaller veins by the compression in their capacity.

"As the glances which had so disturbed my equanimity were removed from my vicinity, I again regained my usual composure, and then glanced with the rapidity of lightning about the room. In a corner farthest removed from my adversaries as well as myself, stood their rifles—my own lay beside me. That they were loaded I well knew, as no hunter leaves his weapon, even for a moment, useless by his side. Mine was also loaded, but as it lay some three feet from my arm, and the least movement toward it would be the signal for instant destruction, I deemed it better to let it alone. And even had I reached it, whereby should I have been benefited? It contained but one charge, and, while shooting down one of my adversaries, could I suppose the other would stand coolly by without lifting an arm in his defence? And then, if they reached their arms before I recovered my feet, my death was plainly marked out, and my grave yawning beneath me. While laying distracted and irresolute about the means which I should adopt to preserve my life, now, alas! seemingly very near its termination, I was again aroused by a renewal of the conversation that had so abruptly terminated, and immediately recognized the voice of the one whom the other called Dick. As it appeared to relate to their business operations, I listened most attentively.

"That next load, Bill Converse said, was to be along in about six days. She's a precious cargo, and must be a better haul than the old scoundrel's we took last. But I've heard say that the owner loves a fight as well as a feast, and means to come with something that we can't conveniently take. If so, we'll want a few more of the boys. I've no idea of risking myself without there's a good field for making something."

"There'll be twelve of us besides Sam Sweet,

who's worth about eight more," answered Bill, "and if they get through us safe, they ought to go."

"But," said Tim, "they'll keep under cover through these passes. They know better than to show the white of an eye for thirty miles below here."

"Well, if you aint a fool, then I'm nobody," answered Bill contemptuously. "How'll they get over Bloody Run Bar without using setting poles, and perhaps, if they do use 'em, they'll fall overboard heads down. You don't s'pose we are going to wait for 'em to get snugly down in the cabin afore we put our sights to our eyes! But come, let's drink success with the *Daniel Boone*!"

"I shuddered with horror as I listened to the diabolical plans of these hardened wretches, displayed before me with so much coolness and effrontery. Murders were concocted, and massacres planned with all the *sang froid* of a hunting party; and, as I drank in the bloody recital of their intents, my blood no longer rushed to my face in the blushes of incipient fear, but in the boldness of righteous indignation. My hand sought my trusty hunting-knife, my nerves braced themselves to a mighty effort of strength, and I already looked upon myself almost as a frontier Redeemer, whose mission of blood would be sanctified, and spirit of murderous assault forgiven, or at least passed over, as the retributive justice which God himself so often metes out to those whose lives offend his laws. My intentions were immediately resolved to certainties—my stratagems instantly transformed to direct attacks—my fears overshadowed by a spirit of daring which courted intensity of danger; and the man who had thrown himself upon that floor a common, restless, trembling man of flesh and blood, now clenched his hands in an agony of bitterness, which told a tale of deeds to be done, whose consummation should chill the hearts of the ruffianly murderers, and tear their vitality from the warmth of their bodies.

"Suddenly I heard a shout of laughter from their lips—a flood of terrible oaths—from whose recital my heart even now shrinks. The fumes of the liquor were ascending to the brain, and I foresaw an outbreak of violence ere long, which would result in nothing less than a deperate rencontre. I knew if they once sought their rifles, I was to a certainty lost, and stretching every limb, every nerve, every muscle of my body, with one mighty effort, to the full extent, I freed my hunting-knife from its sheath, and with a bound so tremendous, so sudden, so overpowering, that the startled desperados involuntarily shrieked, with one accord, '*A Panther!*' I rushed upon the one nearest me, and closing my left arm around his neck, drove my good hunting-knife deep into his bosom with the terrible power of my right hand. As I drew the soiled blade from the ghastly wound in his bosom a torrent of deepest red covered my hands and face, and flowed down to my feet—a stream of guilty blood, offered at the shrine of offended innocence. The desperate man, whose life had been a continuous scene of indiscriminate warfare upon his fellow-men, sank upon the rude floor a pale and mutilated corpse.

"All this was the work of a single moment.

The remaining robber, so sudden and unexpected was my descent upon them, was, for a second, paralysed and astounded. That second was my salvation. Before he could grasp my shoulder, or even draw upon me his huge knife, had cleared with one jump the table which stood between the rifles and myself, and ere he could recover from the effects of my boldness, I was beyond his reach. Still I was in no desirable situation. I dared not retreat towards the arms in the corner, because I should, by so doing, subject myself to an open attack by my inadvertence. My rifle lay very near him, and before I could even reach his, he would be in possession of it, loaded and ready for use. As we were each armed only with a hunting-knife, neither at first thought to risk his own life, in hope of taking another; and so we stood, face to face, nothing between us but the table, our eyes glowing with glances of malignant hate, which told but too plainly our feelings towards each other. We were most unpleasantly situated, and well knowing that he wished to take the first advantage which should offer, I prepared myself to do the same. Hardly for an instant did I lift my eyes from him, and when I did, it was to prepare them for a renewal of their watchfulness; and he was as shrewd and cunning as myself. There we stood, each with head slightly inclined forward, our eyes almost starting from their sockets, but braced sternly against each other, and across our countenances beaming the most intense hate, the most vivid glow of determined combativeness, the most resolute glances of unintermitted courage which promised to bear us up to the death.

"Not a word was spoken on either side, not a syllable found utterance from our lips. A deadly silence, interrupted only by the occasional crackling of the fire, or disturbed by the screeching of an owl, whose home was but a few yards from the door, broke the unnatural repose which brooded over the room. Our determinations of deadly struggle were too sacred to admit of common conversation, our lips too firmly compressed with the conflicting emotions which raged within, to admit of a trifling word. And there we stood, spell-bound, like two contending gladiators within the circle of the Coliseum, armed and ready for that strife whose conclusion is most certain death.

"Two hours or more passed, and I began to tire of this incessant watchfulness. My eyes were sore and inflamed, and the lids would hardly do their natural duty. I felt that I must ere long determine upon a different course of action—a more active and offensive warfare. A few hours more and my arm would be palsied with weariness, and my nerves unstrung with tiresome watchfulness. And yet I was as undecided as ever how to proceed to extremities. My adversary held in his hand a terrible and shining knife, whose blade, keen-edged and bright, warned me that victory, if gained, would be dearly bought. He was a short, heavily-built man, with rough, hard features, and a most forbidding look, while his stalwart frame, his immense breadth of chest, and enormous size of limb, foretold me that my powers, which in those days were not slight, would be taxed to the utmost. My plan was soon

determined upon, and was probably the only one which any other man similarly circumstanced would have avoided. It has, since that time, been called a wild deed of daring, which deserved from its impracticability a different reward from that which greeted me. But it was an attempt of impulse, an inspiration of recklessness, which sometimes blesses man in his direst extremity, and to me it proved the happiest emanation of that inherent courage of which I cannot but feel a true man is always possessor.

"As I said before, we stood face to face, perhaps six feet apart, with a rough pine table only between our bodies, while each held in his right hand his trusty knife, which, like the bayonet, never fails of reaching its mark. It was impossible for either to make the slightest movement without being discerned by the wary eye of the other, and the least failure of my plan would entail upon me instant death. But the crisis was now approaching, and though my penalty for forfeiture of carefulness was the loss of life and its pleasures, my pulse beat as steadily, my heart's vibration rolled as harmoniously and regularly as though mere manly sport engaged my attention.

"With a quick movement, which, however, was observed by my opponent, I changed my knife from my right to my left hand, and almost simultaneous with the act, raised the former to my head, as though to relieve its fatigue by a change of position. I was confident he would suspect no trickery, observe no demonstration of offence from a hand which was utterly weaponless. It proved as I anticipated: he put himself upon guard no more than before, interposed no act of defence which could cause me to change my plan of attack, and, as I carelessly ran my hand across my forehead, I snatched from my head the old fur hunting-cap which had crowned it for years, dropped my knife directly upon the floor, and concentrating into the action all the strength, all the dexterity, all the power of which I was capable, hurled it directly in his face. As I had anticipated, it struck him with terrible force directly across the eyes. I will not say that I went with the flying missile, but before it had unveiled his eyes, I was by his side with my hand clenched upon his throat. I had no weapons but the grip of my fingers, but wished them not. As he half-blindly struck at my breast with his knife, my left hand thrown up quickly cast it across the room, and the struggle for death was with muscle alone. With an imprecation, which showed the agony of his rage, he grappled me, and in an instant lifted me from my feet as though I were but a child in his embrace. But he could do no more. As supple as a snake, and flexible as the hickory sapling, I found my feet upon the floor, and though I moved him not an inch, I felt that the quarrel was now my own. Again and again he lifted me with gigantic struggles for the ascendancy, again and again my feet touched the rough logs in perfect security. Huge drops of sweat rolled down his face, and he gnashed his teeth with all the bitterness of thwarted malice as I coolly threw my arm around him, as carelessly as though in the manly sport of friendly rivals. He cursed, he stamped, he groaned with infuriated

passion, but I coolly looked on in silence, and awaited my turn with patience. At last it came. As he, for the twentieth time, dropped my feet upon the floor, I felt that his hold was somewhat relaxed, and his efforts less tremendous than before. Quickly drawing my hands from his body, I, with the agility of the panther, crossed them around his neck, and placing my thumbs directly under the chin, pressed upon his throat with all the strength of which I was capable. In vain he struggled, in vain he swayed his body to and fro, distorting his face with all the contortions of waning life; my hold never relaxed, my fingers never tired in their mission, but seemed to grow each instant more firmly to his flesh, imbedding themselves among the pliant veins and bones of the neck, deeper and deeper with his every struggle. It was painful to hear his groans, his gasps for breath; and the livid purple, which insensibly usurped the paleness of his usual color, told plainly of the tenacity of my grasp. Soon his breathing became more and more imbued with the violence of gasps, and his chest heaved convulsively against my own; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and glared upon me like those of some ferocious beast in the depths of the forest; his head slightly inclined to one side, and then violently swayed to the other; his hands unclasped themselves from my waist, and dropped

quivering to his side; and with a groan, wherein was blended more of the horrible to the ear than I had ever listened to before, he fell upon my breast—a dead man. I did not cast him off violently, but laid him by his comrade as gently as though consigning to the earth an innocent babe, and then threw myself upon my knees and thanked God for my deliverance from manifold dangers.

"It is enough to say that I did not leave the bodies upon the floor. In the morning I laid them in a natural hollow near the hut, and covering them as much as possible with the loose earth and dead leaves of the forest, left their bodies in their final home. Two hours after I was on my way to my own cabin.

"And now, youngster," said the old man, rising, "can you not say that I had some excuse for my fears that night? Though not naturally a coward, I had a right to feel unpleasantly in that hut."

"That you had," answered I, readily. "Tomorrow night I hope to hear of some farther adventure of yours."

"That you shall, my boy, that you shall," said the old man, as he prepared to fill the pipe, which had meanwhile gone out.

His next narrative will occupy the pages of the Magazine another month.

A VISION.

BY W. A. B. McCUISTION.

Nor long since, upon the wings of imagination, I smoothly flew up the stream of rolling ages toward the source of all being. While travelling on in sublime contemplation, I arrived at the felicitous period when Time and Angels, and all created things were in the freshness and loveliness of youth and purity. Verdure and bloom clothed the face of the material universe. Harmony and happiness everywhere prevailed. There was not a discordant note nor a jarring string in the boundless empire of Jehovah. Worlds upon worlds, moving onward upon unseen wheels, were constrained to sing in Reason's ear—

"The hand that made us is Divine."

Bright, intellectual stars, with an entrancing euphony of voice, chanted their lofty anthems of praise. Supreme Light upon a pure Throne, swan-like, with white wings wide-expanded, sat brooding; and from thence shot its beams to the circumference of creation. A limpid river, flowing softly as the waters of Shiloh, played beautifully around the Throne.

Anxiously desiring to pry still farther into the mysterious arcana of this home of the sublime and the magnificent, I scaled several winding flights of

cerulean stairs, and finally perched upon the apex of a towering beacon that proudly overlooked the "vasty deep." There, for a long while I stood, lost in profound meditations, gazing directly below on the wondrous things oscillating in the mighty abyss of wisdom that fancy called up at the waving of her mystic wand. There I saw that peculiar kind of Elixir which confers immortality on man. But soon I saw one high angel, followed by many others, manifest a spirit of insubordination to Jehovah. Apparently unsatisfied, they wandered like elves over Elysian scenes in quest of some exalting panacea. But ere long the sentence of expulsion from the sacred precincts of heaven was issued against them. I saw them, when cast from the Throne, stand a moment upon its threshold, while beams of glory tremblingly lay upon them; and then fall headlong into Pandemonium. I saw Satan, as lightning falls from heaven, burning in his flight. Peace and tranquility again reigned in the upper Sanctuary. After the Throne had assumed its usual splendor, Uriel, who had been absent, was seen on speedy wing returning. Soon he arrived, folded his shining pinions amid wondering throngs, and announced the sad tidings of man's defection in

Eden. Immediately Heaven's hallelujahs were hushed into profound silence. The silvery canvases that environed the "sapphire Throne," was folded up, and dark drapery hung around it. The towering beacon I stood upon threw its lengthening and gloomy shade far back on the blissful plains of glory. All things betokened that the angels were deeply sympathizing with man. Now a dubious, flickering twilight spread over heaven. But soon wave after wave of golden light effluent from the Throne presaged a great work. Then the Almighty declared a council of all the celestial citizens would be convened in order to devise means for man's restoration to pristine purity in accordance with eternal justice. When the time arrived there was a celestial assemblage of heavenly intelligences. The great God, attired in golden robes, sat majestically upon a throne high above all others. On his left hand sat the Spirit, clothed with resplendent garments and crowned with glory. On his right sat the Son, richly arrayed, while a splendid wreath, or "wondrous bow of three celestial dyes," encircled his head. The etherial Principalities and Powers stood in magnificent apparel before the throne.

God then inquired of them whether they could originate a consistent scheme for man's redemption. But lo! they all labored in their minds, and thought deeply and intensely; yet spake not. Their richest plumage prostrate fell, and every feather thrillingly lay upon streams of liquid light. They cast their crowns before the Throne in humble acknowledgment of their incapacity to grasp the mysterious, the mighty subject.

The most ancient seraph, wrapped in profound research, was constrained to desist from farther investigations for want of nobler and deeper powers of mind. On this august theme the tallest archangel, in his most daring flight, being unable to soar aloft to the awful vertex of the high argument, dropped the exhausted wing of his imagination, while a flood of glory fell upon it. The wisest cherub, lost in assiduous contemplations and far-reaching thought, was compelled to own that he *could not fathom* the amazing plan. Gabriel, in order that he might have all possible facilities for the investigation, arose, and hovering directly over the Throne, looked straight below upon the uncreated glories of the Eternal Mind. As he anxiously gazed, he was balanced upon steady plumage. But finally he gathered up his spread pinions, and returned to his former station, being confessedly unable to comprehend the mighty idea of man's redemption. All created intelligences labored arduously, thought profoundly, and argued logically; but could form no consistent plan for the sinner's restoration to happiness. The redemptive scheme, whose glorious author is God, whose laudable object is the elevation and undying

felicity of our race, whose width is immensity, whose length is eternity, and whose theatre of exhibition is our lower world, no finite intellect could have devised.

He, then, who sits enthroned over the universe, manifested a disposition to pardon man, providing a sufficiently meritorious substitute could be found vicariously to suffer the penalty of the broken law in his stead. But for this high purpose the angels were conscious of their insufficiency. Unavailing indeed would be the death of their brightest star. No burning seraph nor knowing cherub presented himself for this holy object. For a short time all heaven was in inquiring suspense. The chief angels, who support Jehovah's awful throne, glanced anxiously each at the other. Then the Son, like a pyramid of glory, refulgent with supernal light, left the Throne and cast his glittering crown at the Father's feet. All eyes on him were intensely fixed as he bowed his head and disturbed the deep reigning silence by exclaiming, "Here am I; send me. Lo! I come to do thy will, O God." The Father consented that in the fulness of time Jesus should descend to earth, and suffer, and die, and rise again for men. The Spirit agreed to appropriate to man the avails of his sacrifice. Thus the Triune God originated the Plan of Salvation.

Then instantly, as an electric flash, the lurid curtains fell from around the Throne, and a flood of glory bursting out blazed over heaven. Immediately, from every star the ecstatic shout rolled, pealing from rank to rank, and reverberating from throng to throng, and booming from throne to throne, "O the depth of the wisdom, of the riches and of the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his ways, and how incomprehensible are his judgments!" And now a grander scene displayed itself than ever before was witnessed. A splendid crystalline firmament spread over the Throne. Fiery flames, unfolding themselves with celestial brightness, moved gracefully along its under side. Before the Throne was a transparent sea of glass, as by night, in a reluctant stream of water, is seen a glorious reflection of the starry skies; so in this translucent mirror you may behold every object of magnificence in the upper world. Seven lamps of fire were burning in front of the Throne. They are the seven Spirits of God. Behind these luminaries, and where they threw their purest beams upon it, I saw a Lamb having seven horns and seven eyes. I heard ten thousand times ten thousand angels crying, "Worthy is the Lamb." The Empyrean throngs shouted, "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive honor and power and glory and dominion forever." The pealing anthem echoed from Kingdom to Principality until all Heaven became vocal with the sublime song.



LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO. VIII.

SKETCHED BY MOTLEY MANNERS, ESQ.

J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

PATRIOTISM is an excellent thing; and so is honey. "My son, eat thou honey, because it is good," says the wise proverbialist; but he does not enjoin upon the sweet-toothed young man to eat honey, and nothing but honey, and honey all the time. Far from it. He expressly forbids him to clog his stomach, and bring on a surfeit.

Patriotism is beautiful and sublime on the battle-fields of freedom—on the borders of fatherland, where a mighty wall of true hearts ramparts our hearths and altars against the advance of hostile invaders. It is lovely and poetic when the wanderer in foreign climes, returned to his native land, falls prostrate as he revokes the shore, and in devout affection kisses his native soil. And it is magnanimous when the expatriated citizen, wronged and persecuted by those who wield his country's destinies, still looks with tearful eyes back to the skies which cover his birth-place, and prays God that his grave may be with his fathers.

But, nevertheless, let us eat sparingly of honey, although "it is good." In all the occasions of patriotism adverted to above, we do not fear that the divine *amor patriæ* will run into extremes, since the acme of such devotion springs clear of all technical selfishness, and sits enthroned half deified even upon earth. But with that ludicrous manifestation of bastard patriotism, which is noticeable in aggressive wars for national glory, or in fighting duels for national honor, we have little sympathy. The honey begins to get flat, and palls on our taste. In such exhibitions of love of country we behold what forcibly reminds us of the exploits of patriotic Quixotes in olden time, who ran their iron-covered heads into all sorts of peril for the sake of the peculiar quarterings which they bore upon their shields; or of those no less patriotic six-bottle-men, who demonstrated the superiority of their native places, by the facility with which they could drink their adversaries dead drunk under the table.

We are essentially a nation of hero-worshippers, and our present condition demands the serious attention of Thomas Carlyle. We, in our free and independent capacity as lords and masters of ourselves, hold ourselves in readiness, at any moment, to fall down and worship almost any brazen image which some democratic Nebuchadnezzar the king may set up; and as a general thing, too, the unfortunate heterodox skeptics in regard to the present divinity of the idol, are sure to be cast into the seven times heated furnace of popular opinion. And God help them if they find no internal angels to comfort them!

We may look back through our brief existence as a republic, and we cannot but see the force and justice of the above scriptural comparison. At

stated periods, we have had our great national *powows*, in which we celebrated the virtues and exploits of some big medicine-man or warrior, with all the noise and clamor we could conveniently create; and then, having duly enrolled him in our great republican calendar of saints, left him "alone in his glory," and cast about us for some new object of adulation.

But at least we are free from the charge of indiscriminate man-worship. We have clung, as a general thing, tooth and nail, to military chieftains and political orators. They have been the staple of our demand and supply for the laudable objects of apotheosis; and seldom or never have we thought it worth our while to give the robe of honor or the civic wreath to mere unostentatious intellect. The soldier and the statesman, puppet and wire-puller, have been the almost exclusive cynosures of our adoring eyes, and, on one account, perhaps, our late Mexican war is not to be regretted, since it has served to augment our stock of "heroes" for the next ten years' use, perhaps twenty. Our old supply was just thread-bare.

The camp and the forum, then, being the hot-bed of democratic greatness, it follows that the "author," or "minister," or "schoolmaster," *per se*, stood very little chance for American celebrity. Their results were too tame, their labors too wide and symmetric, ever to strike the popular eye like the abrupt achievements of our customary demi-gods. We could comprehend a battle quicker than we could a book, and find much more argument in a seige than in a sermon. And we would rather make a political conscience-keeper and mouth-piece out of a Fourth of July demagogue, than sink to the necessity of thinking for ourselves and arriving at our own conclusions;—a task always painful to those who have been accustomed to reflect by proxy.

However, in the process of making holiday demi-gods, we have, thank fortune, managed to endow many with promethean fire, and, much to our own astonishment afterwards, found that our handiwork remained divine. We have now, in truth, with all our spurious and flagree idols, some god-like and eternal souls from whose resplendent foreheads beams the glory of him of old who talked with Jehovah in the burning bush. So we can forgive a great deal of our chronic American man-worship.

Among those who, in spite of the regular routine of military and political heroes, unaccountably became "famous," was an author—a novelist—James Fennimore Cooper,—born in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, (we think in 1789,) and consequently now sixty years of age. He was of a good stock, that is to say an Ameri-

can stock, his family dating back, as residents of this county, nearly to the sixteenth century. His father was Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, in the State of New York, at which place the novelist now resides upon a fine estate. At the early age of ten, we find the youth pursuing the study of the classics under the tutorage of the Rev. N. Ellison, of Albany, and at thirteen he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1805. At this time, probably, our author, though a "promising" young man, and with a mind pretty well stored with the stuff of books, gave little evidence of the natural bent of his genius. We find him, in fact, immediately after leaving Yale, entering as a midshipman in the navy. He continued in the service some half dozen years, but as he entered about the close of the Tripolitan and left near the commencement of the war of 1812, he had probably little opportunity of distinguishing himself belligerently.

In 1811 he married. His wife, a Miss De Lancey, was a sister of the present venerable bishop of the western diocese of New York; and in company with her, we believe, he soon after made the tour of Europe, whence he returned to pursue the career of an author of leisure, not necessity.

Fennimore Cooper has written some good books. His first published volumes were exceedingly original and well-conceived; and had one of those early achievements been the criterion of the author's calibre, and unfollowed by others, he would have stood, like "single-speech Hamilton," an acknowledged man of genius.

This is no faint praise, nor is it too panegyretic. There is, in any one of the earlier Leatherstocking novels, enough of the ingredients of the genuine standard of fiction, to stamp the writer as one of the first rank of romance-writers. There is a continuity of character in all the personages who figure in the story, a bold dash of description, and an interesting method even of detail, that make the whole book a well-executed picture.

And even the purblind critics saw and acknowledged this; and, when once those worthies had spoken their fiat, the demi-semi-manufacturers of popularity applauded to the echo. Natty Bumpo became a fixed fact.

A furor—a literary furor—was at this period just the thing necessary. Novelty was acceptable, and what so novel as a successful American author? It is no wonder, then, that every merit of young Cooper was extolled, and his faults slurred over hastily. The romances grew fashionable, and, in the words of a quaint writer, "*leatherstockings* became absolutely necessary to give a novel a respectable footing." Cooper was truly a "Pioneer" in American literature, inasmuch as he went ahead of even himself.

We, who look back and coolly reflect, express many very different opinions from those current at that day. We, bolder if not wiser than our fathers, dare to level our lorgnettes at the "Magician of the North,"—dare to laugh at the moody folly of Childe Harold—and pull the wig off of the great Sam Johnson himself. And, naturally finding our American novelist a good subject, we draw our critical scalpel as remorselessly through Natty Bumpo's nerves and tendons, as ever that

interesting individual wielded his scalping knife or tomahawk.

Leatherstocking is in reality caoutchouc. His ductility, his capability of indefinite extension is really wonderful. He annihilates the unities, and defies the trammels of the grave. He wraps a soldier's frieze coat about him with the same dignity with which he wears wampum and a blanket. He hands, reefs, and steers as naturally as he traps and trades. Natty Bumpo is ubiquitous—he is Protean—he is the Puck who puts a girdle around the world of Cooper's literary self.

Is Fennimore Cooper a great novelist? In our humble opinion he is not, though in his first books he deservedly won great popularity. But to be a novelist, par excellence, requires in reality more imagination, more softness of imagery, and at the same time more striking views of humanity itself, than Cooper has evidenced the possession of. To be a high writer of fiction requires more heart than head, and yet sufficient of the latter to keep the former from running to sentimental seed. Poetry is a natural component of a good novel, and of this quality we think Cooper's share is small. It is, of all things, the easiest in literature to work by fancy. Fancy pleases, and sometimes obtains popularity, Fancy portrays Arcadians and Utopias, and paints unreal heroes, and decks all it touches with euphenistic tinsel. But it never can attain enduring fame.

The "Arabian Nights Entertainments," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress," though generally classed among works of fancy, are in reality not exclusively of that nature. They soar far above it. They often tread the loftiest realms of the poetic imagination, and at the same time take hold of the very depths of human affections. In the delightful tales of the first-mentioned work the heart is continually interested, because the natural feelings are awakened to sympathy by every trial and triumph of the hero. In "Robinson Crusoe," the strongest appeals are constantly made to the heart, if only by the simple fact of the desolate situation of a fellow-being, isolated from all his kind. And, lastly, in "Pilgrim's Progress," all the strange desires and mysterious promptings of the human soul are challenged to sympathize with the wondering Christian. Hence, then, these works are popular—because they feed the heart.

Shakspeare, "fancy's child," as he has been called, would not be the Shakspeare of our love, if fancy alone were his merit. His power lies in revelation—the revelation of what is in his readers' hearts by the same stroke of his magic wand that reveals the hearts of others—his heroes and heroines. He does not create—he discovers! He causes to be recognized what has been hidden away in the bosoms of those who knew not they possessed it. He presents no obstructions in his pages, but with the magic garment of language clothes a naked thought. His readers behold that thought, and recognize it as kin to the naked idea which they have within their own breasts. And they feel and know that Shakspeare has but clothed and beautified truth itself.

Now Fennimore Cooper has seldom identified his characters with aught within the natural com-

pass of our love. He has pictured beautiful, devoted woman, and brave, generous man, and surrounded both with an atmosphere, in some cases, of charming originality; but beyond this we recognize no affinity with the affections. There is a coldness about his virtue, a sentimentality in his love, and much of calculation the characters of his heroes. This, as a general thing, we notice; though it must be owned that in some instances, where fancy is entirely lost sight of,—as for instance Tom Coffin's death, in the "Pilot,"—the human heart conquers us into admiration; though even there, we smile at the uselessness of the catastrophe.

To sum up Cooper's literary character, we may call him a gentleman-novelist. He is a book-artist of elegant leisure, and has produced much that our country may be proud of. But as a romance-writer of genius, he occupies a station below Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, and Eugene Sue, and yet superior in many points to Walter Scott or James.

We commenced this article, as the reader knows, by a few remarks on patriotism in the abstract, and in connection with *honey*; and it was not more for the purpose of dealing a few rattan-strokes upon the broad shoulders of our national foible, "hero-worship," than to exhibit the *humbug* of patriotism in connection with Mr. Cooper. To apply the term "patriotic" to the feeling which prompted our balls and suppers to Boz Dickens, Esq., would be amusing, to say the least; but, in our modest way of thinking, not a jot more so, than the display of national feeling which once made our novelist *popular*. If any one of our literary men deserves the *American* cold shoulder,

it is James Fennimore Cooper; and yet we may not arraign him for his peculiar ideas in regard to his native country, because he has *travelled*, and is, of course, *able* to judge. We only mean to remark further, that in weighing our author's literary merits, it would be as well that we lose sight entirely of the fact of his being a countryman, and, letting patriotism keep aside, consider him as standing upon his own *novel* bottom, "ashore and afloat."

Of late years Mr. Cooper has been unhappily embroiled on several occasions with the Press, in the matter of *libel*. Libel itself and the law of libel are equally to be deprecated, and it is, in our opinion, quite as foolish to prosecute civilly for defamation of character as it is to fight a duel.—If it be as criminal to maltreat the character as the body, and to steal the good name as the purse, then let us have a law that will punish the offender, criminally, as for assault or theft. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the case, in regard to Mr. Cooper's libel difficulties, it is unquestionably admitted that as a man, our author is highly esteemed. He is full of the amenities of the polished gentleman, and at the same time possesses amiability of disposition in a high degree.

Fennimore Cooper enjoys a high transatlantic reputation, probably not exceeded even by that of Irving. His books have been widely translated and favorably criticised throughout the civilized world, and at one time he was confessedly at the head of American prose writers of fiction.

He is now, we believe, permanently settled on his estate in Cooperstown, New York.

NANNUNTENEO;

OR, THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

As the reader is probably getting to be somewhat concerned for the fate of Walter Shirley, whose sudden disappearance from the settlement had occasioned so much wonder and alarm, it is but fair that we leave for awhile Sir Arthur Effingham and his accumulating plots for the entrapment of Mr. Gilbert and his daughter, to follow the adventures of one whose fate excites in us a keener interest.

Worn down by the rigors of his confinement, and almost crazed at the thought of the suspicions which had been cast upon him, the young soldier, Shirley, had resolved not to survive the deep humiliation which he had been forced to undergo.—With the desperate resolve, therefore, of putting

his plan of self-destruction to the practice, he had let himself out of the room which had been prepared for him at Mr. Gilbert's house, through a window overlooking the garden, and leaping the palisades at a spot where they were carelessly guarded, had rapidly made his way in the direction of the forest. Distracted by conflicting thoughts, his mind had become, as it were, partially deranged, and the one idea which filled it, to the exclusion of all others, was the thought of his disgrace.

In the meantime, poor Nannunteneo was in a predicament hardly less deserving of envy than that of Walter Shirley; for, ever since his flight from Plymouth, the unhappy lad had been sorely tortured by his conscience, which continually reproached him with having returned with ingradi-

tude of the most glaring nature the kindness which she had on so many different occasions manifested towards him. He frequently took solitary rambles in the forest, brooding over the untoward aspect of his affairs, and half inclined to return of his own accord to the settlement at Plymouth, and surrender himself once more a prisoner, for the sake of Effie—towards whom he felt drawn by an emotion as strong as it was unaccountable. Often in the course of these secret rambles his movements were followed by the jealous eye of the poor forest maiden, Yanike, who yet hoped to win him back to a recollection of the love that he once professed to encourage for her. As for Ontwa, she had rejected indignantly his cold advances, and openly defied him. Foiled in this quarter, Ontwa resolved, as a last resource, to sate his revenge by the destruction of his rival, Nannunteneo.

An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Nannunteneo had absented himself, one morning, as usual, from his lodge, and, evading the lynx's eyes of his old foster mother, had shaped his course towards a neighboring hill, which overlooked, at a great distance, the settlement of Plymouth. Here, upon a towering crag the young savage would remain seated for hours, his hands resting upon his brow, gazing intently in the direction of the settlement, and endeavoring to form some plan for an interview with Effie.

Ontwa, with wary eyes, observed his actions, and followed hard upon him, until he had seen his rival seat himself upon the rock; when, drawing an arrow from his quiver, he placed it in his bow, and raising the weapon to his eye with fatal aim, was on the point of launching it at the unconscious object of his hatred, when a shrill scream resounded through the dense thicket in which he was concealed, and almost at the same instant he fell, transixed through the back by a knife in the hand of the watchful Yanike. Nannunteneo, having his attention aroused for the first time by the outcry, flew towards the spot, and discovered Yanike leaning, overcome by her excited feelings, against an adjacent tree, while at her feet lay Ontwa, panting, bleeding, in the last agonies of death. He partly raised himself, as his rival approached, gazed on him with a look of hatred and defiance, and fell, stone-dead, at Nannunteneo's feet.

"Thanks to the Great Spirit, that nerved my woman's arm to this, thou'rt safe!" cried the Indian girl, submitting to the embrace which Nannunteneo had cast about her. "He would have slain my warrior, but one as wary as himself had watched each motion, and ere he could draw an arrow to its head, this knife had drunk his blood!"

"Brave Yanike!" replied the young savage, and all his old affection sparkled in the glance which he cast upon his deliverer.

"Brave only in such a cause, as who would not be!" she replied. "Oh! Nannunteneo! hast thou forgotten our former vows—thy protestations? Shall we no longer be to one another the same that we have been? For months thou hast neglected me—thy thoughts wander even now to one of alien blood and hue, while I have never

for a moment ceased to love where first my heart was given. Shall this be always so?"

"Yanike," replied Nannunteneo, sadly, "thou dost me wrong; I have never proved a recreant to my vows; I have never forgotten the love that warmed my heart of old; the passion has slept, but a breath of thine has scattered the ashes which obscured it, and it breaks out afresh at sight of thee!"

"I knew thou wast not lost to me!—but ah! the pale-faced girl—why thinkest thou of her? Yanike can bear no rival; she is above disguise herself, and asks but that her lover should be the same."

"I will tell thee, Yanike, what it is that troubles thus my mind. In the attack upon Plymouth, thou knowest many of our bravest fell; covered with wounds, I was left for dead upon the spot, but being discovered by the enemy, was reserved by them for heavier tortures. Such would have been my fate, had it not been for this pale-faced girl, who interposed alone, and saved my life when I despaired of living. This was a noble act, and thou shalt hear how nobly I repaid it. Walking one day by the water's side with her—fear not! her lover was her guardian there!—a skiff, moored at the landing, met my eye. The impulse was too strong to be resisted—without a word I fled towards the boat, and hither made my way. But my mind has been sore perplexed for my ingratitude, and I have resolved to return and ask forgiveness for my fault. She will acknowledge that I have atoned the error, some presents will be interchanged (for thou knowest we are at peace), and I will then return to claim my Yanike!"

"I may not bid thee stay! Go; and Yanike will offer to the Great Spirit an unceasing prayer for the safety of her betrothed."

Nannunteneo pressed the girl in his arms, enjoined upon her a promise of secrecy, and at the base of the rock which had witnessed their interview they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

For two days Walter Shirley wandered at random, lost in the devious windings of an almost impenetrable forest. His uncovered head, exposed at all times to the scorching rays of the sun, had become the seat of a temporary delirium, and his body, torn and wounded by the brambles, and exhausted by continued exertion, was rapidly sinking under its privations. Nature could not long sustain such usages; his strength at last gave out, and, falling beneath the accumulation of his sufferings, he would have perished in the wilderness, had it not been for Nannunteneo, who, luckily, at this juncture stepped upon the scene, on his way towards Plymouth.

Seeing a fellow-being in distress, the youth's sympathies were aroused, and when he saw that the person which he had thus opportunely come to relieve was Effie's lover, he felt doubly thankful that he had been selected as the instrument of his recovery. Hastily selecting such simples

As Indians are wont to apply in such cases, he immediately set about the task of doctoring his patient, and so on had the satisfaction of seeing the latter arousing from the stupor into which he had fallen. Having farther attended to his comfort, Nannunteneo next constructed a temporary hut, and arranged within it a bed of leaves and rushes, on which he laid the sufferer, whose looks spoke his appreciation of the Indian's kindness. The last proceeding of Nannunteneo was to kindle a fire and prepare a hasty supper, the materials for which he carried in his pouch; and Shirley, having partaken moderately of the repast set before him by his preserver, began rapidly to recover—so that, after a night's refreshing sleep, he was able to sustain a conversation with Nannunteneo.

What transpired during the dialogue which passed between them on that momentous occasion, it is unnecessary here to mention, but before the sun had that day half described his allotted course, Walter Shirley was on his way back to Plymouth, with Nannunteneo for his companion.

It was night, and good Mistress Partridge was comforting her inner self with a flagon of beer, and a small bit of venison pastry, on which sumptuous fare she had been in the habit of regaling her staunch friend and confidant, honest Jack Wotherspoon, when the latticed window of the kitchen was gently shaken. At first Mistress Partridge gave the circumstance no attention, imagining it to have been occasioned by the wind; but a subdued tapping upon the lintel caused her to run with great alacrity to the door; and no sooner had she opened it, than Walter Shirley, followed by Nannunteneo, made his appearance.

"Hist! Mistress Partridge!" he exclaimed, seeing her about to cry aloud with terror at what she supposed to be his 'wraith'; "it is I, Walter Shirley, indeed, and no air-drawn figure that you see at so unwonted an hour."

"Well-a-day! this is a surprise indeed!" exclaimed the housekeeper, when she had become convinced of Master Shirley's identity. "But why keep away from your friends, when all are longing to see you. There's Miss Effie, poor little soul, is dying by inches, and, as if your disappearance wasn't enough, that fellow Effingham would torture her to death with his attentions."

"Ah! Effingham?"

"Oh! yes, indeed! but I forget—you do not know all that has happened of late. A pretty to-do we've had; but at last all differences have been settled, and the nuptials are to take place, it is said, to-morrow."

"The nuptials! What nuptials?"

"Why, those of Sir Arthur Effingham and Mistress Effie, for sure!"

Shirley was for some moments so astonished at this intelligence as to be unable to reply. He then asked for a circumstantial account of everything that had happened, which Mistress Partridge was but too glad to give him. When she had concluded, he requested that she would contrive to keep his return, for the present, a secret, and give him concealment in one of the outhouses attached to the premises. This she readily agreed to do, notwithstanding her evident distrust of Nannunteneo, and nothing was said to any one

about the arrival of Walter Shirley and his dusky coadjutor.

As the day approached on which it had been arranged that Effie was to undergo the dreadful sacrifice, which, by uniting her to a man whom she detested, was to save her father's life, the poor girl seemed likely to sink under the accumulation of her miseries. Yet she calmly prepared to meet her fate, and viewed the preparations for the hated nuptials without any outward manifestation of her wretchedness, save that her cheek was paler than its wont, and she had grown more thin. As for Effingham, he had triumphed, gloriously triumphed, and her name was even made the subject of merriment at his convivial meetings with his dissolute companions. The settlers looked quietly upon the proceedings of the parties concerned, and pitied the innocent victim of Effingham's wiles, but no one evinced an inclination to beard the lion in his den, by calling the dissipated nobleman to account for the manner in which he had misconducted the affairs of the colony since his arrival among them. Such a complaint would have ensured his speedy banishment, but no one seemed possessed of sufficient courage to make it.

The dreaded morning arrived, and crowds lined the route through which the marriage train was to pass on its way to the chapel. Erect, and pale as marble, Effie Gilbert, with her father and friend, the bridegroom, and those of his companions whom he had invited to be present at the ceremony, issued forth from the humble dwelling of the magistrate. But no shouts saluted the little cortege as it passed; there was no flourish of trumpets, no singing of bridal songs, or clapping of hands. The conduct of the bystanders was rather that of mourners at a funeral. In a few minutes the nuptial procession reached the chapel.

The clergyman, with his stern, unsmiling countenance, gazed scanningly into the eyes of the bride as she approached the altar, and saw that she was to be wed against her will. Nevertheless he had only to perform his duty, and therefore he proceeded calmly with the ceremony, until he came to the sentence about the forbidding the banns, which he pronounced with startling distinctness. A voice, which was not by any means new to most of those assembled in the holy place, answered in tones equally thrilling, from the opposite end of the church, "I do forbid these banns! the ceremony must not proceed!" And a person, thickly muffled in a cloak, approached the altar.

"This is madness!" exclaimed Effingham, stamping his foot with rage; "let the ceremony proceed."

"Nay, sir," replied the clergyman, "this must not be; the law awards the right to challenge any nuptials, and these shall not go on without some explanation. What are your grounds for forbidding these banns?" he asked, turning to the intruder.

"The fact that Sir Arthur Effingham has been for some time past engaged in a treasonable plot to wrest the government of the colony from the queen's hands, and place it in his own. Nor is this all! The promise of marriage was extorted from the bride by threats of violence against the

father, and the ceremony would therefore be illegal, even if performed."

"This is a plot—a trick! By Heaven! I will not be thus cheated!" shouted Effingham, stamping, and frothing at the mouth; and as he spoke, he drew his sword, and made a pass at the stranger, but was prevented by the bystanders, and disarmed.

"Is it thus, sir, that you would proclaim the justice of your cause, by the desecration of God's holy temple?" asked the minister with a frown of rebuke. "Proceed, sir," he added, turning to the stranger; "of course you have proofs to sustain your assertions."

"The best. Ho, there! come forth!" he exclaimed; and the assemblage were astonished at seeing Mistress Partridge, advancing from among the Gilbert party, take her station before the altar. She then, being called upon for her evidence, narrated all that had passed between herself and Jack Wotherspoon, of whose conversations with herself she had made occasional notes, for the purpose of drawing out of him the progress of his master's plot against the Gilberts. Thereupon, Jack Wotherspoon was arrested upon the spot, very much against his will, and the minister declared the proceedings in the church at an end. The whole assemblage then betook its way to the town hall, or court house, where an examination was immediately instituted by the magistrate next in succession to Mr. Gilbert. In vain Effingham protested against this summary treatment of himself and servant; justice, it was evident, was to be done, and the first blow having been struck, the people were evidently just in that mood when they were determined to insist upon their will as the true law.

Wotherspoon's examination was long and tedious; at first he professed to be in an awful passion, accused Mistress Partridge of being concerned in a conspiracy against him, because he had (as he said) refused to wed her. Finding, however, that his judges were in earnest, and hearing threats of beheading, he concluded that

honesty was, after all, the best policy, and, making a virtue of necessity, he confessed everything relating both to his master's treason, and the falsity of his charge against Mr. Gilbert in relation to the murder of De Darly—that personage having, to his knowledge, survived his quarrel with Gilbert many years, and died at last, an old, gray-headed man.

Foiled at every point, Effingham was about leaving the room, with curses on his lips, and vengeance flashing from his eyes; but, at the order of the justice, he was placed under arrest until such time as he could be sent back to England, to be tried for the crime in which he had been implicated, with his accomplices.

"But who is the accuser—who is it has effected this miracle?" asked an hundred voices.

The cloak dropped from the shoulders of the stranger at the inquiry, and Walter Shirley clasped the sobbing, but delighted Effie in his arms.

But there was yet another surprise in store for all. During the progress of this trying scene, Nannunteneo, enveloped likewise in a cloak, had stood, gazing with heaving breast and tearful eyes upon the little group before him. When all had been explained, he suddenly allowed his cloak to drop from his shoulders, and rushing forward, he knelt at the feet of Effie and her father, and grasping a hand of both, covered them with his tears and fervent kisses.

"My father! My sister!" were all that he could articulate.

Years passed away; Effie had become the bride of Walter Shirley, and a fresh household had sprung up around them. And at length Shirley grew to be old himself, and the settlement grew in strength and prosperity, with no Effinghams to disturb its peace. And for many years two figures sat as welcome guests at Shirley's fireside, and received the caresses of his blooming children. They were YANKEE, and her husband, NANNUNTENEO!

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS. J. L. LEONARD.

THE solemn scene is o'er, the last prayer said,
The bell hath toll'd its requiem for the dead,
The grave has closed, and earth receives its trust,
"Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust."

The loved one sleeps, ye cannot break her rest,
'Tis soft and peaceful, on her Saviour's breast;
This is not death, then wherefore should we weep,
When God hath said—"He gives beloved ones sleep."

The ransom'd soul shall shine in heaven a gem
Of radiant lustre in the diadem
Of the Redeemer. Golden harp and crown
Receiv'd, are cast before Jehovah's throne.

Another seraph joins the heavenly thing,
A new voice mingles in triumphant song;
Celestial voices bid her welcome there,
Eternal joy and endless bliss to share.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MYNHEER JOHANNES SCHMIDT'S TRIP ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

BY B. BLANQUE.

As MR. JOHANNES SCHMIDT was left at the Harlem Depot about a month since, we presume by this time he feels right for a start. Accordingly we shall commence our journey.

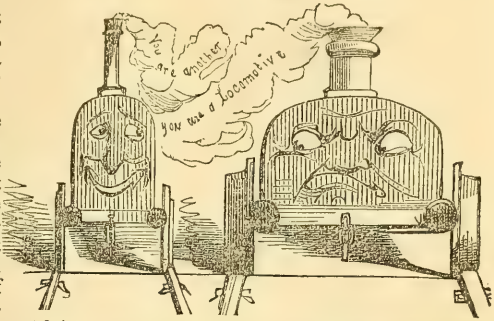
As most of the readers of Holden are probably aware, the Harlem cars are *supposed* to be drawn to the outskirts of the city by horses. This is a common, but very erroneous impression. Animals are unquestionably attached to the cars for the purpose of assisting their locomotion, but they bear no resemblance to horses, and are, in fact, generally used as a sort of brake to prevent the train from overcoming the heavy grade in some parts of the road. They are also a source of great amusement to the passengers—especially those of a waggish turn of mind—who daily serve up the standing joke of “a slow coach,” for the edification of all interested. These horses are supposed by many to be donkeys, from the fact that they are under the immediate control of the Directors of the Harlem Road; but whether this physiological fact is accounted for on natural grounds, or from their connection with the Directors, has never been explained. We may, *en passant*, mention, as a singular fact, that the precise horse-power of a Harlem car, when in motion, has never been ascertained correctly, though a gentleman who has been in the habit of riding there for years, has stated it, figuratively speaking, at 0001-4.

Mr. Schmidt, after the train had got under way, endeavored to get out of the way of a lady, “fat, fair and forty,” who had appropriated the greater part of two seats for her own use. Mr. S., however, was in a corner as well as a dilemma, and thought it best to quietly succumb to a little inconvenience rather than dispossess a lady of her seat, especially as she looked very hard at him when he seemed inclined to move.

The cars being at last put in train for starting, the conductor rang the bell, and they left at precisely 11 o'clock. Below is a portrait of



MR. SCHMIDT AT 10 MINUTES PAST 11.



Slowly, and gradual as though its engineer was leaving the scenes of his early childhood for a distant land, departed the heavy train. There was no hurry or bustle attendant upon their departure for the distant city of Harlem; no tears, no groans from distressed families—the ties of whose social commingling was now broken; no sobs from weeping lovers; no affectionate screaming from heart-broken mothers; no tearful sighs of elongated grief;—but the only sound borne to the ears of the passengers, and echoed through the busy streets, was, “Sun,” “Herald,” “Tribune,”—three distinct factions emanating from a sturdy representative of the press-room. The lady next Mr. S. partially arose for the purpose of purchasing a copy of the luminary which “shines for all,” and a change immediately “came o’er the spirit of his dream,” consequent upon her removal. Here is



MR. SCHMIDT AT 20 MINUTES PAST 11.

It has been ascertained, by frequent experiments, that if the protuberance denominated a *corn*, and generally situated upon some exposed portion of the foot, is exposed to outward unnatural pressure through some foreign agent, a very painful and unpleasant sensation is immediately felt crawling, as it were, from one extremity to the other. Mr. Schmidt had for some years been troubled with these execrable excrescences, and their tone had not been materially improved by a rough sea voyage. As may be supposed, when

the lady in question planted her foot fairly upon the corn of his left foot, he did not feel right pleasant, and in fact thought she was proceeding to extremities with him. It, as the old proverb says, was "much against the grain" thus to suffer pain in his corner from a pressure on the corn, and he silently expostulated with her by tightly compressing his lips at precisely



30 MINUTES PAST 11.

Flesh and blood could stand this treatment no longer. Mr. S. indignantly arose and sought another seat. After a diligent search of about ten minutes, he found one on a small poodle, which inadvertently run between his feet, thereby capitalizing the craft Schmidt and creating considerable confusion in the car, which was immensely heightened when the dog turned upon the unfortunate cause of this trouble, and fastened his teeth in his leg, to the evident detriment of the broadcloth, to say nothing of the flesh. Mr. S. uttered several curses, not loud nor deep, for his eye caught the glance of a vixenish looking, middle-aged lady, who seemed desirous of having some satisfaction for his treatment of her favorite, and he wisely resolved to defer his vengeance for awhile. But as he rose from the floor he turned toward the dog with a look in which ferocity and hate were so curiously blended that he might have passed for an old villian bent on enforcing the dog law. It was now



40 MINUTES PAST 11.

Onward swept the train of cars as though upon a regular train, and as they swiftly passed the curves and turns of the track astonished countrymen looked wonderingly on, and thought they were certainly on a bender. The passengers collectively were rode upon rails, upon a rail road, at a much faster speed than suffering rascality had ever been treated to before, and yet the iron horse faltered not. He had been fed and watered at the last station, and it was an easy task for him to keep up his steam. At the instant when Mr. Schmidt supposed his numerous troubles at an end, and his sufferings among the things that were, he experienced a new difficulty which pro-

mised to be more serious in its consequences than any of its predecessors. The teeth of the dog had made quite an impression upon the flesh of his leg, which the pain had sympathetically extended to his face and suffused his countenance with anything but a smile. Agonizing pain tortured his body, and constant fears of a spasmodic refusal of water racked his mind. Under these circumstances he certainly was excusable for contracting the muscles of his face, in the manner described below, at precisely



50 MINUTES PAST 11,

and if excusable, how much more so must he have been under the following new infliction. Feeling fatigued by his exertions and misfortunes, and well aware that he was right when he asserted that the dog was in the wrong, he placed himself gently upon one of the seats in a recumbent posture, and folded his arms for the reception of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But new troubles were hatching for him, and matter, as yet in the embryo shell, was destined to work its worst upon the victim of circumstances and eggs. An old lady from the country, who, in common with many others, labored night and day under the impression that she could buy everything, including, of course, sweet milk and new potatoes, and other city luxuries, much cheaper in town than elsewhere, had ventured down to Washington Market to buy a few fresh eggs. They were fresh, for her nearest neighbor had carried them down the same day, and had previously had them in her house so long that she knew them to be fresh and good. Well, the old lady was returning home with her new purchase, and while gossiping with an old acquaintance,—who had not heard of the last rumor concerning the reported kiss given by Miss Green to a gentleman, which the venerable matron most ingeniously construed into a horrible case of *crim. con.*, most seriously compromising some of the first families,—while gossiping, we say, with this friend, she quite forgot her eggs, which were tied up in a small parcel, and the consequence was Mr. S., not being under the impression that he was over the eggs, demolished the whole nest. Like the bound of an India rubber ball, he was on his feet in an instant—too late. The offended yolks rose up in vengeance against him, and the cries of the old lady were indeed terrible to bear. Mr. S.'s ears were hand-cuffed by the good lady amidst the cheers and jeers of the bystanders, who were sitting around in every direction; and the unfortunate victim, who was never fond of eggs, now utterly despised them. His contortions were in-

deed unpleasant to behold, producing very nearly the effect as seen below at



12 O'CLOCK.

To attempt a description of the paroxysms of rage and grief which alternately swelled in the

bosom of the unfortunate Johannes, would be a useless task. Though not a drinking man, he wished himself a thousand times more than half-seas over, and pictured in his own mind the beauties of his former life, contrasted with the horrors of his present one. But now the cars were fast reaching their destination, and the disconsolate Schmidt was borne to the bourne from whence the train returned to the city; and as the bell rang the valedictory in noisy congratulations, and he slowly, solemnly, and soberly stepped to the ground from the car, he felt that never before had he been so unpleasantly incarcerated, and he manfully turned from the car-house to his hotel.

This was his first chapter in sight-seeing in America. His adventures while in Harlem may hereafter be chronicled minutely.

REGULARS AND CONTINENTALS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

THE causes which led to the declaration of war between Great Britain and her colonies in America, must be fresh in the minds of all readers of history; yet their introduction here, as the groundwork of the subjoined narrative, can hardly be considered out of place. For a long time previous to the breaking out of hostilities, the colonists had viewed with suspicion and distrust the movements of the English ministry, and they were at length aroused into open action by the passage of laws for the quartering of troops among the colonies, and for rendering the Governors of said colonies solely dependant on the Crown. In order to testify their aversion to these proceedings, and their determination to resist to the last drop of their blood, if called for, any act of foreign interference or aggression, a number of Americans organized themselves into a party at Boston, and having disguised themselves as Indians, proceeded to the harbor, and forcibly boarding some of the vessels which lay there at anchor, destroyed large quantities of tea, by casting it overboard. In consequence of this proceeding, acts were passed for shutting up the port of Boston and for altering the constitution of Massachusetts Bay and Quebec. The sensation created by such odious enactments in the minds of men already awaking to a sense of their degraded and dependant condition, and longing for the blessings of a liberal government, may easily be imagined. The first indignation of the colonists having subsided, they entered into a solemn league and covenant "to suspend all commercial intercourse with the mother country until the obnoxious acts should be repealed." Measures were, meantime, adopted for holding a general

congress of the American Colonies, and a bold and energetic remonstrance, petitioning for a redress of grievances, was addressed to the King, who, however, disregarded all appeals and remonstrances alike, thus driving the Americans to their last resource—the appeal to arms.

Such was, then, the condition of affairs in America at the time of the commencement of our narrative. Foreign nations surveyed with awe and fear the stupendous cloud which hung above our country's destinies, and Great Britain gathered in her might to crush the "so-called" rebellious spirit which animated her descendants, while America, sullen and determined, leaned on her arms, and awaited calmly the approach of the conflict.

It was early in the month of April, the year 1775, the time drawing towards evening, when two young men, whose plain, homespun attire, and sun-burned countenances proclaimed them the sons of farmers, accustomed to the duties of the field, might have been seen threading with measured steps a narrow lane, thickly bordered with foliage, on the outskirts of the pleasant village of Concord, in Massachusetts. It was just after a spring shower, and thick drops of rain hung, like beads of glass, upon the clustering leaves, while the evening sun, breaking through the lessening clouds which were floating towards the east—already growing dimmer from the shadows of approaching night—lit up the tops of trees and the numerous window panes of the distant villages and hamlets with an almost golden

glow. Birds were leaping from bough to bough, and making the air resound with their twittering, while the lowing of the cattle, driven homeward by the attentive farmer's boy, came upon the ear from afar; but, notwithstanding these sights and sounds, the air of the two lads was serious and downcast, while upon the brow of one, who appeared to be the elder, brooded an uneasy, half-fearful expression, which contrasted strongly with the firm, clear aspect of his companion.

"Walter Maynard, you and I are old acquaintances—playmates, I may say, from our infancy up," exclaimed the youngest, breaking a momentary pause which had occurred between them; "but what you counsel me to do is wrong, and I have been taught always to shun advice having such a tendency. Our country, by the stand which she has taken, has, as you say, involved herself in trouble, but her sons are fully prepared to meet the contest, and I, for one, am determined to abide by the consequences."

"That's just like you, Edgar, always in your heroic," retorted the other with an attempted sneer; "your love for the daughter of farmer Ashley has filled your head with all sorts of romantic ideas, and I dare say you'd be nothing less than a second St. George, at once, if there were any dragons to kill. But, come, come, I understand all this; Lucy will not like Edgar Wallis any the less because he happens to wear a red uniform instead of a blue one—and I even doubt whether it would not raise, instead of depressing you in her estimation."

"Walter, you *know* that what you say does not come from your heart. Where you obtained these ideas it is hard to conceive, but I, for one, do not share in them. Were I to become the despicable wretch you would have me, Lucy Ashley would spurn me from her with contempt and loathing. And did I think that she could countenance such a proceeding, I would at once disclaim all right to her, and devote myself alone to the hallowed cause of my country. But why do I talk of this? Why do I speak with you at all? Walter Maynard, you are a dangerous companion, and as such I must shun you."

"I don't see that I have done any very great harm," returned Walter with a reckless air, to disguise the chagrin he really felt at the words of his former friend. "Every man has his opinions, such as they are, and if mine happen to differ with yours, that is no reason why I should not be as good a man as yourself. Besides, I have reason on my side. In the event of a war, what can our poor colonies, pressed for means, and destitute of an army, accomplish? Nothing! We shall most assuredly be cut to piece, like so much minced meat, and then matters will be much worse than they were before. But if we enlist ourselves upon the stronger side, the case would be the reverse. Great Britain has strong armies at her disposal, and pays well those who faithfully serve her. Then there's the chance of promotion; imagine yourself a colonel of dragoons, with your brilliant scarlet uniform and a pocket lined with gold doubloons. Do you call *that* nothing? For my part, the contrast, alone, is sufficient to decide me."

Edward Wallis folded his arms, and cast upon his companion a glance of mingled reproach and disdain.

"You are resolved, then, to betray the land which gave you birth!" he exclaimed, with a curling lip. "Such sentiments would not surprise me, coming from one of our oppressors, but from you, Walter Maynard, the son of an American—bound to the land by ties stronger even than consanguinity—I blush for you! Seek not to make me waver in my determination, for it is useless. Let me, rather, dissuade you from the awful step which you are on the point of taking. The conquest of this country is by no means so certain as you imagine, and should you be taken in arms, think of the disgraceful end which awaits you! By my soul's worth, Walter, I would rather plunge myself into a gulf of liquid fire than yield to such a traitorous impulse."

"Time and circumstance will soon occasion a change in your opinions," said Maynard, coolly.

"Never!" replied the youth with firmness,—and his handsome face lighted up with a glow of patriotic fervor as he spoke,—"be the fate of my country what it may, I will remain true to her interests through all vicissitudes, and, if necessary, perish at her side. In such a cause, death has for me no terrors. The hand of scorn will not be pointed at me while I live, and when I am beneath the sod no voice will murmur, 'this is a traitor's grave!'"

"I am sorry you still refuse to be convinced," said Maynard, persisting in his object, notwithstanding his companion's evident disinclination to renew the subject; "the terms of the British are worth consideration, and to tell you the truth, I have already implicated myself in this matter beyond retracting."

"What! have you enlisted, then?" asked Edgar in astonishment, drawing back.

"To-be-sure; do you suppose I would talk so confidently if I had not? Ah! how astonished you would look if I were to tell you all I know. I hold, even now, a paper in my pocket authorizing me to enrol men for the coming war, and, to speak plainly, if you will become one of us, I can offer you a lieutenant's commission in the body about to be raised. What do you say?"

"Scoundrel! Another word on that subject, and I would cleave you to the earth, though you were twice my weight!" shouted Edgar, flushing with excitement and shame.

"That's a very lucky proviso, my easily-nettled friend," replied Maynard, taking no further pains to disguise his sneers; "for you know, if I were so disposed, I could whip ten of you. But a time is coming when we can settle this difference in a much more convenient manner. The red coats will be upon you at Concord in less than a week, and then, where are your stores, and your equipments, and——" here the speaker paused abruptly, and his face turned crimson at the thought of the blunder he had committed. "Yes," he added, "it is possible they may come this way—though some doubt it."

"Walter Maynard, I cannot conceal the contempt which your conversation has inspired in me," said the youth, hastily; "I am above disguise,

and henceforth there must be naught but enmity between us. Go your ways, traitor!—the contempt and scorn of your fellow-countrymen will follow you wherever you may direct your steps."

And, saying this, the youth called Edgar Wallis turned abruptly down an adjacent path, and Walter Maynard was alone.

"Curses upon my stupid blundering," he muttered, clenching his hands and beating his forehead; "in my carelessness I had well-nigh exposed the secret intrusted to my keeping. But it is not too late, even yet; I will return to the rendezvous and dispatch a corporal's guard to secure Master Edgar before he has a chance to do us an injury."

And leaping quickly over the hedge which bordered the lane, he disappeared among the foliage.

In the meanwhile Edgar Wallis, having quickened his steps, soon arrived in sight of a low, woodbined cottage, at the door of which, the time being evening, a family group were assembled. This group consisted of five or six persons. Near the door sat an aged lady, with her high mobbed cap, and silvery hair brushed carefully back from the brow, disclosing a forehead which, though wrinkled and fallow now, had doubtless been gazed on with envy by many an amorous swain in days of yore. A large family Bible was placed on her knees, on the pages of which she was intently poring through a pair of antique spectacles, alternately transferring her gaze from the sacred book to a couple of golden-haired children, who were playing, with loud laughter, upon the ample lawn in front of the cottage door, a large, shaggy, Newfoundland dog occasionally joining in their sports. Opposite the venerable lady was seated a comely matron, engaged at her wheel, and by her side her husband—a man seemingly of some fifty years—who, with knitted brows, was examining the contents of a newspaper published in the neighboring city of Boston. In the foreground a lovely girl of seventeen summers was engaged in laying a table preparatory to the evening's repast; for it had been a sultry day, and on such occasions farmer Ashley always preferred to dine in the open air.

"This is too provoking," he said, looking up for a moment from the paper which he was reading. The attention of the family was immediately directed to the farmer.

"What is too provoking, husband?" asked the matron, with an anxious smile, which was but too evidently assumed. "Have our *protectors* inflicted upon us any new act of aggression?"

"The British have at last landed a force, and I have too good reason to fear that they will turn their steps in this direction," replied the farmer, sorrowfully. "Had I but a son upon whom I might rely, I should be relieved of much anxiety, but the thought of leaving you all, so dear to me, unprovided for, is almost enough to unman me."

"I understand your meaning, husband," replied his wife, resolutely, "and I would not bid you for a moment stay behind when you can be of service to your country."

"Spoken like an American matron!" exclaimed the farmer. "By my faith, Bess, thou art almost as handsome as on the day when we were wed!" and he imprinted a kiss upon her lips as he spoke,

while "granny," with her eyes upraised, seemed to be invoking a blessing upon her children.

"Here comes Edgar!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy, whose eyes had been intently fixed upon the lawn during this dialogue; and a deep blush mantled upon her cheek as she spoke.

"The name reminds me that, although I have no son, there is one who can well supply that vacant place," said the farmer, rising from his seat, and approaching the new comer, whom he grasped by both hands in a manner not to be mistaken. "You are welcome, Edgar; we were just speaking of you when Lucy recognized your step. I believe the girl has sharper ears than any of us!"

Edgar, having reciprocated the old man's kindly greeting, turned to approach the object of their conversation, but she had anticipated him by running to his side, and a hearty kiss was the result of their sudden meeting.

"You scarce deserve it for your truancy," she cried, playfully, "but I cannot find it in my heart to be cruel at such a time. Is not this sunset beautiful, dear Edgar?"

"Beautiful, indeed; and to judge by the rosy color of your cheeks, it has left its stain there, also."

Need we prolong the dialogue? Most of our young readers have probably framed one out of their own vocabulary, and the task would, indeed, be useless. Suffice it to say, that while the elder folks prepared for the evening's meal, Lucy and her lover strolled down to the neighboring hedge, and while she chattered thoughtlessly over a thousand different subjects, in a tone of almost girlish innocence and glee, Edgar busied himself in plucking some wild flowers and arranging them in her hair. Suddenly, in the midst of his occupation, his brow became clouded, and Lucy, by a magnetic influence well known to lovers, immediately perceived it, and became alarmed, her own face unconsciously assuming the expression of his own.

"Good Heaven! Edgar, why do you change countenance so suddenly? Are you ill?—let us return to the house without delay!"

"I am not ill, dear Lucy—at least not ill in body," he replied, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Something there is that troubles me, I own, but my troubles, whatever they may be, are not of a physical nature; so calm your fears."

"How you frightened me; my heart is going like a drum. But, tell me, what ails you?"

Without hesitation, Edgar thereupon unfolded to her all that had transpired between himself and the young man named Walter Maynard, particularly that portion of their interview relating to the march of British regulars upon Concord, where were situated all the American military stores.

"You acted nobly—you are incapable of doing otherwise," said Lucy; "but it is not this alone that troubles you, Edgar."

"I confess, Lucy, that the thought of parting from you somewhat annoys me; but even love, however strong its tie, must sometimes yield to duty. It is evident that a long, and, perhaps, a disastrous war is impending; America, in this emergency, will have need of all her sons. Should I linger behind the rest?"

"Should you do so, Edgar, I should acknowledge that I have been deceived in the estimation I had formed of your character. It is your duty to fly to the assistance of the land that gave you birth, and, dear as you are to me, I should blush for myself if I endeavored, by word or look, to restrain you. Go, Edgar, where your country calls you; there is one who, whatever befall, will pray incessantly for your welfare!"

"That's spoken like my true-hearted wife, as I hope one day to call you; but it grows dark, and I must immediately to Concord, to disclose my suspicions to the commander of the stores. Should we lose them, it will prove a blow from which it will be long ere we can recover—perhaps never!"

"Will you not stay and sup?"—and then correcting herself, she added—"I forgot; go quicky, as you may, I will make your excuses to the family."

And bidding him an affectionate adieu, accompanied by something more substantial than mere words, she turned and tripped lightly towards the house, while Edgar leaped the hedge and disappeared down the narrow lane, now rapidly growing dusk with the shadows of twilight.

This is no romance—this scene—but a true picture of the relation in which families stood towards each other during the "days that tried men's souls." Many an Edgar Wallis has left the sides of those most dear to him, to mingle in the bloody conflict; many a Lucy Ashley has watched with a sigh the retreating figure of her patriot lover; and many a Walter Maynard has lived the degraded life, and died the ignominious death of him who figures under that name in our present brief and simple history.

As Edgar Wallis took his way rapidly down the lane in the direction of Concord, his mind was filled with a thousand conflicting emotions; love of country, of kindred, and of Lucy Ashley, occupied, by turns, his thoughts. It was now growing dark, and it was well for our young hero that he knew every crook and turning of the way, or he might have travelled all night and in the morning found himself at the point whence he started, so many devious variations had the path. Now it hid itself in deep embowering thickets, and anon emerged upon a lone and desolate common, only to hide itself again in deep and sombre woods. At intervals the moonlight streamed full upon his way; at others it only became visible at intervals, or peeped in checkered and broken patches, or lay like bars of fretted silver across the pathway. But Edgar knew the road well, having travelled it from the time when, as a school-boy, he had crept to Concord with satchel on his back, and he had no fear of surprises. It might have been better had he observed more caution, however; for, just as he was entering a deep patch of woods, singing to himself a fragment of an old hunting song, a hoarse voice at his elbow startled him with the cry of "Who goes there?"

"It is rather I who should ask that question," he replied, endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of the questioner's features through the gloom. "If you are an honest man, pursue your way, and suffer me to pursue mine, for I have urgent business to hasten me."

"Stir not; you are a prisoner to the King's First Regiment of Horse," exclaimed another voice, rudely.

"The King's?—have the enemy so soon arrived, then?"

"Come, come, youngster, we came not here to answer questions. You will learn for yourself soon enough I make no doubt."

"Unhand me! I am a peaceable man, and have done nothing to sanction this violence!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to break from them.

"Are you not Edgar Wallis?" asked the last voice.

"I am not ashamed of my name—I *am* Edgar Wallis!"

"All's right, then; and harkye, neighbor, talking is useless, for we are two to one, do you see, and you, I take it, are unarmed. If you offer no resistance you may escape with a few days' detention; but if you are obstinate, we may take a fancy to tar and feather you, and to roast you in your own grease, my lad.* So best submit with a good grace to what you can't avoid."

There was some truth in this last observation, as Edgar could not help owing to himself; and, therefore, swallowing his indignation as well as he knew how, he suffered his arms to be pinioned by his captors, and was by them marched off in a contrary direction. A walk of some hours brought them to a small hamlet, situated in a retired part of the country, where the British commander, General Gage, had temporarily stationed the advance of his army; and here Edgar was forthwith conducted before the Colonel of the regiment of dragoons, into whose hands he had fallen, and who stared at the upright and unbending figure before him, as though he had expected to see a kind of savage in long, straight hair, and other fixings. He was about to speak, when Edgar anticipated him.

"Wherefore, sir, is it that I, a freeborn American, am subjected to this act of violence?" he asked, advancing a step towards the Colonel, who drew back in surprise at the undaunted bearing of the youth.

"Heyday! here's language for you; his Majesty may well look to his possessions when they breed such cubs as this. Do you know, sir, that you are in the presence of an officer in the service of the King of England?"

* Although spoken here by the trooper in a jesting manner, the above is no unfair specimen of the treatment which our American youth sometimes experienced at the hands of their British captors, who seemed to consider the trying of a brother Saxon a very capital joke. Even as early as the commencement of the last century the conduct of the British towards the colonists was characterized by all kinds of cruelty. As an example, it is related by historians, that, about this time, a special ordinance of the government directed that when a boat, or sloop belonging to this country was passed by a British vessel, the former should strike their colors in token of servitude. This edict was not obeyed without reluctance by those for whom it was meant, and loss of life was not unfrequently the consequence of a disobedience of the order. On one occasion, a boat containing a family by the name of Ricketts, going from Whitehall, New York, to visit some acquaintances at Elizabethtown, was fired into by a British vessel for neglecting the mandate. The discharge killed the nurse, who held a baby in her arms; but though, at a subsequent examination, the authorities pronounced it a case of deliberate murder, no redress could be obtained.

"Were I in doubt, your manner would soon convince me of your station," replied Edgar, disdainfully.

The officer construed this into a compliment, and when he again spoke, it was in a more bland tone.

"So you have, at least, some perception. But lest you be led to form an erroneous impression of British chivalry, let me invite you to discuss a glass of wine with me before retiring."

"Before I can touch glasses with you, sir, I must know the 'why and wherefore' of my being here," replied the youth, sternly.

"That, it may not be our pleasure at present to divulge. Suffice it that we have a object, and as your detention is one link in our chain of conquest, it is not very likely that we shall allow you to depart."

"You will pardon me, sir, if I fail to see how my captivity can affect the conquest of an entire nation."

"That is not strange, since all persons do not see with the same eyes. But as you will not drink with me, I suppose the refusal is to be construed into an act of defiance. Is it so?"

"Plainly, then, since you will have it, Yes!"

"Very well, very well," said the officer; "it is true that by such conduct you place it in my power to deal the more vigorously with you; but, doubtless, you said this in the first heat of your passion. I know men are not apt to speak advisedly when they have their blood at fever heat. Suppose, now, we should come to a little amicable arrangement, eh?"—and the officer, as if by accident, rattled a purse of gold upon the table by which he was sitting.

Edgar cast upon him a glance of withering contempt, and significantly turned his back.

"Do you defy us still, then?" asked the Colonel, getting angry.

"I both defy and despise you; and let me tell you, Colonel, since that your paid rank in your hireling army, I had rather that both my hands should be severed at one stroke from my body, than that they should touch one farthing of your

ill-got monies upon the disgraceful terms which you purpose! You can do with me as you please, but this is my unutterable resolution."

"Take him away with you, Wilkins," exclaimed the Colonel, addressing his orderly; "you need not be over nice about his fare; and as to bedding, if it is his intention to become a soldier, the sooner he accustoms himself to hard sleeping, the better!"

Edgar surveyed the insolent minion of tyranny from head to foot with the utmost scorn, and with his arms still pinioned behind him, followed his captors from the apartment, while the Colonel, to relieve his feelings, took another glass of wine.

"These rebel curs," said he, "are fit for nothing but to make serfs of; like swine, they will run to the devil, if you give them too much license."

But the "rebel curs" thought differently, as is proved in the sequel.

The news of her lover's misfortune was not long in coming to the ears of the devoted Lucy Ashley, and she immediately formed her determination. Informing her parents of her intentions, she enveloped herself in cloak and hood, and started, the night succeeding her lover's capture, for Concord, where she sought the presence of the American leaders without delay, and disclosed to them the enemy's rumored intentions of surprising their military stores. She was heartily thanked for her intelligence, and commended for her devotion, and a guard was allowed to escort her back in safety to her father's house. The intelligence of the approaching movement on the part of the British flew like wildfire in the prairie, and thousands of the peasantry, ere the lapse of another day, had found themselves arms and ammunition, and prepared to dispute every inch of the road marked out by the enemy. Yet, on the morning of that memorable day, farmers were at their labor in the fields as usual, and careful housewives went about their daily routine as though nothing out of the ordinary way was about to happen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

My throne, a simple chair:

I ask no other majesty

Than strikes the gazer there.

The horse of fire obeys my rod,

My couriers take the sea;

The lightning leaves the charm'd cloud

At Art's command for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

Let monarchs wear a crown:

I wave my pen across the page

And crowns have tumbled down.

The world rolls on, the millions stride;

Without, the tempest rolls—

Within, I brood a quiet thought

That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!

My host embattled types:

With them I quell the tyrant's horde

And rear the stars and stripes.

I give my hand to all the race,

My altar Freedom's sod;

I say my say and bend my knee

Alone, alone to God.



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.**

BY SIGMA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XVII.

REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY J. W. ORR AND BROTHER, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY A. MORAND.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN was born on the 29th of December, 1814, in Union Village, Washington County, New York. His family removed from there when he was six months of age. When he was about four years of age he came to New York city. He continued in this city for eight years, attending school during most of the time. At the age of twelve he accompanied his parents to Bennington, Vermont; and at the end of one year and a half removed with them to Boston. In no long time he returned to Bennington; and was in the seminary at that place, as also postmaster of the village for some time. The remainder of the time, until he was twenty-three, was spent, more or less, in study and reading. Mr. Chapin was in a law office in Troy for nine months. For some time he was connected in the editorial department with the "Magazine and Advocate," published at Utica. It was when connected with this, at the age of twenty-three,

that he entered the ministry. He was first settled at Richmond, Virginia, in the year 1838, where he remained until December, 1840. He then removed to Charlestown, Massachusetts, and preached there during six years. From thence he went to Boston, and remained there till the 1st of May, 1848, when he received and accepted a call to settle in New York city, and is now the pastor of the Church in Murray-st.

This is a brief biography. One would not be likely to infer much from it. And yet Mr. Chapin is a great man. He has two important elements of greatness—*genius* and *goodness*. The course of his life has moved as smoothly as the streamlet flows among the meadows. Its outward circumstance neither startles by its wonders, nor awes by its grandeur. It is simply the external life of one who has followed on in the path that Providence opened before him; prompt to embrace an opportunity, but not anxious from the lack of one; making his way only so fast as it was made for him. Hence its upward course has been sure, while it has been rapid. It is a life of little variety—there is some moving from place to place, but only within a limited compass. It is such a life, in its outward circumstance, as many lead, whose departure from one place is equally unnoticed with their arrival at another. And yet it has been a great life—a life worth living—one which will not be forgotten even if it should now go out at its meridian, whose influence will never perish, and whose last sand will never drop away unnoticed. It is the *inner* life that, in this case, absorbs the interest. This bears no correspondence to the outer one. This has been replete with incident, and variety, and rich experience. There have been the youthful aspirations and the manhood's struggles—the early misgivings and the later success—the besetting temptations, and gropings for the truth, and searchings for the hidden word, and longings for the Good and Right. And it is a life in which these misgivings and searchings have come at last to merge themselves into the responsibilities of guiding and instructing others, and into untiring efforts to instil personal convictions. It is the life of a self-made man,—of one who, with no unusual early advantages, and many disadvantages, has worked his way upward and onward, till he ranks among the best pulpit orators of America. Such a life may appear tame on its surface, but oh! what revelations would startle and awe us, if, drawing aside the veil of sense, we could scan the immortal page upon which thought and feeling is engraved, and note all the experiences through which that soul has lived, during the upbuilding of that spiritual temple, as, from the foundation, stone by stone has been laid up to the crowning dome!

If we could see, when the winds of skepticism were howling around it, and the tempests of temptation beating upon it, and the floods—the surging floods of simple enticements sweeping across it, how it stood; and how at last the light broke in upon it, and a heavenly peace pervaded it—if we would see all this, we should stand in awed silence before the revelation!

We have styled Mr. Chapin a man of genius. We think him to be so—first, because of the at-

tainment of his present distinguished position as a *pulpit orator*. He has gained this eminence by personal, unassisted effort. He was favored with no thorough early training to start him, not even a college education to assist him, and no patronizing friends to “boost” him. And still he is a great preacher—a true orator. The enlightened are attracted by the comprehensiveness of his thoughts, and the refined by the exquisiteness of his illustrations; while the rude are charmed by his simplicity, and the ignorant moved by his earnestness. It is a great thing thus to concentrate on oneself the admiration of such divers tastes. Few can do it, with all the faculties which teachers and professors furnish, and all the industry which ambition engenders. But genius, though unassisted, can accomplish even this.

And secondly, we ascribe genius to Mr. Chapin because of his *style*. It is remarkable for its purity and simplicity. We say remarkable, because it is uncommon for such a style to result from the unsystematic education which Mr. Chapin has had. In such cases there is apt to be an exuberance amounting to extravagance, and a dressing up of thought so as to smother it. But with Mr. C. this is not so. His choice of words is sensible, his selection of appellatives nice, his illustrations natural, and his sentences forcible. His style is indeed quite Saxon, with much of the Saxon strength and vigor. We would compare it with that of Dr. Orville Dewey, though without asserting its equality.

In reading his writings, one is often reminded of Dr. Dewey. Perhaps this similarity has resulted from the fact of their both having devoutly studied the same great master, Channing; or, perhaps, still more from their adoption of very similar views in religion and in politics, and having similar tastes in literature and æsthetics. There is in the style of both, to a great degree, the same elegance of carriage and grace of movement, the same simple ease, set off with rich adornings and luxurious illustrations. There is the same freedom from marbling excrescences and striking peculiarities. Dr. Dewey has made the greater advances, but Mr. Chapin is on the same path. It is very uncommon for a person to attain such a finish of style in such a brief period, with no systematic devotion to study in early life. It proves that there was innate genius in the man; a natural perception of what was beautiful, and graceful, and appropriate, and true to nature; that his judgment and taste could be depended upon as guides, without the training which Salust, and Cicero, and Homer, and Demosthenes are made to impart. His Minerva style sprang forth from his brain—finished, full formed, panoplied for service. Such a style was conceived and begotten by Genius. Yet Genius did not do it all. Work, severe, long continued work, has been laid out some time or other. For many years Mr. C. has labored steadily and steadfastly in the path of self-improvement.

Thirdly: We deem Mr. Chapin a man of genius because of his *comprehensive views of truth*. He recognises and acknowledges two sides, nay, a dozen sides, if there are so many—and looks at them calmly and fairly. He is not hampered by the shackles of party, nor squeezed into the strait

jacket of preconceived opinions. He is ready to give ear to a novel proposition, weighing its claims candidly, deciding upon its merits dispassionately. It is the *truth*, he wants and must have; not the upbuilding of his own sect, nor the propping up of early prejudices. But he stands on the higher ground that overlooks all the barricades of party, recognising the right wherever it exists, and honoring the true-hearted wherever they may stand.

We have also spoken of Mr. Chapin as a man of *goodness*. In the use of this term we would not be misunderstood. We do not mean one who fulfils all the manifold requirements that the various relations of existence set forth—the relations of the creature to the Creator, of the redeemed to the Redeemer, of the child to the parent, the brother to the brother, the friend to the friend, the citizen to the state, the man to Humanity. We may have been peculiarly unfortunate, but we have failed to meet with the man who, in such a use of the term, could be called a man of goodness. We understand, however, that there are such "out West." Neither do we mean that class of calm, precise, unexceptionable persons, who have not originality enough to leave a beaten track, or energy enough to do a thing out of the old routine,—sans genius, sans enterprise, sans independence, sans everything.

But we mean by a man of goodness one who is possessed of an universal integrity, who is honest with his fellow-men, honest with himself, honest with his God. Not only one who deals fairly in business—that is the simplest, cheapest form of honesty, which every man must have, as he must have a coat to his back, to be respectable—but that higher, nobler form of honesty, which recognises truth even when "trodden under foot of men," and is willing to suffer for righteousness sake. We mean one who will stoop to no artifice and crouch to no meanness; who will never tamper with policy, or hold converse with expediency; and no sooner in practice than in precept make the end justify the means. We mean one whose heart yearns for the good of his fellow-man, who labors to extend goodness through the world, and makes her cause the great purpose of his life; who lives for the truth, thinks in the truth, and would die by the truth—whose joy is Christ, whose strength is God, whose hope is Heaven! We deem Mr. C. to be such an one—

1st. Because of his *fair-mindedness* to which we have already referred. In this statement we have not the slightest reference to his theological views. He may have attained to the truth or he may not. But he has the honest heart, and that we deem of higher importance than the corrected intellect.

2d. We consider him a man of goodness because of his *philanthropy*. His heart is open to the sorrows of the unfortunate, and his ear attentive to the calls of the needy. He sees much sin and suffering, and degradation in the world, and he would do his part to remove them and leave the world better than he found it. He is an earnest up-builder of social and moral reform. His voice has been eloquent in behalf of temperance, and oppression has been denounced by his manly tones. He has interested himself in public school

education, and, when residing in Massachusetts, was a member of the "Board of Education," in connection with President Humphrey, Rev. Mr. Sears, Rev. Mr. Hooker, and others. He would improve the temporal welfare of man, as the necessary antecedent to his spiritual welfare. He would persuade him into the ways of virtue, that he might walk the golden streets hereafter.

3d. We style Mr. Chapin a man of goodness, because of his *preaching*—it is so earnest and effectual. It seems to be the outpouring of the emotions of a heart yearning for the highest good of his hearers. His sermons, to use a popular distinction, are "practical" rather than "doctrinal." He deals more with the things of life and action, than with creeds and dogmas. He regards what a man *does* as of more importance than what he believes; what he *feels* as deeper than what he thinks. He touches the hidden things of the spirit rather than unravels the intricate things of the intellect. We somewhere met with a beautiful anonymous poem, two lines of which were as follows:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

The latter of these is Mr. C.'s acted motto.

Indeed, there is very much of the genuine orator in Mr. Chapin's discourse. He has more native oratorical genius, we think, than any of the distinguished clergymen whom we have had the honor to describe. His voice is rich, deep-toned, and sonorous, possessed of volume and strength. Still it is to some extent uncultivated, and might, by proper exercise, be much improved. His delivery is frequently so earnest as to be impassioned. He breaks forth in strains of stirring eloquence, and seems to lose himself in the excitement of the subject. At such times the hearer is spell-bound, and the nerves thrill, and the tear starts forth unbidden. He combines some of the excellencies of Tyng and Beecher. He possesses to a great degree the fluency of the former, the command of language, the delicious flow of words; while he has the impetuosity, the sweeping, out-bursting, avalanche-like manner of the latter, so much modified as to be not only endurable, but agreeable.

With all these natural excellencies it is to be regretted that his *manner* is faulty. It does not harmonize with his style. The latter is simple and chaste, while it is forcible and pointed—the former lacks simplicity. It is excessive and strained at times—he is inclined to overdo the matter. His reading sometimes partakes of the same fault. There is an excessive distinctness of articulation—each word, nay, each syllable is rolled out in repellant isolation from its neighbor. One feels tempted to count the vowels, so distinctly are they uttered. This, to be sure, is erring on the right side. Still it is an error—an excess, and as such must be condemned. His manner needs a rigorous training. The fault is the result of the lack of this in early life. In thought and style he has wonderfully supplied the deficiency of early education, but the want of it is yet manifest in his manner. Attention to this one thing would correct it. So admirably has he succeeded in forming his style, that he certainly can accomplish the

much easier task of trimming the redundancy of manner. In school days he was fond of declamation, and practised it much, and probably at that early period faults were fastened on him, of which he has never rid himself. Still one very soon becomes accustomed to their peculiarities, so that they do not detract from the full momentum of his oratory. Faults are forgotten in the strength of the thought, the glow of earnestness, the eloquence of appeal, and the surpassing beauty of illustration. He holds the minds of his audience within the grasp of his oratory, carries them with him up the dizzy height, and down to the awful depth. All are unwaveringly attentive. Quiet reigns through the crowded building. His audiences, too, are large. It is no uncommon occasion for his church to be overfull. A large number of the young men of the city attend upon his preaching. He has great influence over them. Mr. Chapin's manner is, to a certain extent, the consequence of his physical formation. He has an energetic, thick-set body, a strong constitution and nervous temperament. In the pulpit his appearance is rather commanding. His form seems to dilate, and his forehead to swell, as he warms with the interest of the subject; and then his whole bearing is striking and interesting. He has great freedom and power of gesture, abundance of action, ease of movement, and perfect self-possession. His muscular arm moves most vigorously and forcibly, nay, sometimes passionately, and the action adds power to his words and impetus to his appeals.

Mr. Chapin has performed a great amount of literary labor. In addition to his work in connection with benevolent organizations, and his careful preparation of sermons, he has published several volumes. In 1848 he published a beautiful little book, entitled "Hours of Communion," designed especially to be used in connection with the Lord's Supper. It breathes an elevated, religious, holy sentiment. We make the following brief extract from it:

"Religion, then, consists in *being* good—in having right affections. It is a principle, a life within. All good deeds issue spontaneously from it, as precious fruit from the healthy tree. All natural results are spontaneous. The diamond sparkles without effort, and the flowers open impulsively beneath the summer rain. And true religion is a spontaneous thing—as natural as it is to weep, to love, or to rejoice. No stiff, cumbrous, artificial form can be substituted for it. The soul that possesses it breathes it out in good words and good deeds, from a natural impulse. It rises to God in devotion, it flows out to man in kindness, as naturally as the dew-drop rises to the sun, or the river rushes to the sea. It acts not from mere interest or fear. It is seraphic exultation of being, throbbing in harmony with the will of God, from which right action follows as a matter of course. As God does good because he *is* good, so does the truly religious soul."

In the same year was also published "The Crown of Thorns," being a collection of Discourses on the following subjects:—"The Christian View of Sorrow," "Christian Consolation in Loneliness,"

"Resignation," "The Mission of Little Children," "Our Relations to the Departed," "The Voices of the Dead." The following is from the beautiful Preface to this work, which sufficiently sets forth its purpose:

"To the sorrowing, then, this little volume is tendered, with the author's sympathy and affection. Upon its pages he has poured out some of the sentiments of his own heartfelt experience, knowing that they will find a response in theirs, and hoping that the book may do a work of consolation and of healing. If it impresses upon any the general sentiment it contains—the sentiment of religious resignation and triumph in affliction; if it shall cause any tearful vision to take the Christian view of sorrow; if it shall teach any troubled soul to endure and hope; if it shall lead any weary spirit to the Fountain of consolation; in one word, if it shall help any, by Christ's strength, to weave the thorns that wound them into a crown, I shall be richly rewarded, and, I trust, grateful to that God to whose service I dedicate this book, invoking his blessing upon it."

A larger volume of Mr. C.'s is entitled "Duties of Young Women." It is a collection of Discourses on the following subjects:—"The Position of Woman," "Culture," "Accomplishments," "Duty," "Female Influence," "The Maternal Relation." This is a very valuable book. It sets forth the true character of woman, her mission, and her best education. We regret that our limits forbid the insertion of extracts.

Mr. Chapin has just published a revised edition of his work, entitled "Duties of Young Men," comprising six Discourses on "Self-Duties," "Social Duties," "Duties of Young Men as Citizens," "Intellectual Duties and Moral Duties," with the "Concluding Lecture." This work is most healthy in its influence. It is eminently calculated to inspire the heart of the young man to earnestness of action, and to solemn, religious duty. It is accomplishing much good in its silent mission.

Besides these works, a number of Mr. C.'s occasional sermons have been published—only two of which we have space to notice. His "Farewell Discourse," at Boston, and his "Election Sermon," delivered, according to established usage, before the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the opening of the session in the year 1844. The former is a beautiful and affecting Discourse, setting forth the relations of a Pastor to his Flock; the latter is impressive and earnest, presenting, in a lofty, noble sentiment, the relation of the State to the Individual, and the personal responsibility of the Citizen.

Upon Mr. C.'s *philosophical* views we would be glad to comment if our limits allowed. He has some admirable notions. We can only allude to his belief that holiness rather than happiness is "the chief end of man," and that the proof of the existence of God, as a personal being, does not come from the evidence of *Design*, but is derived from self-consciousness, and from the wants and sympathies of the spiritual nature. His conceptions are clear, and his presentation of subjects beautifully fair, all-sided, and lucid. Yet in

thought there is a deeper depth sometimes unattained, and a broader Philosophy, not always comprehended. Yet in this, only the slightest criticism is deserved.

The theological views of Mr. Chapin, as gathered from his works, are these: He is called a Universalist, by which appellation is generally understood one who believes that, at death, all mankind, whether good or bad, will enter an abode of happiness and holiness. In this understanding Mr. C. is not an Universalist. He would be classed with that portion of his denomination styled Restorationists. He believes that every soul will ultimately be restored to a state of holiness, and to one of happiness—that being a consequent of holiness. He believes that Heaven is a *state* rather than a place, and Hell likewise—the former being the state into which the redeemed, the latter into which the unforgiven pass through the gates of Death. That the time of probation does not close at death, but that God's mercy and saving grace will ever be manifested while there remain any wicked upon whom to bestow them.—He believes that Christ is our Mediator and Redeemer, that he came into the world to save sinners, and offered himself as an atonement, but not as a price paid to offended justice, or a satisfaction for broken law. He does not hold to the "commercial" view of the atonement, but understands atonement to mean *at-one-ment*, at-one-mind; that is, the death of Christ was a necessary means to bring "into one mind,"—into heartfelt harmony, the separated, hostile spirits of a Holy God and sinful men. He does not believe that Christ is God, but that He represents God, leaving the assignment of his rank in the seals of being as comparatively unessential. He believes that in the case of the impenitent a change of heart and of life is an essential prerequisite to holiness, and consequently to future happiness—that forgiveness on the part of God will follow repentance, being an act of mercy from God, wholly undeserved.—We have thus imperfectly sketched the theological views of Mr. Chapin—because we think a general interest will be felt in knowing them, and because they are peculiar, so far as peculiarity consists in their being held by a portion of the sect to which Mr. C. belongs, and in not being held by a large body of Christians.

Mr. Chapin is one of those who look forward with hope to a day when liberality shall take the place of exclusiveness and sympathy the place of persecution; when a noble and wide, because a *Christian* comprehensiveness shall prevail; when Christianity shall be regarded as a *life* taking hold of the soul, instead of a collection of dead dogmas for the intellect alone.

How glorious, and lovely, and heavenly such a day! It will be the dawn of the more glorious millenium. Then the Christian will recognise the Christian wherever he is, and whatever name he may bear; and their hearts will flow together in unchecked religious sympathy—pure and kindred streams. Differences may still exist and without concession; but they will hold their appropriate inferior place, and not come in to hinder the flow of Christian communion. There will be such a full and blessed agreement in the essential living

truths of Christianity, that these differences will be slighted, absorbed, forgotten. There may even be sects, but there will be no sectarianism; there may be different titles, but there will be no bigotry. No church will immure itself, calling itself the only true one and opening its batteries on all without. No one will say, "I alone have the truth and I have all the truth." In the words of Mr. Chapin, "a man of this kind lives as much in the spirit of true, liberal Christianity, as he who digs him an abode in the cleft of the enormous mountain, wherein come glances only of the golden day, and fitful breathings of the fragrant summer, lives in the wide open sunshine and the genial atmosphere."

And after dwelling on the blessed effects on the church and in the church, of the reign of the truly liberal spirit, when all strifes, and jealousies, and wars, and tortures in the name of Christ shall have for ever ceased, let one imagine the results on an unbelieving world. As the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity has been the contradicting example of the church, so the great means of advance will be its true manifestation in the lives of those who profess it. A truly liberal spirit implies the right appreciation and possession of the essentials of Christianity, the partaking of its life. So in that day, when this heavenly spirit pervades the Christian church it will become such indeed, and be a shining light to attract, and guide, and save. Then shall we see and know the power of Christianity, and the complaint of its impotency will be hushed and forgotten in the yielding of all flesh to its divine authority.

The waters of the church, then kindred and pure, will flow into one river which may well be called "the river of life," into which all the streams of humanity shall pour themselves, and so the world, purified and watered, shall become the "garden of the Lord!"

We close with the following extract from "Duties of Young Men."

"I say now that he who is not a religious, is not a truly moral man. Doubtless there are many who discharge well their duties as citizens and friends—but this does not comprise all their duty. There is to be cultivated a pure and vital principle in the heart, which moves them to act with constant reference to the two great laws of love to God and love to man—which makes the Bible and conscience the arbiters of every deed, and sets a watch upon the motives and the thoughts. This the well-spring that gushes with Eternal Life, and that flows out upon the world in a morality that is sure and blessed. Failing to establish this, they fail to perform all their obligations as moral beings, and of course, although they may bear the name of moral men, they are not truly and completely so. Religion is a development of our moral nature, in which the soul holds communion with God, loves virtue, and renounces and wars against all evil. It is a condition in which the spiritual and eternal are exalted above the earthly and the temporal, in which sin has been repented of, and obedience to God and God's law resolved upon—in which the spiritual eye is opened and the spiritual ear unstopped, and the soul is attuned

to celestial harmony. In cherishing the religious life, man awakes, as it were, to a new being—he views this life as a field for the important work of disciplining the soul, of studying God's will, of imitating Christ. He has an object in view, before which all earthly objects wane and grow dim; which, as he advances in the path of righteousness, spread in brighter and yet brighter beams upon him, from the golden gates of Paradise, and the shining ranks of the just made perfect. It is no abstract and visionary principle. It fits him none the less to enjoy rightly the good of earth, and to discharge all the duties incumbent upon

him. Fits him none the less!—It is the only thing that fits him at all! It is the only spring of true happiness; the Guardian and Guide that walks in shining robes with us, tempted, periled and imperfect as we are, and leads us in green pastures and by still waters—arms us against every temptation, enables us to meet with fortitude every sorrow, comforts us in every affliction, assures us in every adversity, advises us in every perplexity, heals every wound of the heart, and conducts our faltering feet through all our pilgrimage, to the banks of the River of Life!"

REV. SEWALL S. CUTTING.

BY SIGMA.

HAS it been decided by the Supreme Court of Public Opinion that the avocation of an editor is inferior to that of a lawyer, or physician, or minister? If we are not misinformed, it has been so decided. On what grounds? we ask. Is it because some editors are ignorant, or mean, or weak, or disagreeable? So are some lawyers, and some physicians, and alas! some ministers. Is it because some superior editors have been thus superior, without a liberal education? And hence, is it thus reasoned in the syllogistic form?—that avocation to which a liberal education is unessential, is superior—a liberal education is unessential to the avocation of an editor, because certain first rate editors are without it—consequently, the avocation of an editor is inferior. But it is just as true, and to the same extent, that men have made excellent divines, and lawyers, and physicians, without a liberal education. Then is it because an inferior order of mind has settled in the editorial niche? In other words, is it because William Cullen Bryant, and Horace Greeley, and Gales, and Wentworth, and Ritchie, and Whittier, and Inman, are editors? The bare mention of those distinguished names withers the supposition. Why is it then that the name of "editor" does not ring as grandly on the popular ear as that of "doctor," whether it be M. D., LL. D., or D. D? Verily, we cannot tell—we fear that when the case was tried at the above mentioned bar, the counsel for the defendant was never heard, or the defendant had no counsel.

The truth in the case is, that it requires for the just fulfilment of the duties of an editor—a rare combination of qualities. It requires a mind of agility coupled with strength; of rigid thought and unbounded information; severely logical, and poetical; accurate, and comprehensive; analytic, and synthetic; and a character, decisive, and at the same time, cautious; energetic and prudent; discriminating and generous; strict and charitable; serious and witty. Now, how rare it is for one man to unite in his own self all these opposite traits! Yet not one can be spared in making up a true editor's character. A man can be a great lawyer, or physician with half of these, but not a

great editor. The truth is, an editor must know everything, see everything, feel everything, think everything, and prophecy everything; and do any one of these at a moment's warning, or it may be all of them at once. He is expected to do the thinking for the community, as well as to display the news; and this is a great thing to do. It is really awful to reflect upon the immensity, the variety, and the responsibility of an editor's calling. These have not been realized by the community. We trust, however, that they are becoming to be so. To assist the progress of a correct public sentiment, we present a brief sketch of this reverend editor of New York.

SEWALL S. CUTTING, editor of the New-York Recorder, was born at Windsor, Vermont, January 19, 1813. His father, Sewall Cutting, was a merchant of the place. His grandfather, Jonas Cutting, at the time of his (Sewall's) birth, was participating in the late war with Great Britain, as Lieutenant Colonel of the 25th Regiment of the United States Infantry. He was born in Massachusetts, and was descended from John Cutting, one of the party under Sir Richard Saltonstall, who settled Watertown in that State, in the year 1630.

The mother of the subject of this sketch was Mary Hunter, a daughter of the late Hon. William Hunter, of Vermont, who was a youthful officer in the war of the Revolution, and, under Montgomery, was present and acquired distinction at St. Johns, Montreal, Quebec, and other places. Returning to civil life he was called to various posts of trust and honor in the service of his own State, and the United States, and continued engaged in public affairs till the close of his life. In politics he was a Democrat of the school of Jefferson.

The childhood of Mr. Cutting was marked by no event or characteristic of such importance as to be in any way prophetic of his destiny or character as a man. He was fond of reading and contemplation, and it was a common topic of remark, in his family that he was in the habit of thinking and speaking on subjects, often of an abstract nature, which are rarely an object of interest to persons of his years. He also developed a fluency

in the expression of his ideas, which is still a characteristic of Mr. Cutting.

At seven years of age he was sent to the Academy of Captain Josiah Dunham, somewhat famous at the time, situated at Windsor, and commenced the study of Latin. A year later his father removed with his family to New York City, and again after no long interval to Westport, in the State of New York. Thus the studies of young Cutting were quite broken up, and the Latin language, that "great valley of dry bones" to the youthful scholar, entered by him at the age of seven, had hardly become at the age of eleven the abode of an "exceeding great army" of living, breathing, thoughts.

At this time he was sent to school at Elizabethtown, in Essex County. He was at this time favored with the superintendence of the accomplished lady whose late wanderings in Ireland are chronicled in "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," (Miss Asenath Hatch, afterwards Mrs. Nicholson). When he had barely reached his fifteenth year, he became unusually interested in the subject of religion. Thus early had the thoughtfulness of childhood advanced to the seriousness of one inquiring the way to salvation, and the curiosity of opening life ripened into questionings of immortality.

These serious inquiries, these searchings for "the way, the truth and the life," did not pass unanswered, or unsatisfied. From this time is dated the commencement of a new spiritual life—the entrance upon a path which though strait and narrow here, shall at sometime open and widen into the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

In accordance with the religious tenets of the family, Mr. Cutting was baptised at Westport, by the Rev. J. W. Dwyer, then pastor of the Baptist Church in that place.

Mr. C. had now arrived at that age when a plan of life must be formed. His father's reverses in business, thoroughly settled one important point at this doubtful period. One thing was sure, that the boy had his own destiny to work out, untrammelled by any very patronising assistance. He had full privilege to be or to do anything that he could be or do, unaided from the paternal pocket. This, we can not but believe to be a most fortunate circumstance in many cases. In this instance, at least, it induced an energy and a resolution that rarely accompanies the possession of abundant resources. It would be a capital advantage to many a rich man's son, if all his father's gold were sunk in the sea. There is something very strange in the influence of money. It seems to relax the muscles, and unnerve the will and debilitate the brain; so that a boy of excellent talents and active habits grows up an inefficient lazy man, lives a pointless unproductive life, and dies.

The boy who leans back on his father's fortune, never stands as straight and strong for it; and we are so hard hearted as never to shed one sympathising tear when told that a son is left poor by his father's failure in business. The choice so often lies between the failure of the father's fortune, and the failure of the son's whole life. We infinitely prefer the former. It is a blessed thing

for these golden supports to be knocked from under a young man. To be sure, he at first gets a tumble, but then he will soon pick himself up, and alone, and be the better for it, in body and mind,—stronger, heartier, healthier for it all his life.

Mr. C. having determined on the legal profession, and not seeing any way of completing a collegiate course, plunged at once into the reading of law-books, when he was not yet sixteen; intending to mingle with his reading, classical and general studies, as he might find opportunity. He commenced reading law at Windsor with his maternal uncle, Hon. William G. Hunter, but as it was his purpose to qualify himself for admission to the New York bar—he removed after a few months to that State, and entered the office of Hon. Jonathan Burnet, of Ticonderoga. In his eighteenth year, however, the persuasion of his religious friends, and his own convictions of duty shook his purpose to become a lawyer. He reflected long and carefully upon his course of life, his prospects and his duty, and finally came to the decision to abandon the legal for the clerical profession. The time, however, spent in the study of law was by no means thrown away. It would be well if every minister could fit himself more thoroughly for his position by reading law. The study of human law, would greatly assist in the apprehension of divine law. Of his own experience, Mr. C. thus remarks: "I regard it as of the greatest service to me that I pursued legal studies thus far. They gave me an insight into general principles, as well as induced habits of reasoning, which have been of the highest practical advantage in all my subsequent career."

And here we direct attention to the following extract from an article written by Mr. C. on "The Training of the Ministry," as somewhat relevant to the remarks just made. The views of the writer were doubtless in some measure moulded by his own experience in the preparation of lawyers. He thus admirably observes—

"The secular professions have a practical training, while the theological has a scholastic one. Here, in our view, is the grand defect,—a defect, which, while it exists, must dwarf the ministry as compared with other professions. The law student is not permitted to spend three years within the walls of a law school, in the study of the general principles of law. He may spend one year there, but the other two are spent amid the actual practice of a law office. The case of the medical profession is not different. Preparation for commercial life can be found only in the counting-room. Military education at West Point would seem to be an exception in favor of scholastic education, but it is not, for there practice is connected with theory from first to last. The United States Military Academy, which trains men for a profession adverse to the spirit of Christianity, is the best professional school in the world,—and an application of its leading ideas to the better work of training soldiers for Christ, would be the highest improvement of our theological schools."

Mr. C.'s purpose to prepare for the ministry was accompanied with a purpose to enter college, for which his preparations were completed at South

Reading, Massachusetts, under that able and faithful instructor, Rev. John Stevens, now of Cincinnati. He entered Waterville College, Maine, in 1831, and after two years transferred his connexions to the University of Vermont, doubtless a most fortunate circumstance, for this institution is probably unsurpassed in this country, in its high standard of scholarship, and the thoroughness of its philosophical teachings. There he learnt of Dr. Marsh—that man above men, that philosopher above his compeers, that profound thinker, that earnest Christian. We would fain turn aside and pay our humble tribute to the great and good, but our limits forbid. He was a great man in the true sense of greatness. With an intellect that cleared up the most entangled intricacies, a mind that grasped the most abstruse sciences, a heart that beat for all mankind, a love of truth that no interests could swerve, and no formulas confine, and a modesty that made radiant his greatness, he lived to bless the world, and has left a memory almost worshipped, and a reputation that will shine brighter and mount higher as true philosophy is extended and the world grows better.

Mr. Cutting thus forcibly speaks on one occasion: "I sat at the feet of that great and good man, Rev. James Marsh, D. D. I was accustomed to come to him with difficulties, and he solved them with a facility which never failed to surprise me, and he always sent me away with materials for thought which were sufficient to occupy my meditations for many days. I can bear testimony that the philosophy which he taught was neither unintelligible to the student, nor useless to the practical man. That philosophy interpenetrated my thoughts, and as to its leading ideas became part of myself; and I can truly say that I have never been able to influence the minds of my fellow-men by the applications of Christianity more effectually than when making those applications in conformity with its principles and under its guidance."

During his college course, Mr. Cutting devoted his attention particularly to philosophy, belles lettres and Latin. He had very little taste for mathematics, but drank in with delight the philosophical teachings presented. His health was very poor, (owing probably to his close application to study,) and in March of his senior year he left greatly prostrated, and did not return. He was not, therefore, regularly graduated, but was honored, a few years after, with the master's degree from the same University. His theological studies, such was his state of health, were pursued somewhat at random or under the occasional and limited guidance of Dr. Marsh.

In 1836, on the 31st of March, he was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church in West Boylston, Mass. In September of the same year he was married to Miss E. C. Stow, daughter of Gardner Stow of Keesville, N. Y.—a lady whose qualities of mind and heart fitted her to adorn any sphere of life, and especially to bless the home of her husband. She survived her marriage, however, only two years and nine months. Mr. C. remained at West Boylston only a year and a half, at the expiration of which time he tendered his resignation, and in September of the same

year accepted an invitation to succeed Rev. Joseph G. Binney (now a missionary in Burmah) as pastor of the Baptist Church at Southbridge. In 1841 Mr. Cutting became connected in marriage with an excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Waterman, widow of the late Mr. Thomas W. Waterman of this city, and daughter of Mr. H. H. Brown of Providence, R. I. He remained at Southbridge until called to the situation which he at present so ably fills as editor of the *New York Recorder*.

We had intended to speak of Mr. Cutting as a preacher, an editor, and a writer, but our prescribed limits will only allow of the briefest allusion, and the insertion of a few extracts from his editorials. His style is clear and simple—neither, on the one hand, marred by affectation, nor, on the other, destitute of ornament. His essays are well wrought, logical in their formation, and emphatic in their structure. He moves carefully and candidly through his subject, leaving no point untouched and no difficulty unsolved. With this excellence we were particularly impressed on reading an argument of his against the extension of slavery into the territories, which, on account of its ability, we would gladly transfer to our columns did not its length prevent.

He manifests in all his writings the advantage of being rightly and thoroughly grounded in Philosophy. He makes appeals to the fundamental principles of man's being, which can neither be gainsayed or resisted. We admire the integrity and correctness of his views, and the simplicity, yet force and beauty of their presentation. And we particularly like the spirit in which his paper is conducted—a spirit worthy of commendation to his contemporaries, on the ground both of policy and of right. The paper is dignified, courteous, and fair throughout. Consistently with the character of its editor, though it is decided and uncompromising in its principles, it is charitable to all, and is ready to acknowledge that, however men may differ in their views, they can all be sincere, and be good, and do good, in their respective spheres. It does not, for the purpose of gaining a temporary triumph, even in the best cause, resort to sophistry in its arguments, or to questionable expediency in its course. Mr. C. never deals in personalities, and we have noticed with unfeigned pleasure, that when his arguments are met with personal invective, he never condescends to reply. It is doubtless owing partly to this peculiarity, as well as to the talents of Mr. C., that his paper has almost tripled its circulation in three years. Mr. Cutting has published a number of sermons, some articles in the *Christian Review* and in *Magazines*, and a book, entitled "Hymns for the Vestry and Fireside." This last was edited at the request of Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, of Boston, and does credit to the poetical talents of its editor.

To the following extracts we invite close attention. The former is part of an article on "CHRISTIANITY AND THE AGE," and the latter is taken from one entitled "CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL REFORMS"—two grand subjects, which our readers will find to be treated with great ability.

"The age is marked by an extraordinary uprising of the masses, throughout all Christendom, towards a state of personal and individual consequence, and it is the mission of Christianity to prepare these masses for the possible social comforts of their novel condition. Here is the great social problem of our times,—and Christianity alone can solve it. The nations struggle for republicanism,—Christianity alone can make republicans. Where individual life is uninspired and unmarked by the graces and virtues of Christianity, nations struggling to be free are obliged to shelter themselves from themselves under the protection of despotism. Republican France is a despotism to-day,—and, because Christianity has not yet made her citizens republicans. She will continue her struggles for freedom and will ultimately attain it,—but she will attain it only in the ratio in which Christianity reforms and exalts individual life. Her social state will be free, orderly, virtuous and happy, in just the degree in which her individual citizens become the subjects and willing servants of Christ. The universal struggle for republicanism, therefore, which marks the age, puts Christianity in a peculiar relation to the age, and demands that she should be reforming. Additional to her never-ceasing work of 'saving sinners,' and her never-ceasing work of inculcating in the limited circles of life the social virtues, she must bring her principles and laws to bear upon *all* life. 'The Application of Christianity to Social Questions,'—a subject which, as a distinct and peculiar call of the times, has become the object of an European association, demands to be a theme for all Christian thinkers, an aim for all Christian workers.—All classes of men in Christian countries, particularly the classes that have felt the pressure of political restraints and exactions, have suddenly resolved to think for themselves, to seek their own fortunes, to improve their own condition,—and such are the entangled relations of society as modified by laws, institutions, manners and habits, that social questions of every form and of vast moment must continually rise, making the nations reel to and fro like drunken men, and causing timid hearts to abandon hope for the world. It is the mission of Christianity to produce an issue of order and happiness,—to work inwardly in the hearts of the people, and to utter outwardly in relation to all these questions the mandates of her own laws.—Life has no relation for which Christianity has not a law,—no emergency of social discord and turmoil for which her ruling presence is not the pledge of a subsidence into tranquility and peace. The authority of Jesus over the waves of Galilee is but a type of his authority over the waves of a troubled world. * * * * *

It is to the cultivated mind of the church that we must look for the solution of the problems of society, and for the development of the laws of Christian morality, under the guidance of which the rising masses may enjoy the fruits of their struggles. It is to the Christian ministry, to Christian moralists, and to statesmen who seek their wisdom in the illuminations of Divine truth, that the world is to look for such an unfolding of the laws of Christ, as shall bring to a harmony of convictions and of conduct the rulers and the ruled,—

as shall secure equally to the rich and the poor the rewards of industry, and apportion in just measures between them the proceeds of capital and labor. In the reconstruction of society it is for them to show how Conservatism and Progress harmonize,—that to reconstruct is to save the good of the past and to add the good of the present,—and that thus only can the social fabric rise toward heaven. Without the mission to which they are called, that fabric is but a Babel, blasted by the confusion of tongues;—with that mission accomplished it shall ascend so far towards heaven that man may hold near communion with the skies, and on the breath of that exalted atmosphere catch the chorus of angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.'"

"But another question suggests itself in this connexion. Are these disciples of Christ *called out* of the prevailing superstitions and vices of heathendom, and now consecrated to the good work of redeeming that moral waste, to rely on the gradual inworking of general principles, or are they to aim equally at particular results, and to adapt their agency to secure them? In our view, the latter. The gospel will accomplish much by general influences, working unseen like the purifying elements which expel noxious vapors from the atmosphere, but its chief power must ever lie in direct efforts aiming at particular results. The missionary and his mission-church aim first and most of all at the radical and thorough conversion to Christ of individual sinners. A drunkard, regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit, is effectually reformed. So of the victim of any other vice. Conversions to Christ, then, are triumphs of Social Reform—its first, best, and only reliable triumphs. Little should we have need to vote on the question whether ardent spirits shall be sold, if the Holy Spirit were to sweep through our stores, hotels and grogeries, like a mighty rushing wind, and lead the traffickers, as poor, penitent sinners, to the cross of Christ, and the forgiving mercy of God! The fountains of poison would be staunch in an hour, and drunkards would go to their homes sober to-night!—The reader will pardon this sudden transition from heathenism abroad to heathenism at home.—But are this company of disciples, dwelling among the heathen, to do no more than aim at reforming by converting? Is this the only particular result for which they are to labor? Have they no incidental missions of benevolence to perform? They have. They are bound to unfold, generally and specially, in their teachings, the morality which they themselves obey; to utter, generally and specially, God's words against vice in all its forms; and to urge the morality of the Bible upon the practice of all men. So Jesus and his Apostles did in the planting of the church among Jews and Pagans; so must the missionary and his associates do now. Jesus and his Apostles were indeed prudent as well as faithful. They never enlisted against themselves unnecessarily the civil authorities or the hostile passions of vicious men. They knew, what some men are slow to learn, that Prudence and Fidelity were not antagonists—one the daughter of Satan, the other the daughter of God—but twin sisters, daughters of God both, and of equal service in guiding human instrumentality."

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Great Hogarty Diamond. By W. H. Thackeray. Harper & Brothers.

THIS capital story was originally published in *Frazer's Magazine*, and as that work is not reprinted in this country, it will be as new and as entertaining, as though it were entirely fresh, to the great majority of readers. Although we had read it once, like the greater part of its author's writings, we read it with increased interest and a better appreciation the second time. It is broad in its humor, but yet delicate in the discrimination of character, and full of genial feeling and direct appeals to the heart and the conscience. We are glad to see that the works of Thackeray are more read in this country than they used to be; they are the true antidotes to the Bulwer and James' schools of compositions, and will have a tendency to correct many of the corruptions of the prevalent literary taste of the country. We will not attempt anything like an analysis of the story, which is rather light and rollicking, but we will please our readers better by giving the following extract, which will show the manner of treatment adopted by the author.

"A sudden thought came over me. 'My dear Mrs. Titmarsh,' says I, 'you know how poor and how good your husband is.'

"Yes," says she, rather surprised.

"Well, my dear," said I, looking her hard in the face, 'Lady Tiptoff, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poyning. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and mayhap replace the little one that God has taken from you?'

"She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprang to her bonnet, and said 'Come, come;' and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor square. The air did her no harm, Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the square.

"A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, 'You're the forty-fifth as come about this ere place; but, fust, let me ask you a preliminary question, Are you a Hinshwoman?'

"No, sir," says Mrs. T.

"That suffisint, mem," says the gentleman in plush; 'I see you're not by your axnt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You'll find some more candilix for the place up stairs; but I sent away forty-four happlicants, because they was Hinsh.'

"We were taken up-stairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady who was there to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me they were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Tiptoff was too delicate to nurse any longer; and so it was considered necessary to have a wet nurse.

"There was another young woman in the room—a tall, fine woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contemptuous at Mrs. T. and me, and said, 'I've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I nust; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, mem, my Lady Tiptoff may look far before she finds such another nuss as me. Five feet six high, had the small-pox, married to a corporal in the life-guards, perfectly healthy, best of characters, only drink water, and as for the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all.'

"As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low courtesy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of a bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill manners, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, 'Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place, too?'

"Yes, sir," says she, blushing.

"You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had? What character have you?'

"Your wife didn't answer a word; so I stepped up, and

said, 'Sir,' says I, 'this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in.'

"The doctor at this sat down and began talking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative Lady Tiptoff was; and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace cap, and a sweet muslin robe-de-sham.

"A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms.

"First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Titmarsh, rather rudely as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of the best man in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a haunch of venison. Then Lady Tiptoff looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had brought you to ruin. 'Poor thing!' said my lady; Mrs. Titmarsh did not speak, but still kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her.

"'Poor thing!' said my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'

"Five weeks and two days!" says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was thinking of.

"'Silence, woman!' says she, angrily, to the great grenadier-woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying.

"As soon as your wife heard the noise she sprang from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her breast, and said, 'The child—the child—give it me!' and then began to cry again.

"My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room and brought her the baby, and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom.

"When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on for a moment, she put her arms round your wife's neck, and kissed her.

"My dear," said she, 'I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child, and thank God for sending you to me!'

"These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, 'It's a second judgment of Solomon!'

"I suppose, my lady, you don't want me?" says the big woman, with another curtesy.

"Not in the least!" answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mr. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Titmarsh is to have next to Lady Tiptoff's; and when my lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney-coach, as he said he must apologize to you for keeping your wife away.

Poems by Anne C. Lynch. Illustrated. Putnam. New York. 1849.

MISS LYNCH is a good poet if she is not a great one; if she has not founded a new school of poetry, she has at least found a new one, and is one of the most devoted of its neophytes. The romantic school of poetry with Mrs. Hemans for its head, has passed away, or is fast passing; good luck to it; and the philanthropic school has succeeded, and is now in the ascendent. There is at least an affectation of sincerity, a show of goodness in the new school, even though it be but a show, which is infinitely preferable to the affectations which it has displaced. All the trumpery of the middle ages, the knights in armor, the foolery of the crusades, the languishing maidens, the dying traitors, the besieged castles, and the captive warriors, have given place to songs

about pauper funerals, distressed shirt makers, the virtues of cold water, the charms of peace, the delights of virtue, the happiness of living quietly at home, and the beauty of old arm chairs, old mills, old Bibles and old everything but old women. Poetry to be popular now, must be good in sentiment let it be ever so bad in construction; it must be virtuous, even though it be ungrammatical. There is to be no more cakes and ale in verse, and the flowing bowl and all the products of the wine press or the brewery must never again be set to rhyme. The song of the shirt is the last shift of the muses, and we be to the poet who makes an appeal to the public and forgets to say a word for the poor.

Miss Lynch's humor is in exact accordance with the new spirit of the age; she overflows with benevolent yearnings, and never takes up her pen but with an eye to suffering humanity; among all the writers of her class she is decidedly at once the most manly and the most womanly. There is an *aura* of good feeling about her compositions in verse which at least gains the respect and confidence of her readers if nothing more. But there is something better than a mere show of philanthropy in Miss Lynch's poems, they contain evidences of a sincere and earnest spirit, and a devoted love of art; what she thinks worth doing at all she thinks worth doing well, or at least as well as she has the power to do.—It is no small proof of her merits as a poet that she has gained so delicate a compliment to her genius as that implied by the voluntary presentation of the designs illustrating her poems, from some of the most eminent artists in the country, which we find in this very beautiful volume; among them are contributions from Darley, Durand, Huntington and Rothermel.

There are ninety odd different pieces in this small volume, which is a much greater number than was produced by Milton; they are mostly short and many "occasional; a good many of them have already been before the public and have been widely circulated. "Books for the People," which was first published, we think, in the Democratic Review, was one of the most popular of the many humanitarian poems of the day.

The volume in its mechanical and artistic "fixings" is an elegant one, and the style of its illustrations are novel. They are engraved on wood as vignettes, and illustrate the author while they have a merit of their own as distinct pictures.—The Dedication to "My Mother" is full of tenderness and holy affection, and, in poetic merit, is, perhaps, the finest composition in the volume. The following lines we do not remember having seen in print before:

ON A PICTURE OF RUTH.

"Fresh, through the mist of ages past,
Thou risest on our view,
As when from Judah's waving fields
Thy footsteps brushed the dew.

"Yet 'tis not for thy beauty's sake
We thus remember thee;
Although a chieftain's captive breast
Attests its potency.

"Nor for the quiet interest
Thy simple story brings;
And not that from thy side there sprang
A line of prophet kings.

"But for that changeless, deathless love,
The true soul only knows.
That still, as darker lowers the night,
Sereener, brighter, glows.

"That love that led thee forth to seek
The stranger's still abode,
Upon whose altar thou could'st lay
Thy home, thy land, thy God.

Beauties of Sacred Literature. Illustrated by eight steel Engravings. Edited by Thomas Wyatt, A. M. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

THIS is an extremely beautiful book in its "getting up;" we have not seen a prettier specimen of book making this season; the engravings are not of the highest order of art, but they are very fair: they are mezzotints of good pictures, and, like the greater part of the contents of the volume, are borrowed, or rather appropriated. We know not why the publishers should have taken out a copy-right in their own name for other people's property. Among the pieces in the volume is one by Bryant, entitled "Consolation for Mortality," which is rank blasphemy, not the poetry but the title; this piece has been about thirty years before the world and is familiar to every school-boy under the title of "Thanatopsis." We do not much fancy this setting apart little pieces of devotional writing and calling them "Sacred Literature" par excellence, for all literature that is worth preserving is alike sacred. Whatever is true is holy; and therefore in a collection of "Beauties of Sacred Literature" we might reasonably have looked for an extract from Shakespeare or Burns. However, it seems to have been the desire of the editor to make his selections chiefly from the writings of Unitarian clergymen, although not exclusively, as, among the names of authors, we notice that of Rev. S. H. Cox.—We extract part of an article by Rev. F. W. Holland, of Boston, entitled "Simon Peter." Mr. Holland is a true hearted servant of God whose chief delight is to do good, and it gives us pleasure to be able to give an extract from one of his literary productions.

"A more simple character than Peter's could not well be studied. The oldest of the apostles—one of the earliest of the disciples—a fisherman by profession—the Savior's host at Capernaum—the first in danger, first in duty, first in the confession of Christ, and first in his denial—he seems the born head of the new church, until the conversion of Paul gave to the cause a champion yet more heroic. His life certainly cannot be wanting in the highest moral lessons; his spirit may well pass before us, to rebuke our halting obedience, our languid attachment, our half-way confession of the Master.

"There is, I cannot but think, peculiar confirmation of the credibility of the gospels, in their artless yet perfectly symmetrical presentation of Peter. Unacquainted as they were with the sketching of character, an art of very modern date, here is a character uniformly in harmony with itself—a character running its marked traits to excess, yet never deviating from them—doing at times what it seemed impossible for him to do, yet just as unconscious as a babe of his extravagance—surprising us with wonderful glimpses of heroism, which look strange enough beside his frequent cowardice, yet which, viewed a little farther, stand out before us in a lustrous consistency—whose development comes along necessarily in the current of the Savior's experience.

"Who does not see that these most child-like narrators give us, in every thing which this apostle does or fails to do, the same disinterestedness and daring, the same forward, sanguine spirit, the same entire ignorance of himself, the same perfect reliance on Christ? and yet, mingling in bold contrast with this, what a headstrong and precipitate temper, how easily surprised, how soon dismayed, how continually liable to veer from one poll of feeling to the other.

"The same fervid zeal that impelled him to walk needlessly on the swollen sea—that protested, 'I will lay down my life for thy sake'—that even rebuked Jesus when he spake of his own death, saying, 'Be it far from thee, it shall not be done unto thee!'—that exclaimed at the supper, 'Thou shalt never wash my feet'—that drew the unbidden weapon of assault, and gave the first blow in the garden of betrayal—preserves every where the same moral likeness.—From beginning to end, there appear the same fluctuations of thought and emotion, the same terror at peril, the same treachery in extremity, until the resurrection of Jesus and the descent of the Holy Spirit started him anew,—a changed creature.

"It was the self-same mind which leaped in each case to the farthest extreme—which burst out in the exclamation, 'Not my feet only, but my hands and my head'—which cried on the tossing waves, 'Save me, or I perish,' while in

perfect safety beneath his Master's eye—which shortly after denied him with repeated oaths in the judgment-hall—which broke forth then in a repentance deep as the offence, in a contrition acceptable to the searching eye of Jesus, and not wanting in the experience of after years—and which, less confident of success, would have been very likely to have succeeded—less sure of the result, could have made the result sure beyond a doubt. Each of these striking events is so perfectly Peter-like, that we need not his name attached to tell us who said or did thus; as long as it was one of the twelve, we are quite certain which one. Any hesitancy about the agent is impossible; all minds fix at once upon a single prominent personage; and, all this symmetry of character, without any attempt to put it in the front, nay, without any conception that the facts would ever be turned to any such account.

Circumstances appear to bring out the apostle; events as they pass develop his soul; his impetuous spirit places him in the foreground, beside his Master; his headlong zeal throws the rest of the band into the shade. And the unquestionable reality of such a prominent actor invests the whole narrative with the drapery of truth; we feel from one such test that we are dealing with real men and actual events; we carry this conviction with us through the Acts and Epistles, as well as the Gospels; the names there given are no longer mere names; the personages there presenting themselves in such brief glimpses are far enough from being ideal—they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Such simple, unstudied narratives could never have been manufactured to impose upon our credulity by men, who exhibit, like children, their own weakness and woddiness in humbling contrast with the spirituality of Jesus; no such character could have been perfectly maintained through the utmost variety of incident with entire sameness of thought.—Such is one of the inaudible testimonials which address themselves at once to all hearts, which appeal to all consciences alike, which furnish a kind of proof, often overlooked by the learned theologian, but richly blessed to the disciple's soul.

But the great thing in Peter's experience is the proof it affords, that right feeling is not enough; nor right action; nor, least of all, right conversation, a Christian profession before the church or the world; that, underlying all these as the granite underlies the crust of earth, must be right principle.

There is no danger that feeling will ever be undervalued; it is so delightful to possess, and so beautiful in manifestation; it is so easily assumed, and so generously welcomed; it is so prompted by circumstance, and ministered to by a constant Providence, as to require none of that solicitude which other parts of Christian character demand. We are all attracted to a generous, enthusiastic piety, like that of Peter; while the purity of Nathaniel sometimes chills us, and the inquiring temper of Thomas jars us like a blow. But mere feeling is like the wind which fills the sails, and if principle guide not the ship, may wreck us all upon the first rock. Feeling ebbs and flows perpetually, while principle has the same strong, noiseless current, morning, noon, and night. Feeling is the sea-flower, now floating on the crested waves, now drooping because the tide is gone; now torn rudely off, and tossed away to perish by some sterner blast; while principle is the firm old rock, over which the waves dash without dislodging it from its bed, or disturbing its deep repose.

Feeling is a delightful friend and flatterer, an excellent helper, but a dangerous master: while principle is a counsellor, sure as the sun, like that, brightening towards the perfect day as we follow its rays. Feeling, mere feeling, betrays us to danger and surrounds us with difficulty; it bids us walk the sea, plunge needlessly into the midst of enemies, promise what we have no strength to perform; while principle will hear us through even the trial it would have taught us to avoid, and deliver from untold peril by the wholesome sense of our own weakness and the wise distrust of our untried strength."

The Moral, Social, and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren. New York: Harper & Brother. 1848.

MR. WARREN is author of some of the most popular novels that have been published during the past twenty years; any author of moderate ambition might be satisfied to produce such saleable works as the "Diary of a Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year;" but the great ambition of Mr. Warren appears to be to have the reputation of a grave writer on law. If he were a man of ordinary shrewdness he would know that the talents requisite to the production of

works so radically opposite in their character as law books and story books could never be combined in one set of mental faculties. The law calls for no exercise of the imagination, it is the driest, most technical and yet the least reliable of all studies. It has sometimes been called a science; but law and science are antipodal terms. Whoever is fit for a lawyer is fit for nothing else, and whoever is fit for anything else is not fit for the law. Mr. Warren being an imaginative writer, is, of necessity, unfit for a lawyer. But the bar in England is the most honorable employment next to the church, and therefore many men of genius have prostituted their talents and literally destroyed themselves by devoting themselves to a profession from the most mercenary and selfish motives, which they must, in their hearts, have detested. Mr. Warren is one of these men, and notwithstanding the eulogies he has pronounced upon the rascally profession, we have no doubt that he thoroughly hates it. This little volume, which is marked by many of its author's peculiarities of style, was published in London at the request of the Law Society of the United Kingdom, before whom its contents were delivered in the form of lectures. The following preface explains the motives of the author:

"However this work may be received by the great and powerful body, numbering between thirteen and fourteen thousand, to whom it is professedly addressed, it is offered in a spirit of candor and independence, but at the same time with peculiar solicitude, and under an almost painful sense of responsibility. The author's anxieties, however, abate a little, when he reverts to the hearty reception of the 'Lectures,' by the large audiences before whom they were delivered, and reflects on the sanction afforded to those Lectures; by the Council of the Law Society—gentlemen of great practical experience, and professional eminence, who, after hearing the Lectures, felt themselves justified in requesting the speedy publication of them, as calculated to be practically useful to the profession. He has done his utmost to render the ensuing pages worth reading. It has cost him, indeed, very severe exertion, and at a period of the year usually devoted to recreation, to comply with the many applications which have been made, for the publication of the Lectures during the vacation.

"He ventures to express a hope that the work will prove not altogether uninteresting to even non-professional readers. One leading object of the author has been to show both attorneys and solicitors, and their clients, what are their reciprocal rights and duties: that both parties are bound to be honorable, liberal, reasonable, and conscientious in their professional intercourse and dealings with each other; and, in a word, that the true interests of the profession and the public are identical."

The greater part of the volume would apply as well to the student in any other profession as that of the lawyer.

The following extracts from the first lecture are a fair sample of the work, and are also valuable in themselves for other than law students:

"May I be allowed here to whisper a suggestion to the parent or guardian of one about to be introduced into the profession?

"Let him pause for a moment, and look a little ahead; let him imagine the *five years over*: what is then to be done? Is he acting without reference to such an inquiry? Has family, social, professional, or commercial connection been duly considered? Whether the youth is to practice in, or near, the locality where he receives his professional education? Or will he be left as a soldier of fortune, to shift for himself—the world being all before him, where to choose? Has provision been made against the sad contingencies of life? Or has the unfortunate youth been started in an expensive, precarious, and overstocked profession, his best years consumed in learning to practice that which the death or misfortune of others may deprive him of all opportunity of practicing, and leave him unfit for any other; unprovided for, and heart-broken, shipwrecked, as it were, at starting, through the over-sanguine thoughtlessness, recklessness, or improvidence of those whom the voice of nature should have taught better things? I only ask the question, and pass on.

"Having entered into the office, remember that you ought

thenceforth to occupy it as a *student*, by seeing, and helping to transact the business there; but, observe, not as a servant, a mere runner of errands, or copying clerk; but as a student of the law: your object being to learn that profession by which you are to live for the rest of your life; which you are to practice under the solemn sanction of an oath; from which you are to derive emolument, influence, and reputation, and in doing so, discharge the duties of a very responsible member of society; to acquire that professional knowledge, which will, as I have already intimated, one day be inquired pretty sternly into, by competent authority: as many a gentleman now in this Hall knows to be the case, or *will know*, on Tuesday next: that general fitness which may be put severely to the test, on the very first day on which you formally announce to the world your having become an attorney and solicitor; in which capacity some unexpected client may call you in to advise, on a great and unforeseen emergency not admitting of any one else being sent for; it being one of those '*occasions sudden*,' against which our great master, Lord Coke, warns the law-student. Those two words should be perpetually glistening before the eyes of the articulated clerk; reminding him of the duty which, so to speak, he owes to himself, throughout his clerkship; stimulating him to extract, with bee-like industry, knowledge, invaluable for his own purposes and benefit, from every thing, great or small, that passes around him in the office; tending to develop in him, gradually, that calming and inspiring sense of self-reliance, which nothing else can possibly beget or, at all events, warrant. Whatever his hand finds to do, let him do it with his might. Let *drudgery* be a word which never passes his lips, nor enters into his thoughts; for it is too often the mere catch-word of flighty fools. The late Sir Astley Cooper, perhaps the greatest surgeon that ever lived, told me, not long before he died, when giving me some interesting particulars about his early career, that he counted nothing '*drudgery*' when he entered his profession, to which he gave himself up altogether; doing every thing he could find to do, never caring how disagreeable and repulsive it was; nor whether he did it over and over again; for he reflected that *practice* would make perfect; and by so doing he had seen out, and done better than a good many fine gentlemanly fellow-students! Memorable words, surely! and perfectly applicable to every one of ourselves, standing on the threshold of your professional career. Every instrument you draw, or copy—and be not sparing, by the way, of your copying—every notice you serve; every time you attend public offices, the chambers of counsel, or the judges, or are in court, bear in mind that you are laying the rich seeds of a harvest which you hope, with the blessing of Providence, to reap for your own support and honor in after life. Think 'How can I, within a few years hence, be *master*, and direct others, or judge of the sufficiency of their doings, without a cowardly and sometimes dangerous reliance on paid assistants, if I do not now qualify myself to do so?' Let considerations such as these, be your solace and support in many an inevitable hour of depressing fatigue and exhaustion, such as every one of the most distinguished of your seniors and superiors has had to undergo. Believe that the good day will come, and that you are only getting ready for it. Besides, the eye of your master, whom you should ever make your friend, is upon you, much oftener than you think for: the watchful eye of, it may be, an able and kind master: who will not fail to notice your exemplary conduct, and in due time may give you decisive marks of his approbation and confidence. He may be a gentleman of great influence; a good word from whom may place you well for life. He may say, with a kindly and grateful recollection of your modest assiduity, 'He was a good fellow in my office, and I'll show him that I don't forget him.'—Why, this has been said and done thousands of times; and has opened many a young man's way to fortune. How do you know what proposal he may not think fit to make, at the close of your articles—to one whom he has found uniformly conscientious, respectful, attentive to business, discreet in difficult matters, and displaying real talents and sound knowledge? Instances have come under my own personal notice, several times, in which a young man, not long out of articles, which he had served exemplarily, has unexpectedly found himself, through the generous, but, at the same time, prudent and well-considered confidence which had grown up in his master's mind, concerning him, offered advantages of which he had never even dreamed an hour before. Shall I reverse the picture? No; you may reverse it for yourselves. Heaven forbid that you should take literally what I say! But try to imagine the consequences too surely following an opposite line of conduct!

"I must now hasten to lay before you a few out of many topics occurring to me, which I trust may be found not unworthy of being borne in mind by articulated clerks determined to make the most of their opportunities during pupilage.

"Never forget that you are, and are bound to sustain the character of, a gentleman; that you are looking forward to enjoying intercourse with gentlemen, in the practice of your profession; with ladies and gentlemen, perhaps, of great refinement, and often of high rank and breeding, of distinguished standing in society, and who may suddenly contract toward you a disgust, from any exhibition of coarseness, vulgarity, or undue forwardness, which may disincite them to communicate with you on their affairs, even though they may think you competent, in point of knowledge and zeal, to attend to their interests.

"Avoid every approach to *flippancy*. I know that this is a word of doubtful etymology, and difficult formally to define; yet I am persuaded that the mere utterance of it conveys pretty distinct notions to all present, and may call up before the mind's eye of each the image of some person or other who exemplifies it. Flippancy is always offensive, particularly to the refined, the sensitive, and the fastidious; characteristic of under-breeding and vulgarity; and calculated to detract seriously from the efficacy of what you might be doing otherwise ably and satisfactorily. It may provoke severe and galling rebuke from your seniors and superiors; it irritates an opponent; is likely to precipitate you both into a quarrel; and disgusts clients. The opposite, or rather the contrary, of flippancy exists in a decorous tranquility, a considerate respectfulness of demeanor, far removed from any thing like pertness, bantering, jocular familiarities, and attempts to be sharp and smart. A man of intellect, of genius, may be witty, and occasionally sarcastic; but unless there be a flaw in his composition, or he have contracted bad habits, in inferior society, he can not possibly be flippant.—And let me give you a practical rule to observe, in order to avoid this disagreeable and offensive tendency. Reverently adopting the injunction of the inspired writer, I say—*Honor all men*. Foster the disposition to treat every body respectfully; and never presumptuously give yourself credit for being so superior to others, either in station, or talent, or acquirement, that you may take liberties with them. He who thinks so is a fool; and he who shows by his conduct that he thinks so, is also a jackanapes.

"Keep a strong and constant watch upon your tempers, if you would prepare yourselves to secure great advantages, and avoid innumerable vexations and mortifications, during your professional career. Of all the professions and callings in life in this country, none draws such heavy drafts on the tempers as ours; and the consequences of dishonoring those drafts are extremely serious. 'Tis a default of the agent for which his principal suffers. Besides this, a man of frail, irritable, envious temperament, may lay his account with hourly wretchedness; for he is continually exposed to trials which only a well-regulated temper can withstand. How many, how very many instances have I seen of the truth of these remarks! Two I could describe, but for obvious reasons shall not. One issued in brain fever, which ended in complete mental prostration; the other, I fear there is no reason to doubt, in suicide!

"Never suffer yourselves to be betrayed into the use of slang expressions; or, above all, irreverent and profane language. The former of these evil habits exposes you to the contempt of gentlemen; the latter, to the displeasure of Almighty God, who has expressly declared that such conduct shall not go unpunished. I know that with great numbers of you—gentlemen strictly trained, and moving in superior society—these cautions are superfluous; but there may be some, and especially among the younger of you, who may find it worth while to take a hint: brought as they, as indeed all of you, often necessarily are, in the course of business, into contact with persons much beneath you in rank, with the mere understrappers and hangers-on of the profession.

"Rely upon it, that it will most sensibly and directly contribute to your interests to cultivate on all occasions, both in general society and in the transactions of business, a courteous demeanor, and also a certain gravity of carriage befitting one who aspires to be intrusted with the grave concerns of others. Gentlemen, believe me, every client thinks every thing belonging to himself, and requiring your assistance, important; and if he fancy that he sees in you a trifling and frivolous person, he will deem you unfit for the management of his affairs, even though he may think you sharp and clever."

Proverbs for the People: or, Illustrations of Practical Godliness drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By E. L. Magoon. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849.

THERE is much admirable writing in this handsomely printed volume, and we cannot give a better criticism upon

its merits than by offering the following extract from the essay on the proverb: "Grievous words stir up anger."

"It has been said that an Irishman is at peace, only when he is in a quarrel; a Scotchman is at home, only when he is abroad; an Englishman is contented, only while finding fault with something or somebody; and, let us add, that a captious, busy, blustering, impetuous American is at the height of felicity, only while he is in all these tumultuous conditions at the same time. Place of birth and peculiarity of dialect matters not; wherever the graceless cynic throws around him 'the rhinoceros skin of impudence,' the identity of his character is fixed, and is very likely to remain unchanged. His misanthropic heart is a fountain of bitterness, whose incessant flow indicates a disposition perpetually perverse. By a few masterly outlines, the great bard has presented a vivid portraiture of the censorious man. 'Thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat.'

"Says Solomon, 'An ungodly man diggeth up evil; and in his lips there is a burning fire. A foward man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends.' Instead of 'covering all' in the spirit of the gospel, the captious are most busy in digging up evil; they 'search for hid treasure,' black and foul as their own loathsome spirit, and take the greatest delight in reviving what had been long buried, only to invest it with aggravating circumstances and a more envenomed life. Such a perturbed and wretched anarchist goes forth with diligent hand to sow the seed of strife in every furrow of society,—seed that spring up only in tempests, and generate the worst pestilence from the rotten fruits they produce.

"It is not uncommon for this class of persons to assign good motives for their bad deeds. A divine proverb says, 'An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor.'—Haman, under a pretence of loyalty, attempted to destroy a whole nation. Ziba, under the same false garb, would have destroyed his neighbor. Ahab, the lying prophet, from mere wilfulness, ruined his brother. The hypocrite's mouth is 'a world of iniquity,' it contains 'a little member' always armed and active against true greatness, a weapon fearfully destructive since, as the apostle James declares, it is 'set on fire of hell.'

"To conciliate the censorious is almost impossible. They are usually the most obdurate, because most prejudiced; therefore they are the last to appreciate kindness, and least susceptible to conviction.

"All seems infected that the infected spy,
And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

The influence of such individuals is well stated in the following Scripture: 'The north wind bringeth forth rain: so doth a backbiting tongue an angry countenance.' To suppress rage is undoubtedly a duty, but it is a task the hardest to perform in the presence of those who are constantly finding fault. The evil is aggravated by the fact that those who are most tantalizing are always the most unworthy of regard. The most contemptible foes are the most annoying; as Southey has said,

"Quick am I to feel
Little ills,—perhaps of'erasty; summer gnats,
Finding my cheek unguarded, may infix
Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate;
But if the wolf or forest boar be nigh,
I am awake to danger. Even so
Bear I a mind of steel and adamant
Against all greater wrongs."

"Grievous words are the oil which augments the flame of passion and intensifies its heat; for this reason they should be studiously repelled and repressed. Says an old and wise counsellor, 'When men are provoked, speak gently to them, and they will be pacified; as the Ephraimites were by Gideon's mildness: whereas, on a like occasion, by Jephtha's roughness they were exasperated, and the consequences were bad. Reason will be better spoken, and a righteous cause better pleaded, with meekness, than with passion; hard arguments do best with soft words.'

"In the second place, the censorious man usually complains without sufficient cause. In all waters there are some fish that love to swim against the stream; and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed to everybody else. Demand a reason for their obstinate dissent, and you will probably obtain a reply about as intelli-

gent and magnanimous as the one recorded in the following lines:

"I do not like you Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But—I do not like you Doctor Fell."

"It is painful to see persons thus 'fretting in their own grease,' as anger without reason is like fire under an empty kettle, it burns the vessel to no purpose. Such a frantic member of society is a furious beast in his demeanor towards more worthy associates, because the native impulse is groveling and bestial which sways himself. It was with a vain hope of correcting this fatal eccentricity, that Burke wrote as follows to his captious friend Barry, while studying his art at Rome, 'That you have just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do not now doubt; who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill-dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations; in snarling and scuffling with every one about us.—Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species, if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own.'

"Stiff necks are always diseased ones, and trees that are hollow are the most unbending; but their inflexibility is the product and proof of unsoundness rather than of strength. A delicate and flexible demeanor is a prominent trait in polished life. The hostility of the truly great is always marked by courteous generosity; while mediocrity is perpetually envious towards original minds and magnanimous thoughts.—The undisciplined harshness and furious invective of such is the exponent of their native meanness and the badge of predestined contempt. Says Schiller, 'How should they, who know no other measure of worth than the toil of acquisition and its palpable results, be capable of estimating the calm operation of taste upon the outward and inward man, while they regard the fortuitous disadvantages of polite literature, without its essential benefits. The man without perception of form despises all grace in eloquence as corruption, all elegance in conversation as hypocrisy, all delicacy and loftiness of demeanor as exaggeration and affectation. He can never forgive it in the favorite of the graces, that, as a companion, he adorns all circles, as a man of business, moulds all heads to his designs, as an author imprints, perhaps, his spirit on the whole of his century, while he, the victim of drudgery, with all his knowledge can command no attention, nor move so much as a stone from its place.'"

Mary Barton. *A Tale of Manchester Life.* Harper and Brothers.

THIS interesting novel of common life is of a very different character from the ordinary English novels that are reprinted in this country. It is as different as possible from the Bulwer, James, or D'Israeli school of fiction. The author thus explains the motives that led to its composition:

"Three years ago I became anxious (from circumstances that need not be more fully alluded to) to employ myself in writing a work of fiction. Living in Manchester, but with a deep relish and fond admiration for the country, my first thought was to find a frame-work for my story in some rural scene; and I had already made a little progress in a tale, the period of which was more than a century ago, and the place on the borders of Yorkshire, when I bethought me how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed me daily in the busy streets of the town in which I resided. I had always felt a deep sympathy with the careworn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want; tossed to and fro by circumstances, apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own.—Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect

which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge, in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.

"The more I reflected on this unhappy state of things between those so bound to each other by common interests, as the employers and the employed must ever be, the more anxious I became to give some utterance to the agony which, from time to time, convulses this dumb people; the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case. If it be an error, that the woes, which come with ever returning tide-like flood to overwhelm the workmen in our manufacturing towns, pass unregarded by all but the sufferers, it is at any rate an error so bitter in its consequences to all parties, that whatever public effort can do in the way of legislation, or private effort in the way of merciful deeds, or helpless love in the way of 'widow's mites,' should be done, and that speedily, to disabuse the work people of so miserable a misapprehension. At present they seem to me to be left in a state, wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clenched and ready to smite.

"I know nothing of Political Economy, or the theories of trade. I have tried to write truthfully; and if my accounts agree or clash with any system, the agreement or disagreement is unintentional.

"To myself the idea which I have formed of the state of feeling among too many of the factory-people in Manchester, and which I endeavored to represent in this tale (completed above a year ago,) has received some confirmation from the events which have so recently occurred among a similar class on the continent."

Merry Mount. Munroe & Co. Boston. 1849.

We alluded to this new American historical novel last month; it has since been published, and the name of the author, which does not appear on the title page, has leaked out. The author is Mr. T. Lothrop Motly, of Boston, brother-in-law of Park Benjamin, and author of another historical novel of a similar character, called *Morton's Hope*. The *Merry Mount* is Mount Wollaston, in Massachusetts, and the hero of the novel is Thomas Morton, the famous "Lord of Merry Mount." The time of the novel is in the early settlement of the Bay State, before Governor Winthrop came over, and the greater part of the characters are purely historical. Morton, the *Merry Lord* of *Merry Mount*, fares better in the hands of the novelist than he does in the narratives of the stern Puritans, who only looked upon him as a cantankerous roysterer, and not as a subject for picturesque delineation. There is much curious historical matter in *Merry Mount*, which will be likely to give it a more deeply interesting character in Massachusetts than it will have for other readers. As an example of the author's style of narrating past events and of description, we give the following extract describing the first General Court:

THE FIRST GENERAL COURT.

"It was the middle of October. An autumnal day, such as exists only in the western hemisphere, was shining upon Shawmut, or, as it must now be designated, Boston.

"The stately groves, which adorned without encumbering the picturesque peninsula, the scattered trees of colossal size which decorated its triple hills, wore the grotesque drape of an American fall. Unlike the forests of the older world, which, thinly clad in their beggar-weeds of brown and russet, stand shivering and sighing in the dark and misty atmosphere, the monarchs of the western soil had arrayed themselves in robes of Tyrian purple and crimson, scarlet and gold, and like reckless revellers in some plague-struck city, attired in all their carnival bravery, and beneath a vault of crystal radiance, were awaiting the destroyer's stroke.—The recent pilgrims from the older world, wandered through these glowing and glittering woods with admiring eyes. The forests seemed like the subterranean groves with which the African enchanter charmed Aladdin, where rods of blossoming rubies, and boughs overlaid with topaz, emerald, sap-

phire, and diamonds, dazzled the eye with their luxuriant and interlarded magnificence, and where every footstep fell upon countless heaps of crushed but sparkling jewelry. Or, as the eye rested upon some hill, covered from base to summit with its radiant foliage, where every prismatic color seemed flung at random in one confused and gaudy mass, a vagrant fancy might have deemed it Nature's mighty palette, with all the bleat and glaring colors wherewith she paints the rainbows, myriads of which seemed struggling and wreathing themselves through the forest branches to float into the cloudless heavens.

"There is no power in language to represent, certainly not to exaggerate, the brilliancy of an American forest in autumn. The precise reason for the peculiarity which the foliage exhibits, has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but every species of tree and shrub seems to have a tint peculiar to itself. Upon that memorable morning, which may be called the birth-day of the Massachusetts metropolis, the woods which decorated the promontory, or covered the chain of hills which encircled it, were still virgin from the axe, and were robed in all their natural glory. The oak still retained his foliage undiminished, but every leaf, though green in the centre, was edged with scarlet, and spotted with purple; the sumac, bare and leafless, lifted its crimson crest; the grape vines hung around every cliff festoons of clustering coral; the red maple, first to be transfigured with the frost-arrow, stood with every leaf crimsoned in its blood; the hickory looked like a golden tree transplanted from some vegetable mine, as it displayed its long leaves of pale metallic yellow; the birch looked like a flaming torch, fit for the hand of autumn's goddess, when seeking through the world her ravished Proserpine; while mingled with and contrasting solemnly with all, the dark pines held on high their planes of fadeless green.

"Such was the scenery which surrounded the infant village of Boston. Since the date of the last chapter, nearly all the inhabitants, accompanying the governor, most of the magistrates, and the minister, Mr. Wilson, had removed to the triple-headed peninsula, leaving only seventeen male inhabitants at the opposite promontory of Charlestown.

"Blaxton, who claimed the whole of Shawmut, both by grant and by occupation, had, however, himself invited the settlers thither, having been touched by their sufferings, and, as it then seemed, the inadequacy of their first location to supply their wants. He still dwelt at his hermitage, separated by the whole breadth of the peninsula from his new neighbors. His cottage, as we have already described, was placed upon the edge of the western cove, while the lowly church, the rude town house, the market place, and the thatched cabins which constituted the little village, were placed upon the eastern or seaward verge of the promontory, nestled beneath the commanding summit which was soon afterwards fortified upon one side, and protected from the northern gales by the tall cliff which rose upon the other, and which still holds the ancient tombs of the Pilgrims.

"The first general court had been that day held at the new metropolis. It was an assembly of all the freemen of the corporation in person. The rude town hall, where they had been gathered, stood where now stands that respectable edifice, which having been successively state house, city hall, and post office, has at last retired in its old age from public employments, and devoted itself to private affairs. The thatched and humble church where Wilson ministered stood nearly opposite; while around the open field between, which served as a market place for the little village, and which accommodated their pillory, stocks and whipping post, were clustered the mud wall cabins where the settlers had established themselves, in anticipation of the coming winter.

"A stream of solemn visaged personages had poured out at last from the rude capital. The court was over, but many stragglers, in their steeply crowned hats and sad-colored garments, loitered about the agora, or, accompanied by their demure wives, were wandering among the primitive groves which covered the greater portion of the peninsula.

"A good deal of earnest conversation was going on among the loiterers in the public square. Besides many very important matters of a purely political nature which had been discussed, several topics had been broached at the general court, which threatened to sow the seeds of future dissension among the colonists. The great points of the compatibility of offices, whether ruling elders should be magistrates, and the reverse, whether the political influence of the ministers required enlargement or contraction, whether the civil power was justified in punishing breaches of the first table, and many other kindred topics had been touched upon in the town hall, and were discussed with great fervor by the straggling parties who were still santering in the October sunshine.

"Several respectable individuals, among whom might have been observed Goodman Fauce, with his friends,

Jonathan Jellet and Peter Pid, stood under a mighty oak which spread its rainbow foliage over half the square.

"Being all freemen, they had of course been present at the general court, the regular organization of the assembly requiring the personal attendance of all those who were free of the corporation, until the increasing members, a few years later, required the introduction of the representative system.

"The general court was in reality the only legislative body under the charter, although the court of assistants, which had been designed by that instrument to wield only executive and judicial functions, and already begun, by a patriarchal assumption of authority, to exercise the law-making power of its own will. So little of the democratic element, however, seems to have existed at that early day in Massachusetts, that this usurpation on the part of the magistrates, unconscious as it almost seems to have been, excited no jealousy upon the part of the freemen, to whom the legislative power exclusively belonged, and at this very first general court, holden at Boston, it had been unanimously voted, by simple erection of hands, that 'in future the freemen should choose the assistants, by whom the governor and deputy should be chosen from among themselves, and that, furthermore, the said governor, deputy, and assistants should have full power to make the laws, and to choose officers to execute the same.' Such a quiet and voluntary abdication of political power on the part of the popular body in favor of their rulers, is unexampled, and speaks volumes in favor of the patriarchal, pure and unambitious characters of those early rulers. How often in the world's history has such unlimited power been placed in a few hands, and been restored without a struggle, and without the faintest attempt to establish a regular and unlimited oligarchy!"

The Forgery. A Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper and Brothers. 1848.

ANOTHER novel from Mr. James! Closely but clearly printed with fine type in double columns of 150 pages! One book of this size is enough for one man to produce in a life time, but Mr. James has produced scores upon scores of such volumes. He will have a good deal to answer for when he goes to his long account,—a mountain of waste paper. Although Mr. James is a popular novel writer beyond a cavil, yet we do not believe that ever his name will be known to the readers of the next century. There is nothing to remember him by. There never was a writer so devoid of points as James. His style is as colorless as water. He writes grammatically and that is all that can be said about it. He has not created one character, nor the shadow of one; his whole works, from beginning to end, do not contain a thought nor anything that has the semblance of one; they do not contain an abstract truth, although they contain a good many facts; he cannot even be called a thinking machine, for there is no evidence that he has ever done any thinking, nor can he be called a writing machine, for he employs an amanuensis; for our own part we had never believed that there was such a person as James, notwithstanding his immense number of initials, until we saw a letter from him in which he alluded to his son. We always thought that James was a *nomme de plume* made use of by publishers to prefix to works which were got up to order on a given model. They contain no individualities, and therefore we cannot understand how they can be the work of an individual. But they are not; Mr. James is only a generality; he is not anybody in particular, and when he ceases to breathe he will cease to exist; he is no more a man than his coat, vest and pantaloons are a man; he is simply an accident.

There are people who sit regularly down to a James novel and read it through, but how they do it is entirely beyond our conception. Whether they begin in the middle and read first to the beginning and then to the end, or at the end and read to the beginning; or at the beginning and so on to the end we know not; it probably makes no difference. The first sentence in the novel before us is the following:

"One of the finest characters in the world was the old English merchant."

What could be expected from a book that made such a hopeless beginning? A book that sets out with an inanity must close with a platitude, and be nothing more than a succession of platitudes. Opening the book at random we came upon chapter XIV, which commences in this dismal manner:

"Human life is a strange thing, consider it in what way we will. Strip it of all factitious adjuncts, and leave it bare and bald, as a mere loan for sixty or seventy years of sensations, feelings, thoughts, hopes, expectations, still it is strange; very strange; but man has made it stranger."

Now, if there be anybody who wonders how James contrives to turn out so many novels, it may readily be seen from the above sample of unmeaning twattle, how easily a score or two of volumes of such stuff might be woven together by a man who had no more conscience than to commit such an act. Another chapter begins thus and continues a long while in the same strain of dreary common place.

"To retread one's steps is always a difficult and very often a most unpleasant task, as every one must have felt, who has left his note-book at home, and had to go back for it."

Here is the commencement of Chapter XXXI:

"If one could really be a spectator of what is passing in the world around us without taking part in the events, or sharing in the passions and actual performance on the stage: if we could set ourselves down, as it were, in a private box of the world's great theatre, and quietly look on at the piece that is playing, no more moved than is absolutely implied by sympathy with our fellow-creatures, what a curious, what an amusing, what an interesting spectacle would life present."

To show the trickery by which Mr. G. P. R. James splices out his interminable novels we have italicised the unnecessary members of the above wholly unnecessary sentence.—The sentence contains 78 words of which 61 are entirely unnecessary to the expression of his idea, if idea it can be called, and which serve only to lengthen out the book and weary the reader.

Songs of the Sea, with other Poems. By Epes Sargent. Second Edition. Boston. 1848.

MR. SARGENT is one of the two or three Americans who have written a singable song. His "Life on the Ocean Wave," is one of the most popular little vocalized pieces of the day, and, like Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," having had the good fortune to be set to easily chaunted tones will be remembered for many years to come; but neither of these songs have sufficient poetical merit to cause them to be remembered without the air to which it has been married. But, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of a song is in the singing; and these songs are therefore entitled to the praise of being called good songs.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds the revels keep."

We have enjoyed a good deal of life at sea, and have a strong sympathy for every one who loves the ocean and has felt its spray and been tossed upon its turbulent surface. But we cannot make out the meaning of the third line in the first stanza of Mr. Sargent's song. What kind of an idea did he mean to convey by the raving of the scattered waters? We have tried in vain with all our salt water recollections to make something out of it. The other lines of the song are spirited, smooth and appropriate, and suggest feelings

which all who have bounded in good health and with light hearts over the ocean can readily understand.

There are much better things in the volume than this song, but none so well known. Mr. Sargent is a gentleman of most amiable manners, but he is not one of those men by themselves whom the world distinguishes by the title of poet. He has written many graceful and readable verses, and the fact that his collected poems have passed to a second edition proves that he has many readers.

The Matron's Manual. By Frederick Hollick, M. D. New York: T. W. Strong. 1848.

This book belongs to a class whose name is legion, of which we can do no more than simply to indicate its character and commend the style of its publication. Its merits must be pronounced upon by professional authority, for if such books are necessary at all it is necessary that they should be technically correct; an error of ignorance would lead to disastrous consequences. We have not the least squeamishness in respect to such publications, and are very far from believing that physiological knowledge can be half so harmful as physiological ignorance. If the knowledge of good and evil was once forbidden it is not so now, and we would be happy to see all scientific knowledge made popular and enticing. People are good just in proportion to their knowledge, and all knowledge is useful. But science and evil are still considered convertible terms by a portion of mankind as they were when to be learned in the workings of natural causes gained a man the reputation of being leagued with the powers of darkness, and generally led to his destruction by those who feared his power.

The American Almanac. Little & Brown. Boston. 1849.

ALMANACS are not, properly considered, the kind of books which should be reviewed in the literary department of a magazine, but there is so much to commend in the American Almanac, it is so filled with useful information, and is in all points so much of a model almanac, that we depart from our ordinary plan in calling attention to it. The price of it is a dollar, which is greatly beyond the usual prices of almanacs, but it is worth more than the difference. We extract from the American Almanac the following curious particulars in reference to the "ice trade" of this country:

"The freights of this trade are, perhaps, greater than any other in the world, inasmuch as the article shipped is of no value, except that incident to labor and machinery. The freight paid on the 74,478 tons shipped in 1847 from Boston, is estimated at \$2 50 per ton, or \$186,195, and the value of the ice \$2 per ton, \$146,956. There were also shipped in ice from Boston by cargoes, of perishable materials, valued at \$72,500, which could not have been taken to market without the ice. To all this may be added \$100,000 for profits to those engaged in the ice trade, and we have a return to the country of \$507,651. The ice thus shipped is the outward cargoes of vessels seeking riches, thus enabling them to make a profitable voyage, and, at the same time, affording this luxury to the South at a small price. In the early part of the ice trade, the manner of fitting vessels was very complicated, and consisted in forming an air-tight chamber inside the hold of the vessel, filling the space between the chamber and the ship's side with tan, shavings, &c. The process is now made very simple, and a layer of saw-dust between the ice and the ceiling of the ship is the only protection. The saw-dust used at Boston is brought from Maine, and no less than 4600 cords of wood were used in 1847, at a cost of \$2 50 per cord.

"The price at which ice is sold to the consumer, varies very much. At Havana, where it is a monopoly, it costs 6½ cents; at New Orleans, 1, 2 and 3 cents, which has stimulated the consumption to 28,000 tons in 1847, against 2310 in 1832. At Calcutta the price has not been over 6 cents per pound, and is now 2½ cents. The consumption of ice in Boston and vicinity for 1847, was 27,000 tons, costing the consumers \$72,000, and yielding a profit to seven

houses, which supply the market, of \$18,135. The capacity of the store-houses for the ice was, in 1847, equal to 141,332 tons, exclusive of those at Charlestown and East Boston, where temporary deposits are made."

Model Women and Children. By Horace Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS pleasant little book is a companion to the one by the same author, which we noticed last month, called "Model Men." The models are of the same character, humorous and, in some instances, sad, as witness the following extract from the Model Actress:

"She rises very early. Her first thought is to look at the newspaper, and see if her name is mentioned in the criticism of the new piece. Not a word! She dresses very quickly, and takes her breakfast standing, studying her 'new part' all the while. At ten she is in the theatre, in a black atmosphere, ruled with long white lines of daylight, pouring down from the different skylights. The whole place is re-quent of cobwebs, orange-peel, and the stale smoke of last night's blue fire. She attends the reading of a new play.—She then listens to the 'cutting' of the new piece, and proceeds to the rehearsal of it. Her 'part' is clipped to two lines: still she does not murmur, but is secretly thankful it is not taken out altogether. She waits behind the scenes, lingering about the musty corridors till one o'clock, when there is a general rehearsal of the grand new burlesque. The manageress, however, does not arrive till two—then the properties are not ready, the daubs of scenes are not set, the stage manager has 'just stepped round the corner' (a delicate figure for the public house, very popular in theatres,) and the young author is flirting in front with one of the ballet girls. At last the rehearsal begins. Each dance is repeated two or three times, the military ones especially; and the author is very proud of his jokes and will not have them murdered. This makes it four o'clock before the rehearsal is over. The actress rushes up stairs to see about her dress; this is a matter of great importance, and half an hour soon flies before the looking-glass. As she is running out of the theatre, she is called back by the musical conductor 'to try over her song quietly by herself.' So she leaves the theatre almost as the box-keepers are coming into it, too lucky if she is not detained at the door by a loud cry of 'Ladies and gents, the last act, if you please, once more.' She gets away however, before the big chandelier is lighted, astonished to find the sun is shining in the streets.

"She runs home and sinks in an arm-chair, quite worn and spiritless. The dinner is cold; she has no appetite; she longs to sleep, but is afraid to lie down. Besides, she has not a moment to lose. She has to get perfect in her new part, to try on her new dress (she dresses and undresses about ten times a day,) to arrange her hair, sew some ribbons on to her cap, and be at the theatre again a little before seven.

"Then the business of her day commences. She is an empress in the first piece, blazing with mock diamonds, drinking 'property' champagne, and giving away millions of tin roubles. She is a saucy maid in the farce, with her gay cap, boxing her mistresses' ears, and being kissed, alternately, by the smart groom, the young captain, the old uncle, and the Yorkshire coachman. She is the Fairy Barley-sugarina in the last piece, and has to dance, and sing negro songs, and fight a grand sword combat for ten minutes, and to dress up in hussar, Amazonian, and policemen's clothes; besides being suspended by a rope in the last scene. It is full one o'clock before the performances are over. She has to undress and dress again, and to see the stage manager before going, probably to be reprimanded for her petticoats not being short enough. She gets home between one and two. It is too late for supper. The beer is flat; the fire is out; and she is too glad to get into bed. She is in a hurry to sleep, and yet cannot. 'The bravos' keep ringing in her ears, and the manager's reprimand worries her. She lays awake thinking of to-morrow, for there is generally a 'call' at ten, and she is afraid of not being up, so that sleep comes slowly to her heavy eyelids.

"This is the life of the Model Actress in the summer time. It is not pleasant then, but it is worse in the winter. The hot-house then is changed into an ice-well. The stage, with its numerous side-scenes, traps, and staircases, is one immense collection of draughts, as if they had been put there purposely, like those in a chemist's shop, to benefit the doctors. The little fire in the green-room is blocked up by big men, in low necks and feshings, just as cold as herself. She shivers in a corner, with an old shawl round her shoulders. She has a cough probably; and a thin gauze dress, with spangles, is not the best thing to cure it.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



FOR the past few weeks the prevailing topic of the month has been that very peculiar epidemic, the California Fever. It has carried off hundreds of victims daily, and many others are lingering, only because they haven't funds enough to join in the fun. Sober, gray haired old men, whose wives would willingly testify to their perfect tameness during a long series of years, have suddenly

became nearly wild, and have formed among themselves social committees of ways and means for reaching the mines and overreaching any who might "have confidence" in their journeys. Striplings, who have always been "at home from seven in the morning to nine in the evening," retailing tape and silks, and inspecting materials for ladies' dresses, have stopped folding up gowns and doubled the cape, while courageous, high-spirited youths, who owed no man a cent and certainly feared not any danger, have, on the first approach of the enemy, run with all possible speed and left the country. Transient vessels, whose duty had previously called them everywhere, have been transformed into ships of the line, and slow brigs, useless sloops, rotten schooners and dismantled barques have instantaneously been endowed with most extraordinary powers of locomotion. And all this because people have been endeavoring most industriously to root out the root of all evil. But, soberly speaking, this same California is most unquestionably a great country; great in internal resources, great in mineral wealth, great in commercial promise, and great in extent of territory. As an addendum to the United States it is of immense value, and occupying as it does a most important geographical position must increase our maritime interests on the Pacific. Under such circumstances does it not become us to look after the interests of our own country, though they are far far away. Now we don't exactly like to say that we are touched by the prevailing sickness, yet we are going to California.—Probably before this paragraph has been read we shall be on our winding way to San Francisco. And why shouldn't we go? Our Magazine is now firmly established, in a most flourishing and prosperous condition, and we feel inclined to hunt up new sources of inspiration, from whose springs to draw new thoughts for our many readers. We wish to form for ourselves an opinion of the merits of this mania, and shall take care to inform our readers of everything in progress in the gold region. We shall, after arriving there, furnish a series of articles which cannot but be interesting from their locality, and hope our correspondence will be another feature among our features tending to increase the general good feeling which exists toward us. Every department of the Magazine will be conducted in precisely the same manner as heretofore, and preparations have been made which will, when consummated, add very much to our attractions. The

first of our articles will be given to the public as soon as personal observation will allow us to commence, and may be inserted in the May No. of the Magazine. We could be somewhat prosy and prate of the dangers and terrors of a voyage to the uttermost ends of the earth, but as steam vessels now-a-days annihilate space and curtail the romance of travelling very essentially, we shall defer the article till our return. We hope soon to date our dispatches from "near San Francisco" instead of "office of Holden's Magazine," and, perchance, on our return next year, may call round and see the King of Timbuctoo for a few moments, dine with the Khan of Tartary if we can, offer the Sultan of Turkey a pinch of rappee, touch noses with the Emperor of Russia, and come home by the way of Greenland and vicinity. If we do we shall give our experiences, entitled, perhaps, "A Tour through Europe, Asia and Africa, including a residence of some duration at the Courts of the monarchical governments of the world, with an episode touching the prevalence of infectious diseases." But as we make a practice never to anticipate anything, especially when going to a new country, we shall wait till we know positively what to say about the region toward which "the star of empire takes its way.".....We have given for a frontispiece this month, another American view, but a very different one from that in the January number; it is a view of Oregon City at the mouth of the Oregon river. This new city, which promises to be a fine flourishing town, and to be a commercial depot of great importance, is likely to be completely forgotten while the thoughts of our people are directed to California and San Francisco. This latter town, formerly called Yerba Buena, bids fair to become the commercial metropolis of the west coast of the American continent. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, it is at the mouth of the largest river in California, and is in the immediate vicinity of the gold diggings. The imagination could hardly exaggerate the future greatness of San Francisco. The whole history of the acquisition of California, the romantic expedition of Captain Fremont, the conquest of the country, and the discovery of the gold mines is a chapter of romance hardly paralleled in the annals of nations.THE gold diggings, and gold, gold, gold have been the chief topical treasure of the month, but not the only one. There have been other things to think about, to talk about and write about. The appearance of the cholera had just begun to fill the minds of the people with apprehensions and dread, when the fear of that calamity was averted, and in a great measure the disease itself, by the intense excitement about the gold.THE daily and weekly papers have, during the last month, been filled with eulogy run mad on Whipple's essays, two large volumes of his writings having been published, the gatherings of his contributions to the North American and other Reviews.—What degree of truth there may be in these eulogies we have no other means of judging than from the internal evidence which they display of the ability and honesty of their writers; the latter we have no right to question, but the former is all in all in such matters. We have never read one of Mr. Whipple's reviews or essays, although we must confess to having dipped into one or two without being enticed to go further; of course we cannot pretend to judge of his merits, therefore. One of his reviewers, who seems to have lost his reason, or, at least, his power of reasoning, if he ever possessed such a power, by the study of Mr. Whipple's essays, and has poured out a perfect torrent of incoher-

ent and senseless extravagance in praise of his favorite author. After saying that the diction of Mr. Whipple is "more than felicitous," he winds up by saying, "we might and could find fault with his style." So that it appears a style which is more than felicitous is still faulty. The praiser of Whipple says:

"We commend Mr. Whipple, then, for his connection with the actual world, with its business and its bustle; and we trust that it is a connection which he will continue to maintain. We trust, also, that his connection with the actual world may as surely bring him fortune, as his connection with the ideal one will bring him fame."

The actual world here alluded to is the unsubstantialities of an insurance office, a mere brokerage business, while the unactualities, or, as it is called by the writer, the ideal, are the great realities of philosophy and science, the only actualities, in fact, in the world. The man who has so contemptible an opinion of the importance of literature as to rank it beneath the little affairs of the exchange should never be permitted to express an opinion on literary matters, as they are manifestly subjects beyond his comprehension. Among the "splendid" passages which he quotes from Mr. Whipple is the following:

"It is impossible to cast even a careless glance over the literature of the last thirty years, without perceiving the prominent station occupied by critics, reviewers and essayists. Criticism, in the old days of *Monthly Reviews* and *Gentlemen's Magazines*, was quite an humble occupation, and was chiefly monopolized by the 'barren rascals' of letters, who scribbled, sinned and starved in attics and cellars; but it has since been almost exalted into a creative art, and numbers among its professors some of the most accomplished writers of the age. Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, Theophilus Cibber, Griffiths, and other 'eminent hands,' as well as the nameless contributors to defunct periodicals and deceased pamphlets, have departed, body and soul, and left not a wreck behind; and their places have been supplied by such men as Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lamb, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Wilson, Gifford, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Campbell, Talfourd and Brougham. Indeed, every celebrated writer of the present century, without it, is believed a solitary exception, has dabbled or excelled in criticism. It has been the road to fame and profit, and has commanded both applause and guineas, when the unfortunate objects of it have been blessed with neither. Many of the strongest minds of the age will leave no other record behind them, than critical essays and popular speeches. To those who have made criticism a business, it has led to success in other professions. The *Edinburgh Review*, which took the lead in the establishment of the new order of things, was projected in a lofty attic by two briefless barristers and a titheless parson; the former are now lords, and the latter is a snug prebendary, rejoicing in the reputation of being the divinest wit and wittiest divine of the age. That celebrated journal made reviewing more respectable than authorship. It was started at a time when the degeneracy of literature demanded a radical reform, and a sharp vein of criticism. Its contributors were men who possessed talents and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either. Grub-st. Quarterly quaked to its foundation, as the Northern comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys where bathos and puerility buzzed and hived. The citizens of Brussels, on the night previous to Waterloo, were hardly more terror-struck than the vast array of fated authors who, every three months, waited the appearance of the baleful luminary, and, starting at every sound which betokened its arrival, 'Whispered with white lips, the foe; it comes! it comes!'"

This is the veriest twattle, as destitute of elegance as it is of vigor and truth. It is a very wishy-washy imitation of Macaulay; a mere rigmorale of words. It contains some facts but no truths. Mr. Whipple, to make out his position that criticism is a more dignified employment now than it was in the "old days of *Monthly Reviews* and *Gentlemen's Magazines*," gives the following list of the old reviewers: "Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, T. Cibber, and Griffiths," and contrasts them with "Coleridge, Carlyle, Hazlitt," &c. &c. But Mr. Whipple makes no mention of those critics

of the "old days." Addison, Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Smollet, Goldsmith, Johnson, who were all regular reviewers and wrote criticisms for the literary periodicals of the day. Criticism has become, perhaps, more of a trade, than it once was, but it has certainly gained nothing in dignity, during the past thirty years. We doubt that the reviews of either Jeffrey, Brougham, Macaulay, Gifford, or Talfourd will be read thirty years hence. During the holiday season a great variety of books, some small and some large, some with pictures and some without, were published as Gift books; among them was a new poem by J. R. Lowell, called the *Vision of Sir Launfal*, which, though neither an illustrated volume, nor a large one, yet contained a greater amount of tender poetry and Christian feeling than we have before seen crowded into so small a space. Sir Launfal was a knight who went in search of the "Holy Grail,"—the cup out of which our blessed Lord drank the wine at his last supper. The story is founded on the mythological tale of the ancient Romans, respecting the loss of the *San Greal* or the holy cup, said to have been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea. This cup was regarded as the very one out of which Jesus drank at the last supper with his disciples, and having been lost in consequence of the neglect, in point of purity of thought, word and deed of its keepers, it became an object of great interest with the knights of the Round Table to find it. The poem relates how Sir Launfal, by a vision, discovered the holy cup in his own castle. After many wanderings and trials the knight returns to his castle.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

'For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms';
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees nought save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, 'I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorn—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!'

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and dust;
 He parted in twain his single crust;
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink;
 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
 'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

WHAT a poverty of Imagination, what a miserable sterility of invention is shown by our countrymen in their nomenclature of men, towns and magazines. We once took the trouble of numbering the different towns and counties in the Union of the same name, and the result of our labors caused us to blush for the poverty of ideas manifested by our countrymen; we boast not a little of our inventive genius as applied to machinery, but we cannot lay claim to the least inventive power as applied to names. In all Europe there is but one London and one Paris; in this country we have dozens of each; we have some hundred and sixty Washingtons, nearly as many Jacksons, and fifty or sixty Jeffersons. In naming public houses we show the same poverty of invention: the Tremont House in Boston was most appropriately called, as Boston is said to be a trimontane city, and the street upon which the hotel fronts is called "Tremont." No sooner was the house named, however, than Tremont Houses sprang into existence all over the country; there is a Tremont House on Broadway, once called the "Varick House," after the former owner, a mayor of the city. It is but two or three months since the Messrs. Howard, after trying a long while for a name for their new hotel which had never before been used, happily hit upon the "Irving House." It was an excellent name, and although it could not be copy-righted, it belonged of right to the gentlemen who first thought of applying it to a hotel. But scarcely was this announcement made, than another house on Broadway was opened and called the Irving Restaurant, and another just above it called the Irving Rooms. This is robbing one of his good name with a vengeance. When Mr. Greeley started the Tribune that name had never been applied to a newspaper, and now there are Tribunes all over the Union; there is one in Portland, another in Chicago, and another in Mobile. So in regard to ships; if a merchant happens to hit upon a good name for his vessel it is sure of being copied by all sorts of crafts. The Great Western steamship was called after the Great Western railroad from London to Bristol, and was very appropriately named, although the name itself is without significance. No sooner, however, did that steamship make her appearance in our waters than all sorts of craft were named after her; several large steamboats on our inland waters were called Great Western, and even men and women called themselves Great Westerns. Since our "Dollar Magazine" has proved so successful an enterprise, other publishers, who had never dreamed of such a thing before, immediately issued prospectuses for dollar magazines. When Porter started his paper in this city called the Spirit of the Times, he invented a title which was his own private property, as much so as though he had dug it out of the earth, or hauled it out of the sea, and he should have been allowed the sole use of it, but straightway somebody publishes a Spirit of the Times in Philadelphia, another is started in Batavia in this State, and other Spirits in other places immediately crawled into being. Such appropriations of other men's ideas is downright dishonesty, and shows a lamentable looseness of feeling respecting the rights of others. Dickens struck a most happy vein when he wrote his first Christmas story, the Christmas Carol in prose,

but he was not permitted to enjoy his discovery undisturbed; almost every author in England, seeing his success, directly began writing a Christmas story; in this country there have been but few written, because Christmas here is a very different day from Christmas in England. It is there a high national solemnity consecrated by old superstitions, rites and traditions; but with us it is only an excuse for merry making, and is observed but by a small portion of the people. In Boston there was a tailor who opened a clothing store in an old oak house in Ann street, which he called "Oak Hall," and being a very shrewd Yankee, and understanding the value of an advertisement, by means of extensively advertising his place of business, he made a fortune, and Oak Hall became a celebrity. A New York clothier, seeing that Oak Hall had become renowned in Boston, has called his shop, in Fulton street, Oak Hall, not seeing that no name can be famous twice. It is rarely that a name is repeated in England, and when it is, there is a prefix or an addition which prevents confusion, as New Castle upon Tyne, or Stratford upon Avon, &c. In England the towns at the entrance of the rivers, in many cases, are called after the rivers, with the word *mouth* added, they being at the mouth of the river, as Weymouth, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Teignmouth, &c.; but all these names have been reproduced in New England without any reference to their fitness. Owners of ships and topographical engineers are not generally men of much imagination, and may, therefore, be pardoned for now and then borrowing a name from a neighbor, but editors of newspapers and magazines, who have not mental activity sufficient to enable them to invent a name for their publications, had better attempt a different line of business in which an inventive faculty is not essential to success.—What's in a name, says Shakspeare, but there is a right of property in a name at least, if nothing more, and a name that is worth borrowing, is worth having by the original owner. We saw it stated in a foreign paper, a short time since, that a Syrian, residing at Malta, having written an Arabic poem, and dedicated it to the Bey of Tunis, his Highness sent a vessel of war to convey the poet to Tunis, where he made him a present of two thousand dollars. Now here is something that may be imitated, but these are just the kind of acts that nobody ever thinks of imitating. If we thought his Excellency, President Polk, would imitate his brother potentate of Tunis we would write a poem and dedicate it to him right off. Speaking of this matter of name-stealing reminds us of something we saw in Punch a short time since, in reference to the scamp who made copies of some etchings by the Queen and Prince Albert, and attempted to publish them, but was prohibited by an order from the Court of Chancery. Punch says: "To return to the Windsor thieves. The pillory is gone. That venerable piece of timber (the very heart of British oak) has been cut down by levellers. Otherwise, the folks concerned in the plate robbery would surely have been doomed to twirl their hour. In which case they would, no doubt, have been pelted for their evil doings. And yet who—pondering the prettiness they have brought to light—who would have cast at them aught heavier than sugar-plums—ought dirtier than custards? Again; we recognise another good in the larceny. Prince Albert has been in Chancery. The Queen and the Prince now personally feel what it is to be robbed, pillaged, pirated. Will they then do their best to push on an international law of copy-right with our kinds friends in America, who live by robbing 'us youth,' and against whose wickedness there is not even the forlorn hope of the Vice-Chancellor?".....HERE is another something to be imitated. Adin Ballou tells the following anecdote: "A

worthy old colored woman in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted, to hear her fret at his trick, and to enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness and pity, said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do.' It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt condemned, ashamed and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, 'God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again!' THE following irreverent story, which we cannot credit to any know authority, will not offend any one, we hope:

EXPOSING THE PARSON.—A minister was one Sabbath day examining the Sunday school in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a strapper, about thirteen years of age, who occasionally assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting on customers. 'What is your name?' said the parson. 'No reply.' 'What is your name?' he repeated, in a more peremptory manner. 'None of your fun, Mr. Minister,' said the girl. 'You know my name well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night: 'Bet, bring me some more ale?' The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

Hood's poem of the Golden Leg of Miss Killmansegg seems to have been written with a prophetic allusion to the present age of gold; the following speaks the condition of nearly all the inhabitants of California:

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Gold! and gold! and gold without end!
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,
Gold to give, and gold to lend.

And reversions of gold in futuro,
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,
Himself and wife and sons so bold;—
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold
"O bella eta del' oro!"

* * * * *
Gold! and gold! and nothing but gold!
The same auriferous shrine behold
Wherever the eye could settle!
On the wall—the sideboard—the ceiling sky—
On the gorgeous footmen standing by,
In coats to delight a minor's eye
With seams of the precious metal.

* * * * *
Gold! and gold! the new and the old!
The company ate and drank from gold,
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry,
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,
And toasted "the lass with the golden hair,"
In a bumper of golden sherry.

Gold! still gold! it rain'd on the nurse,
Who, unlike Danae, was none the worse;
There was nothing but guineas glistening!
Fifty were given to Doctor James,
For calling the little baby names,
And for saying, Amen?
The Clerk had ten,
And that was the end of the christening.

We forget the source whence the following interesting facts, relating to the true sources of our national wealth, were derived:

"The able editor of the 'Plough, the Loom and the Anvil' has written a letter to the Baltimore American, in which he urges the necessity of greater accuracy in taking the census. He quotes the remark of Professor Tucker, that the

census, as now taken, omits several products of industry, whose aggregate value would make no insignificant addition to the total amount. Among these are, 1. The blades of Indian corn fodder for horses and Indian corn fodder for horses and cattle, and which, estimating twenty pounds for every bushel of grain, amounts to 3,775,000 tons, worth \$37,000,000. 2. Peas and beans. 3. Flaxseed. 4. Broom corn. 5. Sumac. 6. Honey. 7. Feathers. There is no reason perceptible why the tops and 'shucks' of corn should not be taken into the account as well as the blades, since the shucks are esteemed among farmers more nutritious and valuable for cattle—though to determine that point, they have never been analysed by the government, under the eye of the Chief Magistrate, as cotton has been; nor is it likely that they ever will, unless by some chance they should attract the notice of the government, by being suspected to offer a more economical means of destroying human life than the 'villainous compound.' In that case, an examination, at the public expense, of all the qualities of the corn shuck would at once become lawful and laudable, while the platform of the constitution is not wide enough to admit of its analysis by public authority in any view to its agricultural relations. It is also suggested that mules and horses should not be given under the same head, and that exact returns should be obtained, with reference to the growth of sheep and wool. Mr. Skinner adds: 'In the first number of the Plough, the Loom and the Anvil, is a letter from the largest woollen manufacturer in the United States, who says that there is not annually raised in the Union wool enough by 10,000,000 of pounds, to meet the demands of the manufacturer; and he adds that he can point out articles made of wool now imported, that will require thirty millions of pounds of a medium and fine quality to supply the consumption.'"

NEW IDEA OF LIFE.—A posthumous work of Coleridge, the poet, has recently been published, called "The Idea of Life," which has thus been commented upon by Punch:

We see a new work, advertised under the honored name of S. T. Coleridge, entitled *The Idea of Life*. Now, we want to know which Idea of Life this is? There are so many Ideas of Life!

There is the Politician's Idea of Life—a good cry, a quiet constituency, a friendly newspaper, and a permanent place.

There is the Young Lady's Idea of Life—pleasant balls, eligible offers, a good settlement, a place in the *Morning Post*, and a "fashionable circle" to move in.

There is the Man About Town's Idea of Life—a dog-cart, a cab, and a park hack, the *entree* of the collies, tick at a tailor's, a good "tap" of Havannas, the right club, and a bowing acquaintance with everybody.

There is the Gent's Idea of Life, a vernacular version of the last—a seat on a drag to Epsom, a lark with "the gals" at the Casino, a "stunning" choker, Greenwich Fair regularly, a latch-key, and a good-natured mother, to stand between her boy and the Governor, and "tip" now and then.

There is the Actor's Idea of Life, in which the great business of the world is Green room squabbles, and its great pleasure assisting in actors' triumphs.

There is the Servant Girl's Idea of Life—one long day out with "the journeyman."

There is the Schoolboy's Idea of Life—no lessons and free access to an inexhaustible cake-shop.

There is the Pauper's Idea of Life—dearly.

The Laborer's Idea of Life—blank.

The Clergyman's Idea of Life—decorous.

The Attorney's Idea of Life—shrewd.

The Doctor's Idea of Life—deadly.

And there is our Idea of Life, which takes in all these. And no doubt S. T. Coleridge's takes in ours. And, no doubt, somebody's takes in his.

Good Gracious! *The Idea of Life!* There must be as many as there are beings to form them. We haven't an idea how many ideas there may be on the subject. *The idea book!*—the idea is perfectly ridiculous.

THE following epigram on Horace Greeley appeared in the "Nation," a new weekly paper recently started in New York by T. D'Arcy Magher, the Irish patriot. The epigram is not very epigrammatic:

ON H—G—S GOING TO CONGRESS.

"In the next Congress, who do you think will be best Of the orators?" said I, to a star of the West.
As to Webster and Calhoun, they're gone to decay;
Old Adams is dead, and there's no seat for Clay.
Quoth he, 'H—G—' will have most to say:
In the *Tribune*, he'll be the chief man every day.'

EMILE DE GIRARDIN.—This eminent French editor, who is one of the most powerful of the political writers of the Parisian press, is thus accounted for by the London Atlas :

"M. de Girardin, of the *Presse*, seems to have taken for his motto, ever since his entrance into life, '*La bourse ou la vie!*' His pistol has been at everybody's head for the last fifteen years. It is to this bandit spirit of attack that he owes his fortune, his position, the very name he bears. He was brought up in mysterious obscurity, ignorant of his parentage, under a vulgar and trivial name; knowing no other friend than the *notaire* who paid the expense of the school where he had been placed, and to whom he was conducted once a year to give proof that he was still alive, and the pension to be continued. At the age of sixteen, his studies were completed, and he passed his examination with great *clat*, and he was then sent for by the *notaire*, who told him that those who took interest in his welfare had resolved that he should follow the study of the law, and had made every arrangement for him to that effect.

"And who are those who take an interest in me?" exclaimed young Lecomte (for this is the name by which he was then known;) 'tell me this moment who I am, and what is my father's name?' 'I know not, in truth,' returned the *notaire*, in a sneering tone. 'Here is that will refresh your memory,' returned the young man, drawing from his pocket a loaded pistol, which he pointed to the head of the startled *notaire*, who, after a few moments' parley, was only too glad to give up the name of Count Alexandre de Girardin as the person by whom the money had been paid into his hands for the education and nourishment of young Lecomte. It is said that on that very day, and by the very same means, did Emile de Girardin obtain acknowledgment of his claims by the General, who, evidently pleased by this indication of spirit on the part of his son, allowed him to bear his name and to share his fortune. From that hour has the life of Emile de Girardin been a scene of strife and warfare with his enemies, his rivals, nay, his very friends, and all the world besides; while the *Presse* has been made the battering ram to destroy the reputations of men of talent and the lives of men of honor. It is believed that a duel between this man and Gen. Cavaignac is inevitable.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOLS.—The Common Schools of Massachusetts are famous all the world over; they have become so from the characters of the men they have turned out upon the world, and are justly celebrated for their excellence and the liberality with which they have been conducted.—We read an account a short time since of a visit paid by Queen Victoria to the famous school of Harrow, where she saw, among the names of the boys, two of her own Prime Ministers, besides the names of Canning, Byron, and other greater men who have added lustre to the annals and literature of Great Britain. If she were to visit the Boston Latin School she might there find the names of Boston boys who, in after life, became famous Englishmen. The following list of eminent names, who gained the rudiments of their education at the Boston Latin School, we copy from a Cincinnati paper:

"Isaac Coffin, an Admiral of the White in the British Navy, and also a member of the British Parliament.

"Sir David Ochterlony, a Lieut. General in the British Army, and Knight of the Bath. He died at an advanced age in the East Indies.

"Hugh Mackay Gordon, Major General in the British Army, also died in the East Indies.

"Sir Scrope Bernard Morland, a member of the British Parliament. He also received the degree of LL. D. from the University at Oxford, England.

"Constant Freeman, a Colonel in the United States Artillery.

"Samuel Bradford, a Colonel in the U. S. Army, afterwards U. S. Marshal, Sheriff of Suffolk county, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

"Thomas Dawes, successively a Judge of Probate, of the Municipal, and of the Supreme Court of the State.

"Thomas Walcutt, the well-known Antiquarian, for a long period one of the Engraving Clerks in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

"Samuel Cooper, Judge of the Inferior Court and Notary Public.

"James Prince, U. S. Marshal, and member of the State Legislature.

"James Freeman, D. D., one of the founders of the Mas-

sachusetts Historical Society, the Patriarch of the Unitarian Churches in the East, who, but for a dissenting creed, might have added to his other titles, that of a Bishop.

"Jonathan Homer, D. D., an emmet divine, a brother by marriage, and by an unbroken friendship of nearly three-quarters of a century, to the Rev. Dr. Freeman, though of precisely opposite theological opinions.

"William Greenleaf, M. D., and Shirley Irving, M. D., both eminent physicians.

"Samuel Newman, Captain U. S. Army, slain in the battle with the Indians, at Gen. St. Clair's defeat, in Ohio.

"Thomas Temple Fenton, raised to a respectable and lucrative office in England, through the recommendatory influence of his Harvard College class-mate, Rufus King, then Ambassador to the English Court.

"Benjamin Bethune, Captain in the British Army.

"Of the following, the remainder of the class, some died young, and others were distinguished merchants: Daniel Johnnot, Charles Apthorp Wheelwright, William Davis, John Gill, Robert M'Neil, Thomas Fletcher, J. Dorby Robins, Jacob Eustace, John Ewing, John Laughton, and last, though not least, Thomas K. Jones, who, for about forty years, was the leading auctioneer in Boston.

"T. K. Jones was at the head of his class in 1766. At his hospitable table, nearly twenty years since, his surviving class-mates, about a dozen in number, met and were joyfully entertained on the occasion of the visit to Boston, of their early associate, Admiral Coffin.

"Twenty of this class were living in 1816, fifty years after they entered the class—and twelve only in 1826—ten years after."

MONS. VATTÉMARE.—Mons. Vattémare has become a celebrity by virtue of his indefatigable exertions to establish a system of international art and literary exchanges, an object of the highest philanthropy and calculated to be of essential benefit to the world—provided the thing can ever be done, which we much doubt, for when Mons. Vattémare himself shall have ceased his labors, where will another person be found of his acquisitions, kind-heartedness and cosmopolitan feelings. Mons. Vattémare, however, is in the midst of us, his doings are a good deal talked about, and perhaps our readers will like to know something of his personal history. We make bold, therefore, to condense for their benefit the following little biography of this distinguished gentleman from Perley's Parisian Portraits:

Monsieur Vattémare is a native of Paris, where he was educated as a surgeon, and was sent in 1814 with a convoy of sick soldiers to Berlin. His talents for ventriloquism and mimic representation led him to relinquish his former career, and resort to the exercise of those talents as a source of profit. The immediate occasion of this change was a desire to relieve the wants of an unfortunate French family, who were utter strangers to him. His extraordinary talents, his modesty, and the benevolent object of his art, everywhere procured him the warmest applause, and the most flattering testimonies of many crowned heads.

This brilliant success encouraged Monsieur Alexandre to pursue the career on which he had entered. He visited the Netherlands, and then proceeded to Great Britain, where he passed six years. He personated, in one evening, forty different characters, which elicited the following impromptu from the 'author of Waverley.'

TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE.

'Of yore, in Old England, it was not thought good,

To carry two visages under one hood;

What should folks say to you, who have faces so plenty,

That from under one hood you last night showed us twenty?

Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,

Are you handsome, or ugly? in age, or in youth?

Man, woman, or child? or a dog, or a mouse?

Or are you at once each live thing in the house?

Each live thing, did I ask? each dead implement too?

A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw?

Above all, are you one individual? I know
 You must be, at the least, *Alexandre & Co.*
 But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—
 And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
 And instead of releasing your wonders in verse,
 Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse!

Abbotsford, April 23, 1834. WALTER SCOTT.

Some idea of the profit derived by Alexandre from his exhibitions may be formed from the circumstance that, during his stay in Dublin alone his donations to public charities exceeded one thousand pounds! He thus became a man of wealth, and, besides his home in Paris, had a fine country-seat at Marly-le-Roi. In his travels, Alexandre perfected his library and collection of coins by exchanges, and thus practically laid the foundation of his scheme of *International Literary Exchanges*.

In September, 1839, Monsieur Vattemare landed at New York, with the intention of introducing his system, making an occasional draft upon the professional talent of Monsieur Alexandre, to pay his expenses. Presents were made with great liberality, and in June, 1841, Monsieur Vattemare left for France, taking with him 1,800 volumes of books, 500 engravings, 250 original drawings, many specimens of natural history and mineralogy, (among them a piece of native iron, weighing 2,000 lbs.) and several interesting relics of the aborigines.

These he distributed among the public institutions of France, receiving rich returns, with which he returned to the United States last winter.

Monsieur Vattemare hopes so to perfect his idea that each nation will establish an institution for the reception of these exchanges—forming not only a Museum, illustrative, as well of the powers of nature as of the state of perfection to which the productions of the human mind and hand have arrived, or are tending to in every quarter of the globe; but a kind of *patent office*, where the creations of the industry, the achievements of the intellect, of the inventive faculties, and of the government of each country, may be at once and always assigned to their true origin, and always verified without doubt or difficulty.

Paris has taken a step towards the realization of this excellent idea, by appropriating one of the alcoves in the large library hall of the *Hôtel de Ville* to books received from the United States, through Monsieur Vattemare's agency.

Monsieur Vattemare is rather under the medium size, spare, with long hair, sparkling eyes, and an energy of gesticulation which well accords with his animated countenance. 'International Literary Exchange' is his ruling idea, nor does he lose sight of it for a moment, working with untiring industry and perseverance, and overcoming all prejudices.

Monsieur Vattemare has two sons—the eldest is in the employ of the French government, in one of its bureaux at Algiers; the youngest is studying theology. One of his sons-in-law is Monsieur Cæsar Moreau, a gentleman distinguished for his studious researches concerning the policy of Louis XIV. and his able editorial articles in the *Quotidienne*.—When that paper was merged into the *Union*, M. Moreau assumed the control of the new Bourbonist organ.....

EL DORADO.—This word is in everybody's mouth just now, but we suppose that very few know what it means, or whence it was derived, or how it came into use, or when or where it was invented; at least we infer as much from the manner in which we have seen it employed. The following is a true account of El Dorado: "The early Spanish explorers of S. America brought back, among other wonderful tales, a story of a country in the interior of Guinea, where gold was said

to be so plenty that the only dress of the king was a thick layer of the precious metal—a real 'body coat,' put on without measuring, or cutting, or stitching—but thus: His majesty's naked carcass was carefully smeared, every morning, with an unctuous substance, and was then heavily powdered with gold dust until no more would stick to it; and he was then in full dress, making a very brilliant and dazzling appearance when the sun shone upon the sparkling surface. This (as the story goes) was all scraped off every night, and thrown away as 'old clothes,' not being valued where there was so much gold that wasn't at all greasy. This distinguished personage and 'eminently shining character' was properly called by the Spaniards 'The Gilded One,' which is, in the Spanish language, 'El Dorado.' (El, 'the,' Dorado, 'gilded,' or 'gilt.') And the fabulous country was known in Europe as 'the land of the gilded one,' and was so much talked of and believed in by the English, that the sage Sir Walter Raleigh once fitted out an expedition to go to it; but not happening to find it, consoled himself by piracy and robbery on the Spaniards, for which he was beheaded many years afterwards, and very unjustly, by the king who commissioned him to do it.... THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE AND THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—There are a good many inquiries about these two important institutions, both of which have been conferred upon the people of this country by the munificence of foreigners; Mr. Astor was a citizen of this country, although he was never naturalized, but Smithson had never visited our shores. In regard to the Library we learn that the statement of the finances of the institute showed a prosperous state of affairs, and of the \$242, 129 which had accrued upon the original bequest, as interest, and was set apart by Congress for the erection of a building and for other purposes, the sum of only \$30,000 has thus far been expended. If the present financial policy is pursued, it is confidently believed at the end of three years, within which time the building must be completed, there will be at least \$150,000 of interest to be added to the original bequest. The building will be completed and the grounds improved, for the sum of \$250,000, and the east wing will be finished by the first of January next, and the west early in the spring. The main part of the edifice has been commenced. As to the Library, we learn that Mr. Coggeshall, the librarian, has gone to Europe to purchase books for it, and that the trustees will commence building the Library as soon as they shall fix upon a proper site. So that, in time, the inhabitants of New York will have a fine library adapted to the wants of an intelligent people..... ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—The Press is often called a mighty lever, but it might with much greater propriety be called a mighty great lever, for it is most dreadfully addicted to the practice of leaving out words, letters, accents and points, and thereby driving authors mad, and perplexing the brains of readers.—For our own part we have grown hard hearted about errors of the Press, and no longer go into hysterics on seeing our thoughts spoiled, and the facts of our stating distorted by the mistakes of the Press, which we freely admit does a vast deal of good as well as commits a vast amount of blunders. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, which was written in Massachusetts but printed in London in 1720, prefaces two or three pages of errors of the Press, with the following cool, consolatory and quaint remarks:

ERRATA.

"Reader, *Carthage* was of the mind, that unto those Three Things which the Ancients held Impossible, there should be added this Fourth, to find a Book Printed without Errata's. It seems, the Hands of *Briareus*, and the Eyes of *Argus* will not prevent them.

"The *Holy Bible* it self, in some of its Editions hath been affronted, with Scandalous Errors of the *Press-work*; and in one of them, they so Printed those Words, Psal. 119. 161. *Printers have persecuted me.* The Author of this *Church History* ha's all the Reason in the World then to be Patient, tho' his work, be depraved with many *Errors of the Press work.* The Common Excuse in such cases is, The Distance of the *Author from the Press*; Here there was the Distance of a thousand Leagues. Tho' the *Errata* are mostly, but *Literals*; and there are few, but what an Intelligent, and Charitable Reader, would correct without any Direction from the Author; yet it was thought fit here, to offer a collection of them; (omitting the False Pointings, which are more Numerous and less Important.)"

Theodore Hook once published an amusing *jeu d'esprit* on the errors of the Press, in the "John Bull," which we find in the volume of his life and literary remains just published in London. It is in the shape of a letter to the editor, from a court reporter:

"Sir,—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, to my own knowledge, much is charged to the account of the licentiousness, which is, in truth, only attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the mortification to see articles of the most innocent information, from my own pen, conveyed to the public with all the color of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

"For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain 'noble lord' was confined to his house with a violent cold; next morning I found that this innocuous piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct inroad on the peace of a noble family, by representing his lordship as being 'confined with a violent scold.' In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, 'that, amidst the festivities, the first point of attraction and admiration were her ladyship's looks'; this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company, as if the chief point of attraction had been 'her ladyship's cooks.' In a description of the regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a hasty and ill-assorted match 'with a boy,' when, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, broken adrift, but had, 'luckily before any mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy.'

"When I reported that 'Lord A. had entertained Colonel B., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other fashionable friends at dinner,' I little expected to find these gentlemen represented as a company of 'fashionable fiends.' At the particular request of an eminent coach-maker, I mentioned that a noble person, well known for his good taste in equipages, and who happens to have a large and fine family, had launched 'a new green cab;' but judge of my horror at seeing it stated, that 'his lordship had, this season, brought out another green cab.' And I have lately had the misfortune of being the involuntary cause of what is called a hoax upon the public: having announced that Lord K. had made a bet that he would 'trot a mile' on the Harrow road in three minutes, an immense crowd assembled, and was ready to proceed to outrage because his lordship did not 'trot a mile,' as the printer's error had led them to expect.

"Of a more serious kind are the injuries done to private individuals, which no one deplores more than I, the innocent cause of them. I was once employed to recommend to public attention the astonishing talents and performances of that musical wonder, 'The Infant Lyra.' I did my best; but the printer gave the whole a most unhappy and malicious appearance by making me, by the transposition of a letter, attribute all these prodigies to the 'Infant Lyar.' On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of 'the general satisfaction given by the royal pupil.' This looks like a brutal illusion to the temporary illness of an illustrious duke.—The truth was, Mr. Editor, that I myself penned that paragraph for an ingenious artist in Bond street, in order to recommend an improved kind of argand, which he denominated the 'Royal Lamp;' and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oporto, which I drew up under his own eye, was stated to have 'behaved like a hero;' but when it came to be printed, it unhappily appeared as if the general had 'behaved like a hare.'

"What I wrote of 'the Horticultural fete' was altered in-

to 'the Horticultural fete,' as if there was a destiny affecting all the entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the office of 'Secretary of State,' the public were led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new office was to be instituted under the title of 'Secretary of Taste;' and what gave the more effect to this mistake was the noble lord's admitted fitness for the latter office. I once ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the 'Minister,' but had the mortification to find myself insinuating blame against the worthy divine, 'for his assiduous attendance on the Minister;' and what was still worse, having to communicate the deserved elevation of 'Doctor Jebb' to an Irish mitre, I was made to announce that 'Doctor Jobb' was to be the new Irish bishop. I remember reporting the case of a poor French lady, who 'appeared at Bow street with her pug-dog in her arms,' but the printer most ungraciously stated the fair stranger to have appeared 'with a pig in her arms;' and on the next day of her attendance a vast crowd had assembled to look at this extraordinary pet, and the poor French woman narrowly escaped being pelted for disappointing their expectations. In something the same way, a respectable tradesman in Oxford street has had his shop windows broken, to the loss of near ten pounds, because, having invited the public to inspect his extensive assortment of a fine manufacture called 'linos' the printer chose 'to invite the public to inspect a large assortment of the finest lions.'

"I am, sir, a warm friend of his Majesty's Government (for the time being,) and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are sometimes distorted. Amongst the benefits to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had enumerated the 'Increase of tillage,'—this was changed into increase of 'pillage,' and copied into all the ultra-Tory papers; and when I said that these same measures of conciliation would induce every loyal and well-disposed subject to unite 'in quieting Ireland,' it was perverted into a sneer, as if all loyal and well-disposed subjects should unite 'in quitting Ireland.'"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—We have given this month a portrait of our greatest prose writer, the eminent lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Emerson's fame is wide spread; he is almost as well known in Europe as in America, but his essays, upon which his reputation is mainly founded, are not of that kind of reading which is best adapted to the uncultivated tastes of the million. Although he is wholly free from pedantic affectations, and writes in a style as pellucid and smooth as the waters of a pebbly brook, yet it is only the educated part of readers who can read him with pleasure; and even among men of this class it is only those who are accustomed to think, and who are free from sectarian prejudices and superstitions that can fully appreciate him. The portrait that we publish is copied from one that appeared in Howitt's Journal, but it hardly gives a just impression of the face of the subject. Mr. Emerson is about thirty-seven years of age, slight in figure and peculiarly Yankee looking. He is a native of Boston and was once the pastor of a Unitarian church, but he could not give up to a sect what was meant for mankind, and wisely quitted the pulpit for the lecture room. He resides in Concord, Massachusetts, and has just returned from a tour in England, where he was received with marked attention by the literary men of Great Britain. He has long been on terms of intimacy with Carlyle, and has often been accused of being an imitator of that eccentric author. But never were two men more unlike in their style of expression or habit of thought. Emerson is Emerson, and, to use a vulgarism, nobody else. He is a distinct individual, and it is an injustice to him to rank him with any other living writer, let him be ever so eminent. The first appearance of Mr. Emerson as an author was about fifteen years since, when he published a little volume of essays in Boston under the title of 'Nature.' Since his return from England he has delivered a course of lectures on that country, from one of which we make the following extract, which affords a good instance of his manner; it is also valuable for the shrewdness of its observations on the English character:

"The Englishman enjoys great health and vigor of body. They are larger than Americans. One hundred Englishmen taken at random would probably weigh one quarter more than the same number of Americans selected in the same manner, and yet the skeleton is said not to weigh more.—They have more constitutional energy and vigor than we have. Like their horses they have mettle and bottom. *Puck* is the national characteristic—the cabman, the porter, the nobleman, the bishop, and even the women have it; the press runs over with it. An Englishman speaks with his whole body—the elocution is stonachy—an American's is labial.

"London and England now are in full growth. Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, grows as fast as South Boston, or Brooklyn, opposite New York. London is enlarging at an alarming rate, even to the swallowing up of Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged; London University is growing as rapidly as one of our mushroom Western Colleges. Everything in England betokens life. To be sure the Englishman does not build castles and abbeys, but what the nineteenth century demands he builds, docks, wharves, warehouses, &c., without number. The land and climate are favorable to the production of good men. Mr. Emerson said that in his addresses while in England he had been accustomed to erase those passages which he had written and spoken so often here touching the feebleness and sickly aspect of poor mortals, such an effect had the fine physique of the Englishman produced upon him. In all that the Englishman does, even to the noise of clearing his throat, he gives evidence of strength. It is not the land for faint hearts.

"One thing is very noticeable among the people, and that is their total neglect of each other. Each man shaves, dresses, eats, walks, and runs just as he pleases, and his neighbor pays no attention to him, so long as he is not interlored with; and this is not because Englishmen are trained to neglect, but because each man is trained to mind his own business. Personal eccentricities are allowed here, and no one observes them.—Each Islander is an Island himself, reposing in quiet and tranquil waters. He never wanders, and if, at a hotel, he is asked for his name, he bends down and whispers it into the ear of the book-keeper."

THE YANKEE BLADE.—This admirable weekly, which embodies in its columns all that is humorous, witty, and pleasant, is progressing bravely. We read the Blade as regularly each week as we attend our devotions, and find each number better, if anything, than the last. Mathews is the prince of humorists, and his paper the model American Punch. . . . THE LIFE OF A PRINTER.—Printers are famous for their erratic habits, but we do not remember ever seeing a more remarkable case of a printer's wanderings than the following little narrative contains, which the Pittsburgh Journal publishes and vouches for its truth. This wandering star thus relates his curious history.

"I left home at the age of nine, and was apprenticed to the printing business at thirteen; since then I have visited Europe—been in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and France,—in Canada, Nova Scotia, Labrador, South America, West Indies, and all the Atlantic States of the Union, from Maine to Louisiana,—have lived in twenty-seven cities and towns of the United States; I have been a sailor in the merchant service and have sailed in all manner of craft—ship, brig, schooner, sloop and steamer—in the regular army as a private soldier, deserted and got shot in the leg. I have studied two years for the ministry, one year for an M. D.—travelled through all the New England States,—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, as a journeyman printer, generally with little else than a brass rule in my pocket. I have been the publisher of two papers in —, one in Boston, one in Roxbury, Mass., one in New Hampshire, and one in Maine. At one time I had \$7,300 in my pocket of my own. I have been married twice, and am now nearly 26 years old! Was a member of Captain (late Major) Ringgold's flying artillery, at the encampment in Trenton, N. J. I have been a temperance lecturer and proprietor of a temperance theatre."

NEW YORK LIONS.—Mrs. Osgood has written a spirited little poem on the lions and lionesses of New York, which has been just published by Putnam in the shape of a letter, with the following inscription: "Mrs. Osgood's letter about the Lions. New York, January 1st, 1849. To Miss Mabel Montague, Montpelier, Montgomery county, Massachu-

setts." The following extract will show the character of this amusing trifle:

"You bid me set my fancy free,
Oh! loved and lovely Mabel!
And tell you all I hear and see
In this bewildering Babel,

"But all I see and all I'm told,
Till night, from early morn here,
I wouldn't tell for all the gold
Unfound in California.


"It is a very wicked world,
My guileless little cousin!
I know a belle whose hair is curled
With love-notes by the dozen.

"I know a 'blue' who buys boquets,
And sends them to herself, dear;
And when her friends come in, they praise
The love-gifts on the shelf, dear.

"I know a man who writes some stuff
In praise of all his books—
You ought to see him read the puffs,
And how demure he looks!

"I know a critic so refined
He'll read no book he praises,
Lest he should bias thus a mind
Whose subtlety amazes!

"I know a painter—paints, to-day,
A picture deeply shaded,
And cracks the surface every way,
To make it 'worn and faded.'"

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1849.

NO. III.



NIAGARA FALLS.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

It was a bright and beauteous morning of a balmy May-day, and the heavy dew of the previous night hung in glittering drops adown the bended tips of the waving grass and dallied sportively among the petals of the garden flowers and shook itself from the branches of tiny fruit trees, whose incipient buds foretold an abundance of harvest, and then with a *finale*, wherein were blended much of nature and little of art, ascended almost imperceptibly toward heaven as noiselessly as do the spirits of those made perfect by the Eternal. From amid the scented blossoms of the orchard trees sang, in most delicious harmony, the robin and wren, their little voices mingling in most perfect unison, while the neighboring oaks and maples bore upon their spreading branches whole *troupes* of feathered choristers, whose notes of melody were borne to the ear upon the gentle breeze in most acceptable profusion. The face of nature looked happy and gay as the first dawns of an impulsive love, and smiled as joyously in the pleasant landscape which bloomed around as does the face of artless beauty when met by the tender glances of manly admiration. It was indeed a bright and lovely morning, and he who could look abroad without emotion upon the green fields and glorious lavishment of Nature's beauties which everywhere met the eye, could never hope to appreciate aught of good or beautiful in God's handiwork.

A fit morning was this far a consummation of happiness upon the hearts of two of Earth's creatures. An opening prospect and promise of joy which seemed to predict an infinity of earthly pleasure to their loving natures. As upon the celestial horizon was discerned no dusky outline of a cloud to mar the brilliancy of the sunlight which gleamed supreme, so upon the broad expanse of futurity which promisingly unfolded its hopes to view were written no doubting fears, no prophetic words of warning to chill their youthful hearts.— Lovingly, trustingly, sincerely, confident in each other's promises, and reciprocal in deepest affection, two hearts, mistrusting their powers of endurance in the midst of life trials, if alone and unsupported, now went forth in the strength and purity of innocence and love to join their hopes and aspirations at God's altar, where, in the shadow of the holy sanctuary, they might invoke from Him a blessing to cheer them on. And who that acknowledges the impressive truths of heavenly encouragement, of celestial rewards and punishments, as well as terrestrial pains and penalties, could doubt that their prayers and supplications went up effectually to the throne of Grace.

Rosa Gay had long been "the pride of the village" of Cosworth, and the universal favorite of all who knew her. Possessing beauty without arrogance, dignity without pride, modesty without affectation, and intellectuality without pedantry, she imperceptibly won the hearts of all the villagers and sportively wielded her powers of fascination alike over old and young. To the former she was

all deference and respect, listening to and profiting by the admonitions of aged matrons with their querulous reasoning and faulty logic; to the latter attentive, kind and considerate. Advancing no opinions of her own without a certainty of their correctness, she insensibly gained upon the affections and confidence of her mates, and when but a child was endowed by the popular voice with the qualities and acuteness of a woman. This general adulation, this perpetual worshipping at the shrine of her superior genius did not warp and contract the better qualities of her heart; on the contrary, she, who was bowed down to as embodied inspiration, strove to deserve and retain the respect and love of her admirers, and sustain herself upon the throne her superior mind had erected. And guided only by her intuitive perception of the beauties of right, she for years held undisputed sway over the affections of the people, never by act or word forfeiting any portion of their esteem.

Rosa Gay was, at the period of my writing, upon the threshold of womanhood. She had left behind her the dangerous bars and quicksands which encompass "sweet sixteen," had in safety passed the rubicon of smiling seventeen, before whose barriers so many fall exhausted to the earth, and was now fairly embarked upon the smooth waters and easy pilotage of eligible eighteen. That admiration of her childish superiority, which had so universally been entertained in the breasts of all, was now in many transformed into the more susceptible ardor of love, while those who once looked upon the girl as a playmate were now impelled to solicit from the woman her companionship in perpetuity. Boys who were her fellows in primitive scholarship were now suitors for her hand and besought from her lips a sentiment reciprocating their own.

O love! Strange and incomprehensible passion of the heart! Conceived in the breast of the prattling child as a mere infantile dalliance with evanescent toys, it is nurtured and strengthened in the bosom of the playful boy into a palpable preference, a demonstration of sympathetic attraction toward one and one alone, and, progressing onward, in the scholastic youth is converted into the modest, downcast, deferential air which would assume the possession of a revived pulse half doubtfully, and bursts forth upon the man in the broad and expansive, the beautiful and inexplicable splendor which dawns upon the soul only beneath the magical illumination which pervades the senses and dazzles the reason with most unexpressible beauty and strength. An impulse without an aim, a conception though not a perception, an attribute of the mind and yet the slave of the body, it embraces within itself those contradictory emotions of the soul, which are understood only by those who acknowledge their experience. An insoluble sphinx whose passionate capacity is measured only by impulsive natures, it stands among the other passions of the heart in majestic solitude, towering

above them all in that perfection of intensity which stamps an emotion of the real with the sublimity of the ideal, and seemingly expands into a power of vitality when aroused in a susceptible nature. At times as enthusiastic in ardor as energetic in action, it is yet susceptible of guidance by the feminine voice whose accent enraptures the whole frame, and is as fragile and delicate in utterance, when accompanied by the sweet melody which startled it into life, as the wind harp which murmurs its cadences in the cottage window. While living it sublimates mere affection to the most poetical inspiration of the heart, and when dead is consigned to the grave as a flower, the recollection of whose fragrance is left behind in the holy keeping of kindred natures, who will cherish its sweetness as a relic of the glorious past—a remembrance of the least gross among the natural passions.

And this wondrous love had long been burning for Rosa Gay in the bosom of her early companion and much loved friend, Mark Henley. Reversing the common application of the maxim, "the course of true love did never run smooth," nothing had ever occurred to mar the bliss which accompanied their pledges of mutual affection, nothing had thwarted their plans or deranged their intentions. Their history had nought of romance, no traditions of castellated walls and unfeeling guardians, "but o'er the spirit of their dream" flitted uninterrupted pleasure whose promises were as lasting as life itself. And now on this delicious morning of May, when all nature seemed smiling sweetly upon the broad fields and pleasant pastures of the earth, the consummation of all the joy they had anticipated was at hand.

The venerable old church, with its antiquated porch and corroded architraves, which, like the sword of Dionysius, seemingly hung upon a mere thread, were now beautified by foliage stripped from the forest trees, and glowed in all the freshness of cooling leaves and vines. From every window of the immense pile depended festoons of bright flowers and blossoming branches, hung in garlands of exceeding gracefulness to please the eye. Over the main entrance was an immense wreath of wild flowers, which had but the previous day bloomed in the neighboring fields, and the whole air was redolent of the most delicious fragrance—Nature's own perfume. The altar was crowned with flowers, so tastefully arranged that religion almost seemed to hold her seat in the midst of a delightful garden, and the very galleries were decorated with that coarser foliage whose charms are manifest "when distance lends enchantment to the view." The church indeed resembled one of the fairy palaces of our childhood, whose sudden transformation into a New England sanctuary had seemingly but slightly imbued it with the tastes of modern costuming, and had one of those ubiquitous inconsistencies, entitled fairies, bestowed a passing glance upon the hymenial rejoicings, the dream of another era would have been complete.

And the deep toned bell of the weather-beaten steeple now commenced pealing forth a joyous clamor, and loud and clear over the cultivated fields rang the triumphal march in honor of the young favorites. Fair maids, clad in purest white,

their glossy ringlets floating over their snowy necks, were hurrying toward the portals of the church, while, from every road and path, young men and old were pouring in hot haste to join in the festivities. Sedate old farm horses, whose labors had heretofore been confined to the duties of the Sabbath, were now rejuvenated, and, imbued with the gladsome spirit of the day, performed prodigies of strength and celerity. Children, whose holidays had previously been the mere legitimate responses of enthusiastic patriotism, were gleefully enjoying the grateful air of the morning, and everything of life was moving onward to its goal.

Soon all eyes were strained eagerly toward the extremity of the village, and merry faces were protruded from adjacent windows by curious watchers. Their anxiety was soon relieved; for in the distance was discerned a seeming speck, which nearer approach resolved into a carriage. Upon the seat, with arms composedly folded upon his breast, and no air of impatience visible on his countenance, sat the bridegroom elect, the fortunate choice of the pride of the village. To the cheers and congratulations of the friends who lined his path he courteously bowed his head in token of gratitude, but till he reached the church spoke not a word. And then, approaching from another road in a carriage drawn by two milk-white horses, adorned with wreaths and bouquets in abundance, came the blooming bride. She carried in her hand a single rose, fresh-plucked from the vine, and her bosom and brow were adorned with jewels gathered from the same thorny-bush. No diamonds sparkled upon her robe, but her cheek was tinted with the blush of nature, and her eye sparkled as brightly as the evening star. The Graces had seemingly lent her their powers of fascination for the hour, and happily did she wear them.

And then the friends and neighbors of the joyous party hurried through the portals and joined the congregated citizens in the church. A smile was on every lip, a pleasant glance beamed from every eye, and naught but mirth and hilarity seemed destined to a consecration that day. Young children laughed and clapped their hands with glee at the demonstrations of pleasure around; young maidens whispered to each other of the blooming bride in parenthetical congratulations; while childish old men and decrepit females cried aloud, as the bride elect passed up the aisle, "God bless her! Amen!" Even the venerable priest, whose vocation had inculcated a certain dignity of demeanor when in the exercise of his duties, joined in the harmony of half-suppressed pleasure, and proceeded in his hymenial task with more of fervor than his parishioners had ever seen before. And when the fair young creature had promised in the sight of God, and beneath the shadow of his sacred altar, to assume cheerfully the obligatory duties of a wife, and consecrate her lifetime of love to one and one alone, when the husband's responsive declaration of undying attachment and eternal affection was recorded forever upon the hearts of the assembled multitude, there arose from the lips of all such an enthusiastic burst of popular approval as echoed like the booming of cannon through every niche

of the mighty edifice. The tender of mutual love and fidelity had received the stamp of friendly sanction, and what had the young couple to wish for to fill the cup of happiness.

"Rosa, dear Rosa," said the fond husband, as they left the church, "have we not much wherewith to cheer us onward in the path of duty, so hard, so difficult to tread? Should we not thank God for the bestowal upon us of so much that renders life, happiness and probation, pleasure? I cannot but consider that we have marked out a path of uninterrupted happiness, whose exercise is coeval with existence."

"Indeed we should feel happy, dear Mark," answered Rosa through her joyful tears, "for so much of friendliness is seldom bestowed upon those as young, as inexperienced as us. Could our friends but know with how much of true pleasurable emotion they have invested my heart to-day, they would not feel that their kindness had been thrown away?"

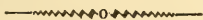
Men, women, and children, were now eagerly pressing out of the church, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the sweet face of the bride, or bespeak from her a glance of recognition, when suddenly as the lightning's flash passes over the face of the cloud, a deadly paleness encompassed her countenance. There was no impulsive shriek of terror, no cry of despair, but a perfect quietude of the limbs, and a previous contraction of the muscular system, denoted too well the existence of an insidious attack upon bodily action. The hand which had been encircled by Mark's but a moment before, now dropped listlessly to her side, her eyes closed, and she fell heavily into the arms of her husband. All was now consternation and confusion. The cry of "she is dying! she is dying!" had been borne to the ears of those whose locality could not determine the extent of her suffering, and the doorway was crowded to excess by friends and companions. Clear and distinct above the din rose the voice of the husband, struggling with emotion, while, straining every nerve for the restoration of the wife, he sought to convey her to more congenial air. "Back! back!" said he, "why will you insist upon suffocating her? Back, back, I say, she wants but proper air." But the crowd pressed heavily on, and it was only by the aid of some stalwart forms, whose physical energies enabled them to stem the rushing tide, he reached the welcome earth.

Too late—too late! That spirit of breathing action, whose constituents are life and vitality, whose perceptive faculties are the endowments of reason and will, and whose attributes are the love and affection of the heart, that first great prin-

ciple of mortal enjoyment, within whose amplitude the mind is matured, and the soul nurtured for immortality, had been called to its source by Him "who doeth all things well." Disease—not that of long endurance, whose pain is intense, whose agony is interminable—but the insidious, stealthy enemy, who, coming like a thief in the night, clutches the unsuspecting victim in the hour of seeming security, and plucks from its throne the brightest jewel of existence, had seized the fair and lovely one and gently laid her in the arms of the great depopulator. When the sweet flower of life was just budding into a fragrant existence, and the delicious blossoms of human enjoyment were opening their petals to a lifetime of sunshine and showers; when Hope conceived a futurity of bliss, whose immensity could be measured only by the extent of human mortality, this unsparing, relentless spirit, whose investive is total destruction, swept across the chords of her being, and bore her soul away.

Who can depict the agony of his mind that night? Who can probe into the fastnesses of a broken heart and seek the barbed arrow which penetrates its inward depths? He shed no tear, he wiped from his cheek none of the unnatural moisture which might discolor the flesh, but burying his face in his hands, and varying his monotony by occasional glimpses at the features of her he loved so well, he mourned away the hours till daylight. To him time was not, but eternity was growing to his heart, and as he ever and anon turned his eyes toward heaven for a renewal of the sympathy he so much desired, a moan escaped his lips, while within his low murmur was buried more of the intensity of suffering, more of the terrible of grief, than lives amidst a constancy of tears. And when they kindly told him that he must not thus wear himself out by grieving for her, and he gently thanked them for their care of him, and gazed vacantly at the body, there was so much of childish simplicity in his actions, so much of mental innocence in his look, that they could not bid him leave her side.

Two days after there tolled from the bell of the old white church a solemn requiem for the dead, while within sweet voices chaunted a hymn of blessed promises of immortality. The venerable clergyman proclaimed the burial rites with more than common solemnity, and there was not an eye in the house bearing its usual calmness. A body was peacefully consigned to a new-made grave, and the chief mourner humbly bowed his head in submission to God as the loose earth was thrown over the remnant of mortality. His was the sublimity of grief, the perfection of sorrow, his the soul of a faultless saint, the body of a sinful man.



PILGRIMAGES TO ENGLISH SHRINES.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

EARLY on the following morning we left the pretty village of Aldbury far behind, passed the town of Tring, and drove through those actual hamlets of old times,—unchanged as their quaint names*—“Aston-Clinton,” and “Weston-Turville,”—where the cottages are shaded by noble trees, or peep, like toy-houses, out of bouquets of monthly roses and holyoaks, and wilderness of clematis. We strongly desired to spend an hour in the beautiful church of Kimble, which formerly belonged to the Hampdens; for those village churches are full of interest; brasses and time-worn tombs are to be met with in their sanctuaries; an old morion above a tattered flag, or some hallowed name stamping a blue slate with immortality; and Kimble tempted us, looking so full of conscious glory, upon its steep, above the tree-tops; but we had a long day’s work before us at Great Hampden. We passed “The Chequers,” in heroic self-denial—for the present; and while we admired the tinted woods and uprisings of the Chiltern Hills, we became grievously perplexed by the net-work of lanes and drives that, as we got deeper into the country, cross and recross, and seem to diverge everywhere, and in all directions; the crows evidently considering their right to the shorn harvest field indisputable. Our driver was in happy ignorance of Hampden, either the patriot or the house, yet affirmed it was “somewhere hereabout;” and but for a pretty cheerful girl, a miracle of intelligence, at a place we believe called “Brockwell Farm,” we might have wandered vainly among the hills, and valleys, and paths, until the day was done.—We had not heard that the fine red brick Elizabethan house of the Hampdens had been stuccoed into whiteness, and we passed it without recognition; for the church, which we knew almost joined the dwelling, is concealed by trees. We drove on, however, to what an honest-looking smith, who wielded his iron as lightly as if it were a quarter-staff, told us was the “Patriot’s” village, and that the clerk of the church resided there.—Hampden village consists of an irregular line of very primitive cottages, straggling along one side of a small common, from which their gardens have been taken, bit by bit; it is backed by rising and well-wooded ground. An old and ragged tree, nearly opposite the gate that separates the road

from the common, attracted our attention; and a peasant, whose appearance bespoke little of what we term “comfort,” seemed much astonished at our visit to “so poor a place.” He shook his head gravely, and told us—“The people dead and gone said that tree stood there in the ‘Patriot’s’ time, but the clerk of the church knew it all; he could tell all about the ‘Patriot,’ and everything: he would call him in a minute; when gentry did come to see so poor a place, they ought to know everything.” The clerk soon came—a tall thin man who stooped rather, and looked perhaps older than his years. His calm intelligent face lit up, when Hampden’s name was mentioned, and he knew the nature of our errand. “Ay,” he said, “that tree had heard the blast of Hampden’s trumpet, sure enough!” No doubt it was *there*, under the woody brows of his own Chilterns, he first issued the command to gather the militia of his own county, which had, long before, caught the spirit of its great leader. We imagined the parishes and hundreds with their preachers at their heads, marshaling up a defile to the right, to meet him who had so bravely struggled for their liberty! “Not only the tree,” resumed the worthy clerk, “but the cottage in which I live, was standing then,” and he invited us to look at the beams, “they were so thick.” When we entered to do so, he pressed upon us pears and plums, the fruit of his garden; and his wife selected the largest from her store, and took no little pride in the thickness of the low oak beams. She regarded us with respect when she found we had come from London to see and hear all about “The Patriot,” which no one, she assured us, could tell better than her husband. We must have great curiosity! She had heard that Tring was twelve miles off; she had lived in this cottage forty years, but had never been so far. She confessed, with a quiet smile, “she was no great traveller.” This Dorcas had bright eyes beneath her white hair, and was withal kindly, courteous, and intelligent, with abundant health, and well learned in simple garden and house craft, and better still, in that which renders wise unto Salvation; yet, from the time of her youth, she had never been twelve miles from that most lonely and primitive village in which she was born!

Yes; nothing is more likely than that Hampden mustered his men upon that common; for the broad and beautiful table-land, spread in front of the house, which now commands so glorious a view of the surrounding country, was then intersected by quaint hedges and garden fantasies, suited to the taste of the period; no place, therefore, could have been more fitted or appropriate, as a muster-ground for the Hampden men, than Hampden Common, which almost adjoins the house. We

* Much that is curious is connected with the names both of places and persons in many of our English counties, and striking peculiarities, indicative of remote antiquity, frequently arrest attention. While Cornwall tells of early British location, Kent speaks of Saxon rule in such names of persons as Fordred, which appears on the coinage of that people; or of places, as Offham (the house of Offa.) Woddenborough (the hill of Oden,) &c. The names above quoted are equally indicative of Norman rule, and the settlements awarded to the followers of William the Conqueror.

turned back; leaving the common, and passing again through the green lanes, and by the forge, we came to the gate opening to a winding drive that leads through the park to the entrance of both



church and dwelling—separated only by a narrow road, over-arched by stately trees and almost as stately evergreens: on the right, a small garden gate admits, by a back path, to the house, flower-garden, and lawn, where the Patriot spent his happiest days: on the left, is the entrance to the sacred church, where his remains repose. It is very rarely that thus, within, as it were, the compass of a ring, a great man's FIRST and LAST are gathered together. It is impossible to imagine anything more still than this hallowed spot, hid away at the back of that chalky range, the Chilterns, which bound on one side the rich vale of Aylesbury. The flower-garden, through which we passed, seemed as if called into existence by the wand of an enchanter; the lingering roses, the heavy-headed dahlias, the bright-toned autumn flowers, looked so lonely in their beauty. We almost feared to speak in such deep solitude. A human footstep, the bark of a dog, the song of a bird, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, would have been a relief—until we had drank deeply of the spirit of the place, and then, as thoughts and memories crowded around us, we felt the luxury of its solemn quiet, and that sound here would be as sacrilege. Passing a low sort of postern entrance, we walked beneath an arch, starred over by jessamine, and stood in front of the extensive mansion, added to and enlarged by various proprietors, and at one time displaying some goodly architecture of the age of Elizabeth; the stucco, as if ashamed of its usurpation, beginning to drop away from the red brick, of which the house is built. Save the "natural decay" which must progress in all uninhabited dwellings, we saw nothing that told of the "ruin" which comes of carelessness or neglect.

The Hall is of that gloomy character, once considered necessary for grandeur of effect; the suite of rooms consists of a library, two dining-rooms, a drawing-room, a sort of small presence-chamber, and a bed-room, that enjoys the reputation of having been especially furnished for Elizabeth by Grif-

fith Hampden, when her gracious Majesty visited this favored spot; the gallant high sheriff paid his Queen right loyal homage, cutting a passage through the woods, which is still called "the Queen's gap." The furniture, however, of her Majesty's bed-room, has nothing about it of the Elizabethan era; it is no older than the time of the second Charles. In the library is a curious bible, once the property of Philip, uncle of Oliver Cromwell; it contains detailed entries of the births of many of the Cromwell family.

There is a very celebrated portrait of the Protector on the stair-case, and another of one of the family of Hampden,—we believe the "Patriot's" son,—who, wearied of the world he knew, rushed unbidden to that which he knew not. All memory of the sleeping-chamber of John Hampden is lost, but that of the tragedy is well-known; what house is there without its skeleton!—yet what dwelling in all England more sacred than this lonely one, to the hearts of Englishmen? In one of the reception-rooms is an interesting portrait, believed to be of the Patriot; it hung unnoticed on the stairs, until Lord Nugent undertook to exhume the remains of Hampden, with a view to ascertain whether he had died by the effect of the bursting of his own pistol, or from the shot of the carbine, which, according to other historians, shattered the shoulder of the hero on Chalgrove field. The body, of which the grave was despoiled in a ruder manner and for a longer period than appears to have been at all necessary, was found perfect, except that a shattered hand was rolled in a separate casket beside it; the features, when discovered, "bore so strong a resemblance to this hitherto neglected portrait, that it was taken down and cleaned, and in a corner, the name was discovered;"—it has since been placed in a worthier

* Such, at least, is the motive assigned for its removal, by the household: but upon very unsatisfactory grounds. It is much to be lamented, and certainly not to be accounted for, that Lord Nugent in his "Life of Hampden," published

position. It is deplorable that this noble mansion, honored by time and circumstance, contains no other record of *the* one who has given it immortality; no papers, no documents, no scrap of his



hand-writing, no table upon which his hand rested, no chair, as the master of a household often has, appropriately called "his own;" no room—nothing except a doubtful portrait; the very character of that dwelling changed, rendering it a whited sepulchre rather than a glorious Mausoleum where everything connected with him should be found; and where the youth of England might learn how to live and how to die for their country. And yet his presence was with us wherever we turned; the scene was so entirely his own, that he moved with us, among the old places, in the sunshine and the shade.

The view of the house opens through a long vista; a lawn of noble width, and carpeted with the richest verdure, slopes on, until lost beneath the shadows of magnificent trees, judiciously cleared so as to afford one of the richest views in the

some time after the exhumation, takes no notice whatever of the circumstance; not attempting to account for the fact that in the "rummage" to which the grave was subjected no body was found exhibiting wounds on the shoulder, while that which his lordship and his friends determined to consider the body of the Patriot was without the hand, which, wrapped in a separate cerement, was by its side. Lord Nugent gives the statement, which rests upon doubtful authority, that "at Chalgrove field his pistol burst and shattered his hand in a terrible manner;" a story which his lordship's search would seem to confirm, but which he quotes and leaves without comment.

midland counties of England; the atmosphere was so transparent that the prospect over hills and into deep valleys and dark woods, and down dells, clothed in juniper, and beech, and chestnut, seemed interminable; a very empire of beauty—and of silence! It was better to picture Hampden *there* than within the precincts of that whited house. What a region for thoughts and works! Woe to those poor spirits who have no ideas, but those they can vent in sound! Truly the scene before us was worthy of its name; worthy to be noted from the old times to the present; worthy of its Patriot-Master; worthy to own no other lord than him whose name is as a beacon of Liberty—a sacred unquenchable fire. Here were his great thoughts conceived; here nourished; not developed rashly or flung unadvisedly to the world, but nurtured by observation and in quiet. It is only in the magnificence of silence that the soul can commune with its God! The babbler knows nothing of the holiness, the uplifting, uplooking nature of this great privilege. We turned our footsteps towards the church; the clerk waited to receive us; the edifice is well cared for by the proprietor, the rector, and last, not least, the honest clerk, who looks upon it with the increasing affection begotten by the serving and tending of forty years. It is a beautiful specimen of an old Eng-

lish house of worship, carefully preserved;* and the clerk was a fitting guide to its solemnities, thankful to be inquired of concerning what he so much loved, but saying no word too many; speak-



ing not at all when he saw us full of thought. The church doors were open, but extra doors of iron net-work prevented the entrance of birds or boys; by this means the fresh breezes of the Chiltern Hills passed through the sanctuary, laden with the perfume of the flower-garden of Hampden's house, so that the porch and aisle were fragrant with the scent of mignonette and clematis. Upon a young tree planted, as the clerk told us, "near eighteen years past, by his own hands, to live when he was gone," a robin was rehearsing its autumn song, at intervals, as if it were too early to begin, and yet time to have it ready. The day was changing; a soft misty rain commenced, and rude gusts of wind swept through the trees, scattering the golden-tinted leaves on the green grass. We were now within the porch that Hampden had so often entered; within the sanctuary in which he communed with his God! The pews of the church are low and open; there is no gallery, and the organ, a gift of the present proprietor, is placed amongst the seats, nearly opposite the communion-table. It was a privilege to stand within the sacred temple where Hampden lies, uncanotaphed, but unforgotten; to know that we were sheltered by the same roof that covered the remains of the purest of England's patriots; the offspring of an unbroken descent from the Confessor; of a line famous in chivalry, and often entrusted with state services, yet sufficient of himself to stamp a name

with the truest immortality, had all his progenitors been peasant-born. On the right hand, close to the communion-table, is the simple monument* inscribed with his own words to the memory of his wife; and within the rails his own remains were deposited; it was his own hand that traced the tribute to her virtues—the "truly virtuous and pious" the "tender mother of nine hopeful children."

"In her Pilgrimage
The staid and comfort of her neighbors
The love and glory of a well-order'd family
The delight and happiness of tender parents
But a crowne of blessings to a husband
In a wife, to all an eternall paterne of goodnes
And cause of joye whilst shee was in her dissolution."

Opposite to this monument "in perpetuall testimony of conjugal love," is a far more sumptuous tomb to the memory of a lesser John Hampden,† here described as "xviii. hereditary lord of great Hampden," who, "dying in 1754, bequeathed his estates and name to the Hon. Robert Trevor," his kinsman by descent from Ruth, daughter of the John Hampden. Issue here failing, the heritage passed to the children of another daughter: the Hobarts, Earls of Buckinghamshire, now own the

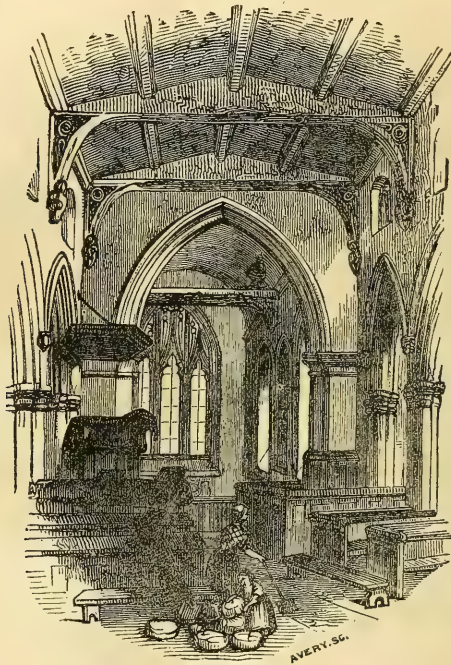
* The monument erected by Hampden to the memory of his wife is a plain black marble tablet in a simple frame of lighter marble, and is placed between the windows on the south wall of the chancel, close to the spot traditionally pointed out as his last resting-place.

† This monument is a characteristic example of the taste which prevailed during the last century in monumental decoration, when weeping children were so unsparingly used.—In this instance we have one perched at each angle of the cenotaph. One holds a countryman's hat on a staff, (an adaptation of the classic cap of liberty,) the other, a sealed roll (perhaps intended for Magna Charta.)

* It is a primitive structure, consisting of a nave with side aisles and chancel. The pillars and arches of the nave are early English and of considerable beauty, exhibiting the purest features of the original architecture. The clerestory windows and roof are of the latest perpendicular style, merging into the Tudor.

house and lands of the Patriot: they own them, nothing more! This tomb is gorgeous with ar-

morial bearings; and contains in low relief a sculptured tablet, which describes the Patriot's fall on



Chalgrove field.* A faded morion, with the crest, surmounts the tomb; and this is all that recalls to us the name of Hampden in the place to which he has given eternal fame.

In memory of John Hampden, there is no monument of any kind in Hampden House, Hampden church, or Hampden village! No single sentence has been written any where to say that here he lived, and here was he laid in death; but for a memorial to the greatest man of a great period of British history, let us borrow an inscription from one of the humblest grave-stones in the church-yard—

“Praises on tombs are idly spent,
His good name is his monument!”

Yet what a host of memories were conjured up, as we stood in the chancel of that small village church, beside the vault which holds the ashes of the Patriot.

On the 25th of June, 1643,† the body, without the soul, entered this church, and was interred in—

* This portion of the upper part of the tomb is given in our cut; it is well executed in white marble, but exhibits that inattention to costume which was prevalent in the last century. The stem of the genealogical tree, and the principal shield of arms, appear above the falling figure of the Patriot; this tree, laden with shields properly emblazoned, fills the larger part of the oval tablet, and being cut in white marble, stands in bold relief from the dark-veined marble which forms the substructure.

† The following is extracted from the Register of Burials, Great Hampden, 1643. It was copied for us by the clerk,

side this altar, where had been gathered the dust of so many of his progenitors. It had been removed hither from Thame, the village in which he died, on the 24th of June, of the wound received at Chalgrove, on the Sabbath morning of June 18, 1643.*

Hampden was seen for the first time turning his back upon the battle-field before the fight was done, “a thing,” writes Clarendon, “he never

William Martin, to whose courtesy we have elsewhere made reference; and who deserves the highest praise for the neatness and order in which he keeps the church:

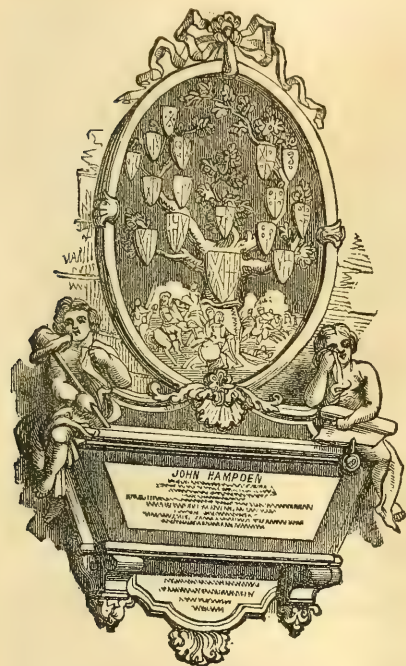
“1643. John Hampden, Esquire, Lord of Hampden, buried June 25. Robert Lenthall, Rector.”

* Chalgrove field is about twelve miles from Oxford and ten from Thame. The field itself is a large open plain, intersected by four cross roads as seen in the sketch. It was allotted in different appointments some short time since, and the spot where the monument is erected was appropriated to Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, a descendant of the Patriot. The monument is of brick, coated with stone. It is in an unfinished condition as far as the original design is concerned, which was, to have ornamented this pedestal with an obelisk seventeen feet high, omitted—for want of funds. As the pedestal now stands, it is about fifteen feet wide on each side. The east side has a sculptured medallion figure of Hampden, with his motto, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*; the same motto with his arms on the west side; the south side is devoted to the names of those who subscribed to this memorial, and is dated “June 18, 1643.” The north side has a long inscription, setting forth that “this stone was raised in reverence to his memory,” in the “two hundredth year” from the day on which he received his death-wound. It is a poor and paltry affair; conferring a renown by no means enviable upon the wealthy noblemen and gentlemen who erected a miserable monument and left it unfinished.

used to do ;" hence it was concluded he was " hurt." He had been "struck in the shoulder with two

tered by his side." He left his friends and soldiers not at a time of victory, but in a moment of defeat ; he left them to die, as was said by Sidney on a memorable occasion, for "THE OLD CAUSE."

Slowly riding, "his head bending down and his hands resting on his horse's neck," his first impulse was to seek the village of Pyton, the house in which, a high-hearted and hopeful man, he had



carabine balls,* which, breaking the bone, entered his body, and his arm hung powerless and shat-

wedded the wife of his affections thirty years before ; but the brilliant Rupert—the mirror of chivalry, according to the Cavaliers ; the Prince-rob-



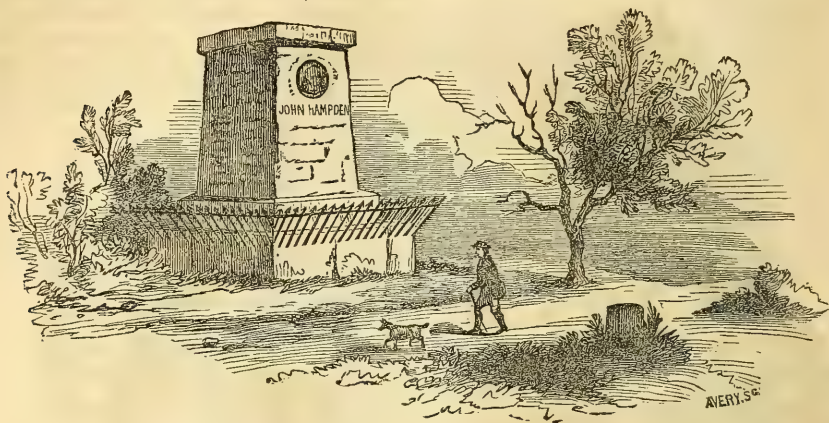
ber, according to the Roundheads—with his fierce cavalry, interposed. "In great pain and almost fainting," he reached Thame, distant about ten

miles from Chalgrove, and found shelter in the HOUSE OF ONE EZEKIEL BROWNE.* His wounds

* The carabine was a small gun slung at the back of a light horseman by a leathern belt which passed across the shoulders and had a hooked swivel at the end, sometimes fancifully ornamented, through which the barrel of the carabine passed, as shown in our cut ; the men were armed with back and breast-plate, helmet and sword, and were named Carabineers from the principal weapon with which they were equipped. They are first mentioned in 1559 ; but became an important portion of the army in the Civil Wars.

* This interesting building is still pointed out by village tradition, and is represented in our wood-cut as it now appears. It was formerly the Greyhound Inn, and is now divided into two shops, one a butcher's, the other an ironmonger's. The exigencies of modern residents, have, in a great degree, interfered with its original features ; but its connection with one of England's purest patriots must ever invest its humble walls with interest. It is necessary to state, however, that the honor is claimed by other old houses in the village, although the balance of evidence is in favor of this.

were dressed, but he knew they were mortal; and he addressed himself to die, not merely with the grace and dignity of the old Roman, but with the fortitude and trusting faith of the true Christian—



first dispatching "letters of counsel to the Parliament," and then receiving the sacrament at the hands of the Rector of Chinnor, according to the forms of the Church of England, declaring "he thought its doctrine in the greater part primitive and conformable to God's Word, as in Holy Scripture revealed." At length, being "well nigh spent and laboring for breath," he turned himself to die

in prayer; and his last words were, "O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in thy special keeping. Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors." So died—

"The noblest Roman of them all!"

He died at the moment when the issue of the



contest was very doubtful, and when his generous and considerate councils were needed most. The best tributes to his character are not those of his friends, but of his personal opponents and political enemies. Charles himself, it is said, offered to send his own surgeon to the Patriot's bedside; and Clarendon, in after years, bore testimony to his genius, his courage, and his integrity. "Many men observed," writes Clarendon, "that Chalgrove field, on which he received his death wound, was the same place in which he had first executed the ordinance of the militia, and engaged that county,

in which his reputation was very great in this rebellion." Strange if it were so! strange that he should, like the hunted stag, return to die where he was roused.

Had he lived to see the final issue of the contest for Liberty, there is little doubt that the one dismal act for which two centuries have vainly sought an excuse, would have been avoided. "He was, indeed, a very wise man and of great parts: temperate in diet, a supreme governor over all his passions and affections;" and it is clear that the

king lost far more than he gained by the death of John Hampden.

Surely this village, this house and this church, are shrines which all Englishmen should visit as pilgrim-students. Great acts from high motives may be taught here; in the patriotism of this Patriot there was no atom of selfishness; no self-glory stirred him on; the "rare modesty" by which he was distinguished when "the business of ship-money" made him "the argument of all tongues," marked him through his whole career; no thought had he of a monument to record his mighty services to his country—as little as his descendants who have given him none!

The pilgrim to this shrine will, however, find memories of Hampden all about him—memories that cannot perish, for they exist with Nature.

And what a holy scene it was when the vete-

rans, and the young men, of his regiment bore across the Chilterns, the body of John Hampden to lay it under foot in this lonely village church! chaunting psalms as they marched; a sad funeral procession of true mourners; their arms reversed, their drums muffled, and their heads uncovered. It was no hard task upon imagination to recal this solemn scene; as we looked along the landscape towards Oxfordshire, and traced the route they must have taken; a band of steel-clad men with their boy comrades by their sides—branches and saplings of the old tree of British freedom. Weeping aloud, and not ashamed of tears, they enter this church—fill it, as it was never filled before nor since; deposit there the body of their great Leader, and retire—again singing the words of the Psalmist, and wending their way to another battle field.

THE CHOLERA OF '49.

BY ERASTUS STEPHEN.

I HAD just been reading the official announcement, that a sickness, resembling cholera, had broken out among the passengers of the ship *New Nork*, on her way from Havre to this port, and that several were then lying ill at the quarantine. I had read with great interest, for some time past, each foreign item relative to this fearful and mysterious disease, and had conjectured not a little concerning the probability of its arrival here.

After I had returned to my room, having lighted a segar and seated myself in my rocking chair, I could think, as I rocked leisurely back and forth, of nothing but the cholera: of the panic that would spread like wildfire when we were certain it had come: of the thousands that would flee its approach: of the thousands more whose poverty would compel them to remain: of the desolation that would brood over a city deserted by the living, because Death was Ruler over it: of the seething waters of business, still and stagnant: of ships lying idle: of traffic in coffins, and shrouds, and mourning apparel: of weeping eyes, and wringing hands, and bereaved hearts.

On I smoked, and still on I thought, till at length the objects in the room grew fainter and fainter, my lamp seemed to burn more and more dimly, and I cannot now recall the precise moment when my segar dropped from my mouth, sprinkling my dressing gown most plentifully with ashes. I don't know how long I slept, but it was a long and a troubled sleep, accompanied by a long and troubled dream. It was a dream of the cholera of '49, and when I awoke I was glad to know that now it was only December, '48, and that although the Storm Cloud which the Deity had freighted with Pestilence and made his chariot, had the Death Angel for its charioteer, the pale

and pawing steeds were champing the bit of a tight drawn rein, and as yet only the faint rumbling of the wheels could be heard from afar.

In that dream I saw sights which, awake, I could never see, for my mind roamed at will where my foot could never tread. I visited the lofty mansion and the lowly hovel, the crowded streets where the great heart of the city throbs, and the unfrequented lane where scarce the faintest ripple of the mighty tide of life is heard; the purlieus of vice, the dens of crime, the court rooms that were empty, because all thought fastened on another Bar and another Judge, where there is no jury summons, and everybody is a defendant; the jails which had become hospitals, and the hospitals that were crammed; but everywhere, among rich and poor, the busy and idle, strong man and tender woman, age and childhood, the bloom of beauty and humanity deformed, I had been preceded by the fearful plague—the cholera of '49.

In the room above me was a sick friend, and in my dream I thought of him. I went to his room to ask him if there was anything he wished me to do, but oh, the change that had come upon him since I had seen him last. His sickness was now the cholera, and he was lying almost unconscious, breathing quick, his eyes half closed. His face was pale, and his jet black hair was matted upon it. He seemed in great pain, for every now and then he would start, like one who is grappling with a nightmare, and then a sound like a half sigh or suppressed moan escaped his lips. I felt of his forehead, but it was cold as marble, though it was a warm summer day, (so it seemed to me,) and there was very much clothing upon the bed.

I stood and leaned over him, and thought of his aged mother and one sister,—the only relatives he

had in the wide world, and he, their pride and hope, had come to New York that he might support himself while prosecuting his studies, and in future years be a staff to one and a right arm to the other. And there was a third besides, of whom he had spoken to me in confidence only a short time before, but often mentioned since. One who had been a pole star to his sinking hope when often and often discouragement, despondency and gloom had dashed their big black waters over him. All at once he seemed to grow brighter.

"S——," said he, and his eye kindled, and he asked the question with the energy of his whole soul, while yet his voice quivered as if afraid to ask it. "S——, I shan't die, shall I?"

"Die! why no, Frank."

"I can't die now, S——. I'm too young to die now. I've too many bright hopes, that would all die with me if I were to die now."

"Oh, you musn't think of anything but getting well, Frank."

"I know I ought to hope for the best. But if," and his voice trembled more, "I should, should, should not get well, you'll see that I'm not buried here, won't you, S——? You'll have me taken home?"

"I'll do anything you ask me, Frank, but you musn't talk so. You are better already."

"Perhaps I am," and for a few moments he said nothing. Then all at once he spoke, "Isn't it very close here?" I opened the window and came back to the bed side. "I feel very cold, S——, but I can't have the window closed." Then he began to breathe quicker, and when he spoke again it was with greater effort. "I'm afraid I shan't get well, S——. I wish—you would accept my cane as a parting gift. I wish you would give all my other things to mother and Mary, except that volume of Gray's poems. Give that, and whatever keepsake she wants besides, with a lock of my hair, to L——, and tell them all how much I loved them."

I promised him most fervently what he asked, and nothing was said for a few moments more.—Then he began to breathe quicker and quicker yet. "Oh, my God, I'm dying. Raise me, S——."

I lifted him in the bed and arranged the pillows around him. Quicker and quicker still, and with more and more difficulty he breathed, and all at once he spoke, "Good bye! S——. God have mercy——" and he fell back—dead.

* * * * *

I was standing upon the corner of a street leading into Broadway. A cart was passing filled with coarse pine boxes. It was driven by a man, who looked mad to think he must wait until he was outside the city before he could whip the half-starved skeleton, that an unbounded charity might call a horse, into full gallop, for it was only a load of dead bodies bound to the Potter's Field. I waited a few moments more, and there came in sight a hearse of costly make and rich black drapery, drawn slowly by a sleek fat horse, and driven by a well dressed solemn-faced man. Behind followed a long array of carriages, for it was the rich man's funeral. And then I thought that Death was no respecter of persons, neither was

the earth, nor the worm, nor the God who creates both the rich and poor.

I walked thence into Broadway. It was eleven o'clock, but there was no rush and hurry, such as I had always seen before. There were fewer rattling omnibusses, fewer rumbling carriages, there was less smiling, shouting, talking, laughing. I noticed that very many of the private houses seemed deserted, that on the faces of most whom I met there was an anxious expression, and I thought I saw more in mourning than I had ever seen before. Many of the shops were closed, and in those that were open there were few buyers, but, passing several coffin warehouses, I heard within the sound of the hammer, and saw through the windows that these were full. I came opposite the Park, and, crossing over, went through it to the City Hall. I saw no one upon the steps, and when I went within my footsteps woke the only echoes, for I was there alone. I came out and saw the fountain playing. It was the gladdest thing I had seen, and I felt a thrill of pleasure as I caught the sound of its sweet music and a glimpse of its bended bow.

While standing for a few moments at the railing, I saw there were no loungers upon the steps of the Astor, no flaming transparencies upon the Museum, I could hardly leave the place, although there seemed something almost wrong in the glad voice of the fountain, for it was like the dance and the sound of the viol at the funeral of one we love. As I tarried a little longer, I felt some one pulling at my coat. I looked down, and saw a little girl about nine years old. A sad face and a blue eye with a tear in it! Her dress was a dark material, very coarse, and on the old straw bonnet which she wore, there was a scanty supply of faded black ribbon. For, even poor as she was, she must follow the world's usage, and hang out a sorry signboard for an aching heart.

"Please, sir, would you give me a little money? Father died last week, and mother's very sick." At another time, I could have passed on, and if my conscience had been disposed to be at all troublesome, could have stilled it by the magic word "Imposter." But I couldn't do so now, for the cholera had come, and, giving her a piece of silver, thought the "God bless you sir" was a receipt in full, I left her and hurried on.

I came to Wall-street. But as in Broadway, so there was no rush nor hurry in this place where the worshippers of mammon congregate. I remembered the crowd of men that assembled at noon on the corner of Broad-street, I remembered the other crowds assembled at all business hours near upon the corner of Hanover, with heads together, ears attentive, and faces eager, swayed like wind-shaken trees by the breeze of speculation. But there were no crowds now. There was no rush up and down the steps of banks, and offices, and Insurance Companies. There was no throng of office clerks hurrying to make their deposits, of merchants going on 'change, of rich men walking leisurely up and down the street, because they liked the atmosphere of the place, and there was none where their money secured so much respect. The crowd was not there. There were a few who still clung to their busi-

ness, whom, even death pressing hot in the rear, could not frighten from the pursuit of the bright golden bubble, but they were few—very few.

I came to the office of the *Courier and Enquirer*. Outside was a bulletin of Deaths. Seventy-nine cases yesterday, eighty the day before. Thank God for one less.

So on I went through the city. The steam-boats coming brought very few, but those leaving were full. There were few in the ship yards, in the shipping stores, and many of the ships were floating idle. I saw few familiar faces, and remembered that many had left the city to return again when the breath of the pestilence had passed, but remembered too that many more had gone in obedience to a summons dreaded by all, yet to be refused by none, to the long "narrow house and the long sleep."

I found myself at length in the Five Points, that moral Golgotha of New York; that sink and sewer of Iniquity, where the vile of each sex and every color, drawn and kuit together by a common interest in what is bad, herd like brutes and devils. It is not because they like the place, but because they are fit for, and will be received in no other. So there they live companions, intimates, not from choice but from necessity, for there is no fellowship that deserves the name, in vice, though there may be herding, kenelling. And there, where crime is ashamed to show its cloven foot, and skeleton head, to the reproving eye of day, but skulks like an unblessed spirit around the dwellings of honest men, and comes forth with the owl, and the vampire, and the bat, at night, to mock at virtue and blaspheme God, oh! there I saw the ravages of the cholera of '49. There the drunkard died. There women, who had once been beautiful, and pure, and good, till temptation overpowering, they had thrown away the signet ring of their innocence, and "lost the beauty of their morning and the image of their God," stretched themselves helpless upon rags and filth, and went into Eternity with despair on the wrinkled forehead and curses on the polluted lip. I saw, too, the man who had reddened his hand, and blackened his heart with crime, lying powerless, hopeless, sick. He had never feared man, he had mocked God; but, ah! he cowered before the long skinny finger of the one who holds the scythe and the glass. And there were children there—the offspring of infamy. Every one of them—even the youngest—had a history, think of that, but a history written perhaps with tears and blood. Ever since they opened their eyes upon this world, vice had rested like a dead weight upon every thought, and feeling, and aspiration that was good. Its filth and slime had besmeared and stained the bright plumage and the buoyant wing of the young spirit, and it had walked and

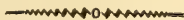
fluttered, perhaps like a young eagle caught in a slough, both wings broken. They died there by scores, like so many dogs. Over many a cur there has been more joy than was at their birth, yet, since it was possible their bodies had once held souls, a benevolent corporation gives them comfortable pine coffins, and a nice place above ground in the Potter's Field. Who could sorrow that such children die? In more senses than one, who could? Who would not rejoice rather, that they were in the hands of a merciful God?

I saw in one humble room a mother sitting alone at midnight by a dying boy. Slowly the hours had rolled on, and when it had struck twelve, "it seemed to her as if there were but two persons in the world and one of them was sick," and when it had struck two, that *one* was dead.

Of one building the city had made a Cholera Hospital. In one of the rooms I saw ten dressed for the grave, and in the sick wards I observed several "Sisters of Charity," who had come to moisten the fevered lip, to catch the last long drawn sigh and muttered blessing. Thank God for the mild voice, the soft hand, and tender heart of woman.

One last sight I will mention. And that was a rich man in a lofty mansion, in a richly furnished bed-room, lying sick upon a downy bed adorned with elaborate carvings and covered with the finest and whitest linen. An experienced nurse was with him, there were three physicians for money could procure them. Every remedy that the healing art could suggest was also there; money could buy it. The slightest wish could be answered, for money could gratify it. There was a half heart-broken wife by the bed side, there were weeping children in an adjoining room, but neither money, nor physicians, nor affection, nor tears, prevailed against the cholera of '49.

I saw many more such scenes in that dream of mine. I have not time, nor space, to describe them, even though it be as briefly and faintly as those I have already mentioned. But when I awoke I felt grateful that as yet we have no just cause of alarm. Death may come by accident, by lingering or speedy disease, and we hardly notice his footfall, for it is but the missing of an accustomed face, the hushing of an accustomed voice, another grave, and a sign-board removed. But the forest, that hardly notices the fall of a single one, will bow and tremble when the hurricane shrieks through the long branches of the loftiest trees, and the lightning shows that twenty have fallen together. Death may stand at our very bed side, or follow us the live long day, and we can go smiling on if we only fall one after another. But when upon our right hand one is taken, and another on the left, another before us, another behind us, scores around us—is it my turn next?



PATCHES AND SHREDS.

THE DOCTOR.

POEMS by N. P. Willis, such as he gave in the olden time, would, as the newspapers say, create a sensation. His earliest efforts are his best, and have burned an impression on the feelings and memory, which "Lady Jane" and her progeny have never been able to efface. Perhaps there is no man living to whom the bright vision of Parnassus, if not of the summit, at least of that part of the mount where Thomson, Cowper, and Pollock hold their temperate festival, has been more clearly disclosed. In his former writings there is a winning tenderness, a loftiness of sentiment, a graphic descriptiveness, and a glory of poetical imagery, which he has never since equalled; and if the endurance of his powers had been in any way commensurate to their effect, Willis would have been the poetic boast of his country, not for the number, but for the value of his productions. Bryant, who strikes at the same quarry, but whose bow has never relaxed from its original vigor, if a more finished artist, has never displayed greater genius.

A most extraordinary theft has been committed in the literary world. Lippard, the Quaker monk, accuses Headley, the man-mountain of "considering our property as his own, and taking bodily our description of the Battle of Saratoga—horse and all." How deplorable must be the necessities of that man who could thus purloin from his neighbor what, one would suppose, even destitution could not crave! What a monomaniac must that neighbor be, who complains of a loss so much to his advantage!

Shakspeare's Master Slender has always been a favorite of mine, and Miss Page might have been in better business when she deceived him. His love was too deep for utterance, and, therefore, was he slighted. Some unworthy hand has attempted to emancipate the feelings of this mighty heart in the following couplets:

MASTER SLENDER'S COMPLAINT.

Come, Polyhymnia, heavenly maid,
Oh deign an humble bard to aid,
Whose heart in tenfold chains is laid
In Cupid's cage!
To Anna's name I strike the string,
Thence all my pains and pleasures spring,
Yes, I aspire thy praise to sing,
"Oh sweet Ann Page!"

The lustre of thy soft blue eyes,
Thy lip, that with the coral vies,
Might bid love's flames the breast surprise
Of stoic sage;
And cold indeed his heart must be,
Who could thy matchless features see,
And not at once exclaim with me
"Oh sweet Ann Page!"

Wealth, power, and splendor I disown,
To these no real joys are known,
Thy unaffected charms alone

My heart engage;
Thou can'st alone my bosom fire,
Thou can'st alone my muse inspire,
To thee alone I tune my lyre,
"Oh sweet Ann Page!"

Should'st thou thy gentle bosom steel
Against my passion's fond appeal,
What power, the pangs I then should feel,
Could e'er assuage!

To woods, to mountains, would I hie,
Thy dear-lov'd name unceasing sigh,
'Till thousand echoes should reply
"Oh sweet Ann Page!"

I cannot boast the art sublime,
Like some great poets of the time,
To sing in lofty-sounding rhyme
Of amorous rage;
But Love has taught me to complain,
Love has inspir'd this humble strain,
Then let me not still sigh in vain,
"Oh sweet Ann Page!"

The Pope, it seems, is a fugitive, or prisoner at Naples, and universal Rome is in revolt at his authority. How is it, that whilst this potentate is considered as infallible abroad, and his voice is revered as the voice of God, his edicts should be spurned, and even his life threatened by his immediate Catholic subjects. And so it has always been. Whilst Henry of England was crushed by the Pope's power, and Philip Augustus, of France, was, from the same cause, a vagabond in his own kingdom, the Italian States were in continual hostility, and threatening his supremacy.—How is this accounted for?

You have read, no doubt, Bulwer's "England and the English." I recur to it for a specimen, merely, of the most finished, blackguardish, the lowest scurrility, the most degraded prostitution of language, with scarcely a scintillation of wit to glitter through the murky foulness. Whatever the other excellencies of this author may be, in one respect, at least, he may defy competition. He is a lesson for the Hornets, the Scourges, the Thunderbolts, the Fiends, and numerous other popular periodicals, which live by defamation. He thus wrings out the redundancy of his bile on the head of some unfortunate offender: "S—— has run through all the circle of scoundrelism; whatever is most base, and dastardly, and contemptible, S—— has committed. His soul stinks of his profession, and you spit when you hear his name.—When he gets drunk, he forgets himself, and speaks to a gentleman; the gentleman knocks him down. No man has been so often kicked as S——; no man so often horsewhipped; his whole carcass is branded with the contumely of castigation. S—— is at heart the most miserable of men; he is poisoned by the stench of his own disguise; he knows that every man loathes him; he strives to busy himself from the graveolent abyss of his infamy by grasping at some scamp of a lord. One lord, with one shred of character left to his back, promised to dine with him, and has been stark naked of character ever since." And so on. L. M.

NOTE.—We wish it to be understood that the above is from a correspondent, for whose opinions we do not hold ourselves accountable. Such desultory thoughts, if pleasantly written down, even when they differ from our own, have a value which should entitle them to a candid hearing. Some men have a habit of thinking upon paper, and love to jot down the fancies and reflections as they occur, without being very particular as to whom they hit. Our "Doctor" will be cautious as to individual foibles, we trust, in his future communications, but we care not how strong he may be on abstractions. It is not consistent with our place to make attacks upon personal failings. Whether the doctrine of our correspondent be one of Law, Physic, or Divinity we know not; but the quality of his doctrines will leak out in his future communications.—Ed.



LOUIS NAPOLEON,
FIRST PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

REGULARS AND CONTINENTALS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was on the 19th day of April, 1775, that the first decisive blow was struck in favor of American Independence. The British commandant, General Gage, having learned that the Americans had collected military stores at Concord, sent a detachment of regulars to seize them; but Providence interposed a signal obstacle to the accomplishment of his intentions. The British marched as far upon their intended route as the town of Lexington, when the first signs of opposition manifested themselves. Yet they maintained an unbroken front, and marched steadily onward, until at last, from the adjacent fields, from the principal streets, as well as from the smallest lanes and byeways, from house and hovel, a swarm of armed men, with determination strongly marked upon their countenances, came forth to meet and repel them. Then, indeed came the 'tug of war.' A murderous fire was poured down upon the advancing columns from the windows, the house-tops, the fences—from every place, in fact, where shelter could be found. Even old men, women, and children assisted in the work of destruction, while the younger and more athletic, disdaining concealment, rushed upon the disordered ranks, and with clubbed muskets, in the face of a deadly fire, drove them back until all order was destroyed, and British Regulars, for the first time in their lives, were bent like broken reeds before the prowess of Yankee Continentals. In vain the infuriated officers endeavored with frantic efforts to encourage their men in the face of this unexpected opposition; they wavered, turned and broke, and finally fled in all quarters, leaving an immense portion of their numbers dead upon the ensanguined field. It was a sad day for the Americans; for, notwithstanding the glorious victory which they had obtained, many of their number had bitten the dust, and in every direction wives were weeping for their husbands, children for their parents, mothers for their young, and lovers for the loved. But it was a great blow in favor of Independence, and it must have convinced our British oppressors that, in anticipating an easy conquest of the country, they were but building castles in the air. They found that they had to deal with tougher material than they imagined, and adapted their materials and strengthened their resources accordingly. The results of this action are faithfully chronicled by the Historian:—"The torch of civil war being thus lighted up, the colonists flew to arms, as if by concert, and assumed the title of *The United States of America*, whose affairs were to be managed by a Congress called from the people. This body of representatives instantly passed resolutions for raising an army, for issuing a paper currency for its payment, and for prohibiting all importations

to those places which still remained faithful in their allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain.'

A few weeks after this engagement, the British army in America was strengthened by a large reinforcement, which arrived from England, under the command of Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton. Martial law was now proclaimed, but the Congress was not easily intimidated; and, voting that the compact between the crown and the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay was dissolved, they recommended that province to resume its chartered rights. Several months passed by without any important movements, in this direction, on either side. The interval was occupied by that branch of the British army in forming an elaborate plan for the ensuing campaign, while the Americans quietly prepared themselves for the coming struggle. As further hostilities were now mutually expected, the Americans, that they might secure Charlestown, sent a detachment of men at night to erect some considerable works on Bunker's Hill.* When these operations were discovered in the morning, a heavy fire was commenced from the enemy's ships, and the Americans, having expended their ammunition, were driven with great difficulty from their intrenchments by Generals Howe and Pigot; but it was not until the British had lost half their number, and the Americans, having only the butts of their muskets, or their bayonets, to rely upon, had become totally exhausted, that they yielded the hard fought ground. On their own side, the Americans lost many, among whom was General Warren, who died fighting bravely in the thickest of the action. History has conceded to Americans this victory. After the battle they threw up works on another hill opposite, and the British troops were closely invested in the peninsula.

The General Congress published a very animated declaration, in which their reasons for taking arms were assigned, and the objects for which they contended pointed out. They also appointed George Washington general and commander-in-chief of the American forces (July 2d, 1775). The military skill evinced by this distinguished soldier in the last war, when he commanded different bodies of provincials, as well as his conduct towards his fellow-men in all his relations towards them, fully justified the partiality of his countrymen. Another petition to the King was also voted by Congress, in which they earnestly besought his Majesty to adopt some method of putting a stop to the contest; but this petition, though presented by Mr. Penn, late governor, and one of

*Owing to the darkness, or some other cause, they selected by mistake *Breed's Hill*, and it was on that hill that the action took place.

the proprietors of Pennsylvania, obtained no answer.

In the meantime the Americans prepared for every event, and animated with the enthusiasm of a people contending for liberty, no longer confined themselves to defensive operations. Ticonderoga and Crown Point had already been taken by a party of Americans, with Ethan Allen for a guide, and it was determined to fit out an expedition against Canada, under Generals Montgomery and Arnold; but in an attempt against Quebec Major General Richard Montgomery* fell, and Arnold, after being dangerously wounded, was compelled to make a precipitate retreat.†

It was upon one of these occasions, when Washington was holding a consultation with his officers relative to the plan of an expected engagement, that the term *Brother Jonathan* obtained its origin. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, Governor of the State of Connecticut, being present,—a person in whom the General placed the greatest reliance,—Washington, being in some perplexity, exclaimed, “We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.” He did so, and the result having justified the application, the term became a byword throughout the country.

—But we are all this while forgetting our hero and heroine. In order to keep pace, therefore, with their proceedings, the reader will pardon us for going back a little in our narrative.

Although only three months had fled since the date of his first introduction to the reader, over Walter Maynard had come a change as marked as it was unaccountable. The transition from good to bad had been exemplified in his case in a most rapid and extraordinary manner. Naturally of an idle and inert disposition, he had hailed with secret pleasure the approach of the British army as a means of retrieving his fallen fortunes; for his idle disposition had become so well known to the people of the neighborhood in which he formerly lived, that none of them would consent to give him employment. Mr. Ashley, Lucy’s father, had been the last to cast off the profligate, and Walter Maynard, with his innate love of display, and his passion for money, found an opportunity for the gratification of both in the tempting inducements held out by the British commander to all who would desert the ranks of the *rebels* for those of the king. With his usual shortsightedness, Maynard looked upon the final overthrow and conquest of the colonists as very certain, and he did not hesitate, therefore, to attach himself to that side which promised the most glorious results. He applied for, and obtained the rank of sergeant in one of the infantry regiments of the line, and immediately entered with his comrades into all those dissipated habits and unbridled indulgences which too frequently mark the course of the soldier in an enemy’s country. In a short time he lost what little of self-respect he had retained, and was quite hardened to all sense of shame and duty.

This mistaken young man had, early in life,

conceived a passion for Lucy Ashley. This passion he had kept close locked within his own breast—not even daring to disclose it to the object which had inspired it, knowing too well the bent of her inclinations in favor of his former playmate, Edgar Wallis. But now that he had rank and money; now that he was a King’s officer of infantry, instead of a home-spun, hard-working continental, he began to entertain some hopes of changing the direction of the girl’s sentiments. Having inbibed, on one occasion, more than his usual allowance of the ardent, Maynard sought the dwelling of his former friend and benefactor.

The captivity of her lover caused in Lucy, as may be well conceived, the most poignant regrets; but the victories obtained by her countrymen had animated her with confidence, and she did not doubt that his liberation would shortly be effected. It was while pondering upon the means of securing this desired object, that Lucy, having strolled by herself unconsciously to some distance from the cottage, was surprised and shocked by the appearance of an officer in scarlet uniform, who was rapidly coming up the lane. She would have fled, but he beckoned her to stay, and a latent hope of hearing some news of her lover caused her to conquer her repugnance and remain. She was surprised still more, when, in the features of the intruder, she recognized those of Walter Maynard. She hesitated, and would have turned back, but he detained her by placing himself in her way.

“Miss Ashley, to seek to avoid me is useless; I have taken great trouble and run many risks to procure this interview, and you *must* hear me.”

“*Must* hear you, Walter Maynard?—*must*!” she rejoined, with a look of contempt. “I am the daughter of an American patriot, and scorn to be dictated to by one who, for paltry lucre, has betrayed his country. Out of my path, sir, or I will call those who will put it out of your power to insult me further.”

“Lucy Ashley,” replied Maynard, artfully, “you are a high-minded and honorable girl, and I prepared myself for such a reception as this ere I summoned the resolution to present myself to you. Whether I feel any regrets for the steps which I have taken, it matters not now to say; I have marked out a course, and must pursue it wherever it may lead me.”

“What! if it lead to shame and an ignominious death? Walter Maynard, it is not yet too late; you have taken but the initiatory step, and can easily retract, if so disposed. In spite of your error, by joining the ranks of your countrymen, you may yet become an honor to the cause of justice and humanity; for believe me, Walter, it is far better to die fighting for the holy boon of Freedom, than to have the finger of scorn pointed at the page on which your treachery will be inscribed.”

“Lucy, I have thought a great deal over this; in taking up arms to resist our King, are we not playing the part of traitors to the allegiance we owe him?”

“Man owes no allegiance to tyranny,” she replied, warmly; “to One, alone, should his alle-

* His remains are interred in front of St. Paul’s Church in this city, where his monument may be seen from the street.

† See Robertson’s abridgement of *Hume and Smollet*.

giance be tendered, and I think, Walter if you had been convinced of this great truth, you would not have acted as you have. But why are you here? Is it," she exclaimed, her voice trembling with anxiety as she spoke, "is it for the purpose of betraying those who have covered you with benefits?"

"Your opinion of me must be poor, indeed," he answered, "if you think that I could stoop to such baseness?"

"What, then, can be your object here?"

"What? Lucy, do you not guess it?"

"It relates to Edgar!" she exclaimed eagerly, while her brow became suddenly suffused.

"No—no," he replied hastily, and with a frown.

"No? What, then, can it be?"

"Lucy," he said, "my time is brief, and you must school yourself to listen to me, even though my communication be an unpleasant one. I ask but your patience for a few seconds, and I warn you beware how you refuse me; for I have means and influence, and with sufficient provocation might do harm."

"What means this strange language? I do not comprehend you," she said, with a bewildered air.

"I can easily make myself understood, then. In brief, Lucy Ashley, from childhood up to this hour you have been the cherished object of my secret thoughts. Never for a moment, through all my frivolities and changes, has the hope of winning you deserted me. Nay, hear me further," he continued, seeing that she was about to speak; "then I was a poor and orphan boy, and hardly dared to lift my eyes to yours, for I was dependant for my daily bread upon your father. I trembled at the sound of your light footstep, and the lowest note of your musical voice found an echo in every chamber of my palpitating heart. You could not see this agitation, for your love had been given early to another. But I—I witnessed every change of your angelic countenance, and with a lover's instinct guessed the cause. I marked how your cheek, when you thought no one was observing you, would flush at the mere mention of the name of Edgar Wallis; I observed how thrilled your frame when he took your hand in his own;—but I was silent, for what was I but a serf?" For a moment he paused, in reality overcome by this burst of genuine feeling, but soon conquering his emotion, he resumed in a changed tone—"All this I saw, and yet spoke not the secret thoughts that glowed like stifled embers deep within me. But now the case is different. I have rank, money, and powerful friends, through whom I hope to gain a station worthy the ambition of a man. Edgar Wallis has given himself, body and soul, to his country's welfare, and can never be yours. Instead, then, of dooming yourself to perpetual slavery as a farmer's wife, be mine, and adorn a station for which your manners so eminently qualify you."

He ceased, and for a second's space there was deep and unbroken silence. Astounded at the turn his revelations had taken, Lucy at first scarce knew how to express herself. At length she

spoke, and all the fire and energy of her *American* nature became manifest as she replied:

"Walter Maynard, it is said that there are feelings in human nature too deep for utterance; and such is my scorn for you! Ask me to become *your bride*? Ask me rather to forget all ties of consanguinity and friendship, to betray those who are nearest and dearest to me! Sir, I am the daughter of a patriot, and as such can give you only my unqualified contempt!"

"Beware, beware, Lucy Ashley, how you provoke me. I am a close friend, but an implacable enemy."

"Lo! how a moment changes you! Is this the voice that a moment since pleaded so eloquently in the lover's accent? But why waste I the minutes thus? Walter Maynard, you have my answer; he who can betray his friend and devise the destruction of a benefactor's happiness, is no fit match for Lucy Ashley!"

"Go, then, proud girl!" he exclaimed, in a sudden fit of passion; "and remember my words. It was no idle boast I made to you, and soon you'll learn to regret the course you have taken! Walter Maynard, as a farmer's boy, was poor and defenceless; as a British officer, he is not to be insulted with impunity!"

And while Lucy, without further words, retraced her steps towards her father's cottage, Maynard, with rage and jealousy tugging at his heartstrings, made his way rapidly in the direction of the British camp.

Lucy's first impulse, on regaining her home, was to communicate to her father all that had occurred during her brief absence; but he only laughed at her fears, and bade her think no more of them. Notwithstanding all this, Lucy's misgivings did not abandon her, and when she retired to seek her pillow, it was with a heavy and drooping heart. About midnight she was awakened from her sleep by the report of fire-arms, only to find her worst apprehensions realized. The apartment was filled with the glare of flames cast from the burning cottages, and the night was rendered hideous by the screams of violated women and the groans of dying men. Rapid discharges of musketry, added to the infernal havoc which prevailed. Hastily throwing a robe about her person, Lucy, forgetful of her own safety, was proceeding in an agony of mind to arouse her parents, when the door of her apartment flew open with a stunning crash, and Walter Maynard, with a long knife dripping with blood, brandished in his hand, and his face begrimed with powder, dashed into the room.

"My parents—where are they?" she almost screamed, flying towards him, and clutching desperately at his clothes, regardless of his knife. "Have you slain them, or do they live?"

"Ha! ha! *you* are now the suppliant?" he shouted savagely; "look, girl! this steel has drank the blood of father and mother; had you been wise, a single word would have saved the hamlet; but you laughed to scorn my warning, and I have kept my promise! Come—the house is burning about our heads; come, if you would not add yourself to the number of the victims!"

"A fierce crackling was heard among the raft-

ers as he spoke, but Lucy Ashley heard not his last words. At the announcement of her parents' murder, she had uttered a piercing shriek, and fallen prostrate at the feet of the assassin. Lifting her easily from the floor, Maynard rushed down the stairs, followed by a volume of flame and smoke, and placing his insensible charge upon a horse, and leaping up behind her, he sounded the call for a retreat. The scene, lately so pleasant, was now horrible to look upon; the glare of flickering embers, mingled with the moonbeams, and a large black cloud hung like a spirit of evil omen above the spot. Ensanguined corpses of men, women and children, butchered ere they had fairly awakened from their sleep, strewed the ground in all directions, intermingled with fragments of clothes and pieces of broken furniture. Heedless of this horrible scene, Maynard spurred away from the place of slaughter, and in a few hours reached in security the British camp. Here he spent the remainder of the night in drinking and debauchery, and when the *reveille* was sounded, it found him still at his revel. The truth is, he was afraid his conscience might reproach him, and thus sought to drown it.

The news of this awful calamity spread far and wide throughout the province, and a thousand sturdy souls were speedily in arms to avenge this indiscriminate massacre of their countrymen and countrywomen. The British officers of the small detachment to which Maynard belonged were in high carousal and song, on the night succeeding this affair, when the first signs of attack were heard. The Continentals burst upon them from all sides with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand. They discharged their pieces, and, without waiting to reload them, rushed into the *melee* with clubbed muskets, bayonets, and even pruning knives and sickles. Luckily for Maynard, he had been dispatched to Boston, with letters for the commandant, by his Colonel, and taken Lucy, for safe keeping, along with him—intending to leave her at the house of an abandoned relative until a more favorable opportunity should occur for the renewal of his odious offers. The result of the affray can hardly be doubted. Surprised at the ferocious bearing of their foes, the British officers were the first to fly, and the men soon scattered on every side, leaving their arms and ammunition to the victors. Many were slain, and after a brief though savage conflict of only fifteen minutes duration, the Continentals remained masters of the bloody scene. Among the American prisoners liberated by this vigorous effort was Edgar Wallis; thanks to the inhumanity of Walter Maynard, he had already been informed of the fate of the Ashley family, and his first movement, on quitting the place of his captivity, was to seek the spot where he had passed so many happy hours. It was moonlight when the young continental arrived at the familiar spot; but oh! how changed and desolate it was. A heap of smouldering embers marked the site of the once peaceful cottage, and Edgar, going down upon his knees over the funeral pyre of his friends, swore a fearful oath not to abandon the cause until he had avenged their wrongs, or lain himself beside them. In the midst of his audible reflec-

tions another person stepped upon the scene, and slapping him upon the back addressed him in a tone which evinced that he was no stranger to the kneeling youth.

"That's bravely said, my lad!" exclaimed the new comer, who wore the continental uniform, and appeared to hold the rank of sergeant; "many's the time I have prophesied that the hand which could raise itself to protect a bird's nest from destruction, as thine once did, would not be loth to draw the blade in defence of its country. You shall go with me to the camp; there is not a soul that will not be glad to welcome you as a brother!"

"Is it you, friend Rolfe? At such a time no voice could be more welcome; the tenor of your words finds an echo in my thoughts; with whom do you serve?"

"With the gallant Warren, to-be-sure; he's the lad for all emergencies like this, and under him we are certain of a victory. Come—what do you say? Will you go with me?"

"This instant, Rolfe; you will not find me an unavailing assistant, although I do lack somewhat in age and experience. If I could harbor one thought of cowardice, this scene would make me marble!"

"I know your spirit well, boy, and it was therefore that I came hither to seek you."

"How knew you I should be here?"

"The captive bird, when released, always flies to the nest that reared it. Besides, I knew your affection for a certain damsel, who once dwelt hereabouts; and, having missed you during the scrimmage, I felt certain of finding you here."

"For God's sake, name her not again!" he replied, distractedly; "one thought of her who is now in heaven would unman me!"

"Come, then, Edgar Wallis; fame, I see, has marked you for her own, and though it should be your fate to fall in the next affray, posterity will not fail to give you credit for the good intent."

Edgar bestowed one farewell glance upon the scene where all his fondest hopes lay buried, and then, taking the arm kindly proffered him by Rolfe, the two continentals hurried together from the spot.

Shortly after the events above detailed, occurred the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, already described. Edgar Wallis was foremost in the ranks of his countrymen, and by his hardihood and daring won the admiration of all who observed his efforts. He sought no rank—he desired no emoluments; but, armed with a deadly rifle, in the use of which she was well skilled, and loosely clad in shirt and trousers, his dark hair streaming carelessly in the wind, he traversed the scene of wide-spread carnage like a revenging demon, and dealt death and desolation wherever an opportunity presented itself for the display of his prowess. He became a mark for the balls of the enemy, and bullets flew about him thick as hail; yet he heeded them not, but pressed on amid the storm as though protected by some higher power. Even Warren noticed him and praised his courage. A moment after the brave general fell, mortally wounded; but the rifle of Edgar Wallis revenged his fall. A week after this young Wallis received

a Lieutenant's commission, and immediately betook himself to the task of raising recruits for the patriot service.

On a lowering night, not long after this bloody transaction, a group of British officers was congregated in a canteen, or drinking shop, situated in the suburbs of the city of Boston; they were engaged in various ways—some imbibing, some playing at cards or dice, and almost all of them smoking. The greatest confusion prevailed, as a matter of course, and among the noisiest of the party was Walter Maynard, since elevated to the dignity of a lieutenant. He was one of the players at dice, and after playing for some time, with seemingly indifferent luck, an epithet applied to him by an English officer stung him to the quick. In allusion to something he had said, the Englishman remarked to the effect that a traitor to his country should consider himself honored in being admitted to such company. All the evil passions of Maynard were roused in him by this taunt. Without reflection he raised from the table the heavy pewter mug from which he had been drinking, and hurled it with all his force at the head of his antagonist, who instantly measured his length upon the sanded floor, the blood flowing copiously from a gaping wound in the forehead. The injured officer was instantly carried from the apartment, and Walter Maynard had a dozen duels upon his hands. In the midst of the fierce conversation, occasioned by this scene, the door again opened, and a pedler, covered with dust, and bearing before him, suspended from a band which passed round his neck, a box filled with trinkets and jewelry of all descriptions, rolls of tobacco, &c. &c., adorned with a number of the printed ballads of the day, entered the crowded apartment.

"Here you are, gentlemen; make a trade, if you're wise; such chances don't offer every day in one's life; I've jewelry of all descriptions for your sweethearts, keepsakes for absent friends, and pistols for present enemies; or, if you prefer, I've got a fresh assortment of rhymes containing hits at the rebels, et cetera, et cetera.—Make your trade, gentlemen—make your trade."

"Be done with your senseless jargon," exclaimed the hostess, approaching the pedler; "there is noise enough already, without your bawling. Come—tramp."

As she approached the seeming pedler, the latter inclined his head and whispered in her ear. The effect of his communication was miraculous; the worthy hostess shaded her eyes with her hands, and drew a step or two back, to take a better scrutiny—finally, bursting into a hearty laugh, which was checked by a significant motion of the other.

"Well, well, for this once you may stay," she exclaimed aloud, addressing the pedler; "so put down your traps, and you shall have a canikin of flip to refresh your inner being. Gentlemen," she continued, turning to the officers, "though you may not feel disposed to traffic for traffic's sake, yet here is an old neighbor of mine, Jonas Vanscoten, who for a consideration will give you any information you may desire concerning the rebels now encamped on Bunker's Hill."

There was a general movement towards the pedler at these words, and in a brief time almost every article in his assortment had been purchased and paid for, so great was the general desire for news.

"Doubtless you know all that is transacting at this moment within the rebel camp," said an officer, who, from his foppish air, could be no other than the one to whom Edgar Wallis had been so unceremoniously introduced upon a former occasion.

"I should be blind as a mole and deaf as my grandmother Margery, who has not had her hearing these three years, poor soul, if I did not pick up something during my peregrinations." And he began singing, or rather chaunting, in a whining voice, from one of the ballads—

"Oh! the red coats they turned out
For to march to Concord town,
But the continentals made them rout
At bloody Lexington!"

"Cease your Concord and Lexington—a few such songs as that, in the British camp, might cost you your life, friend pedler."

"They must catch me first; and after all I don't think they'd harm me. On the word of a pedler, five times have I had my neck within the halter, but I'm of so little consequence, they can't find it in them to harm me, and so let me go. Ah! those continentals are funny devils. If I had but the knack of making shoes, I could make them my stepping-stone to fortune—that could I—providing they had the money to pay for their soleing." And he again struck off with—

"It was in the month of June
That the continentals came
To Bunker's Height all in the night,
Of which no soul did dream;
And on the height they built a fort,
And called it a redoubt,
But the reg'lars came from Charleston neck,
And made 'em turn about."

This unexpected conclusion tickled the officers so much that they requested, for lack of something better to employ their time, to hear the remainder of this singular specimen of versification—probably the work of the pedler himself.

"They do say that the continentallers fought like devils incarnate," continued the pedler, "and that by right the victory should have been theirs; but it's always natural for the whipped rooster to crow, and it were cruel to deny them that consolation—"

"Then the British they began
To find the Yankees up to snuff,
So they gathered to a man,
And swore to smash the blue and buff;
They settled down in Boston town,
And for want of work to do,
They congregate at taverns
Smoke cigars and play at loo."

"Ha! ha! he has us, i'faith!" exclaimed the Colonel, good-humoredly.

"But a God-forsaken youth,—
Walter Maynard was his name,—
He went and joined the Regulars,
I sing it to his shame;
And they gave him a commission,
And they gave him stores of gold,—
Oh! I wouldn't have his character
For riches all untold."

"What's that?—who used my name?" asked Maynard, savagely, emerging from the chimney-corner, where he had been seated, puffing his pipe and chewing the cud of bitter fancy, like a baffled tiger. But the pedler, seemingly not aware of the interruption, went on as before—

"He went unto a hamlet,
All on a quiet night,
When the summer breeze was playing,
And the moon a-shining bright,—
And a score of men in uniforms,
Broke down each cottage door,
And many noble fellows
Bit the dust to rise no more."

"But all this was nothing to the sequel; for this traitor, Maynard, panting for revenge on a family by the name of Ashley, set fire to their cottage, and

"Stealing like a guilty thing
Into the quiet hall,
He drew his knife, and in cold blood
He murdered one and all!"

"It is false—false as the lying tongue that says it," exclaimed Maynard, stung to the soul by the reproach conveyed in the looks of his brother officers.

"The father and the mother I killed, 'tis true; but the daughter lives to defy me still!" And he fell into a chair, frothing at the mouth with contending passions.

"Here, pedler," said the Colonel, approaching, "here is gold for you; but leave this house immediately, or, notwithstanding my protection, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Muttering his thanks, the pedler swallowed his can of flip, and made his exit, followed by the hostess, who wished, as she said, to take care of her property, for people had so altered of late, there was no telling who to trust!

"Are you mad to peril yourself thus, by venturing into the very den of the outraged lion?" she asked, when they were beyond sight and hearing.

"Tush!" he replied; "there is an old adage, you know, that walls have ears, and should we be overheard, the result would not be pleasant for either of us. Suffice it, Mother Terrill, that I am here on secret duty, and shall look to you to render me all the information you may obtain, when you can do so without peril to yourself. Adieu! I will visit you shortly again."

And saying this, Sergeant Rolfe (for he it was) turned down an adjacent alley, and was immediately lost to sight. Hurrying onward with what speed he might, Rolfe traversed many bye-ways and sinuous passages, until he had almost made the circuit of the city, until at length he came to an old and decaying rookery, whose front, interspersed here and there with occasional patches of cement, bore a strong resemblance to a beggar's garment. Here he entered, and ascending to the highest floor, found himself presently in a low, cheerless looking room, where, on a bed which occupied one of the corners, was stretched a figure, which, owing to the cunningness of the disguise, few would have recognized for Edgar Wallis. His head was bound up with a piece of soiled cotton, and his face, colored by some liquid preparation, had the hue of death.

"Well, my poor invalid, how fares it with thee, to-night?—art still alive?" asked Rolfe, jocosely, while he disencumbered himself of his pedling apparatus.

"As well as can be expected, enswathed like a mummy in fifty bandages, and half turned to a pickle in oils and balsams," replied Edgar, leaping vigorously from the bed, while his comrade fastened the door. "If this treatment comes not shortly to an end, I shall become an invalid in sober fact. But, tell me, what have you learned during your absence?"

"Something that will not fail to interest you, or I am no judge of character," replied Rolfe, seating himself. "Lucy, as I surmised, is a prisoner here in Boston, and by the exertion of a little ingenuity we can, doubtless, manage to obtain an interview with her. But the attempt must be conducted with extreme caution."

"In what manner is this to be effected?"

"Ah! thou art but a dull block in affairs of this kind, Master Edgar; had it been *some* lovers, they'd ha' found their way ere this to thy mistress' chamber, I warrant me!"

"I confess my unfitness for the task, good Rolfe, and consider myself, in truth, lucky in the having of such an assistant. But come, let us hear your suggestions; I am all impatience."

"Well, then, the plan I should purpose is this: that you disguise yourself as a servant to some officer in the British service, for which I can readily obtain the necessary uniform; and by loitering about the house in which she is kept confined, you can easily, on pretence of being the bearer of a letter from your master—which you may allow to be read—obtain admission to her presence. Once there, you will find plans enough to effect her liberation, trust me!"

"It is a capital suggestion," said Edgar, "and I shall immediately avail myself of it."

Accordingly, before sunrise, Rolfe had procured the necessary disguise, and written a letter purporting to come from Colonel Beaufort, the officer mentioned in the tavern-scene between Maynard and the pedler. At the proper time Edgar sallied forth from the wretched domicile, and hurriedly took his way towards the house which Rolfe had designated as the one which contained his betrothed—he having obtained that information from Mistress Terrill, hostess of the Red Lion inn. Fortune seemed in every respect to favor our hero's plans; he arrived at the dwelling, and was suffered to pass freely on the mere mention of his errand. At the moment of his intrusion, Lucy—somewhat worn by her recent trials—was seated at a window commanding a view of the American entrenchments on Bunker's Hill, and did not observe, in her abstractions, his sudden entrance, although, had she known that the object of her present thoughts was so near to her, she would not long have retained the air of melancholy indifference with which she greeted the seeming lacquey as he entered. Edgar, forgetful of his disguise, was rushing towards her for the purpose of enfolding her in his arms, when she repelled him. Surprised and confounded at this cold reception, he drew back, exclaiming—

"This from thee, Lucy! I did not look for such a cold rebuff from thee!"

Lucy gazed on him earnestly for an instant, and threw herself with a low cry into his arms.

"Edgar!" she sobbed, "how could you expect that I could recognize you under such a transformation? Did you think so little of my constancy as to believe me capable of swerving?"

"Forgive me, dearest, but in my anxiety I totally forgot my disguise," removing the wig and cap as he spoke. "Let us, however, forget every thing but the means of releasing you from your duresse, of which, I doubt not, you are heartily tired."

"You have arrived most opportunely," she rejoined, "for Walter Maynard, the cause both of your sufferings and mine, has just come to town, and I am hourly dreading his appearance."

With his arm encircling her waist, Edgar Wallis, oblivious of all but the object of his present undertaking, proceeded calmly to discuss with her the most feasible method of effecting her release; but this was not for long, for, in the midst of their cogitations, a light step was heard behind them, and turning, they discovered, to their mutual horror, Colonel Beaufort. An expression of triumphant malice was observable upon his features; for Edgar having, as we have said, cast aside the wig which had disguised him, that officer had no difficulty in recognizing him for his former captive.

"So, so—was the taste of the fire so agreeable, that you must needs again place yourself in the midst of it?" he said, with an attempt at irony. "I am sorry for you, young man, for you are here seemingly as a spy, and martial law prescribes severely for those who may be caught working in co-operation with the enemies of their King."

"I fear no law save that of Heaven," replied the young continental, firmly and fearlessly; "as for a King, I have none; to my country—the land of my nativity—alone, is my allegiance due; and I have sworn that by her I would rally, or by her would fall. As for your threats, Colonel, know that they have no effect upon me, save to increase the contempt I feel towards all who wear your scarlet uniform. You can only take my life, at the worst, and should I fall, there are thousands of my countrymen on yonder heights"—and he pointed, as he spoke, through the open window towards the works on Bunker's Hill—"who will not fail to avenge my death!"

"You speak boldly, and I must confess, I think that you deserve a better fate. The offer I made you before I still adhere to. Should you refuse, death must inevitably follow."

"I repeat it, sir, I scorn your offer, and add that the person who could make so infamous a proposal is far from being a gentleman."

"Be it so," replied Colonel Beaufort, contemptuously; "you have made your choice. Ho! there, Wilkins! come up, sir. I've a little business for you!"

"Oh! sir, you cannot be so lost to all the dictates of humanity as to persist in this cruel decision," exclaimed Lucy, throwing herself, in tears, at the obdurate officer's feet. Alas! she little thought that every motion of her exquisitely-turned limbs only fixed the Colonel still deeper in his purposes. For he, too, had cast an eye of lust upon the helpless girl, and Maynard, well rewarded for his trouble, had made himself a willing instrument.

"It is in vain that you plead for him, my girl," was the Colonel's reply, as he endeavored to raise her; it is my duty, only, that I am performing. In time of war soldiers cannot stand upon delicacy. The place for the exercise of humanity is the private dwelling of the citizen, and not the field of battle."

It was this motto—carried out by the British to the very letter—which rendered them so obnoxious to the American colonists.

Lucy, notwithstanding this cold rebuff, continued to weep and plead for her lover, until he had been fairly torn from her arms, and forced from the apartment, when she gave vent to a heart-piercing cry, and fell upon the floor, insensible. At this moment, as if by the special interposition of Providence, an order was presented him to wait immediately upon the commanding general at head-quarters; and with a half-muttered invective upon his lips, he left Lucy to the care of a female servant, and immediately left the room.

Days fled away rapidly, and the faithful Rolfe, learning the dangerous position of his friend, hastened to inform General Washington of the predicament in which he had been placed with regard to Edgar Wallis, whose name and exploits were well known to the commander-in-chief of the American forces. The negotiations, then being carried on between Washington and the British general for the evacuation of the city of Boston, enabled him to interfere successfully in the young hero's favor; and on the day subsequent to that on which the British regulars marched out of the town to give admission to the continentals, Edgar Wallis was united to the object of his choice, and

"Fast as the church could bind them, they were one."



TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT CHATTERTON.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"Oh how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies
Like an adventurous bird that hath outflown
Its strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked;
A thing the thrush might pity as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest!"

NEARLY a century ago, in a house of poverty and obscurity, a son was born. The father of the boy was dead, and it was with sorrowful anxiety that the mother beheld another life added to her household.

During his life the father had followed a calling the most ungrateful, by which he had barely managed to support his wife and child. He was a schoolmaster, an occupation, as every one knows, not the most favorable for the storing up of wealth. At his death his wife was left in a state very nigh destitution, and it was with anxiety and sorrow, as I have said, that the mother gave life to another child, for she knew, from a hard experience, how fierce and bitter a struggle would mark the life of that boy on earth.

Yet notwithstanding it was with a troubled soul she looked upon her helpless children, possibly, *probably* with the birth of the boy somewhat of hope also sprung into existence, though indeed the natural prospect of such a hope ever receiving fulfillment was shadowed by many a close-surrounding cloud. Yet it was a hope—and one on which she might venture, in a measure, to rely, that he would one day prove to her a support and a stay; infant as he was, and far off as the time was removed in which such a hope could, by any possibility, receive fruition, yet the time *would* come, if their lives were both spared, when he would be a man—strong to sustain her when heart and strength would fail her utterly. And besides this, with him there sprung into a wider existence that boundless love which dwells with an ever expanding power in the mother's breast, and most tenderly that love embraced and clasped the helpless infant in its arms.

In obscurity and penury the early years of the boy's life passed away. He was early sent to the charity school of his native city, Bristol, to attain there the rudiments of education, to gain that little knowledge of books which it was probable was all he would ever be able to attain. But books of the school, and all the instruction which could be drawn from them were of a nature inexpressibly irksome and hated by him; school-life, which usually presses so harshly on the minds of children, the fetters of school-confinement, the wearying sameness of the daily routine of school duties were to him galling in the extreme. In his own mind there was a vast world to mingle, in whose gorgeous scenes his willing soul hastened joyfully away, spurning the dull and plodding task of mastering the lessons of his text books. With wonder and grief the mother beheld this averseness on the part of her son to read the beaten paths of learning.—Possibly the highest hope she had ever conceived

for him, was, that one day he might fill honorably the place his father once had occupied. Like as the beloved and lamented dead one, she would fain see him aspiring to the honorable occupation of a teacher of youth.

But very far from the mind of the fiery boy were such thoughts and aspirations as these.—Sometimes, when she would express this fulness of her hope to him, the strange wild child would tell her, with a swelling heart, that higher even than that station, higher than any advancement in the world that she had conceived for him were the designs which he had formed in regard to his future.

With the simple sports of childhood very rarely did he, even in his tenderest years, mingle—the hopes, and desires, and amusements, which occupied the minds of ordinary children, were such as in his heart he despised. He looked upon the pride, and wealth, and aristocracy of his native city with more than the mere curiosity and admiration with which children behold the pomp of riches, and the "pride of life." With attentive eyes he saw the homage all men paid to wealth, he saw what myriads of devotees there were at mammon's shrine, but none the less was this scorn with which he regarded such sordid worship. The *object* of so much worldly regard with all the intenseness of his nature he despised, the *homage* he coveted; and so he vowed to himself, that *he*, the poor and unknown boy, would one day win and hold a station as honored and as sought after as the richest nobles in the land, and yet it should not be through his wealth that he would extort the reverence of men! Far other was the homage he sought of the world than that gained by the mere possession of pounds, and splendid dwellings, and wide-extending lands!

He would watch the cornetted coach as it wheeled swiftly by him, bearing on the proud aristocrat who never even saw or noticed the ill-clad child who stood to gaze on them with such *unchildlike* thoughts as they passed by, and to himself he reserved a day when men should haste to honor him, and to pride in having known him, and yet not because he rode in a gilded coach on whose pannels a coat-of-arms was graven!

At night, when the complaints of his master, because of his inattention and carelessness, were forgotten, when the thoughts of his poverty and of the labors of his mother had passed away from his mind, he would give the loose rein to his warm imagination, and, in his waking dreams, he trode a world of splendor, the like of which comes even in faint gleams but seldom to the minds of dreamers. When moonlight threw over the earth a vesture that made it seem most like fairy-land, he would hasten away from his poor home, for walls and roofs oppressed him, and the near presence of human beings, though they slept, was too much

like the intrusion of gross things in his glorious ideal land.

There was spread for him such a magnificent world without the walls of the city, where he might wander and be alone with nature, and God, and his own mighty thoughts, there were such legions of spiritual companions that other eyes could not behold, with whom, at will, he might hold communion, such a solemn, and to him bewitching grandeur in the stillness of the night, such an enwrapping of visible holiness over all the earth when it lay neath the quiet glance of the moon, as forbade the approach of sleep near him at such hours. Stretched upon the grass of the fields, with his eyes fixed upon the slumbering city of his birth, or on the boundless heavens above, where the stars, beaming upon him, seemed like the eyes of distant angels, thoughts would come thronging through his childish mind—no, it was *not* childish, for in thought he was already a full-grown man,—such as never had birth in the brain of child before.

Poverty was nothing to him in such hours. Was it not easy for him to endure mere bodily hunger, when such a glorious feast, intellectually speaking, was ever awaiting him? And what were the mean, beggarly garments which clothed him in comparison with that imperial robe of spirit-might which his Creator had given him?

It was particularly in such hours as these that he indulged in the proudest dreams of Fame; and surely it was but the *natural* impulse of a genius so transcendent as his, the longing, and striving, and determination to win for himself the homage and applause of a world! Such a consummation seemed to him, who had never known aught but neglect, as the highest good. It seemed a boon in the greatest degree worth striving for, and he was prepared to give *all* the strength of his early years for that which even the full-grown intellect of manhood does not scorn to strive most eagerly after. He set his mark very high—he would have his name among the most prominent on the scrolls of Fame—it was no mediocrity, no *respectable* honor with which he could content himself!

On all the pages of recorded Genius there is no name which awakens such thoughts as the name of this strange youth. The more one thinks of him the greater becomes the astonishment which such thought *must* awaken. Consider, a child of but eleven years of age—think of him going apart from the children of like years—his companions and friends think of him, in the hours which *they* gave solely to the peurile amusements common to children of such age, going away from them to think such thoughts as were his constantly, to cherish his great hopes, and to conceive such lines as these:

"Almighty Framers of the skies
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade
The texture of our souls was made
Till thy command gave light.

"The sun of glory gleamed, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapors fly:

Impelled by his eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

"How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn,
When the archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's morn?

"A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

"Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bids his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Reville his power, his peace invade,
He saw with Mercy's eyes."

We have fondly remembered, and often quoted devotional verses of many and distinguished poets of *riper* years, which cannot incline us to less highly appreciate and admire this hymn, written by a child said to have been, but a little later in life, an infidel! And indeed it is a difficult thing to understand or account for the anomaly here presented—how one capable of so expressing such thoughts as are revealed in this hymn, and in the one named "Resignation," which breathe so much of a trust in God, of large conceptions of His grandeur and might, should ever, at any time in his life, have harbored, or been capable of harboring in his breast, real sentiments averse to the recognition of the existence and supremacy of a One Almighty Creator, is a something so strange as can only be accounted for by remembering the weakness and inconsistency of character which so frequently attend the very highest developments of genius.

At an early age (fourteen years,) when boys are usually still plodding over the *rudiments* of learning, Chatterton commenced the study of the law. His school-education may justly be counted as *nothing*; probably in many, if not in *all* the ordinary branches of learning, boys of common ability could have far surpassed him. But he could read and write, and perhaps we do not err in saying that to a mind like *his* that was all that was *essentially* necessary. The learning for which his mind panted, the intellectual food which was necessary for him, was such as no schoolmaster could impart to him, such as no human voice could utter to him. Neither was it hidden in mysterious characters of Latin or Greek, nor indeed in the signs and figures of dry, dull mathematics. There was nothing in such studies that could satisfy the panting, grasping mind of the boy, who was already ambitious to, and in some respects fully capacitated to stand up as an equal with many of the "giants of the mind," who had been years in gaining their prominence and honor for deeds of mental labor.

We are not to suppose that the hours of this strangely gifted youth were passed in dreamy idleness. Very far from that was the real truth. Though the "dry study of the law" was ostensibly his occupation, yet *hours* of his nights and

days were given to the most enthusiastic study of the works of the old masters of song, and to the laborious efforts at imitation of their style and plan of composition.

In the passionate desire of acquiring at once a notoriety, and at the same time impelled by an irresistible desire to play upon the wisdom of the learned, he directed all his thoughts and the great faculties of his mind to the one object—deceiving illustrious wise-heads!

Destitute he was, decidedly and utterly, of all that constitutes the moral grandeur of man, for without truth for their anchorage all the noble faculties of the mind are inevitably sure to be stranded on the shoals of moral death. Beyond the admiration which must be paid to his great labor, and wonderful success in the accomplishment of these literary forgeries, there lies a saddening conviction of the strange incompleteness of the great powers of his mind; wild and reckless must have been the fancies lurking in the mind of the boy, who could bend all his mighty energies and talents to the paltry end of deceiving the world! Had he but as forcibly exerted his high powers in another and a nobler direction, it is difficult to fix the height he might have attained. The success of his impositions, which only in a degree proclaimed his gigantic powers of mind, might have taught him the success which patience would have enabled him to attain in far nobler and loftier paths. He wanted a genuinely true and great spirit—his chiefest weakness was an ungovernable impatience for paltry worldly honors—he counted as of higher value than every thing else on earth, the poor gilded bauble, world-applause!

In his, to us, scarcely conceivable labor for a triumph which was at best short-lived, (and a most unsatisfactory reward it *must* have proved,) he exhausted his youthful energies. His labor was an Herculean one—one we can hardly calculate, and with the same expenditure of time, and patience, and mental strength, he might have stood far higher in the ranks of genius than many of his then more successful contemporaries, on whom he looked with envy, though at the same time with a partial contempt.

In the second volume of "Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature" there is given the following account of Chatterton's "various impositions," which, perhaps, may heretofore have escaped the notice of the reader, and as it cannot but prove interesting I do not hesitate to copy it.

"In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished; and Chatterton sent to a newspaper in the town a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the description of the friars passing over the old bridge was taken from an ancient manuscript.' To one man, fond of heraldic honors, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the 'Romaunt of the Cynghte,' written by one of his ancestors 450 years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Spirit, as *written* by Thomas Rowly, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicit-

ous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the Castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the 'gode prieste Thomas Rowley.' Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the History of British Painters, and Chatterton sent him an account of eminent 'Carvellers and Peyncters' who once flourished in Bristol."

At the age of seventeen, after he had deceived and astonished all Bristol, Chatterton left the study of the law, and in London entered on a professional literary life.

The hope of his mother and his young sister, of whose house he was the "bright particular star," were unbounded then, for they had witnessed the beginning of the fulfilment of the daring prophecies he had made in regard to himself, and their loving eyes could see no end to the greatness it was possible for him to attain. By him their name was to be made honored, and loved, and revered in the great world; people would one day do homage to *the mother of Chatterton!* The neglect, and poverty, and sorrow, which had for so many years been the portion of that mother, was about to be forever dispelled—better days would surely soon dawn upon them!

It is probable that Chatterton never revealed, even to them whom he loved best on earth, the *reality* of those forgeries. He labored upon them alone, and was his own and only counsellor; but *they knew* that he had talents and powers far beyond those ordinarily bestowed upon men, and it was because of this knowledge that they cherished hopes and convictions of his future greatness, second only to those entertained by himself. They believed that they should yet behold the glorious completement of that mighty structure of which he declared he had as yet but laid the foundation-stone, and that the world should also behold it, and wonder!

So, buoyant with hope, and impelled by ambition, at that early age he went to the great city to encounter there all its numberless temptations, against which his only armor was, alas! *not* moral principle, but the peculiar bent of his genius. The art he worshipped was his only preservation; and in him we have but one other evidence of the utter insufficiency of *such* a protectress. He went forth to struggle in poverty and loneliness, to lavish all his youthful ardor and daring for that one attainment which at best proves *so* unsatisfying, *a name among men*. Is the manner in which that strong endeavor eventuated a *voiceless* warning to the world?

In the bewildering and exciting scenes of his new home he did not forget the loved ones whom he had left in his poor native home. Whenever his labors brought for him anything beyond what would procure for him more than the mere necessities of life, invariably those proceeds were sent to them; for the most part these labors were in the shape of contributions to the magazines and papers of the day, and at best they gave to him but a miserable support. And often while the mother and sister, whose pride was all centred in

him, were rejoicing in his success, as they believed it, when they received the fruits of his toil, while they were blessing him for the timely aid he sent them, he, alone in his wretched lodgings in the great city, would be laboring at those very moments in a despair that verged on to insanity!

Very, very far from equalling his hopes was the success with which he met. He had thought to at once startle the whole literary world, and *make* men recognize his entrance into the lists for the honors awarded intellectual labor, even as physically they would have at once recognized the shock and the power of an earthquake. And he did not meet with any such acknowledgment.

Though he was honored by the notice of some whose awakened attention in him *was* an honor, and flattered by the praises of others who could well spare their flattery the world had dealt so kindly with them, yet that was but a feeble drop compared with the vast draught he would fain partake. It was not enough for him that men should say he was a youth of promising talents, that he would one day be an honor to his country;—it did not satisfy his boundless aspirations that they should make mention of him kindly as one who might some day work great things. The reward he desired was an *immediate* one, he had made ready, (as he thought,) his brow for the brilliant crown, he deemed himself worthy to wear it at once, he could not brook the delay of an ever slow-appreciating world.

Days and weeks passed on, and the stern truth began to unfold itself more and more fully to him, that it was only by patient toil, and long endurance and continued hope, that he could ever secure for himself that prominent place on the heights of Fame which he coveted. As he looked upward when he deemed his journey well nigh ended, and saw that height after height yet remained to be scaled, that there were wild torrents of Prejudice which must be forded, and broad deep ravines of Social Distinction to be passed, and the rugged steepes of the world's Pride, and the chilling, freezing snow-drifts of repeated Discouragement, and frequent failure which must yet be crossed ere he could reach the majestic summit where he might build his eyrie and rest at last, his spirit shrunk back, his moral courage failed him; in the midst of all his fiery strength he felt himself most *weak* for so mighty a conflict. Storms gathered around the young traveller—the rains fell fast on his unprotected head—the sunlight but rarely streamed upon him, and *then* how coldly; as he pressed on his way, rarely broke the clouds assunder, showing him the calm blue sky beyond—rarely on that tempestuous journey heard he the strong, gay and cheering songs of the birds of hope—no flowers sprang up in his path. Ah! what could a spirit, newly fledged, though fiery and brave as his own, do in the combat, where so often the strong man staggers, and faints, and sinks down helplessly?

Gradually the road in which his feet were set became impassable to him, and alas! he had not the strong wings of Patience and Truth to bear him safely over the so-frequent, dangerous, and difficult places!

So, wearied out and disheartened, he turned into another path. He laid down his pen and cast

aside his books, and, with a sinking heart, disgusted with the wearying strife he had borne for so long, he sought employment elsewhere. He would fain hasten away from the scene of his mortification, for it *was* a mortification most bitter he endured. But in this attempt also the lesson was forced upon his mind which was ever so unwilling to learn such truth, that patient and oft-repeated effort most frequently bears off the palm of victory—that the race is not oftenest to the swift, nor the battle to the strong! It was an application for an office on board a vessel bound for a distant country, which proved unsuccessful, that filled up the measure of his disappointments.

It is with a shudder of horror, with the deepest regret we turn to that dark tragedy which finished the story of Chatterton's life on earth.

Think of him, a boy of only seventeen years, at an age when youth is usually but *beginning* to awaken to the hopes and thoughts of manhood—and in thought *he* had lived a life of many years! Sudden and transient had been the aspiration and the action of his powers—wild and fearful were the storms which had rapidly swept over his spirit—but all was over in the space of seventeen years! His gigantic labors—they *were* gigantic when we consider his years—brought to him not even a sufficiency of the food which the laborer, by the mere exertion of his physical strength, may possess in abundance; his hope had all deserted him—the victories which could have inspired him to ever increasing exertion were delayed, and so he stood at last “ambition-wrecked,” proud as a fallen angel, defiant as Lucifer upon the brink of a high precipice to which he had forced his way, his trust in God and immortality gone, behind him the fast-fading shadows of his splendid dreams, his glorious conceptions beneath and around him, and before him impenetrable darkness, while to his strained aching heart came up from that darkness the voice of the Future, urging him to cast aside the loathed fetters of life, and come to her embracing.

The brightness which his spirit dared yet though feebly to whisper *might* be in store for him, could he only pierce through the darkness of the cloud which enveloped him, seemed in that last day of his despair on earth but as a childish lure, when compared with the rest which it was in his power instantaneously and forever to win! But one draught of the quick and penetrating poison, and his striving for bread and for fame, would be past forever—forever his burning thoughts would be laid to rest, his consuming desires be stilled! The temptation was to him an irresistible one. He died!

In horror we shrink from the contemplation of his crime, committed, not, we are forbidden to think, in a moment of insanity or of passion—for his reason was clear, and his mind unclouded, save by his own hard fortune—yet we cannot but lament over the extinguishment of a light, which, had he but suffered it, might ere long have illuminated the world. We cannot but weep over the weakness which was suffered to destroy a mind of such indisputable mighty power!

In the city of his birth his beloved mother and sister still dwelt; they were the beings whom of all on earth he regarded with the most tender and

sympathising affection; he knew that even in the hour of his despair, when he was deserted by his good angel, that they were still cherishing the high hopes which he had suffered to glorify all his past life—he had taught them to indulge in those great hopes—and how could he instruct *them* in those bitter lessons which he had found it so hard to learn? Even the remembrance of them in his last hours must have added intensely to his sorrows, the voice of affection must have struggled hard, but oh! how uselessly, with his demoniac pride!

Of all the names which have been written with tears on the records of Genius, there is not one that awakens in the mind such regretful thoughts, and such unavailing, hopeless grief, as the name of Thomas Chatterton; not one whose brief and mournful history offers such resistless warning, such solemn words of counsel to the young "aspirant for fame."

It is surely scarcely too much to say, that had the developments of Chatterton's *self-appreciation* not been quite so great, had he preserved a little more of the power of endurance, he would *early* in life have attained a position equal to that which he desired, one to which our eyes would have been still directed as a marvel and a wonder in the intellectual world. He needed little of that plodding power of less gifted persons, which aids *them* so much in their progress, and without which they would scarcely attain to any eminence; the grand and primal difficulty with him was, that like the adventurous birdling, he sought the highest flight when his wings were as yet comparatively weak for such vast exertion. He followed the guidance of his Genius when she was but as the will o'whisp, before she had begun to attain the steadiness of sunlight.

There are very few whose light has been instantaneously kindled in the hill top, and recognized by the world beneath; but few who have gained the "temple of fame" at one sudden, wild flight—indeed, so few are their names that they might readily be counted—and he who would wring from the world at once, and without a fierce struggle, its applause and honor, seeks for an end he will not in all reason attain. The world is ever slow in acknowledging the merits, or the rights of them who set themselves up as teachers, even though they themselves may feel and *know* that God has ordained them to the great work of aiding in the enlightenment of the world! It is not oftenest that Genius receives her "reward of merit" before her possessor has become a martyr to great and high aspirations. Not always nor oftenest does the reward come *swiftly* to the laborer who is "worthy of his hire." It is said that the character and principles of a writer may be gathered from his books. But is this true? That the qualities and capacities of man's *mind* may be so determined is self-evident, but the writings of man are *no true* exponent of the thoughts and desires of his *heart*.

We have lessons in morals, to which a saint might not be ashamed to affix his signature, which originated in the minds of *acting* friends; we have lessons in principles of human love and charity from the most abandoned, selfish, and de-

graded sons of Genius; nay, some of the nicest words that have fallen upon the ears of men, as though from the voice of an oracle, have been conceived in a brain beneath which beat a mutilated, bleeding heart!

And so, in reading some of the poems of Chatterton, the thought forces itself upon the mind of how great is the inconsistency in his character—how wide the difference that lay between the thoughts of his mind and the actions of his life. In the short poem we have before referred to, the one entitled "Resignation," we have a proof of how widely separated may be the inclinations of the heart and the power of the will.

In him there was the most indomitable pride, and yet a spirit that was not ashamed to confess itself miserable, and poor, and weak. He could claim with the utmost apparent earnestness,

"Oh! teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear."

And yet his will was weak to trust that "goodness"—his pride was too vast effectually to fear that "justice"—his self-appreciation too great properly to own that "power"—his faith not strong to cast all his care on Him who could sustain him!

See again, how perfect a conception the young boy had of faith, and yet in action and life, where faith brings forth her works to perfection, how utterly devoid he was in that trust which alone could save him. He says—

"If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away!"

Did he remember in his voluntary, sought-for death, the omniscience of Him before whom his most secret thoughts were written out clearly as with a sunbeam? Did he trust with a foolish complacency that Mercy would forgive him the dread deed. Was it mere idle form of words he indulged in, when he acknowledged that there was in his bosom a something which encroached upon, and strove to defy even Heaven's boundless sway?

Alas! when his cup of sorrow was, as he fancied it, filled to the brim, when the dissatisfaction of his pride tempted him to rebel against his fate on earth, and to *force himself* into the presence-chamber of the King of Kings, he had utterly cast away the faith of his earlier boyhood, he had put aside the reasonable fear of a mortal for his all-powerful Creator; or else, and how saddening is either supposition, those words which the world would take as a confession of his faith, were written from his brain, and found no echo in his heart, and bore in them therefore no warranty of truth! Chatterton believed that it is in the power of human beings to accomplish anything they may attempt; but how forcible a proof does he afford, that in *human* reasoning there is *ever* falsity and error—that there is a boundary line man *cannot* pass—that there are powers given unto man which he cannot exhaust truly, but which it will take all eternity fully to develop—that life was not given unto man for him to waste it in vain strivings to

make of himself a God, any more than it was bestowed to waste in stupid, sensual pleasures and constant intellectual slumberings! He is another and a sad confirmation of the God-proclaimed truth, that mere *human* strength is at the best but weakness, that human pride is folly, and that human ambition and inordinate striving for the unattainable, is, in a mortal, dwelling amid mortal scenes, the sheerest vanity and madness!

In eighteen years his fiery race was over. In that time he had lived the concentrated lives of hundreds, in all that truly makes life, in labor and in suffering! He had known heart sorrows, and disappointments, the brightest hopes, and the sternest rebuffs of fortune. He had tasted drops of the intoxicating cup of fame—he had mingled in scenes of wasting dissipation—he had thought the thoughts, and dreamed the dreams, and, in short, lived out the lives of many a time-worn graybeard!

In the city where he first saw the light—where first were conceived the glorious dreams which

made the happiness and misery of his life, there where he labored in his poor home, cheered on amid ever-arising and increasing difficulties by an ever-strengthening ambition—there is a monument erected in honor of him, sacred to his memory. Alas! it was only *THUS* that the hopes of the mother received their poor fulfilment!

Small and comparatively valueless are the fruits of his toil which the strange youth has left to them who have come after him. But that he has left, how richly illustrative is it of what he might have done and been—full enough remains of him to create a never-ceasing regret, unavailing though it is, in the minds of men. And sure there are none but can most earnestly *feel*, in reference to him, all that he uttered of another in the last stanza of his poem called “Barstow Tragedy.”

“Thus was the end of Bawdin’s fate,
God prosper long our king.
And grant he may, with Bawdin’s soul
In heaven God’s mercy sing!”

IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN AFTER A STROLL AMONG TOMBS.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

I WANDERED round the grave-yard
When dews were falling fast,
And clouds, with darkness banner’d,
The wan moon overcast;
Below me, far, the city
Sent up its roofs and spires,
No longer giving back the gleam
Of sunset’s reddening fires.

Memorials of love and death
On every side were seen,
And snow-white palings graced the yard
That kept each hillock green—
But in the fast, departing light
I vainly strove to find
The dust-couch of the pure in heart—
The beautiful of mind.

It mattered not!—for near me there
In spirit walked the dead,
And calmness, never felt before,
My heart’s wild sea o’erspread—
I heard her voice of lute-like thrill
With evening’s wind go by—
Once more—once more upon me shone
Her sweet, love-lighted eye!

Oh! land of shade and silence,
Though chill thy valleys be,
Sometimes a voice, from out thy depths,
Comes back to comfort me!—
A sign that Beauty’s faded rose
Will bud and bloom again,
And golden links in Heaven unite
That break on earth in twain.





ELIHU BURRITT,
THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

THE ATHEIST; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

"All is not gold that glitters."

It was dark and gloomy enough around old Harvard College, and the sombre trees kept up a strange dialogue with the winds, beneath the dark walls that frowned down in black shadows, with here and there only the glimmer of a student's lamp striving to pierce the thick mist that encompassed the windows.

At the western door of Holworthy Hall stood two young men, the one wrapped in a cloak, with a cloth cape shading a jovial, careless face, while round the other's form was thrown a chintz dressing-gown, the skirt of which he held up to shade a light which he carried in his hand, and which threw a very dim and farthing-candle gleam through the thick fog without.

"Well, Girard," cried the first-mentioned youth, as he half turned to leave the door, "you might preach there all night, and not convert me. I'm resolved not to be made a canting, psalm-singing—"

"Well, I've told you what will be the end of it," interrupted the wearer of the chintz wrapper. "If you do not choose to take my advice, and prefer to be ruined, I cannot help it."

"Just let me alone, Girard! What if I do go to the city every night? I'm sure there's no harm in it. Father has never prohibited it."

"I'm afraid your father is ruining you," returned the other. "Isn't it wrong to drink and smoke as you do, all night perhaps?" continued he, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Nonsense, Girard! what if I do? I don't interfere with *you*? You prefer reading old Blair, and I to smoke a cigar—that's all. I don't interfere with you; but you're all the time telling me I'm going to ruin. I wish, Girard, you'd mind your own business."

"I'm sure, Henry—it's for your good," said chintz wrapper.

"For my good!" exclaimed Harry, contemptuously. "Poh! it's because I *chum* with you, and you are afraid of the Faculty."

"I am afraid to do wrong," answered the other student, in a very solemn and edifying tone.

"Come, come, Girard," cried Harry, laughingly. "You'll have the blues if you stay here.—Come with me, and we'll have some sport in the city."

"For shame, Harry!" said Girard, applying a corner of the chintz wrapper to his eyes.

"Well, well, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Girard," cried Harry, suddenly grasping the other's hand—"forgive me!"

"It is for your sake—these tears," sobbed chintz wrapper. "O, Harry—if you would only change—"

"Time enough," laughed the indomitable and

hardened Harry, as he turned on his heel, and with an exceedingly treble whistle, took the road to Boston.

"Unhappy youth!" was the last exclamation of Mr. Girard Baxter that reached the ears of his unheeding chum, Harry Calvert.

They were fellow students and classmates at Cambridge, and indeed had been long associated before. In early years they had attended together the academy of the village in which their parents were near neighbors; and during the preparatory course at Exeter, they were, as now, chums and classmates. This was, however, more the result of accidental circumstances than choice; for never were characters more dissimilar than those of the two students. Calvert was a careless, riotous sort of youth, always getting into college difficulties, and yet managing to be a favorite with proctors and professors, as well as with his fellow cantabs. His spirits were ever on the high-pressure principle, and would have exploded his collegial character long before, if they had not been generally regulated by the safety valve of a good heart. He was an ardent lover of all kinds of "fun," and a cordial hater of homilies, saving and excepting when they came from his indulgent father, accompanied with the consolatory cataplasm of a *re-mittance*.

Girard Baxter, on the contrary, never got into difficulty, and never was known to give way to what might be called obstreperous mirth. He generally wore a sedate smile and a clean dickey, was punctual at prayers, and took part in the psalmody. His boots were always brightly polished, his cravat unexceptionable, and he was allowed by every one to be "a nice young man."

Harry Calvert proceeded on his way, through the dense fog, humming to himself a popular air, in very lightness of heart, and rapping upon the ground, at every step, with the loaded ferule of a knotty cane. "What an interminable preacher Girard is," soliloquized he, as he strode along.—"He has no charity for anybody, because he never feels the inclination to do wrong. Well, I suppose he means well, and so I'll not think hard of him, although hang me if I want to be converted."

Over the long, long bridge, up Cambridge street, where, from a hundred alleys and lanes, pour forth in swarms the blacks of the city, still knocking his cane against the pavement, went the light-hearted Harry. We will leave him, for a space, and return to his chum, Girard, whom we left at the door of Halworthy Hall.

Mr. Girard Baxter did not remain at the door of Halworthy longer than the footsteps of his chum sounded in his ear, but with a very grave countenance returned to his apartment. Arrived there, however, a most astonishing alteration took place in that young gentleman's demeanor. He flung off his chintz wrapper with great alacrity, and immediately commenced an irregular waltzy gallopade around the room, finishing by a very extraor-

dinary attempt at standing upon one leg before the glass, whilst, with his joined fingers attached to the chief feature of his face, he executed sundry indescribable gyrations of those digital appendages.

When this operation was concluded, to the apparent satisfaction of Mr. Girard Baxter, he proceeded with much alertness to invest his person in a glossy black coat, and drawing from their receptacles a very elegant hat and spotlessly white gloves, stood before the glass once more in the attitude of an Adonis in tight boots. He then took from a drawer in his dressing-table a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles, which he nicely adjusted on his rather snub nose; and finally, after donning his cloak and grasping a cane in his hand, he very softly left the apartment, and wended his way in the path so lately traversed by the "unhappy youth," Harry Calvert.

CHAPTER II.

THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

"The only two perfect synonyms in the English language are, man and sinner."—[ETTRICK SHEPHERD.]

OLIVER OILY sat in his country-house upon a high stool at a lofty desk. Behind him, bending over their accounts, or nibbling their pen, were three very prim and very sedate looking clerks, with their hair combed nicely back behind their ears, and their collars rigid with the best of starch. These young gentlemen had peculiarly saffron countenances, and their several mouths were pursed into a decidedly fixed smirk, as if they had been tasting bitter aloes and were very well satisfied of their pungency. Mr. Oily himself possessed a remarkably smooth and oleaginous face, with a large mouth, which, being generally half open, and drawn down at the corners, disclosed a row of very white teeth and red gums. His eyebrows were rather elevated, and he had a habit of rolling the whites of his eyes beneath their lids, as if desirous of shutting out from his vision the world and all its vanities. He wore pumps, and when he walked it was with a cautious and cat-like step, which was the terror of all derelict clerks, as it enabled him to approach them unawares.—Mr. Oily was a strict disciplinarian, scrupulously honest, stubbornly dogmatic, and as bigotted as an inquisitor in matters of faith and religion, of which he claimed to be an unswerving professor.

Beside the worthy and self-righteous merchant stood a man of about thirty years of age, of a sinewy frame, and a stature so tall, that, as he stood upon the floor, his forehead was of an altitude with that of Mr. Oily, perched upon his high stool. He was clad in a rough velvetreen coat, and coarse, well patched breeches, which exhibited the careful attention of some kindly hand at home.

To the mind of an observer there is a great deal in the patched and mended garments of a poor man. They speak whole volumes of patient poverty. They tell of the unrepining and industrious WIFE, and of her long hours spent with the

weary needle; of the striving endurance of her who, with humble pride, would turn the best side outward. Never scorn the patched coat of a poor laborer!—for that laborer, may be, has one *at home* who loves him; and that is more, alas! than many a rich man has!

The face of the man who now stood near the high stool of Oliver Oily was a frank and honest one—with the wrinkles of toil upon it, it is true, and the brown tint of exposure—but withal, a manly countenance, that looked, beside the smooth, yellow face of the merchant, like a bronzed bust of Hercules opposite a plaster cast of the velvet-visaged Robespierre. There was a troubled expression upon the man's features now, however, and a sadness in his eyes, as they followed the rapid movement of the merchant's pen upon his ledger.

"That will finish our connection," at last spake Mr. Oily, dotting an *i* and crossing a *t*, as he finished his entry in the bulky folio. "And now, James Morrell, you can leave my establishment."

The owner of the patched garments twirled nervously the napless hat which he held in his hands, and tried two or three times to speak, ere he could give utterance to the question: "What am I to do, Mr. Oily?"

"Really, James, I cannot tell," rejoined the merchant, elevating his eyebrows in the utmost amazement. "I cannot employ you any longer!"

"It is coming on cold weather; I can get no situation in the winter," said the laborer, in a somewhat bitter tone.

"You should have thought of that before, James Morrell."

"But why can't I assist you?" pursued the man. "Don't I perform my work well, and haven't I been here early and late?"

"It is no use multiplying words, James. I have told you I shall not want you any longer. I cannot trust a man that despises the precepts of the gospel, and never attends church on the Sabbath."

Morrell laughed bitterly. "And that will prevent my doing my duty as porter in your store—will it?"

"I make it a rule to have no freethinkers about my establishment. It would be a scandal to my professions, and besides—there is many a pious man who will be glad of your situation."

"And that's your religion, is it?" muttered the man.

"I want none of your insolence, James. Your wages are paid, and you may leave the store."

Morrell struggled with rising passion. "But, you'll at least give me a character?" he asked.

"I cannot do that," answered the merchant. "It would not be consistent."

"Haven't I always done my duty as your porter?"

"I countenance no freethinkers, James."

"Have I ever been dishonest?"

"I can trust no one who will not attend church. I will give no character to one who is—next door to an atheist. You can leave the store."

So saying, Mr. Oliver Oily whirled himself around upon his high stool, and presented his back to his discharged porter. And James Morrell,

stiffing an oath, as he cast a look of defiance upon his late employer, rushed from the counting-room, with all respect for religion, if he had before possessed any, banished by the treatment he had received from one of its professors.

CHAPTER III.

THE FREE-THINKER'S WIFE.

"One half the world know not how the other half lives."
[OLD PROVERB.]

JAMES MORRELL, until lately porter in the extensive warehouse of Oliver Oily, was as honest or well-meaning man as ever breathed. The impulses of his heart were generally right, and he was strictly conscientious in the discharge of every duty connected with his humble situation. But he was not one of those who, with clear mental visions, can adopt the direct path of right, and pursue it with undeviating exactitude in spite of every counteracting influence. Always meaning well, he yet did not always act well; and this was merely because he was too apt to listen to the suggestions of those who, with less manliness and honesty, had yet the tact of appearing in the eyes of the confiding porter as models of true and independent principles. Under the influence of such guides, Morrell had, for the last year, connected himself with a set of free-thinking philosophers, who occupied their Sundays in holding forth at an Infidel Hall, where they dissected Scripture and investigated truth very much to their own satisfaction and self-gratulation. Here he was in the weekly habit of listening to lengthy tirades against priestcraft and persecution, and loud-mouthed expositions of the rights of men to live without religion, without altars, and without prayer, if not without Deity itself; and here he had imbibed, if not a contempt, at least an utter indifference for the simple teachings of the Bible and the pure examples of early Christianity.

And gradually, as the new doctrines tortured his reason with their subtle sophistries, he had in a measure lost his interest in the quiet charms which he had hitherto found in his own home and by his fireside, where a gentle and loving wife was ever prepared to greet him with a smile and a kind word. Instead of seeking, at the close of his daily toils, the society of the amiable and patient women, who had formerly been the confident of all his thoughts, James Morrell now preferred to meet his free-thinking associates at the corner store, or, perhaps, at a worse rendezvous, the tavern.

But with all these aberrations, Morrell was not a bad man, nor had he a natural tendency to the course which he was pursuing. But he needed a strong and steady counsellor to point out to him the evil to which he was inevitably approaching; he needed some kind, yet firm adviser, to warn him of his danger, and lead him gently back to the paths of rectitude and happiness.

Instead of this, however, the first warning he received, came in the shape of a harsh reprimand,

and subsequently a sudden dismissal from the employ of Oliver Oily, a rigid church professor, in whose service Morrell had been for a period of some years. We have seen the spirit in which the discharge had been given and received, and we will now turn to the laborer's house, in which sat his young and affectionate wife, unconscious of the misfortune, the effects of which she was too soon to experience.

The dwellings of the poor are never too comfortable; but there is one thing which makes the rudest hut a palace—and that is the blessed atmosphere of affection. For six years, since Ellen had united her humble lot to that of the laborer, James Morrell, they had been, for the most part, happy. True, at times, poverty had been with them—many a day had beheld no meal within their house; and sickness, even death, had visited them, for their eldest child had been removed from the trials of earth. But still they were happy, while Morrell toiled late and early, and, even in the midst of affliction, they had consoled themselves with the beautiful maxim of the hoping poor: "the darkest hour of the night is just before the morning."

Ellen sat by her humble fireside. She had just recovered from a spell of sickness, yet now her thin fingers plied the busy needle, while her feet pressed the rocker of a cradle, in which a frail babe tossed in feverish slumber. She waited for her husband's coming, and wondered at his prolonged absence; yet, though her head felt heavy, and her eyes grew dim, she still bent over her wearisome task.

Ellen Morrell was one of those fair, delicate creatures, whom we sometimes find in the rude dwellings of poverty, like beautiful exotic flowers growing amidst the rough vegetation of a prairie. She was lovely; but her loveliness was of that stong and fragile kind, which we cannot look upon as belonging to earth, and fear to behold pass away even while we are gazing upon it. There was a singular depth of expression in her moist blue eyes, and a transparent purity in her forehead and cheeks, which one would look for rather in a Madonna of Raphael, than amidst the rough associations of a poor laborer's household. But Nature has no peculiar frame-work for beautiful creations.

At last, as if from very weariness, the young wife let fall the cambric from her relaxed hands, and rising, she took from a stand a small bible, and strove to fix her attention upon the sacred page. But she had scarcely resumed her seat, when her husband's step was heard upon the stairs, not light and quick, as was his wont, but slow and measured, as if the man's frame were wearied. The door opened, and James Morrell entered.

His face was flushed, and his gait unsteady. A bitter smile curled his lip, as his glance fell upon the book in Ellen's lap. "What is that?" he cried roughly. "I will have no bibles here!" And snatching it from her hand, he flung it in the fire.

Ellen started up to save it, but her husband rudely pushed her back, and with his foot pressed the book deeper in the burning ashes. "Cursed

priestcraft," muttered he, between his set teeth, while his wife, repressing her tears with a strong effort, resumed her place beside the cradle of her child.

James Morrell threw himself moodily into a chair, and watched the blackened leaves of the bible crumbling on the hearth. "They would rob a man of his freedom of opinion," again he muttered.

Ellen rose once more from her seat, and approached her husband. She placed her head upon his shoulder, and while the tears gushed from her eyes as she looked on him, murmured in a soft voice, "James!"

The first impulse of the man was to thrust her from him; but, as his eye caught the pale, delicate cheek of that fair wife, down which the tears were streaming fast, his heart smote him for his unkindness. In spite of himself, the husband's head sank upon his breast, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"James," continued the young wife, "what has come over you? I have a right to ask, for I share your sorrows with you. James, my husband, speak to me."

She threw her arms around the neck of Morrell, and strove to raise his head from his breast. The man's voice trembled as he answered: "Ellen, I've lost my situation."

"With Mr. Oily?" asked Ellen, anxiously. "Ah, James, for what reason?"

"For no reason," muttered Morrell—"but because I don't believe in his creed. But I'll be revenged," he continued, with an oath.

"James! James! Do not speak so. Is this the only reason, my husband?"

"Yes! the canting hypocrite! Because I didn't attend his church, I wasn't fit to be his porter. May the curse—"

"Stop, James. Oh, do not curse. Do not judge him harshly," cried the meek wife. "Mr. Oily is a conscientious man, and—"

"Conscientious?" interrupted her husband. "Do you call taking the bread from a poor man's mouth, *conscientious*? But it's no use talking with you, wife. You'll side with church-people, no doubt!"

"Let us wrong no one, James. Mr. Oily, doubtless, thinks he has done right. Do not be cast down, my husband—there are other situations—"

"But he has refused me a character," cried Morrell. "He will say to every one that I am an atheist, and unworthy to be trusted."

"But you are not, dear James!"

"I shall be," muttered the man doggedly, "if they drive me to it. This is what your religion does, wife—turns an honest man out to starve, because he'll not be a hypocrite."

"Oh, no, dear James, that is not religion—Mr. Oily is mistaken, perhaps. He will think differently to-morrow. Let us not condemn him yet!"

"This is too bad," cried Morrell, starting up. "My own wife to turn against me! I'll not stay here to listen to *your* canting!"

He seized his hat, and turned toward the door, but Ellen yet withheld him. "James! do not be

angry with your wife! Ah! tell me—where are you going?"

There was a strange contrast presented in that fair, delicate, almost spiritual young wife, clinging to the rough frowning man, and mutely appealing to him with eyes brimming with tearful affection. But he shook her off.

"Where am I going?" he cried, with a fierce laugh. "To the grog-shop!"

And, dashing her away, he rushed from the house. Ellen sank, pale and exhausted, beside her sick babe, and the hot tears now gushed in a torrent from her eyes. For the first time, since their union, James had spoken harshly to her. Sad indeed was the poor wife's heart!

CHAPTER IV.

THE OYSTER SALOON.

"Ah, ma foi! elle est le rendez-vous de beaucoup, beaucoup, beaucoup de monde."—[THE PERSIFLAGE.]

THE clock struck nine as Mr. Girard Baxter, following in the path lately taken by the reckless student Calvert, crossed Cambridge bridge, and proceeded through the western quarter of the city. He passed the groups of half-grown boys and idle men, that infest the corners of streets in all cities, preserving upon his face a most quiet and sanctimonious expression, and looking, as he passed the various crowds, as if, to use a homely saying, "butter would not melt in his mouth."

But when, at length, Mr. Baxter had reached a well-known thoroughfare, in the good City of Granite, from which many other roads diverge to every quarter of the town, he paused a moment upon the curbstone, under an immense lantern, variegated with all the hues of the rainbow, and which cast a most tempting halo over the entrance of the saloon beneath. Then, drawing his cloak closely round his face, he pushed the door, and glided softly into one of the long row of stalls, whence arose continually the smoke and incense of whiskey, oysters, and port wine punch.

Mr. Girard Baxter, after pulling the bell-rope, gazed through a chink in the red curtain, upon the animated scene without his box. The brilliant apartment, along one side of which extended a row of magnificent mirrors, reflecting a double tier of cut-glass decanters, disposed in the most seductive attitudes upon the shelves, was now thronged with young men in every stage of inebriety, illustrative of the sliding scale of gradual intoxication. From the excited youth in bright buttons, who, like Tom O'Shanter, appeared to be "O'er all the ills of life victorious," to the dyspeptic individual who every moment cast wishful glances at the door, as if contemplating a desperate rush to the open air, all were more or less in that questionable state of felicity, produced by the "Wine being *in*, and the wit *out*." There were the previously-drunk, and the foolishly-drunk—the morose and the moodless—the sentimental and the savage. Red, bloodshot eyes, hollow cheeks, flushed foreheads, and sickly lips, were reflected

from the plate mirrors behind the counter. Trembling hands grasped unsteadily the brimming glass, or clung for support to the railing of the bar, whilst oaths, revelry, and blasphemy, went up from the bloated debauchees and smooth-skinned youths, assembled in that bar-room.

But Mr. Girard Baxter sat in his box, and leisurely partook of his "dozen stewed," and gravely sipped his punch, with the air of a connoisseur in such matters, casting every now and then a quiet glance through the aperture in the curtain, at the continually changing faces in the bar-room. At last his quick eye caught a glimpse of a young man who was just entering, and, partially withdrawing the curtain, he beckoned the new comer to the box.

The individual who, in answer to the summons, now took his station opposite the amiable Mr. Baxter, was, in point of appearance, the very antipodes of that interesting young gentleman. Mr. Baxter's countenance was thin and sedate; that of Mr. Newcomer was round and bloated. Mr. Baxter's person was elegant and spindle shank; his companion's proportions were short and dumpy. Besides these, there were contrast enough in the outer and visible signs of each individual, to prevent any "looker-on in Vienna" from falling into the error of supposing them to be the Simese Twins.

There was one point, however, on which, apparently, the two young gentlemen would never dispute, and that was now telegraphed by the simultaneous meeting of the rays of both pair of optics upon the bottom of an empty glass which stood upon the table between them.

"What shall it be?" asked Mr. Girard Baxter, gravely.

"Brandy and water."

"Brandy and water for two!" said Mr. Baxter to the waiter, which sentence was repeated by the white-aproned official in a most sonorous specimen of an echo.

"Now," said Mr. Baxter, when the replenished glasses had renewed acquaintanceship with their lips. "Now, Bob, I suppose you have some agreeable information."

The individual addressed deposited a large morsel of tobacco under his left cheek, and then, with an expressive wink, replied, "rather!"

"You think you will succeed in getting him discharged?"

"He was discharged this very morning. And, just as I reckoned, he got drunk immediately."

"Burnycoat, you are a jewel," said Mr. Baxter. "But, are you sure that his circumstances are as low as you say?"

"Every bit of it," said the other, with a low laugh. "He'll not get another situation, I'm sure of that. Why, I tell you, Gerry Baxter, if we should leave him to himself now, without going farther, he'll never hold up his head again. He'll be drunk as long as he can get credit, and then list for a marine, or ship, perhaps. His jig's up here."

"But you must not leave him yet, Burnycoat."

"I don't mean to do anything o' the sort—that is, if you stick to your promise, Gerry, and pay over the yellow boys."

"I've paid you well so far, haven't I?" asked Baxter.

"I'm not grumbling. But, just look at what I've done, for near six months, just to ruin that poor devil of a porter, and get him out of the way. In the first place—"

"Speak a little lower, if you please, Burnycoat! Curtains have ears."

"Well, just listen to me. In the first place, you, a hypocritical scamp, with plenty of money and a good character, fall in with Bob Burnycoat, an out-and-out rascal, with no money and no character, at a place which shall be nameless."

"I must again request you, Burnycoat, to speak lower."

"Then I must have some more brandy. My voice is so husky that I can't reduce it to a whisper, without diluting."

Baxter rang the bell, and the waiter replenished the glasses.

"Now my voice is fine, and as I was saying— you, a hypocritical scamp—"

"That you need not recapitulate."

"Oh, as you please. Well, you wished my assistance in a delicate affair; neither more nor less than to ruin a virtuous woman, the wife of a poor porter, whom you had accidentally met and fallen in love with. Am I right?"

"Perfectly," said Mr. Baxter, sipping his brandy. "But you need not be so very particular."

"It's my way," remarked Burnycoat. "You visited the young women, in the character of a perfect saint, and found her to be what you did not anticipate, proof against all your infernal arts."

"Burnycoat," said Mr. Baxter, mildly, "there is no necessity of your making use of such very strong adjectives."

"It's my way, Gerry. This poor woman—a miserable porter's wife—discovered your intentions, and rejected you with scorn, threatening, if you persisted, to expose your real character to her husband and the world."

"I can see no earthly use in your recital of all this, Burnycoat, and beg you will stop it at once."

"I'll come to the point immediately, my dear Gerry. I merely wish to state the case to freshen our recollections. You were dismissed with scorn, and, as a matter of course, being a high-spirited young gentleman, you swore revenge on the proud beauty. In that state of mind you fell in with that dissipated scoundrel, Bob Burnycoat, and enlisted him heart and soul in your cause and the devil's service."

"For which I have paid you well."

"I don't grumble, as I said before. Well, to proceed. I took charge of the business, and, with the experience of a veteran, instructed you. I argued that the surest way to attain your object was, in the first place, to get rid of the lady's husband, and thus deprive her of her natural protector. Then, being alone in the world, unused to toil, and plunged in poverty, she would fall into your hands an easy victim. I take credit to myself, Gerry Baxter, for this scheme; which I consider as pretty a piece of infernal villany as ever was concocted by a humble imitator of mephistophiles."

The smooth face of Baxter exhibited an expression between fear and admiration, as he

listened to the other words, uttered in the off-hand, flippant manner of his common conversation. "You are as great a villain as ever breathed," at last said the student.

"I am older than you, Gerry—by some half-dozen years. I have not the least doubt that you will outstrip me in the long run. But, I must get through with my story. For six months I have been assiduously laboring at the ruin of a poor porter. I have made him a free-thinker, tippler, and, (don't be shocked, Gerry,) an exceedingly profane swearer. Through my exertions he has lost his character and situation—and is now ready for anything I choose."

"And how, in the name of evil, did you manage to do all this?"

"My dear Gerry, it was by imperceptible degrees. He was a poor laborer, with a lovely, affectionate wife, who ought to have been enough attraction to make his home a paradise. But, I managed to insinuate myself into his good graces, and introduced him to a hall of Free Inquiry, at which questions of life and death, happiness and misery, were disposed of by yeas and nays. As he grew involved in nonsensical notions, which he could not understand, it was natural that home became rather tame. Then, I introduced him to a glass of whiskey, strong and sweet, and challenged his independent spirit. The bait took, and James Morrell, from a quiet, industrious porter, soon become as noisy, brawley, and unreflecting, as any of the free-thinking demagogues who were his companions. Consequently, he has lost his place and his friends—is even now half-drunk at a grog-shop in Commercial-street, and next—"

"Well—what next?"

"And next he shall commit a crime which will place him securely in the State Prison, and leave his wife entirely unprotected, and a helpless sacrifice to the *revenge* of Girard Baxter. And now—are you ready to pay me the stipulated sum?"

"When the wife—"

"When the husband is a convicted felon you must pay me the five-hundred dollars. Is it agreed?"

"And supposing I show you my improvement, in what you call rascality, by refusing to pay you that sum?"

"Then, I assist you no more."

"But, supposing you do not. Morrell, I am of opinion, will soon be rid of, without your assistance."

"A very shrewd idea of yours, my dear Gerry, and does you credit. I have not the slightest doubt of your wish to cheat me, and let me have my labor for my pains. But, you forget one thing, my dear fellow," said Burnycot, sinking his voice to the lowest whisper, "you forget that the game is in my hands, and that I can reveal your plot, and inflame every passion of this injured wretch, Morrell, against *you*! Trust me, your life would not be worth a brass farthing, if you break faith with me!"

Baxter's face grew ashy, as the glance of Burnycot fell with a covert malignity across his own eyes. "Well, as you will, Bob," said he.

"You agree to the stipulation?"

"I do! And now, let us leave this place. That brandy makes me dozey."

Baxter rang the bell and paid the bill to the waiter, who grinned with a peculiar grimace, as he noticed a large rent in the sleeve of Mr. Burnycot's outer garment, made unfortunately visible, as he drew back the curtain. But the frown that blackened the last-mentioned individual's forehead, checked quite effectually any further disposition to mirth; and he satisfied himself with a soliloquizing shrug as the two young men left the saloon.

They took their way through Pemberton Square, and along Tremont street, towards the Common. The fog hung like a thick curtain around, and the brilliant gaslight before the Museum, and the illuminated windows of the Park street Church, were dim and yellow in the dense atmosphere. Mr. Girard Baxter drew his cloak closer around him, as the damp bay breeze blew across the Common, and Mr. Bob Burnycot would probably have duplicated the operation, had he possessed such an appendage to a gentleman's wardrobe. He contented himself, under the circumstances, with buttoning close to his chin a very antique and threadbare bottle-green coat, the tarnished buttons of which had once been bright; and then, pulling up around his ears a very rusty and venerable black silk handkerchief, he gave a peculiar and impressive rap to the crown of his napless hat, thereby driving it into a secure contiguity with the edges of the above mentioned handkerchief.

The two young men entered the gate at the head of the lower wall, and parted beneath the gloomy branches of the solemn old elms, that sighed dismally with the rising breeze.

"Where are you going, Burnycot?"

"To finish our business with Morrell. And you, Gerry, take my advice, and call on his wife. Tell her you have repented, and have come to ask her pardon. Offer assistance to her husband, and promise a situation."

"What do you mean, Burnycot?"

"What I say. Do as I tell you. Promise what you please, and I will take care that Morrell will never trouble you for fulfilment. He will have a *permanent* situation before long. Ha, ha!"

The laugh that came from Burnycot's lips sounded strangely hollow upon that lonesome wall, among the ancient trees. Baxter wrapped his cloak more closely about him. "Good-bye, Burnycot. I'll do as you wish."

"Good-bye, Gerry," said the other, turning abruptly away towards the street, and walking with a swift stride. "I shall earn my five hundred when I'm done with you, you cowardly villain," he muttered to himself.

CHAPTER V.

HARRY CALVERT.

"Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up."

An old man, with white reverend locks, albeit they were scant upon his forehead, sat by his

homely fireside. The chimes of Christ Church bells floated through the casement into the room, and the aged listener bent his head to catch each trembling note.

Small store of luxuries did that humble room, in which the old man sat, contain. A few ancient leather-seated chairs, which might have been heirlooms from a Welshman's progenitors, a plain deal table, on which now dimly burned a japanned lamp, and the capacious arm-chair, in which its venerable owner now sat, with his feet resting on a carpeted box, were the principal furniture of the apartment. Yet, in everything, there was an air of what must ever give charms to the dwellings of the poor—neatness and content.

Seated opposite the old man, with a book opened upon her lap, was a woman of apparently the age of thirty, on whose mild features might be traced the works of suffering in early years, suffering borne with a meek and patient spirit, chastened even by the griefs which had tortured it.

And kneeling at his mother's feet, his beautiful head, all radiant with sunny curls, reposing on her lap beside the open bible, a young child had fallen asleep. The woman's hand rested softly on the fair forehead of the boy, so placid in his happy slumber.

All was quiet, save the low-toned modulation of the woman's voice, as she read aloud the promises of the Book.

Youth, and maturity, and age, were within that chamber. Youth unconsciously slumbering, as it ever will, till the blasts of the world's winter awaken it, and call it forth, to meet and endure the tempest.

A smile of peace and satisfaction hovered around the expressive features of the aged man. He listened, with the soul mellowed by the music of the distant chimes, weaving the words of truth into divine harmony as they reached his ears.

Yet that man, with the white locks, and time-worn features, and feeble frame, was one of those whom the world takes little note of—one of those whose destiny, and whose purification, also, are through the trials of poverty. The young child, too, with his angelic beauty and his pure heart, was one among those who are born not to the world's goods—whose infancy is cradled in ne-

cessity, and whose youth must spring up amid toil. The old man and the young child were dependent upon the daily labor of that widowed mother for the very bread they eat.

Yet she repined not, that meek woman, to toil for those she loved. Though the midnight hours might leave her at her task, and the first dawn discover her labor, still worked she on, uncomplaining. Verily, there is happiness in store for such as she.

The smile that hovered over the old man's face was the index of his thoughts. Alas! the joy of his spirit, listening in its depths to the holy word, might not beam forth from his eyes; for their sight had long since vanished. Stone blind was the ancient man; yet still had he inward eyes, that beheld, graven upon his own heart, the reflex of those words of peace in the blessed Book of Life. Who would barter, for the tinsel splendour of the world's riches, that pearl of great price which lighteth the abode of contented poverty?

As the reader paused at the chapter's close, the door of the room was quietly opened, and the form of a young man appeared upon the threshold. With a quiet movement, the widow closed the book and rose to meet the visitor.

"How are you all?" cried the round, cheerful voice of Harry Calvert; and, at that sound, the smile deepened on the face of the old man, and the child, awaking from his slumber, ran to meet the student.

Harry took the chair which the widow presented, and lifting the child to his knee, looked around the apartment with a happier countenance than ever was worn by a king upon his throne.

And soon the pockets of the youth were emptied of a rare store of sweetmeats for the little Frank; and a merry witticism caused the old man to laugh; and a kindly whispered word of comfort brought a light to the eyes of the widowed mother. Harry Calvert, the reckless student, appeared in another guise—the generous, free-hearted protector of the suffering—the consoler of the sorrowing, the child-like friend of childhood.

And at this very hour, Girard Baxter, his chum, was weaving a dark plot, to ensnare an innocent woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Who hath not been a poet? who hath not,
With Life's new quiver full of winged years,
Shot at a venture, and then following on,
Stood doubtful at the Parting of the Ways?

There once I stood in dream, and, as I paused,
Looking this way and that, came forth to me
The figure of a Woman veiled, that said
"My name is Duty turn and follow me!"
Something there was that chilled me in her voice;
I felt Youth's hand grow slack and cold in mine,
As if to be withdrawn, and I replied:
"O, leave the hot, wild heart within my breast!
Duty comes soon enough, too soon comes Death;
This slippery globe of life whirls of itself,
Hasting our youth away into the dark;
These senses, quivering with electric heats,
Too soon will show like nests on wintry boughs,
Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable wreck,
Which whistling northwinds line with downy snow
Sometimes, or fringe with foliaged rime, in vain,
Thither the singing birds no more return."

Then glowed to me a Maiden from the left,
With bosom half disclosed, and naked arms
More white and undulant than necks of swans;
And all before her steps an influence ran
Warm as the whispering South that opens buds
And swells the laggard sails of Northern May.
"I am called, Pleasure, come with me!" she said,
Then laughed and shook out sunshine from her hair,
Not only that, but, so it seemed, shook out
All memory, too, and all the moonlit past,
Old loves, old aspirations, and old dreams,
More beautiful for being old and gone.

So we two went together, downward sloped
The path through yellow meads, or so I dreamed,
Yellow with sunshine and young green, but I
Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one close joy;
I only felt the hand within my own,
Transmuting all my blood to golden fire,
Dissolving all my brain in throbbing mist.

Suddenly shrank the hand; suddenly burst
A cry that split the torpor of my brain,
And, as the first sharp thrust of lightning loosens
From the heaped cloud its rain, loosened my sense;
"Save me?" it thrilled, "O, hide me, there is Death?"
Death the divider, the unmerciful,
That Digs his pitfalls under love and youth,
And covers beauty up in the cold ground,
Horrible Death, bringer of endless dark;
Let him not see me, hide me in thy breast?"
Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my arms
Met only what slipped crumbling down and fell
A handful of gray ashes at my feet.

I would have fled, I would have followed back
That pleasant path we came, but all was changed;
Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to find,
Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I thought,
"That way lies youth and Wisdom and all Good;
For only by unlearned Wisdom comes,
And climbing backward to diviner Youth;

What the world teaches, profits to the world;
What the soul teaches, profits to the soul,
Which then first stands erect with Godward face,
When she lets fall her pack of withered facts,
The gleanings of the outward eye and ear,
And looks and listens with her finer sense;
Nor Truth, nor Knowledge cometh from without."

After long weary days, I stood again
And waited at the Parting of the Ways;
Again the figure of Woman veiled
Stood forth and beckoned, and I followed now;
Down to no bower of roses led the path,
But through the streets of towns where chattering Cold
Hewed wood for fires whose glow was owned and fenced,
Where Nakedness wove garments of warm wool
Not for itself;—or through the fields it led,
Where Hunger reaped the unattainable grain,
Where Idleness enforced saw idle lands,
Leagues of unpeopled soil, the common Earth,
Walled round with paper against God and Man.

"I cannot look," I groaned, "at only these;
The heart grows hardened with perpetual woe,
And palters with a feigned necessity,
Bargaining with itself to be content
Let me behold thy face."

The Form replied:
"Men follow Duty, never overtake;
Duty nor lifts her veil, nor looks behind."
But, as she spake, a loosened lock of hair
Slipped from beneath her hood, and I, who looked
To see it gray and thin, saw amplest gold,
Not that dull metal dug from sordid earth,
But such as the retiring sunset-flood
Leaves heaped on bays and capes of island cloud.
"O, Guide divine," I prayed, "although not yet
I may repair the virtue, which I feel
Gone out at touch of untuned things and foul,
With draughts of Beauty, yet declare how soon!"

"Faithless and faint of heart," the Voice returned,
"Thou seest no beauty save thou make it first;
Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a glass
Where the soul sees the image of herself,
Visible echoes, offspring of herself.
But, since thou need'st assurance of how soon,
Wait till that Angel comes who opens all,
The reconciler, he who lifts the veil,
The reuniter, the rest bringer, Death."

I waited, and methought he came, but how,
Or in what shape, I doubted, for no sign
By touch or mark, he gave me as he passed:
Only I know a lily that I held
Snapt short below the head and shrivelled up;
Then turned my Guide and looked at me unveiled,
And I beheld no face of matron stern,
But that Enchantment I had followed erst,
Only more fair, more clear to eye and brain,
Heightened and chastened by a household charm;
She smiled and, "which is fairest," said her eyes,
"The witch's snowy Florimel or mine?"



PULPIT PORTRAITS;

OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.

BY SIGMA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XVIII.

REV. ROBERT BAIRD, D. D.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY J. W. ORR AND BROTHER, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY A. MORAND.

READERS of Holden's Magazine! Have we ever ventured to congratulate you? No, Mr. Sigma, you have not. So we thought, but our impulse to do so has been increasing, until now it has overcome all our scruples, since we are able to present to you the biography of a man in whom most feel an interest, and many of you know. Those who know him, respect him. With those who know him intimately, affection crowns respect. The circumstances of Dr. Baird's life are peculiar, and full of meaning. Their tendency has ever been to press him up into notoriety, without any design on his part. He commenced his professional labors as the General Agent of the American Sunday School Union. The duties of this office brought him into close connection with Christians and Philanthropists of all denominations throughout the country. He resigned this agency to become the delegate to Europe of the French Association. He was thus led to travel

extensively over the Continent, to consult with kings, and join hands with the great and good of the Old World. This experience eminently fitted him for the service of the Foreign Evangelical Society, in the employ of which he has crossed the ocean ten times, spent eight years in Europe, visited Syria, and threaded the United States.

The knowledge of this country thus acquired, fitted him to be the accurate expounder of American Institutions abroad, while his thorough acquaintance with European politics, customs, and men, presented him to inquiring Americans as the reliable and interesting lecturer on the Old World. Thus has he been carrying on a system of intellectual exchanges, a legitimate commerce of information, on the American principle of "Supply and Demand." Hence he has become so widely known, and so universally esteemed, that a thorough criticism of his talents, character and style, seems unnecessary. We shall, therefore, give a biographical, rather than a critical sketch. It is gratifying to know the experience of such a man, to scan his early training, and contrast the doings of maturer years, and to glance at the unfolding of those traits which have proved the means of so much usefulness. Thus it is that we congratulate our readers in being able to present some facts with which they are probably unacquainted.

Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., was born on the 6th of October, 1798, near Brownsville, Fayette County, in Western Pennsylvania. His father was a farmer. He was of Scottish descent. His ancestors having been numbered among the old, unbending, persecuted Scotch Covenanters. Dr. Baird's grandfather came to this country. His maternal ancestors were English and Welsh. The family was unusually large, Robert being one of thirteen. Eight of these reached maturity—most of whom are at this time residing not far from the old homestead, as worthy substantial farmers, or frugal faithful farmers' wives. Robert was a "farmer's boy." His days of boyhood were spent like those of all farmer's boys. He ploughed, and hoed, and "did the chores." During the winter months he trudged to the village school, digging as faithfully at his Geography and Arithmetic as he did in the field, during the summer days.

Is it not a fact worthy of attention, that such a large proportion of our great men were reared on what Carlyle would call *soildom*. Those who are now the *working men* of the age—the effective philanthropists, the devoted patriots, and guiding statesmen, have been, with few exceptions, farmers' boys. We will find that the practical, common sense, straight-forward, serviceable men of the age, had their early training in the sensible, regular, matter-of-fact life, connected with a farm.

A natural connection exists between such a training and future usefulness. The life enures to toil, the influences are not debasing or corrupting, the associations are with Nature in her purity, and not with the arts of man in his selfishness and crime. The subject of this sketch was blessed with such a training.

Robert Baird manifested at an early age an

unusual fondness for reading. Books were not as common as stones in those times. Moreover, Western Pennsylvania has never been distinguished for over-stocked magazines of literary treasures. They had in those good old days, the "Family Bible," the "Shorter Catechism," and the "Spelling Book," and these were nearly all. A great "all," too, they make. The boy Robert, however, was peculiarly favored. He stumbled upon an edition of Morse's Geography, in two large octavo volumes, published in 1791, and these he read through and through. The knowledge thence obtained by Robert, the farmer's boy, we doubt not, has often times proved indispensable to Dr. Baird, the European traveller.

He also evinced, early in life, a remarkable memory. He garnered up the fruits of his reading. When he was about fourteen he chanced to meet with a mock sermon, written in German, and committed it to memory. This he was often called upon to repeat for the amusement of friends, until finally he became "the lion" of all the "apple bees" and "corn huskings" in the region roundabout. The recital used to please those old Scotchmen. Indeed, the world is probably indebted to this Dutch sermon, for the good Dr. Baird has accomplished as a philanthropist and a scholar. Not that the sermon itself had much of good in it, but it happened that the wonderful recitals of young Robert came to the knowledge of the village pastor. He sent for the boy, and set a worthy example to his parishoners by listening attentively to the whole sermon, and then putting into instant practice the truth it presented. That truth was, that the boy-preacher was blessed with a wonderful memory and a good mind, and that he must be sent to college. The parents had not dreamed of such a destiny for their boy—but the good man revealed to them what ought to be and must be. They had always listened reverently to the teachings of their pastor, and all he said they were accustomed to receive as "law and gospel." So it was decided that Robert should "have an education," and well it is that this decision was made. We bless the good pastor for his influence, and we bless the parents for yielding to it.

But now a great difficulty arose. How was the boy to be supported? There were no "placers" on the farm, and thirteen mouths were a goodly number to be filled. Ah! these mothers! What noble beings they are! Robert was blessed with one who belonged to the noble, self-sacrificing order. Oh, she would attend to the boys support, she said. She would weave the cloth and make his clothes. She would sell butter, too, at the market, and the butter money would buy his books and pay his board-bill. The thing could easily be done; and it was done. That mother supported her son through all his academical and collegiate course by the proceeds of her churn. And she is not the only mother who has done the same thing. There are other good and great men, the cream of our nation, who have been churned through college. But shall we leave the matter here, with all the credit posted on the mother's side? No, she must share it with her son. We feel bound to repeat the report current, that his expenses, during his regular course of

education, were less than one hundred dollars per year! What think you of that—students of Cambridge and of Yale?

But after all, these educational plans were well nigh frustrated, in consequence of the very devotion that seemed to ensure their success. In his sixteenth year, Robert was sent to a Latin School in Uniontown, some nine miles distant. He had never been from home before, and had never mingled with rough, rude boys. So, when he joined the school, it was all new, and strange, and trying to him. Moreover, he came in a homespun garb, and with an homely air. He was just the raw material out of which the older, shrewder boys could manufacture sport. And they went to work on the wholesale principle, as if they had a high protective tariff to ensure them. It is no wonder that the farmer's boy, fresh from all the attentions of his devoted mother, became insupportably "homesick." He could not endure such a life, and in two months he deserted. After remaining awhile his spirits revived, and he was persuaded to return. But, in the meantime, his tormenters had "enlarged operations," and were all ready for a "smashing business." The poor fellow could not endure it, and wrote a letter begging to be taken away. The request was granted, and it was also left to his option in regard to returning. Some boys would have certainly voted for an "indefinite postponement," but Robert perceived his mother's heart was bent on the education of her son. She said little to him to influence his decision, but he read her thoughts. He felt that a discontinuance of his studies would deeply grieve her. It was harder to endure the silent reproach of a mother's disappointment than the abuse of a crowd of tyrant boys. The resolution was made to return, and "endure unto the end." For one long session he continued on without a visit to his home.

In that time he had conquered himself, and his fellows too. They had yielded to his mental superiority, as gradually dawning upon them it mounted above the clouds that obscured its rising, and with the year closed also his first trial. The remaining two years, spent at that school, were the happiest of his life. He had risen to the head of the school. He was acknowledged to be without an equal. His old persecutors sought his assistance in their lessons, and he repayed their treatment by "heaping coals of fire on their heads." He generously assisted them, but he did occasionally remind them of olden times. His victory was complete.

In the summer of 1816, Mr. Baird entered Washington College, situated at Washington, the shire town of the county of the same name in Pennsylvania, connecting himself with the Sophomore class during its last term. Here he pursued his studies with even increased assiduity. His teacher at the Uniontown Academy, Dr. Dunlap, was an excellent man, but much advanced in years. Time had treated him roughly, and some of his mischievous pupils followed the example, and paid little respect to the old man. With the dimness of age, the nice distinctions of classical literature also failed to be perceived. His government was feeble and his teachings superficial.

Hence, when Mr. Baird came to college, he found that his classical knowledge was somewhat inaccurate and vague. But he did not, therefore, "take college life easy," and charge all deficiencies to his old teacher. These only proved a stimulus to increased exertion.

In his junior year he went back to the beginning of his classical course, again took in hand the Latin and Greek Grammar, and before the year had closed, he numbered with the best. In the practice of composition also, he was wholly inexperienced when he entered college. We have heard it remarked, that up to this time he had not written a private letter. In this department also, he went vigorously to work. He wrote and destroyed, and wrote again, toiling on so perseveringly, that before he graduated he held an enviable reputation, even as a writer. As there was a precise time in his boyhood, when he resolved that he would bravely endure the persecution at school, for his mother's sake, so now there was a time when he resolved not to continue a crude writer for his own sake. It was a disparaging remark by an officer of college that gave birth to this resolution, and when once made it must be maintained. It is interesting to note these small beginnings, and these early struggles, and then turn to the future results, and the later successes. We would hardly suspect that the accomplished gentleman of to-day, had ever been the homely farmer boy, that the ripe scholar had been obliged in his junior year to relearn his Latin Grammar, or the author, who is now distinguished for ease of style, could ever have been reproved for the crudities of his English. It forms a remarkable instance of what perseverance can accomplish. Let the facts be pondered by every young man, who would do a great work in life.

Soon after he entered college he was invited to take charge of a class in the Sabbath School. It was a class of negro boys, who could not read. His friendly feelings were moved towards those ignorant outcasts, and he consented. This seems a slight incident, but it proved the turning point in his life—not in his external life, for this seemed previously settled. He was in the regular course of a liberal education, and he was destined to be a scholar—but we refer to his inner life—his *real* life—the destiny of his immortal nature. He had been religiously educated, and had been correct in his habits, but at this time he did not esteem himself a Christian. He was conscious that he had never felt a holy love towards God, and that his soul was not in harmony with the purity of Heaven. But the teachings of the New Testament, to his Sabbath class, induced reflection. He felt the wants of his religious nature. He listened to the still, small voice of conscience. Those wants became more pressing, convictions of duty deepened, until at last he yielded to their force, and opened his soul for the indwelling of the Spirit.

During his senior year he united with the Church in Washington. Most of that year was spent at Jefferson College, only fifteen miles distant from Washington. A serious dissatisfaction, with the President of Washington College, had arisen among the students. Fifty went off in a body. Mr.

B. was one of twenty who entered Jefferson. While there, his health failed under his unremitting study, and he spent some months at home.

He graduated with the reputation of being among the first scholars of his class. As no "honors" were awarded, his precise standing cannot be ascertained, but since, Jefferson College has bestowed her highest honor upon him, by inviting him to her Presidential Chair. This pressing invitation he saw fit to decline. He had become identified with the Foreign Evangelical Society, and her interests were dearer to his heart, than the honors and emoluments of a Presidency, though wreathed with delightful associations, and made peculiarly desirable by the near residence of many friends.

After his graduation, Mr. Baird was thrown upon his own resources for support, and plans for the future were left to his own decision, though he had not reached his twentieth year. His father gave him a patrimony of a horse and saddle, mounted on which, with all his worldly goods ensconced in a small portmanteau, he started forth from his father's house. The first stage in life's journey was, however, soon brought to an end by his arrival at the town of Bellefont, Centre Co., Pennsylvania, beautifully situated on the banks of the Susquehanna. Here he remained one year as the teacher of a select school of twenty young men, most of whom were older than himself. During this year he taught, literally, *everything* that he had previously studied at school and college, from simple addition up to Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Thus he was led to renew his whole course of education, and he did this not only in the recitation room, but devoted not less than six hours of each day on the average to private study, and actually reviewed every text-book that he had studied in college. This training clinched the knowledge which is proverbially so evanescent. It was a most improving year. The resolution that would carry forward such a course of self-improvement, in addition to the trials of daily teaching, fills one with admiration. Besides this, he found time for a good amount of social intercourse, which he greatly enjoyed. Although so very youthful, he was treated with the utmost respect and regard. His persevering, earnest habits, and his elevated character demanded these as their rightful tribute. Besides this, he followed in the true, independent, path of Christian duty. Christianity was a living principle within him, and he could not but *act* the Christian. This course was pursued, not so much for the sake of *appearing* well, setting a good example, or, as it is sometimes expressed, "honoring one's profession," as because it was *right*. With the living, actuating principle within, he could not do otherwise. Thus, although he was the only young man in the village who professed Christianity, he always had devotional exercises in his school, and presented, wherever he was, an unequivocal, undisguised Christian example. He was governed by the higher law of conscience, and by no inferior motive of expediency. Hence he gained the respect of those who would not yield to the claims of Christianity. He was sincere, conscientious, and withal, high minded, sen-

sible and sociable. Who would not respect such a character? The most depraved reviler, and the most bitter skeptic, cannot so firmly grasp their regard, that it will not go forth to the man who is *in earnest*, and to the character well balanced. The incense of adoration is sure to ascend towards noble excellence from the soul of every man, however debased, when that excellence is once perceived. This actuating principle of Mr. B. displayed itself in his mode of discipline. He appealed to the conscience of his scholars, and the appeal was never made in vain. Is it *wrong*? was the question which always reached the heart, and there was the end of the matter.

During this year, also, he began the course of writing for the press, which has gone on increasing to this day. The village newspaper received his contributions. These were of a serious and instructive character—though written in a lively style. They were evidently prompted by the desire of effecting good, and treated of prevailing vices unsparingly. The editor was a professed infidel, but the handwriting of Mr. B. was an un-failing passport to his paper.

From Bellefont he went directly to Princeton Theological Seminary—where he pursued his studies for three years.

But how does the matter of self-support progress, since the mother's churn and loom have ceased their contributions? This a subject of interest. He started in life, we mentioned, with a horse and knapsack. His Rosinante he sold on reaching Bellefont, and from this sale, with the proceeds of his school, he paid his expenses of the year and left \$200 in the bank. This sum furnished him with clothes and books during the Princeton course. For the first two years he was the private tutor of a few families in the place, and during the last year was tutor in the college. Dr. James Alexander, the able theologian, was his private pupil at that time. His brother, Prof. Addison Alexander, was also a scholar of Mr. B.'s subsequently.

During his connection with the college, Mr. B. gained great influence with the students. He met them, and conversed with them, as beings who had a reason and a conscience which could be appealed to with effect. It was not in his nature to be imperative, but still he controlled. He was decided but not domineering, earnest but self-possessed, making due allowance for his pupils without compromising his own authority; respecting their sentiments without losing respect for his own. He was himself a young man, and he sympathized with young men. He acquainted himself with their views, and listened to their reasonings in matters of difference. In this respect he strikingly resembles Prof. Dewey, whose excellent management of young men was fully described in the January number. These men have been equally successful as instructors—and the same principle of government was adopted by both—a principle which inculcates sympathy with the pupil, without the loss of respect; the maintenance of law, without the exercise of tyranny; the appeal to reason before the rod, and to conscience rather than emulation. In fine, it is the system of government which leads the young to govern themselves.

Like Prof. Dewey, also, he was instrumental in saving more than one young man, who was on the high way to ruin. If he detected a student in a misdemeanor, he did not at once report him to the Faculty and ensure his expulsion, but he met him privately, talked with him, warned him of the consequences of such a beginning in life, reasoned with him, appealed to his better feelings, and almost invariably won him over to a better life. In this way, especially, he was constant in his devotion to the students, and there are not a few who bless the year of Mr. B.'s administration, as the one in which they were redeemed from a course of sin.

The year was full of interesting experiences, and some really thrilling adventures were encountered. The attempted blowing up of the college buildings with gun-powder, which the students then at Princeton will never forget, occurred during that year. A young man, connected with one of the first families of the town, was detected in the act. It was an outrageous plot, but no one seemed ready to brave the personal danger and loss of influence which would attend the prosecution of the young reprobate, till Mr. Baird promptly stood in the breach. He had the young man arrested, and though his life was notoriously in danger, he cheerfully encountered the trial.

This circumstance induces us to speak of the somewhat peculiar temperament of Mr. Baird. He is possessed of delicate sensibilities, so that he may easily become confused, and be deprived of perfect self-possession, in emergencies of trifling moment, but when real trials and great exigencies occur, he is calm, firm, and reliable. We have observed this seeming incongruity in others. We think that a strict mental analysis would show that it had no real existence.

Mr. Baird was also the means of quelling a serious rebellion—by his individual influence. Some misunderstanding had arisen between the faculty and the students, and for three days not one came to recitation except Mr. Baird's own class, who faithfully met with him every morning. Uproarious college meetings were constantly in session, and the spirit of '76 waxed fiercer and fiercer! On the morning of the fourth day, when matters seemed desperate, Mr. B. inquired of one of his class if the students would not candidly discuss the whole matter with him, and strive to come to an understanding. The proposition was readily accepted. The students were then in session, and a committee was appointed to request tutor Baird to come and address them. As he entered the hall the presiding officer offered him the chair, but he declined it, for the reason that he had come to talk over matters, not to preside. Thereupon he asked them plainly to tell the cause of their trouble. It was stated, the matter was fully discussed, and, before the meeting closed, the whole difficulty was amicably settled and the students promised to return to duty.

Great sorrow was expressed when Mr. Baird left at the close of the year. Students came, and, with undisguised emotion, thanked him for his kindness to them, and his interest in them. It was a rich year of Mr. B.'s life, one that must rise

in refreshing beauty before the eye of retrospection.

After the completion of his theological studies, in the autumn of 1822, Mr. Baird took charge of an academy in Princeton, and held the situation for five and a half years. His extreme diffidence was, in his own opinion, a sufficient obstacle to his preaching. He, however, overcame the difficulty so far as to occupy occasionally the neighboring pulpits. He might have continued teaching—of which he was very fond—during his life time, had it not been for the dying entreaties of Rev. Mr. Gibson. This lamented servant of God had come to Princeton to die. He was a young man of uncommon talents, and a speaker of impassioned eloquence, but his body was not sufficient for his great soul. When he had no longer strength to preach he came to Princeton, that his last days might be spent in the place hallowed by the associations that cluster about a college life. Mr. B. was much with him in his last sickness, and as he lay upon his couch, he would implore him to preach—preach the gospel—with almost the energy and solemnity of inspiration. That counsel of the dying man was remembered.

We have now followed the life of Mr. Baird, to the time when he entered wholly upon his professional duties. We have seen the development of one interesting trait after another, and glanced at the circumstances which evolved them. Through the remainder of the Biography we shall confine ourselves to the briefest statement of facts. Mr. Baird's experience as an agent, in behalf of the Religious Societies of the American Church, commenced in the year 1827. Having become deeply interested in the Nassau Hall Bible Society, while in the Seminary, he proposed to the members a plan of supplying every destitute family in the State of New Jersey with a copy of the Bible within one year. The plan was adopted, though with strong opposition, as the scheme appeared impracticable to many. Mr. Baird was chairman of the committee appointed to carry it into execution. In six weeks the work was done, and 10,000 Bibles were distributed. During this campaign Mr. B. travelled throughout the State. His ability in the work of benevolence was then tried and its character established.

In the winter of 27-28, he was appointed by the American Bible Society, as their agent to Caracas, in South America. He decided to go, but at that time the discussion of the Apocryphal question coming up, so involved the society, that the South American Mission was relinquished. Having decided, however, to close his school in the spring, he became General Agent of the New Jersey Missionary Society. While thus employed he wrote a series of twenty articles on Education, setting forth the woful destitution discovered during the Bible distribution. These were published in all the New Jersey papers, and excited universal attention. The Legislature in coming together took the subject in hand, and passed a bill, which is the foundation of the present system of public school education in that State. In the spring of 1829 he became General Agent of the American Sabbath School Union—and removed

his place of residence to Philadelphia. In this agency he travelled throughout the United States, held meetings from Portland to New Orleans, and was eminently successful, not only in raising money but in exciting a deep and general interest in the subject. When he entered on his duties, the revenue of this society was about \$5000, and employed five or six laborers. When he retired from it in 1835, its revenue was \$28,000, and it employed fifty laborers. His mode of conducting this enterprise was somewhat peculiar. He addressed public meetings but little himself. He induced others to speak, engaging the services of effective orators, statesmen and preachers. It was his custom to organize the meetings, introduce the subject by a few remarks, and allow others to make the speeches. This proved an excellent method. At one meeting in New York twelve thousand dollars were collected.

In 1835 Mr. Baird decided to go to Europe. His interest in the religious state of the Old World had been deepening for many years. This interest had been awakened early in life. When a school boy at Uniontown, his attention had been peculiarly drawn towards France. He seems to have had, even then, a strange presentiment that his future life would, in some way, be connected with her spiritual interests. At that time he had become specially interested in Bernadotte—the distinguished Marshal of Napoleon, and afterwards King of Sweden—and sent quite to Philadelphia for his biography. It was among the first books that he purchased, and when on his tour of Europe, he saw Bernadotte and had a long chat with the old king—he told him of this circumstance—how he had read his biography with so much interest, when a boy in a retired village of Pennsylvania. Since that time he had familiarized himself with European History. The accounts of the French Revolution of 1830, tended much to deepen this interest, and soon in 1835 his long cherished plans reached the point of their consummation.

At Dr. Baird's suggestion, a Society had been formed in 1834, called "The French Association." Dr. Plummer, of Virginia, and Dr. Wisner, of Boston, were particularly active in its formation. As the agent of this society he sailed for Havre, in the ship Roland, 26th of February, 1835. He remained in Europe three years. The winter months he spent in Paris, promoting the objects of the Association; writing and conducting an English service on the Sabbath. The first summer was spent in Switzerland, and during the first year a "History of Temperance Societies" was written, which has been published in the French, Swedish, Dutch, German, Grecian, Danish, Finnish and Russian languages, and scattered broadcast over Europe.

In the first tour made by Dr. B., in behalf of the temperance cause, he visited London, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Liebig, Berlin, Sweden, Frankfurt—on-the-Maine, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Brussels. On this journey, he had interviews with most of the rulers of Europe. His philanthropic mission, and his gentlemanly bearing, gained him admission to the privacy of kings, and their hearty co-operation in his work. The

wonderful fruits of this expedition, and the great impulse given to the cause of temperance, together with the reform in social life consequent upon it, have been published to the world and we need not repeat the facts.

In the spring of 1837 he removed from Paris to Italy, and spent three months in travelling over it, prompting the temperance reformation, and gathering information in behalf of the "Association." In the winter of 37-38, he made his Northern tour through Europe, visiting Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Poland, Austria and Germany. In the spring he returned to America, the objects of the "Association" having been accomplished. In the meantime the "Foreign Evangelical Society" had been formed, and in August, 1839, Dr. Baird returned to Europe as its agent. In the winter of 39-40 he was severely sick, and endured a long confinement. The summer of 1840 was spent in another tour to the North of Europe. At this time he lectured throughout Sweden, speaking two or three times each day in behalf of temperance. Crowds flocked to hear him. A great enthusiasm was aroused in behalf of the cause, and immense good effected. Some of the best Swedish orators were his efficient coadjutors in this cause.

The summer of 1841, and the winter of 42-43, were spent in this country, in lecturing in behalf of the Society. An unusual interest was excited in the cause, by the intensely interesting statements of Dr. Baird—and a virtual pledge was given by the American Church, that the work of evangelizing Europe should go on.

During the summer of 1842, he wrote the work entitled "Religion in America," which has been published in the English, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian and Danish languages, and is now being translated into Modern Greek and Armenian. In the autumn of 1843, Dr. Baird brought his family to America, and labored in this country for the Evangelical Society till the spring of 1846, when he returned to Europe and remained abroad till February of 1847. He went as a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention, held at Stockholm. Representatives from all parts of Christendom assembled there, and a great meeting it was. Ten years had elapsed since his pioneer tour through Europe in behalf of the reformation, and during that time a wonderful advance had been made in the cause. The seed he had scattered had taken root and was bearing fruit an hundred fold. Many thousands had enrolled themselves in the Total Abstinence ranks throughout Norway, Denmark and Holland. The Temperance Society in London numbered 100,000 members, and that of Germany 1,000,000!

In August of this year, (1846) he attended "The Evangelical Alliance," which met in London, and took an active part in its deliberations. During the year he visited Russia, Poland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece and Constantinople. Since his return to this country in February, 1847, he has continued his arduous labors in connection with the Foreign Evangelical Society. These are exceedingly varied and arduous. He is not only constantly employed as a General Agent in preaching in behalf of the society, but also superintends the disbursement of

funds, the stationing of missionaries, the employment of colporteurs, the immense foreign correspondence, and the editing of the Quarterly Paper, which is the organ of the society. In addition to all this labor, Dr. Baird is engaged, with but little respite, in delivering his course of lectures on Europe. These he has repeated some fifty times in various parts of the country. They are very popular, and most deservedly so. They present a view of Europe as it is, which is clear, graphic and systematic. Each country is treated of with respect to its geography, its government, its literature, its religion, its social life, its great men, the distinctive characteristics of its people, and whatever subjects of special interest may pertain to it. One can obtain from this course of twelve lectures a better knowledge of European politics, manners, customs and religions, than from a year of reading and consultation of a whole library of books. It is good to see a man of refinement, education and piety, thus traversing the country, disseminating information, quickening thought and enlarging the views of the community.

Dr. Baird possesses some elements of character which peculiarly fit him for the preparation and presentation of such a course of lectures. In the first place, his memory is unyieldingly tenacious. It will on no terms consent to betray the trust reposed in it. Hence Dr. B. has dates, names and statistics, as safely lodged and ready for use as if filed away in a ledger. It is a remarkable fact, that he has never been detected in an inaccuracy since he commenced lecturing, so far as we can learn. On one occasion a charge of misstatement, in regard to the King of Prussia, was made against him through a newspaper, but it was triumphantly refuted.

2. His habits of observation. He hears, sees and knows, what passes before him.

3. His universality, if we may use the word. He is not limited in his intercourse, or in his investigations, by any sect or party. While in Europe he mingled with all classes, kings and beggars, saints and sinners, priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, rich and poor, bond and free.

4. His rare candor. His tendency is to recognize the truth wherever it is. He sees things very much as they are, and when looking over the world wears colored glasses as little as possible. Still he is decided in his own tastes and opinions.

5. His urbanity. This has ensured him an easy intercourse with all classes, and has given him the opportunity for information which his universality has enabled him to improve.

On the other hand, there are faults in his lecturing which seem to some considerable. His lectures lack condensation, here is some repetition, some false use of English, and some peculiarities of expression. He is inclined to enlarge, episode, and state facts which every one is supposed to know. But toward these defects we are constrained to be lenient, because, in the first place, they amount in his case to very little, and, secondly, they are the necessary consequence of the immense amount of labor imposed on him. He has no time to write out his lectures or to thoroughly systematize them. His lectures are not speeches—they are the familiar fireside con-

versations of a most intelligent and communicative traveller—the free outpourings of a well-stored mind. You are admitted to the *undress* of a remarkable conversationist, who will talk on most improvingly for two hours, without requiring you to say a word. We esteem such a great favor, and do not feel greatly inclined to criticise looseness of style or length of discourse.

In this criticism of Dr. Baird's lectures, we have given a partial summary of his character. Two or three other points we would briefly present. Dr. Baird has one trait worthy of special commendation. It is one, however, not exactly described by any English word. We would describe it by the term democratic, if this term had not been perverted. He is a man of the people, in sympathy with the people, earnest for the rights of the people. His democracy is humanity, and his humanity is Christian love. It is not the democracy that prates of "the dear people" on the platform, and scorns honest poverty from its door; that lauds the elevation of the masses and withers with its unfeeling contempt the upward strugglings of genius. It is not the humanity that endows colleges and gives no moment for mental culture to its employee; that subscribes its thousands to benevolent institutions, and grinds the face of the poor. His is a democracy that acts more than it talks, and a humanity that feels far more than it can act. In this connection we quote the following paragraph from an article by Dr. Baird on "Our Age, its Progress, Prospects and Demands."

"There are at this moment two great struggles going on in the world—the like of which the world has never before seen. One is the mighty movement which men are making in behalf of political liberty; the other is that which is making in some directions in behalf of religious freedom. Of these two movements, as might be expected, that which relates merely to political liberty, to that which is material, is much more powerful than that relating to the spiritual. Whole nations are rising up to shake off the yoke of despotism beneath which they have so long groaned. In this great movement, it is not simply the struggle of the higher classes—the nobles and other powerful citizens—the "upper ten thousand" of society—who are striving to throw off a superior despotism which rests heavily upon them. But it is the "masses," the despised masses, who have in many countries been crushed to the ground by feudal tyranny. It is the poor, degraded, ignorant people, who had but little encouragement given them to attempt to rise above the abject condition in which they were born, and who have been trodden into the very dust by the heel of a proud and insolent aristocracy."

2. His heart is in sympathy with the Progress of the Age. We do not use this term in a cant way. There is a Progress of the Age—a progress toward freedom, freedom of thought, freedom of person, freedom of opinion, freedom of soul. It is this progress which Dr. Baird rejoices in, and will at last triumph in, thank God. We make the following extract as illustrative:

"Intimately connected with, and in fact consequent upon, this wide and rapid diffusion of opinion, of argument, of light, we behold a

mighty awakening of the human mind to question and investigate anew every subject. There is an increasing disposition to take nothing on authority, to receive nothing merely as tradition. Everything in science, morals, religion, politics, economy, and even law, must be re-examined, re-judged, and re-decided. A momentous revolution is going forward in the moral, religious, and scientific world. Whatever cannot stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny, is rejected as useless, if not pernicious.

"In this great movement and collision of mind, what a change is coming over the political world! Nations are rising up to interrogate the tyrants who have held them in subjection, and to compel them to concede the just rights of the people, or retire from their thrones. At length, mankind are assuming an erect posture, and demanding that the governments which they must obey shall be such as they themselves choose to establish. They are beginning to think that whilst it is unquestionable that God has ordained order and government for the nations, He has left its forms and details to those who are to be its subjects."

3. Dr. Baird is a thorough scholar and a well read historian. He has great literary taste, and his love for books may be called a passion.

4. He is quite distinguished as an author, more especially in Europe. His "History of Temperance" has been exceedingly popular, having been published, as we have seen, in eight different languages. His "Religion in America" is a most valuable work. It is written with remarkable candor. Perhaps there is no other man who could have done such a work so well. We believe that all denominations are well satisfied with it. The feeling is prevalent, which was once expressed by a good Baptist, in the following words, "If any person but a Baptist was to have written that book, I should wish that one to have been Dr. Baird."

Besides these works, Dr. Baird has written very much for the newspapers. His style is well adapted to this department. It is easy and flowing, popular, pointed and pithy. He has written several series of European letters for the "Commercial Advertiser," "Journal of Commerce," and "N. Y. Evangelist." The series over the signature of "Americanus," in the "Commercial Advertiser," reached the number of 120.

5. He is a man of resolution. This was evinced early in life, when he conquered his spirit in returning to Uniontown. It is his resoluteness of spirit that has borne him through many difficulties to his present commanding post of influence. He is a hard worker. He accomplishes an immense deal of work. Never tiring, never fainting, he presses on and on along the toiling pathway of life, looking to "that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

6. Dr. Baird is no sectarian. His is a christianity of enlarged views and wide-embracing philanthropy. He is not only extensively acquainted with Christians of all denominations, but is loved and respected equally by all. He is not bounded in his partialities by the limits of one denomination, but recognizes christianity under whatever name it may appear. He belongs to the church and not to a sect. And it may be said

to be peculiarly his "mission," to cement the bonds of fellowship between the various families of Christ. Hence we feel that there is no one in the land equally well adapted to take charge of a publication devoted to the great cause of "Christian Union;" and at this post he now stands as editor of "The Christian Union and Religious Memorial."

Dr. Baird has striven to leave the world better than he found it. With this end in view Heaven has furnished the means. The way of doing good has always been open before him, and he has had no concern otherwise than to press on in it. In the progress of the world's regeneration there was a painful want of a certain instrument; there was a vacancy in the ranks of the workmen, and that vacancy could be filled only by a man fitted expressly for it. Dr. Baird was so fitted and he has filled it. In one sense every man who is born into the world has his appointed niche to fill. If he fills it all is well; if not there is a lack in the mighty machinery of God's Providence. For that lack the individual is responsible. But at times there are missions to be accomplished of peculiar importance and extent, and demanding peculiar talents. Oftentimes the man steps forth to answer the call—the emergency is met and the mission accomplished. But at other times the call is made and there is no reply; the world wants and there is none to meet it; humanity cries for aid and there is none to aid it. In the grand upheavings of the past year there have been deep yearnings and strong cryings for men, special men, but the yearnings have been unsatisfied and the cryings unanswered, and humanity has suffered bitterly. France has needed a Washington, but he has not appeared, and she suffers bitterly from her want. So in the history of the church, there have been times when certain men were greatly needed. Sometimes they were found and sometimes they were not. Luther was found and Whitfield was found, but Pope Pius IX has only been found wanting. Blessed is the man who finds his place and fills it. Be he known or unknown, rich or poor, it matters little: He has done what it was his to do. "Father, I have accomplished that whereunto thou didst send me." It is a blessed sight, too, to see a man working where he is fitted to work, and standing in his appointed lot. Everything seems to move on so harmoniously with him. There is no jar, no misgivings. His work is done, and well done, and all are satisfied. This is the reason why we regard Dr. Baird with special interest. This is the secret of his success, his influence and his reputation. He found his place and filled it. If he had been a pastor, he would have been like a thousand others, faithful but not widely effective; known and loved by a few, influencing a few. Now he is known and loved by the many, and his influence spreads from St. Petersburg to Paris, and ramifies through our own land from Maine to Texas. If this meagre biography prove but the lesson, which shall inspire any to the searching out of their own mission in life, and to the resolve that that mission shall be accomplished, it will be the highest reward asked by him who is the favored sketcher.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. I. Harper and Brothers.

MACAULAY is the first author who achieved a great reputation as a writer of reviews. Jeffrey, Brougham and Sydney Smith all became famous by other means before they were widely known as reviewers, but Macaulay's articles in the *Edinburgh Review* gained him an extensive popularity before he became known for anything else, yet his reputation will hereafter rest, not on his review articles, but on his history of England and his ballads. His reviews do not possess remarkable merit as reviews, but their fluency, impartiality, fulness of anecdote and show of erudition, render them remarkable productions as essays, and they are read by that extensive class of literary comorants who devour novels, romances and books of travels, rather than by scholars and students. But underneath all his luxury of illustration, his richness of anecdote and ease of style, there is enough of solid learning and profound thought to satisfy a grave class of readers. His history of England is sought after with more avidity than a new romance by Bulwer, and, in fact, Bulwer's romances do not possess half the enchanting qualities of Macaulay's history. The period chosen by Mr. Macaulay is the beginning of the greatness of England as a nation, just at that time when the people were fairly sick of popery and were beginning to rise in the arts of peace and war by breaking the shackles of superstition, both political and religious. He begins his history at the accession of James the Second, and intends to bring it down to the present times. Instead of confining himself, as most historians have done, to a narrative of the acts of intriguing politicians, and the battles of great armies, he gives an entire and complete history of the nation, of the achievements of the people in war, in science, art, literature and legislation; their social habits and their religious advancements. Few men living are qualified for so great a task as this, but Mr. Macaulay appears to be thoroughly prepared for it, and without making any vain boasts applies himself to the accomplishment of his work with the air of a man who feels perfectly competent to perform his self-imposed duty with satisfaction to the public.

It would be a needless task, at this time, to attempt to set forth the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Macaulay for the office of a historian of England, or to eulogize his fascinating style. No author of the present day is more widely or justly appreciated, and the following extracts will enable those who have not yet read this work, to form their own ideas in respect to the manner in which the history is written:

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

"His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The king sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There too was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantile features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His

power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of state in her company. Barillon and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early."

The introduction of the Roman Catholic priest by the Duke of York, and the last moments of the king, are thus described:

"The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. 'Sir,' said the duke, 'this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul.' Charles faintly answered, 'He is welcome.' Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's supper. 'Surely,' said Charles, 'if I am not unworthy.' The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts upon the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three-quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances.—The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

"It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond.—One face which should have been there was wanting.—The eldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

"During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James; 'And do not,' he godnaturally added, 'let poor Nelly starve.' The queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the coach, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. 'She ask my pardon, poor woman!' cried Charles; 'I ask hers with all my heart.'

"The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock

which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood around him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service.—When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle."

"ENGLAND IN 1685.—Could the England of 1685 be by some magical process set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in a hundred or one building in ten thousand. The country gentleman would not recognize his own fields. The inhabitant of the town would not recognize his own street. Every thing has been changed but the great features of nature, and a few massive and durable works of human art. We might find out Snowdon and Windermere, the Cheddar Cliffs and Beachy Head. We might find out here and there a Norman minster, or a castle which witnessed the wars of the Roses. But with such rare exceptions, every thing would be strange to us. Many thousands of square miles, which are now rich corn-land and meadow, intersected by green hedgerows, and dotted with villages and pleasant country-seats, would appear as moors overgrown with furze, or fens abandoned to wild ducks. We should see straggling huts built of wood and covered with thatch, where we now see manufacturing towns and seaports renowned to the farthest ends of the world. The capital itself would shrink to dimensions not much exceeding those of its present suburb on the south of the Thames. Not less strange to us would be the garb and manners of the people, the furniture and the equipages, the interior of the shops and dwellings."

"In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, armies such as Henry the Fourth and Philip the Second had never employed in time of war were kept up in the midst of peace. Bastions and ravelins were everywhere rising, constructed on principles unknown, to Parma or Spinola. Stores of artillery and ammunition were accumulated, such as even Richelieu, whom the preceding generation had regarded as a worker of prodigies, would have pronounced fabulous. No man could journey many leagues in those countries without hearing the drums of a regiment on march, or being challenged by the sentinels on the drawbridge of a fortress. In our island, on the contrary, it was possible to live long and to travel far without being once reminded, by any martial sight or sound, that the defence of nations had become a science and a calling. The majority of Englishmen who were under twenty-five years of age had probably never seen a company of regular soldiers. Of the cities which in the civil war had valiantly repelled hostile armies, scarce one was now capable of sustaining a siege. The gates stood open night and day. The ditches were dry. The ramparts had been suffered to fall into decay, or were repaired only that the townsfolk might have a pleasant walk on summer evenings. Of the old baronial keeps, many had been shattered by the cannon of Fairfax and Cromwell, and lay in heaps of ruin, overgrown with ivy. Those which remained had lost their martial character, and were now rural palaces of the aristocracy. The moats were turned into preserves of carp and pike. The mounds were planted with fragrant shrubs, through which spiral walks ran up to summer-houses adorned with mirrors and paintings. There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast, and on many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger; and, within a few hours after a Spanish sail had been discovered in the Channel, or after a thousand Scottish moss-troopers had crossed the Tweed, the signal-fires were blazing fifty miles off, the whole counties were rising in arms. But many years had now elapsed since the beacons had been lighted; and they were regarded rather as curious relics of ancient manners than as parts of a machinery necessary to the safety of the state."

Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy. Illustrated by numerous Engravings, indicating the Location of the Signs of the Different Mental Faculties. By J. W. Redfield, M. D. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1849.

PHYSIOLOGICAL investigations are the characteristics of the present age; at no period since Aristotle's time have

men of science been so actively engaged upon the human frame, as during the past twenty years; all classes of people appear to have been suddenly awakened to the importance of a correct understanding of their own physical machinery; every part of the human body has been lectured upon, and written about separately; the eye; the ear; the hand; the thumb; the nose; the cranium; the digestive organs; the generative organs, and every other organ has had its particular expounder. By such means an immense amount of important information has been disseminated among the masses, and a desire for scientific investigations into the hitherto secret operations of nature has been universally awakened.—

We alluded a short time since to a new work recently published in London possessing strong claims to notice from thinking men on nasology, or the science of noses, in which that prominent feature of a man's body is made to indicate not only the broad distinctions of his character but also the nicer shades. The work of Dr. Redfield before us is on a broader principle, its aim is to show that the character can be read by the general features of the face, instead of the shape of any particular member. It is, undoubtedly, the most serious essay upon physiognomy that has been written since that of Lavater appeared and is well worthy of attention. Dr. Redfield says in his introduction: "The discoveries of Gall were physiognomical, and so he regarded them; and these have opened the door to the temple of Nature, so that others, however humble, may enter and explore its mysteries. Who can enter without a feeling of awe and reverence, of sacred stillness, and of the presence of the Supreme Being! or without the breathing of a desire that he may distinguish the true from the false, and that he may obey the one and reject the other?"

"It is thought by many, and perhaps by the majority of persons, that Physiognomy and Phrenology, as commonly understood, must be in conflict with each other, and that if one rises, the other falls. This idea is probably in consequence of the common and natural impression that the mind moulds the features, and expresses itself through the medium of the face; and that no one, before the discoveries of Gall, could have thought of inspecting the skulls of people for the purpose of finding out their characters. The idea of antagonism between the skull and face has probably arisen also from the total eclipse which Physiognomy suffered when Phrenology came into existence; but as—

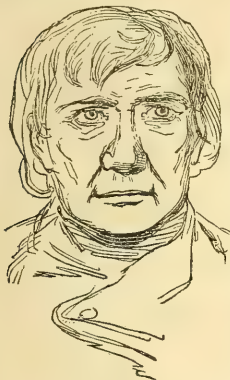
—"the eclipsed sun

By mortals is most gazed upon,"

the greater luminary was for a while obscured by the lesser, that the eye of the mind might gaze upon it without injury, and thus make the grand discovery of a universal science at the same moment that the attention of thousands was directed to it. To speak without metaphor, we believe that the discovery of signs of character in the skull was necessary to the finding out of those in the face, and every person may see the beautiful harmony between the two. For example: in the face, the signs of the different faculties of love are in the chin; and according to Gall, the strength of love is in proportion to the development of the cerebellum, which is exactly opposite the facial sign, and which is separated from the cerebrum as the lower jaw is separate from the upper.—The faculties of the love of food of different kinds are indicated in the small and large molar and wisdom teeth, in the upper and under jaw; and, according to Phrenology, the sign of alimentiveness is just over the joint where the upper and lower jaws are united. But the signs in the face are in all instances the most sure and exact, besides being more open to observation."

The following extracts, with the accompanying cuts from the main body of the work, will afford a better idea of the author's manner of treating his subject, than any explanations of ours could give:

"The knowledge of signs of character in the face is what is generally understood by *Physiognomy*; and as an artist first gives a pencil-sketch of the portrait he intends to produce, so we will sketch physiognomy, and, if you choose, leave it in our portfolio till such time as we shall be able to finish the picture. In looking at the human face, the feature that most strikes us, as being most prominent and most indicative of character, is the *nose*. In this organ we can not fail to see both force of character and sagacity if the nose be prominent, or the opposite of these if the nose be weak or small: and the reason of this is that the faculties belonging particularly to force of character and sagacity have their signs in the nose. There are three faculties of combativeness—*Self-Defence*, *Relative-Defence*, and *Attack*. It is evident that these are not a single faculty; that, for example, the disposition to defend oneself is different from the disposition to attack others, and that relative-defence, or the disposition to defend one's friends, family, neighbors, &c., is different from either.



"*Acquisitiveness* is another faculty belonging to force of character, inasmuch as it is one of the strongest passions, exerting a predominant influence on mankind, and carrying them through the greatest difficulties. This faculty is indicated by the breadth of the nose just above the wing of the nostril, in the bony part. The sign, if large, gives a broad arch, as we see in the face of the negro, and in that of the Jew. The accompanying engraving may represent a thief—one who exercises acquisitiveness unlawfully. Persons who steal in a lawful manner have also the sign of this faculty

large. Of the lower animals, cows are remarkable for a thievish disposition, and those which have a particular passion this way may be known by the large development of the sign of acquisitiveness, or the breadth of the nose just above the wing of the nostril.

"The faculty of *Economy* is the disposition in man to keep what he gets; whereas, the faculty of *Acquisitiveness* is the disposition to get what he can. The sign of the former is the thickness of the nose forward of *Acquisitiveness*; also the fullness under the chin—making, when large, what is



who was remarkable, alike for his economy and his economical sayings. This faculty and its sign may be observed great or deficient in the lower animals as well as in man. The cow, for example, is very full under the chin, and is careful to pick up every straw that is thrown out with the dirt. The horse, on the contrary, is very hollow under the chin, indicating a great deficiency of the faculty of economy; and so far from gathering up the fragments, he draws great quantities of hay under his feet, and is very wasteful. Men, as a general rule, are more remarkable for the faculty and sign of acquisitiveness; women, as a general rule, more remarkable for the faculty and sign of economy: but the most excessive cases of economy as well as of acquisitiveness are among men.

"The faculty of *Suspicion* is indicated in the length of the nose from the root downward, at a right angle with the sign of inquisitiveness, as we see in the accompanying engraving. When a person touches the end of his nose in this



manner, he points out the sign of suspicion, without being aware that he is a physiognomist. Such a nose indicates a person of quick apprehension, one too inclined to suspect the motives and intentions of others, and too apprehensive of dangers and difficulties. But in its proper degree, this faculty may be more appropriately called *Consciousness*; and by it a person is not only conscious of the ruling desires and intentions of his own mind, but of those of others. The French and the Italians have the sign of this faculty larger than the English and Scotch, and are more remarkable for the trait of character. The Irish, too, are very suspicious, apprehending dangers where there are none, at the same time that they are quick to anticipate the thoughts and wishes of others. It is easily seen that this faculty enables a person to judge well of character, except when morbidly active. Even in some of the lower animals it gives a wonderful insight into character, as in the crow, the raven, the fox, the dog, the elephant, and many others, which have the sign of suspicion or consciousness very large.

"There is hardly any person to be found so deficient in a talent for physiognomy, unless it be one with such a nose as



called the double chin, as in this figure of 'Poor Richard,'

this, as not to perceive that the grand fault of this face is the

nose, and that the fault in the nose is a deficiency in most of those faculties the signs of which have been pointed out. You will remember, however, that the signs of character in the face do not contradict the discoveries of Gall. They explain the exceptions; and it is most true that if a fine development of the intellectual lobe of the brain accompanies large signs of intellect in the nose, there is more intelligence indicated than if the case is otherwise. The face indicates the *voluntary* action of the mental faculties; the brain indicates their *endurance*, without which they could not sustain long-continued exercise.

"The breadth of the lower jaw under the first two or small molar teeth, and next to the sign of violent love, as in the following figure, indicates the faculty of *Ardent Love*. This, with large violent love, gives a roundness to the contour of the jaws, and an ardent expression, more frequently



accompanied with an ardent, sanguine temperament, than otherwise. It is generally larger in woman than in man. The faculty manifests itself chiefly in embracing and kissing, and is indicated not only by the breadth of this part of the chin, but by the breadth and fullness of the red part of the lips. In all these respects the negro is very remarkable, and woman more than man. It is hence rather unnatural for men to kiss and embrace each other, when they meet, but exceedingly natural for women to do so. In the conjugal relation also the faculty of ardent love is strongest in the wife; and this is one reason of the inutility of a beard on the female chin, for ardor corresponds to and causes warmth, particularly in this part of the face. The advantage of suffering Nature to clothe the male chin with a beard, an office which she has very kindly undertaken, is therefore obvious, and the use of wrapping the chin from the air in very cold weather is easily seen.

"The breadth of the middle part of the lower jaw, under the two large molars, indicates *Fondness* and the *Love of Physical Beauty*. It is very large in this outline of Henry VIII. These faculties, when perverted, manifest themselves

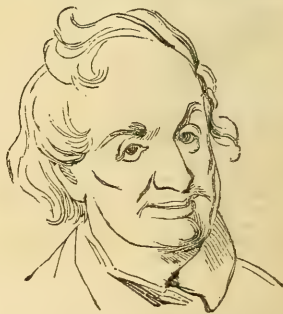


as wantonness and sensuality; but in their legitimate action, the first prompts to innocent fondling and caressing, and the latter to looks of love which express the gratification of the eyes in beholding the object beloved. The first is strongest in man, and is indicated in the breadth of the jaw under the first large molar; the latter is strongest in woman, and is indicated in the breadth of the jaw under the second large molar. These faculties in the marriage relation desire union of bodies for its own sake; but when love of physical beauty is strongest in man, and fondness is strongest in woman, they are very liable to perversion. In such a case, woman sinks physical beauty, which is the manly, into the merely sensual; and man degrades spiritual beauty, which is the feminine, into the merely physical.



"The particular faculties of love which are generally strongest in man cause a growth of hair on the chin.—These are, Desire to be Loved, Violent Love, Fond Love, and Faithful Love; and as a beard on the female chin is unusual, its existence there indicates an unusual degree of one or more of these faculties. The action of love on the chin is also frequently shown in the motion and position of the head, congeniality and desire to love throwing the chin forward, as exhibited in this engraving; and desire to be loved and violent love throwing the chin sideways, as shown in the this representation. It is nature, too, which sometimes prompts a rude young man to take an attractive young lady by the chin, an act which he feels no temptation or desire to indulge in toward an individual of his own sex.

"The lateral projection of the process of bone in front of the ear, called the *zygoma*, extending to the cheek-bone, indicates the faculty of *Affectation*, or the power of assuming the character of another. This faculty inclines a person to put on airs somewhat resembling the expression given in this figure, and of the general character of acting. By itself, it



is nothing more than what is commonly understood by affectation; but combined with large imitation, it shows itself in natural representations of real or imaginary characters in dramatic exhibitions. Affectation shows itself in exaggerated feeling, or in the appearance of carelessness and indifference, and this is assuming a character which is not one's own; for the difference between one man and another is not a difference in the faculties of their minds, but a difference in the degree of their faculties. This exaggeration or suppression of emotions in the external expression belongs to comedy, pantomime, caricature, and burlesque, and indeed to tragedy and the opera, in which the actor not only assumes the character of another, but is ever liable to the charge of over-acting. The sign of it is large in tragedians, opera-singers, comedians, and harlequins, and large in those who have the talent for mimicry, the faculty of imitation in this case receiving its direction from the faculty of affectation.—In a person wanting in honesty, and governed by selfishness, this faculty shows itself in dissembling and hypocrisy, and hypocrites have the sign of it large. Deception is undoubtedly a perverted action of this faculty; but there are circumstances in which it is justifiable and proper to express less than we feel, and not to seem annoyed when it would

be disrespectful or uncharitable to seem so. Indeed, the faculty of benevolence is that which should give direction to affection, and hence it is that many very kind and affectionate persons seem to be always affected, and in reality are so. They express no more affection and kindness than they feel, but more interest, more surprise, more credulity, and more appreciation, than is true; and this may be said to be natural to them, because affectionation is natural.

"The downward projection of the ridge of the eyebrow, under the sign of love of enjoyment, as represented in the following figure, indicates the *Love of Contest*. This is large in those who delight in contests for prizes, who run races of ambition, and manifest emulation and rivalry toward those who are engaged in the same pursuits. It is large in those who delight in law suits, horse racing, cock fighting, bull-baiting, pugilism, and particularly in card-players and other gamblers. In connexion with eating, the love of contest manifests itself as rapacity; and great gamblers are rapacious eaters, and all rapacious eaters have the sign of this faculty large.

In the business of merchandise there is great exercise of rivalryship, and merchants and merchants' clerks are notoriously fast eaters, and have the sign of contest large in proportion to the exercise of the faculty. Emulation belongs very much to the practice of painting and the fine arts, and to color and taste in dress; and the sign is therefore very commonly large in artists and in fashionable ladies.—Those who have so much of the faculty as to wish to

put all rivals out of the way, by poisoning or assassination, of which there are many instances in history, are remarkable for its sign; and it is not at all deficient in those who run for office, nor in those who run them. The greatest prizes, such as crowns and sceptres, are connected with the history of the strongest and most perverted exercise of this faculty. Its sign is large in the dog, hog, fowls, and all rapacious animals, which eat as if they were striving for the food more than to gratify hunger, and which fight more for the prize of victory than for the love of fighting. The legitimate action of these faculties is of course to be distinguished from the perverted action, and this will depend upon the strength or weakness of the higher intellectual and moral powers.

"The sinns of the forehead, extending from the root of the nose obliquely upward over the ridge of the eyebrow, as represented in this figure, indicates the power of *Memory* and the *Capacity and Love of Knowledge*. In all persons who are remarkable for verbal memory, or for the recollection of facts, the lower part of this sign, above the root of the nose, is very large. In those who are extraordinarily well informed, and who possess a great knowledge of public and private affairs, the middle portion of this sign is very

large. In those who have a great desire for knowledge, and who, like the ancient philosophers, travel from country to country in search of it, the farthest extremity of this sign is very large, or, in other words, the sinus extends farther upward and outward than usual. The sign is particularly large in travellers and archaeologists, and even in those who show great talent for gathering and communicating the news of a town or neighborhood. It is also large in men of vast information and knowledge, as Lord Brougham, Sir Isaac Newton, and other statesmen and philosophers. The Indian, who depends upon his memory of passing events, and upon tradition, for his knowledge of the past, and who possesses an excellent memory in other respects, has this sign large. It is also very large in the elephant. Where there is a predominance of this sign, there is always a greater disposition to reason *a posteriori*, or from effect to cause, than to reason *a priori*, or from the nature of things.

"If, in addition to truthfulness and the disposition to con-

fece one's faults and to ask forgiveness, there is a strong faculty of *Confidence*, we have a character frank and ingenuous, but too disposed to expose its follies and errors to everybody, even without solicitation. The faculty of confidence is indicated by the thickness of the nose just forward of the sign of concealment. It is large, together with large signs of confession and love of truth, in this face, which belongs,



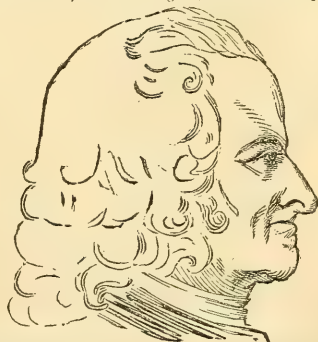
as nearly every one would say, to a youth of great truthfulness, sincerity, frankness, and candor. There is likewise in this countenance great simplicity, without anything of weakness or folly.

"The third sign is the length and prominence of the under lip in the middle, opposite the sign of concentration, as in this figure and in the next. This indicates the faculty of *Love of Travel*, or of peregrinating.—The fourth sign is the length of the under lip over the second lower incisor, and opposite the sign of application, as in the two figures on this page. This indicates the faculty of *Patriotism*. One who has it large will feel that—

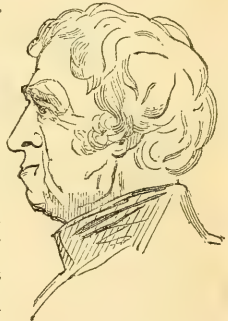
"Of all the countries, east or west,
He loves his native land the best."

as it is well if it does not act against his feeling of philanthropy. In the face of Washington we see very large philanthropy and patriotism combined, besides large comprehensiveness and love of travel, feelings which are easily seen to be particularly appropriate to the male character, as their expressions are to the face.

"A fullness of the under lip, extending from the angle of the mouth obliquely, and occupying the concavity between the lip and chin, as in this figure, indicates the quality of



Bitterness. One who has it very large is often the victim of his own gall, and is bitter in spirit and language toward



those who disagree with him; and he is petulant and fault-finding. A fullness below and a little back of the angle of the mouth, indicates the faculty of *Excursiveness*, or the power of mind to refresh itself in any intellectual or scientific pursuit, instead of feeling fatigue. It is large in poets and in those who 'make a pastime of each weary step,' whatever the employment may be."

The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain. A Fancy for Christmas-time. By Charles Dickens. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1849. Re-print.

THE fact of getting a work like this for the trifling sum of six-and-a-quarter cents, which English readers have to pay one dollar and twenty-five cents for, does not, by any means, reconcile us to the iniquity of our copy-right laws.—But we do not mean to discuss that subject now.

The Haunted Man has probably ere this been read by more than a million of our people, it has been circulated in newspapers, pamphlets, and weekly magazines over the whole extent of our country, and doubtless many thousands of copies are now on their way to California and Oregon.—We might safely let it pass, presuming that all our readers have themselves perused it and formed their own opinions of its merits. But a literary chronicle which makes no notice of one of the most famous books published during the year would be regarded with suspicion, and as we desire to keep up with the times in this department of our magazine, we must not pass over even a book that everybody has read. Books that everybody reads, like those which nobody reads, do not, properly, come under the legitimate scrutiny of the critic. But we are desirous of adding our mite of praise to this last great work of the immortal Dickens. There have been different opinions expressed in regard to the merits of the Haunted Man, but all agree that there are parts of it which fully equal anything that has emanated from the pen of its author since the Pickwick Papers startled the world by their originality and pure spirit of humanity. The Haunted Man, to our perception, is the most artistic of the productions of Dickens, it is more palpably the finished work of a preconceived design, and the moral, which has been considered imperfect and as detracting from the general merit of the story, is more happily developed than the motives of his other stories.

There is nothing more wonderful about Dickens than the amazing fertility of his imagination which creates such hordes of fictitious personages, all so different from each other, possessing such a distinctness of individuality and yet all so Bozzish. Cooper reproduced some of his characters a dozen times, but Dickens has never borrowed anything from himself. All the characters in the Haunted Man are as new and as fresh to us as though we never before had been introduced to any members of the family to which they belong. The family of Tetterby, the newspaper dealer, who has tried his hand at everything and succeeded in nothing, are sketched, or rather painted with all those delicate touches, and minute features, which, while they possess all the artistic breadth of effect requisite to a grand competition, have at the same time the delicacy of finish required in a miniature. The following scene is so fine of its kind, so much like the best things of its author, so full of hearty fun and genial sympathy with honest poverty, that we cannot resist the desire to copy, at length, although we require the room which it will occupy for other purposes. Those who have read it once will be sure to read it again, and those who have not will thank us for the pleasure we gain them, and wish that we had given more:

"A small man sat in a small parlor, partitioned off from a small shop by a small screen, pasted all over with small

scraps of newspapers. In company with the small man was almost any amount of small children you may please to name—at least it seemed so; they made, in that very limited sphere of action, such an imposing effect, in point of numbers.

"Of these small fry, two had, by some strong machinery, been got into bed in a corner, where they might have reposed snugly enough in the sleep of innocence, but for a constitutional propensity to keep awake, and also to scuffle in and out of bed. The immediate occasion of these predatory dashes at the waking world, was the construction of an oyster shell wall in the corner, by two other youths of tender age; on which fortification the two in bed made harassing descents (like those accursed Picts and Scots who beleaguered the early historical studies of most young Britons) and then withdrew to their own territory.

"In addition to the stir attendant on these inroads, and the retorts of the invaded, who pursued hotly, and made lunges at the bed-clothes under which the marauders took refuge, another little boy, in another little bed, contributed his mite of confusion to the family stock, by casting his boots upon the waters; in other words, by launching these and several small objects, inoffensive in themselves, though of hard substance considered as missiles, at the disturbers of his repose—who were not slow to return these compliments.

"Besides which, another little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in genuine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder!

"It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. 'Tetterby's baby' was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from doorstep to doorstep in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the Tumblers or the Monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning untill Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny tag and toll. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain.—Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flagging bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body, and could never be delivered any where.

"The small man who sat in the small parlor, making fruitless attempts to read his newspaper peaceably in the midst of this disturbance, was the father of the family, and the chief of the firm described in the inscription upon the little shop front, by the name and title of A. TETTERBY AND CO., NEWSMEN. Indeed, strictly speaking, he was the only personage answering to that designation, as Co. was a mere poetical abstraction, altogether baseless and impersonal.

"Tetterby's was the corner shop in Jerusalem Buildings. There was a good show of literature in the window, chiefly consisting of picture-newspapers out of date, and serial pirates, and footpads. Walking-sticks, likewise, and marbles, were included in the stock in trade. It had once extended into the light confectionery line; but it would seem that those elegancies of life were not in demand about Jerusalem Buildings, for nothing connected with that branch of commerce remained in the window, except a sort of small glass lantern containing a languishing mass of bull's-eyes, which had melted in the summer and congealed in the winter until all hope of ever getting them out, or of eating them without eating the lantern too, was gone for ever.

"Tetterby's had tried its hand at several things. It had once made a feeble little dart at the toy business; for, in another lantern, there was a heap of minute wax dolls, all sticking together upside down, in the direst confusion, with their feet on one another's heads, and a precipitate of broken arms and legs at the bottom. It had made a move in the millinery direction, which a few dry, wiry bonnet shapes remained in a corner of the window to attest. It had fancied that a living might lie hidden in the tobacco trade, and had struck up a representation of a native of each of the

three integral portions of the British empire, in the act of consuming that fragrant weed; with a poetic legend attached, importing that united in one cause they sat and joked, one chewed tobacco, one took snuff, one smoked; but nothing seemed to have come of it—except flies. Time had been when it had put a forlorn trust in imitative jewelry, for in one pane of glass there was a card of cheap seals, and another of pencil cases, and a mysterious black amulet of inscrutable intention labelled nineness. But, to that hour, Jerusalem Buildings had bought none of them. In short, Tetterby's had tried so hard to get a livelihood out of Jerusalem Buildings in one way or other, and appeared to have done so indifferently in all, that the best position in the firm was too evidently Co's; Co. as a bodiless creation, being untroubled with the vulgar inconveniences of hunger and thirst, being chargeable neither to the poor's rates nor the assessed taxes, and having no young family to provide for.

Tetterby himself, however, in his little parlor, as already mentioned, having the presence of a young family impressed upon his mind in a manner too clamorous to be disregarded, or to comport with the quiet perusal of a newspaper, laid down his paper, wheeled, in his distraction, a few times round the parlor, like an undecided carrier pigeon, made an ineffectual rush at one or two flying little figures in bed-gowns that skimmed past him, and then, bearing suddenly down upon the only unoffending member of the family, boxed the ears of little Moloch's nurse.

"You bad boy!" said Mr. Tetterby, "haven't you any feeling for your poor father after the fatigues and anxieties of a hard winter's day, since five o'clock in the morning, but you must wither his rest, and corrode his latest intelligence, with your vicious tricks? Isn't it enough, sir, that your brother 'Dolphus' is toiling and molling in the fog and cold, and you rolling in the lap of luxury with a—with a baby, and everything you can wish for," said Mr. Tetterby, heaping this up as a great climax of blessings, "but you must make a wilderness of home, and mania of your parents? Must you, Johnny? Hey?" At each interrogation, Mr. Tetterby made a feint of boxing his ears again, but thought better of it, and held his hand.

"Oh, father!" whimpered Johnny, "when I was'n't doing anything, I'm sure, but taking such care of Sally, and getting her to sleep. Oh, father!"

"I wish my little woman would come home!" said Mr. Tetterby, relenting and repenting, "I only wish my little woman would come home! I ain't fit to deal with 'em.—They make my head go round, and get the better of me. Oh, Johnny! Isn't it enough that your dear mother has provided you with that sweet sister!" indicating Moloch.—"Isn't it enough that you were seven boys before, without a ray of gal, and that your mother went through what she *did* go through, on purpose that you might all of you have a little sister, but must you so behave yourself as to make my head swim?"

Softening more and more, as his own tender feelings and those of his injured son were worked on, Mr. Tetterby concluded by embracing him, and immediately breaking away to catch one of the real delinquents. A reasonable good start occurring, he succeeded, after a short but smart run, and some rather severe cross-country work under and over the bedsteads, and in and out among the intricacies of the chairs, in capturing this infant, whom he condignly punished, and bore to bed. This example had a powerful and apparently mesmeric influence on him of the boots, who instantly fell into a deep sleep, though he had been, but a moment before, broad awake, and in the highest possible feather. Nor was it lost upon the two young architects, who retired to bed, in an adjoining closet, with great privacy and speed. The comrade of the Intercepted One also shrinking into his nest with similar discretion, Mr. Tetterby, when he paused for breath, found himself unexpectedly in a scene of peace.

"My little woman herself," said Mr. Tetterby, wiping his flushed face, "could hardly have done it better! I only wish my little woman had had it to do, I do indeed!"

Mr. Tetterby sought upon his screen for a passage appropriate to be impressed upon his children's minds on the occasion, and read the following:

"It is an undoubted fact, that all remarkable men have had remarkable mothers, and have respected them in after life as their best friends." "Think of your own remarkable mother, my boys," said Mr. Tetterby, "and know her value while she is still among you!"

He sat down again in his chair by the fire, and composed himself, cross-legged, over his newspaper.

"Let anybody, I don't care who it is, get out of bed again," said Tetterby, as a general proclamation, delivered in a very soft hearted manner, "and astonishment will be the portion of that respected contemporary!" which expression Mr. Tetterby selected from his screen. "Johnny, my

child, take care of your only sister, Sally; for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow."

Johnny sat down on a little stool, and devotedly crushed himself beneath the weight of Moloch.

"Ah, what a gift that baby is to you, Johnny!" said his father, "and how thankful you ought to be!" It is not generally known, Johnny, he was now referring to the screen again, "but it is a fact ascertained, by accurate calculations, that the following immense per centage of babies never attain to two years old; that is to say—"

"Oh, don't, father, please!" cried Johnny. "I can't bear it, when I think of Sally."

Mr. Tetterby desisting, Johnny, with a profounder sense of his trust, wiped his eyes, and hushed his sister.

"Your brother 'Dolphus,' said his father, poking the fire, 'is late to night, Johnny, and will come home like a lump of ice. What's got your precious mother?"

"Here's mother, and 'Dolphus, too, father!" exclaimed Johnny, "I think."

"You're right," returned his father, listening. "Yes, that's the footstep of my little woman."

The Cholera. Its Causes, Prevention and Cure. By Joel Shew, M. D. New York: Fowler and Wells. 1849.

DR. SHEW is a well known writer on the method of curing diseases by hydropathic treatment, and of course recommends the treatment of Priessnitz in cases of cholera. As this terrible disease is now among us and threatening to spread over the length and breadth of the land, it is well to know something of all the different methods in use for its cure. Dr. Shew writes ably, and fortifies his arguments in favor of this method so well that he will be very likely to gain many converts to the hydropathic treatment. The doctor, like all hydropathists, is extravagant in his praises of the virtues of water; which can hardly be exaggerated. He says in his third lecture:

WATER AND LIFE.

"Water is one of the leading constituents of all living bodies; no living thing can exist for more than a short period without it. If water in large proportions were not constantly present in the human body, the food would not become digested in the stomach; no chyme could be elaborated to supply the chyle, or chyle to form the blood. Respiration, circulation, secretion, nutrition, perspiration, elimination—neither of these could go on in the living body without the presence of a large proportion of water.

"The human body, as a whole, is composed in weight of about ninety parts in the one hundred of water. A body weighing one hundred and twenty pounds, being dried at a high heat, loses all of its weight but twelve pounds. Even its dryer portions, as bone, cartilage, ligament, muscle, contain a large proportion of this fluid. The blood, and the brain, that most important of all the organs of the human body, are made up almost wholly of this simple element.

LIVING ON WATER.

"The living body may be compared to a perpetual furnace, which has a tendency constantly, by evaporation, to become dry. Its natural temperature internally, 98° Fahrenheit, is much above that of the surrounding objects of nature, and hence this result. If all food and water are for a length of time withheld from the animal, he becomes parched and feverish; in a few days, at most, delirium supervenes, and if the experiment be continued any considerable time, death is the inevitable result. A human being dies in about three weeks without food or water; but if the indication of thirst is answered by a free supply of pure soft water, the individual lives more than twice that length of time."

Illustrated Life of Dr. Franklin. Parts 1, 2, 3. Harper and Brothers.

EXCEPTING the large work of Sparks, comprising the Life, Writings and Correspondence of our great philosopher and prose writer, there has never before been an attempt made to issue an edition of Franklin's Life, which was worthy the immortal work. The publishers of this extremely beautiful edition have conferred a benefit upon the rising generation, and the reading public generally, by issuing the autobiography in a form at once elegant and cheap. It is copiously illustrated with engravings from designs by Chap-

man, who, if not a great artist, is certainly a very neat one. His drawings are finished with great care, but they lack spirit in the execution and originality in conception. His is a style of art, however, that finds many admirers, and we must confess that it is better adapted to the homely and unromantic narrative of the philosopher, than the sketches of a more vigorous pencil might have been. The text is under the editorial superintendence of the Rev. H. A. Weld, of Philadelphia. The printing, paper, and all the accessories of the work are altogether admirable and worthy of the name of Franklin.

The Life and Reign of Pope Pius the Ninth. Together with a Biographical Sketch of his Predecessor, Gregory the Sixteenth. By John Dowling, D. D. New York: Edward Walker. 1849.

THE reputation of Dr. Dowling's great work on the Papacy, would ensure for him the attention of readers, even though the subject had in it less of intrinsic interest. But at this time, when the flight of Pope Pius from Rome; his formal expulsion from his dominion and dethronement, as well as his anomalous condition as the head of the Catholic Church, without any temporal subjects who acknowledge him as their prince, any well written memoir of this famous Pontiff would be regarded with an unusual degree of interest. The Pope is no longer Pope of Rome; he is simply Bishop of the Romish Church, and it is now difficult to foretell what will be his ultimate position, and what will be the fate of the people who formerly acknowledged his temporal sway. Dr. Dowling's memoir of Pope Pius is brief, concise and well written. He has no misgivings of the future, but confidently utters the following prophetic sentence, with which his history of Romanism concludes. Alluding to the prayer for the Pope ordered by Bishop Hughes of this city, Dr. Dowling says:

"In spite of these hypocritical prayers of the cringing slaves of papal despotism, however, the days of the apostate church of Rome are numbered; and soon shall the prediction of her fall contained in the eighteenth chapter of Revelation be accomplished, when 'the kings of the earth who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her and lament for her, saying, Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come!' Then shall the angel cry mightily with a strong voice, saying, 'Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen! Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. . . . And the voice of harpers and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in her: and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in her: and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in her: and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in her: and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in her: for her merchants were the great men of the earth; for by her sorceries were all nations deceived. And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.' "

Chalmers' Posthumous Works. Vol. V. Sabbath Readings. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

THIS is the concluding volume of the Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers and the second volume of the Horae Bibliacae Sabbaticae. It is a handsome volume of 500 pages, and it contains, in addition to the Scripture readings, a great number of the private devotional exercises of the eminent author.

The Legends of Montauk. By J. A. Ayres. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

THIS is a romantic poem of considerable interest written in an irregular measure, and evincing no ordinary imaginative power. But the historical appendix has given us more pleasure than the poem itself. Montauk, although a part of the Empire State, is but little known to the greater part

of its inhabitants, and we are indebted to the researches of Mr. Ayres for more information respecting this remote point of the State than we have been able to find elsewhere. Mr. Ayres says that during the summers of 1846-7 he visited the peninsula of Montauk, and there picked up the materials which he has woven into his fanciful legends. The poem abounds in jaw-breaking Indian names which mar, to a certain degree, the flow of the verse: for instance, there are a good many such lines as these:

From Wamponomon's far ending
To Neaferague's still sheltering bay.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. Cambridge. 1848.

THIS beautiful poem was alluded to in our Topics of the Month, for February, and we can do hardly more than allude to it now, for lack of space, and pronounce it, in our own opinion, the loftiest and sweetest poem that has been produced by the genius of our country. Mr. Lowell has produced poems of a more elevated character, perhaps; that is, taking elevation to mean dignity, yet he has written nothing more imaginative or of a sweeter quality than this most charming little romance. It is not long, but it is surpassingly beautiful and crowded with pure thoughts and rich imagery. The following description of a day in June has never been surpassed by any passage of English poetry:

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace:

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Attil like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away

Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God so wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—

And hark! how clear bold chancicleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;

Every thing is happy now.

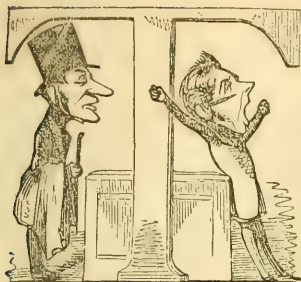
Every thing is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



THE prevalent epidemic, which has carried off so many of our young men to the shores of the Pacific in quest of California gold, has taken off the proprietor of this magazine, who has gone, not so much to dig gold

as in search of adventure, and to make notes of the actualities of life in California, and on the road thither. In our next number we shall probably be able to give a letter from Mr. Holden, either from Chagres or Panama. He sailed from New York on the 17th of January in the bark H. T. Bartlett for Chagres, with a company of enterprising and hearty young adventurers, expecting to take passage in the steamship California at Panama, for San Francisco. He will be absent about a twelve-month, and will have rare opportunities of enriching the magazine with golden intelligence from the Placers, even though he should not enrich himself with any of their golden products. The California fever set in at a very opportune moment to counteract the effects of the incipient cholera, which had made its appearance in different parts of the country. It appears to have acted on our excitable population according to the principle of homeopathic remedies, *similia similibus curantur*, one fever appears to have resisted another, and the California fever has carried off the victims who might have been taken off for good by the cholera. The simultaneous outbreak of the California fever in all parts of the world is one of the curious results of the improved means of communicating intelligence from one part of the globe to another. It appears that the subjects of Queen Victoria, in Great Britain, and of Queen Pomare, in the Pacific, were making simultaneous movements for emigrating to the gold diggings of California. There will be a strange fusion of races, manners and languages at San Francisco, and who can tell but from this mingling of all the odd remnants of the human race at the gold "placers" may spring the golden days, the golden tongue and the golden people which all nations have been anticipating since the beginning of time: As a mingling of all colors produces a pure white, so may the mingling of all races produce the pure white race, who shall be free from the contaminations of sin which now afflict mankind and give rise to the sufferings that confound philosophers and perplex statesmen. Mrs. Child once said that nothing so puzzled her as to account for the existence of the Devil in the Universe. He is an unaccountable fact, and we are by no means sure that gold is not the symbol which is to overcome him. It is difficult to foretell the effects of the gold fever on the future condition of California, but there can be little doubt that the result of throwing so sudden a population of intelligent, vigorous and enterprising men upon so fertile a soil will be the creation of a new State which will rival in wealth and refinements any of the older members of the confederacy, and give an impulse to trade in the Atlantic cities, greater than was ever before experienced since the adoption of the Constitution. THE great event of this month will be the inauguration of

General Taylor into the presidency, but we go to press before the particulars of the august ceremony can be known, and therefore can do no more than allude to it as among the prominent topics of the month. March is not the pleasantest month in the whole year with us in this latitude, but to some of our readers who live nearer the equator it is the balmiest, floweriest, and most loveable of the months, like our own June.

"Then, if ever, come perfect days."

WHAT a delightful way of enjoying a long spring it would be to leave Louisiana in the early part of March and so journey leisurely towards the North, so as to arrive at the White Mountains, or Portland, in the latter part of June. Some years since, having occasion to make a business journey to the North, we prolonged the strawberry season into August by a gradual migration. To the man of "means" and leisure, winter should have no frost, nor summer heats; but an eternal spring time, a long month of blossoms and singing birds, of roses and strawberries, might be enjoyed by a nomadic system which might be easily carried out by the aid of steamboats and railroads. But spring-time always would be like *tous jours perdrix*. Doubtless one reason why spring appears so delightful to us is because it comes just after winter. We once enjoyed, or rather suffered, a year of sunshine in the tropics, and was troubled often with "immortal longings" for a good hard snow storm, and a stinging north-wester. The inhabitants of the tropics have but an imperfect idea of the "rolling year;" there is nothing to mark the changes of the seasons, and the hymn of the poet,

"These as they change, Almighty Father these,"

must be a piece of unmeaning jargon to them. BUT, speaking of changes, what immense changes have taken place on this little Island of Manhattan, upon which New York is built. In 1712, the entire population, men, women and children, white, black and speckled—as shown by the official census—was five thousand eight hundred and forty. In 1731, it had reached eight thousand six hundred and twenty-two, and now, in a little over a hundred years from the latter date, we can show a population of half a million, with a population in the suburbs of half that number, and a floating population of at least fifty thousand. We doubt if San Francisco will do as well in the same time. A NEW HOWARD.—In Boston there is a humble shoemaker, who, not having the fear of the old saw before his eyes, *let the shoemaker stick to his last*, perhaps because he did not understand the meaning of *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, has, in his intervals of pegging, taken up the trade of doing good; he is a very presumptuous shoemaker, and his name will be added to the distinguished list of the sons of Saint Crispin, who have given rise to the old saying of "there's nothing like leather." One of the Boston papers, we believe it was the Chronotype, gave the following interesting account of the labors of this good Samaritan:

"On Saturday evening we had the pleasure of an interview with John Augustus, the worthy 'Shoemaker Philanthropist' of our city, and from him obtained some statistics in regard to his humane labors, which we think of interest and importance to the community.

"It is now about seven years since Mr. Augustus commenced devoting his time almost exclusively to the benefit of unfortunate men and women, whose intemperance and other frailties bring them before our courts of justice. For a short time in the outset he was nominally employed by a society, but whose promises of pecuniary aid seeming 'to be

made only to be broken,' he abandoned the circumscribed direction of all associations, as such, and threw himself into the broad field of Humanity, guided alone by his judgment in the application of his labors, and relying for support only upon those who sympathized with his efforts and were willing to contribute to sustain them. And the results of this course are both astonishing and gratifying, and furnish a lesson of instruction as well as a noble example to be imitated by all who would do good to their race.

"During the entire period referred to, Mr. Augustus has kept an accurate list of the cases in which he has interfered, with all the data connected with them—and this 'docket' measures *twenty-two feet* in length! It is a real curiosity.

"The number of persons whom he has bailed in the Police Court in the seven years ending October, 1848, for the purpose of reforming them, amounts to 502. Of this number 353 were males, and 149 females, and the total amount of their bail was \$15,320. On his making a favorable report of their cases to the court, 449 were discharged on the payment of a nominal fine of one cent each and the costs of prosecution. This expense, amounting to \$1540, was wholly defrayed by Mr. Augustus, and what is very remarkable, not one of the bailed allowed their benefactor to suffer loss through their delinquency in appearing at court. In this connection it should be mentioned that by thus reforming these individuals and saving them their apparent doom of the House of Correction or jail, Mr. Augustus has saved to the county the sum of \$330 in fees which would have been paid to officers for conveying them to prison. And this estimate is undoubtedly greatly underrated, as but for him many if not most of these persons would probably have been committed to prison once or twice each year, besides being a pecuniary burthen rather than profit to the institution. So that we doubt not the savings to the treasury should properly be calculated at thousands of dollars, instead of hundreds.

"Mr. Augustus's labors in the Municipal Court comprise a period of five years up to October last. Here he has bailed 297 persons—males 159, females 138—at a total risk of \$43,350. Of this large amount of bail, such was his watch over the respondents, who were charged with various offences, that he was compelled to pay on defaulted recognizance in but one solitary instance. This was in the case of Margaret Sullivan, some two years since, where the bail was \$100—and we believe such was the sympathy felt for Mr. A. on this occasion, that the amount was very shortly made up to him. The sum he has saved the treasury in officers' fees in this court is, at the lowest estimate, not less than \$300. A large number of those bailed were vagrant boys, indicted for larcenies. For these 'homeless youths' Mr. Augustus provided good situations, and the most of them give good promise of being worthy men. Some are at trades in the city, and some have been placed on farms in the country. The establishment of the State Reform School at Westborough will probably relieve Mr. Augustus much in this department, and is but extending and carrying out more fully the policy he has long pursued with juvenile offenders.

"By a comparison of the above it will be seen that the whole number of persons bailed in both the Police and Municipal Courts, was 799—of whom 519 were males, and 287 females, and a very large proportion have been rescued from the road to ruin and become respectable members of society. How such *deeds* as these sink into contempt the arrogant pretensions of certain 'purse-proud philanthropists,' who only deal with 'weak, washy, everlasting floods' of 'sickly sentimentality!' May the enlightened progress of this age rear up many reformers to the moral stature of the humble and unostentatious John Augustus."

The labors of this humble philanthropist might give to this age the appellation of a new Augustan era. What a contrast there is between the labors of a man who creates a sensation in the world by his acts of goodness and those of the mere wit who contrives to achieve a notoriety by his buffoonery. The late Theodore Hook, whose memoirs have been recently published, was one of the latter kind; the following extract from his biography shows to what extremities that unprincipled wag was often driven to get up a sensation:

"Hook's 'mononag excursions,' as he called them, were occasionally prolonged to some weeks. He once made the tour of Wales in this way, accompanied by an intimate friend in the Treasury, who had provided a gig, drawn by a white horse, for the journey. Everything passed off plea-

santly enough; fine weather—magnificent scenery—a stream to be whipped one day, a mountain to be climbed the next—a mine to be explored at one spot, a Druid temple to be traced at another. Castles, cataracts, and coal-mines, all inviting inspection!

"'Ah!' said Hook, as they lounged along one bright morning, 'this is all very well in its way—very delightful of course—plenty to look at—but then, somehow, nobody looks at us!—the thing is getting a little dull, don't you think so?'

"His companion assented. 'Well, we can't go on in this manner,' continued the other, 'I must hit upon something, and get up a *digito monstrari* somehow or another.'

"And at the next town from which they started, his friend had a taste of his quality in that line, for having procured a box of large black wafers, he had completely spotted the snowy coat of the animal they were driving, after the pattern of those wooden *quadrupeds* which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the study of childhood. The device fully answered its purpose, and the happy pair drove off, attracting, throughout the remainder of the day, the gaze, wonder, and unqualified admiration of Cadwallader and all his goats."

THE following exhibits one of the mortifications consequent upon being notorious for waggeries:

"We remember witnessing the complete discomfiture of a wit, of no inferior order, by a message, politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl: 'If you please, Mr. B——, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would *begin to be funny*.'"

THACKERAY.—Next to Dickens, Thackeray is, undeniably, the greatest author living in England, and by greatest we do not mean the most famous, the most read, the best paid, or the most dignified, but the most original, the most instructive, and the likeliest to be read by posterity. In satire he has had no superior since the days of Fielding. He is but beginning to be appreciated, although he is pretty generally read by all classes; to be read and to be appreciated are two different things. Among his amusing contributions to Punch was a series of articles called "patent novelists" burlesquing some of the popular novelists of the day, among whom Dr. Lever, the Irish hullabaloo-story-writer, whose name and writings will, no doubt, be utterly forgotten before the end of ten years, was most mercilessly quizzed. To be revenged on the satirist the Irish novelist, in one of his last productions, called Roland Cashel, thus caricatures Mr. Thackeray:

"Mr. Elias Howle was one of a peculiar class, which this age, so fertile in inventions, has engendered—a publisher's man of all work, ready for everything, from statistics to satire, and equally prepared to expound prophecy, or write squibs for Punch. Not that lodgings were not inhabited in Grub street before our day, but that it remained for the glory of this century to see that numerous horde of tourist authors held in leash by fashionable booksellers, and every now and then let slip over some country, to which plague, pestilence, or famine, had given a newer and more terrible interest. In this novel walk of literature, Mr. Howle was one of the chief proficient; he was the creator of that new school of travel, which, writing expressly for London readers, refers everything to the standard of 'town,' and whether it be a trait of Icelandic life, or some remnant of old-world existence in the far East, all must be brought for trial to the bar of 'Seven Dials,' or stand to plead in the dock of Pall Mall or Piccadilly. Whatever errors or misconceptions he might fall into respecting his subjects, he made none regarding his readers. He knew them by heart, their leanings, their weaknesses, and their prejudices; and how pleasantly could he flatter their town-bred self-sufficiency, how slyly insinuate their vast superiority over all other citizens, insidiously assuring them that the Thames at Richmond was infinitely finer than the Rhine or the Danube, and that a trip to Margate was

richer in repay than a visit to the Bosphorus! Ireland was, just at the time we speak of, a splendid field for his peculiar talents. The misery-mongers had had their day. The world was somewhat weary of landlordism, pauperism, and Protestantism, and all the other 'isms' of that unhappy country. It was just then that 'this inspired Cockney' determined to try a new phase of the subject, and this was not to counsel nor console, not to lament over or bewail our varied mass of errors and misfortunes, but to laugh at us. To hunt out as many incongruities, many real enough, some fictitious, as he could find, to unveil all that he could discover of social anomaly; and without any reference to or any knowledge of the people, to bring them up for judgment before his less volatile and more happily-circumstanced countrymen, certain of the verdict he sought for—a hearty laugh. His mission was to make Punch out of Ireland, and none more capable than he for the office. A word of Mr. Howle in the flesh, and we have done. He was large and heavily built, but neither muscular nor athletic; his frame, and all his gestures indicated weakness and uncertainty. His head was capacious, but not remarkable for what phrenologists call moral development, while the sinister expression of his eyes, half-submissive, half-satirical, suggested doubts of his sincerity. There was nothing honest about him but his mouth; this was large, full, thick-lipped, and sensual; the mouth of one who loved to dine well, and yet felt that his agreeability was an ample receipt in full for the best entertainment that ever graced Blackwall or the 'Frieres.'"

Thackeray's book on Ireland, which Dr. Lever speaks so slightly of, is one of the best and most humane works, on that wretched country, that has ever fallen into our hands, and we have read all that have been published, from Sir John Carr's down to Mrs. Nicholson's. It is called the "Irish Sketch Book, by M. A. Titmarsh." After reading it one is not long in forming an opinion as to the cause of Irish starvation. . . . PUNCH has been trying to make fun out of the California gold fever, but has not been very successful; he is almost the only one that has not turned the gold discovery to a good account, but he has either grown very stupid, or the gold had just the reverse of a Midas-like effect upon him; touching the California gold appears to have made an ass of him. The following is the best thing Punch has been able to do in this respect, excepting a very amusing sketch by Doyle, who appears to be beyond the possibility of doing anything indifferently:

JONATHAN'S GOLDEN HARVEST.

(From our American Correspondent.)

"I expect you have read in some of them Greek and Roman story books, that makes the chief part of the schoolin' of you Britishers, the yarn of JASON and the Golden Fleece, and also about the Golden Apples of the Hesperides. The Golden Fleece, I take it, was great cry and very little wool, and I estimate that the Golden Apples warn't no ways comparable to New Town Pippins. Well, however, I can tell you that American Truth flogs Ancient Mythology—that's a fact. We've got a real Golden Chersonesus in California, and a genuine Pactolus in the river Sacramento. I guess MIDAS would have give his ears for our Mormon Diggins, and old CÆRUS would have swooped Lydia for San Francisco. TOM DUDLER's ground ain't nothin to this here location. There's not a little gutter flowing into the main stream but what, with a couple of active niggers, you may scrape ten thousand dollars-worth of gold out on it in one week. You've only got to walk into the bed of the river and pick up the pebbles, which is a 'most pure bullion. The very aith of the banks stumps your March dnt, a bushel of which, I've heerd say, is worth a king's ransom. The Scotch laborers in these fixins saves the very scrapins of their shoes, and whittles their nails into the melting-pot. I calculate that a month's diggin at the banks of the Sacramento would be a better speculation for your physical force Chartists, than the plunder of the Bank of England."

"Well; here we are in a state of excitement that beats any camp-meeting I ever sighted. Young and old off we go, leavin our trades and callins, our stores and families, away to California like flocks of pigeons. Our Golden Fever caps your Railway Mania. By the last accounts there was to be seen the glorious spectacle of four thousand of our enterprisin citizens a scratchin and scrapin away in the Sacramento from mornin to night, as fast as so many bears arter wild honey. The common wages of helps is thirteen dollars a-day; you may get eight-and-forty for a bowie-

knife, and eighty for a blanket; besides doin a powerful deal of business with the belighted Engines in printed stuff and ribbons."

"The advantages of this here splendoriferous discovery to our great country will be inestimable. I compute that we shall soon see no such a thing as a cent in all our model Republic. We won't demean ourselves by a currency of small change under silver. I contemplate that we are set up with our gold mines to all eternity, and shall have nothin to do but lay up our heels, enjoyin our cigars and mint juleps for everlastin. In course, we shall be masters of the whole world, for gold is the sinners of war, and our pockets bein chock full on it, will enable us to lick universal creation."

"The Europeans, and especially you Britishers, will be our slaves and niggers; we shall chuck our pussies to you and take your manufactures, which you, poor critturs, will come and lay at our feet. We shall leave you varmint to produce, while we only consume. We shall be a kinder Aristocracy among the nations of the airth. We shall knock our glasses and crockery into an immortal smash, and all eat and drink out of gold plate. When we go a shootin' we shall load our rifles with golden bullets. We shall roll and waller in gold, like hogs in a swamp, or the sea-serpent among the foaming billers. But you'll tell me, perhaps, that gold, in the meantime, may become dirt cheap, and that we may find ourselves in the end overloaded with yellow rubbish, and destitute of the real wealth of nations, which arter all is their industrial produce. You may pint to the example of Old Spain in proof of what may come of gold mines. But don't you give us none of your bark. It won't cure us of our gold fever, nohow, I tell you. You'll only rile us, and make us wicked ugly, and provoke that dander which, when riz, is a mixtur of the aithquake and the alligator, with a touch of the lightnin'."

THE DURABILITY OF ENGLAND AND ENGLISHMEN.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose opinions are worth heeding, says in his lectures on England, delivered since his return from that country:

"Whoever else may fail the Englishman will not. He has existed for a thousand years and will continue to exist as his character possesses as much energy as ever."

"London and England now are in full growth. Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, grows as fast as South Boston, or Brooklyn opposite New York. London is enlarging at an alarming rate, even to the swallowing up of Middlesex. The British Museum is not yet arranged; London University is growing as rapidly as one of our mushroom Western colleges. Everything in England betokens life. To be sure the Englishman does not build castles and abbeys, but what the nineteenth century demands he builds, docks, wharves, warehouses, &c., without number. The land and climate are favorable to the production and preservation of good men. Mr. Emerson said that in his addresses while in England, he had been accustomed to erase those passages which he had written and spoken so often here touching the feebleness and sickly aspect of poor mortals, such an effect had the fine physique of the Englishman produced upon him. In all that the Englishman does, even to the noise of clearing his throat, he gives evidence of strength. It is not the land for faint hearts."

"One thing is very noticeable among the people, and that is their total neglect of each other. Each man shaves, dresses, eats, walks, and runs just as he pleases, and his neighbor pays no attention to him, so long as he is not interfered with; and this is not because Englishmen are trained to neglect, but because each man is trained to mind his own business. Personal eccentricities are allowed here, and no one observes them. Each Islander is an Island himself, reposing in quiet and tranquil waters. He never wanders, and if at a hotel he is asked for his name, he bends down and whispers it into the ear of the book-keeper."

We cannot but think that Mr. Emerson is a little out in his philosophy of English endurance. The fact that England is but a thousand years old, is evidence sufficient that

it cannot exist always ; whatever has a beginning must have an ending. John Chinaman is a much older personage than John Bull, and he has begun to give unmistakable symptoms of decay. Mr. Emerson appears to have been deeply impressed by the stability of things in England, and to have generalized to a dangerous extent from his partial observation ; for instance he said :

"The steady balance of the qualities of their nature is the great secret of their success. Steadiness is their great characteristic. Cromwell afforded an admirable example of an Englishman. One William Wickham endowed a school at Winchester, and created livings forever for 70 scholars. He also created 70 livings for fellows at college.

"When Mr. Emerson was in England he visited the college, and was informed that the livings still maintain the 70 fellows, and this after 500 years have rolled away. A hospital was endowed at St. Cross centuries ago, provision being made that any wayfarer who asked should be provided with a pot of beer and a piece of bread. Mr. Emerson, as he passed the hospital on his way from Stonehenge, asked and received his pot of beer and piece of bread without charge, and this when the founder had been dead 700 years.

"The Duke of Wellington, who stands as a type of the nation, is a monument of steadiness, honesty and veracity. Their leather lies in the vat seven years. At Rogers's cutlery establishment the lecturer was informed that there was no luck about steel—out of a thousand knife blades there would be no difference. The characteristic of all their work is, that no more should be attempted than can be done.

"The people require reality and conviction in their public men ; they hate humbug—and prize honesty accordingly.—English tenacity may be put into striking contrast with American facility. The lecturer said he did not think that the English were fitted to do justice to the American character.

"The American has more versatility, and more apprehensiveness, perhaps, but looks to the future ; the Englishman looks to the past. The English, the lecturer pronounced to be good men who feared God, and whose regard for truth and honesty was conspicuous in all classes, from the chartist to the duke. A merchant for thirty years in London, but who was born in this country, told Mr. Emerson that he had never once been cheated in all that time.

"A proper introduction will secure the kindest and most liberal hospitality from the people. The nation, though brave, is quiet and peaceable. With 1200 young men, the very flower of the aristocracy, at Oxford, there is never a duel ; with 1700 at Cambridge, the same may be said."

After all these evidences of stability a glance at the history of the world will show that no nation has undergone so many radical changes during the past five hundred years as the English. The same jewelled crown that was worn by Elizabeth is worn by Victoria, but what a change has been wrought in the queenly character of the two personages....

.....THE FASCINATIONS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—A writer in the Richmond Whig, in making some very sensible remarks respecting the want of vocal cultivation in the greater number of our public speakers, gives the following interesting anecdotes of John Randolph's style of oratory, which appears to have depended mainly for its power upon the management of his voice :

"Ask almost any singer of renown, and he will say that in the beginning his voice was very much like the voice of another man ; a trifle higher or lower perhaps, naturally, than the common ; and that his rich barytone or brilliant soprano, is due to his own labor in cultivating it. The ancient orators were perfectly aware of the great advantages

of a good voice, and labored assiduously to attain them.—The pebbles of Demosthenes, and his 'action, action,' were not mere fables. Patrick Henry, great as his genius undoubtedly was, owed much to his voice, which was naturally magnificent, and which he managed with a degree of skill perfectly incomprehensible to those who have not thought seriously on the subject.

"The orators of the present day neglect, most unaccountably, the advantages of voice and manner. They appear to think, that provided the *matter* be good, the manner will take care of itself—a very great mistake, in our opinion, for we have occasionally heard the flimsiest declamation carry the day against very solid argument, simply because it came in a voice which was harmonious, and addressed itself to the nerves as well as to the understanding of the audience. The late John Randolph, undoubtedly, owed much of his power in debate to his unrivalled voice, the sweet and modulated tones of which it was impossible to resist. His veriest common places, (and he had many of them,) were more effective than the most refined and elaborate argumentation of other men. He possessed the faculty of making himself heard, in a degree far superior to any other person we have ever heard. His very whisper in his seat, to persons sitting near him, could be heard all over the hall, and frequently had the effect of disconcerting the orator who had the floor, in the midst of his most labored arguments. If he addressed one hundred persons, or five thousand, it was all the same. The man farthest from him heard him as distinctly, as he who sat immediately beneath him, every word being articulated so distinctly, that there was no mistaking it for any other. It appeared as though there should, when his speech was written down, be a full stop after every word, to mark the distinctness with which each was articulated. There was with him, none of that thick utterance, which smotheres up the sound in the vehemence of the expression. That his remarkable voice was the gift of nature, no man will deny ; yet there can be no doubt that he understood the full value of its advantages, and cultivated them to the utmost. No great man, of our time, has enjoyed so high a reputation, and has left behind him such slender materials for posterity to judge of its justice. We never heard him except in the Virginia Convention ; and as he appeared to us there, (we know not what the opinions of others may be,) we can safely say that we never heard the like before, and never expect to hear it again. He spoiled our taste for public speaking for the rest of our lives, and the most splendid orators have appeared to us, ever since, stale and flat. We could readily understand, the moment he opened his mouth, the secret of that mighty influence which he exercised over many of the ablest men of his day, and which has generally been considered one of the most unaccountable circumstances connected with his unaccountable character. It was the fascination of genius, aided by the charm of an irresistible elocution. It was worth a ride of twenty miles to hear him say 'Mr. President,' when he opened one of his speeches."

In connection with the above subject the following will not be out of place :

"USEFUL HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced ; whereas musical notes will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a read Amati, the latter will sound much louder of the two ; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Denham, states that at Gibraltar the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus when the cottager in the woods or in the open plain wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far.

"This property of music in the human voice," says Cowper, "is strikingly shown in the Cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church, whereas, if the same mass had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly and at the greatest distance, are those who, by modulating the voice, render it more musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage.

"Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry,

which tended, as much as the formality of his discourse, in the House of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard, 'his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied,' says a writer, describing the orator; 'when he raised his voice to the highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound, and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate—and then he had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible however, was his peculiar power. Then the house sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was greater, infinitely greater than the orator.' "

THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF MAKING GOLD. The earth contains something worth digging for besides the precious metals, it appears. The following marvellous account, which we find in an English paper, showing how gold may be got out of the bogs of Ireland, may have the effect of staying the tide of population which is now setting so strongly from that island towards our shores:

"Mr. Owen referred to a discovery which his friend, Dr. Hodges, would say was worthy of the deepest consideration of every one present. Having heard some time since that from peat there could be produced ammonia, naphtha, soda-ash, oil, spermaceti, and some other substances, he left London for Paris, and called on an eminent chemist there. He had previously been speaking on the subject with a Mr. Reece, also an eminent chemist, who told him that for the expense of £30 he could produce from 100 pounds of peat chemical results to the value of £148. It was Mr. Reece who referred him to the Paris chemist, and he (Mr. Owen) produced it to him, and repeated the statement of Mr. Reece, as to what he could do with the peat; the former assured him (Mr. Owen) that he really could do all that he had stated in the document. He then rang a bell, and ordered the results of his experiments to be brought up from his own laboratory, and he (Mr. Owen) saw with his own eyes the sperm candles made; the ammonia, the oil, and the soda-ash produced from peat; and that chemist thought this was the greatest discovery of the age, and one which would eventually convert the greatest curse of Ireland—the bogs, heretofore unprofitable, and the greatest obstacle of improvement—into the greatest blessings, and double the fertility of the soil to an extent that none could estimate. Well, he, (Mr. Owen) being a man of business, declined to take any or all these statements for granted, and, consequently, he got a number of experiments made by Dr. Hodges and his friend, Mr. Reece, which were entirely confirmatory of all the statements made by his friend, Mr. Reece. But still, not to deceive himself or others, he was determined to have an experiment made on a large scale, and had employed the largest apparatus in use for that purpose; and he rejoiced to tell this meeting, that, on Tuesday, his experiments had been commenced, and the results were beyond all expectation, for everything had succeeded to his utmost wishes. [Mr. Owen here handed to the chairman a sample of the spermaceti so prepared by him, which was minutely examined by his lordship, and a great number of other gentlemen in the room.] He came here also as a friend of Ireland, &c."

DEMOCRATIC IMITATIONS OF MONARCHICAL MUMMERIES.—A Court Journal has been established in Washington by a gentleman named Barney, who appears to have an ambition to inoculate the society of our capital with English ideas of good breeding. But we fancy that he will find it an up-hill business. There is no settled society at Washington except that of the tradesmen, who certainly do not form a part of the "Court," and the force residence of our

secretaries and public officers is not sufficient to destroy their native roughness and make court dandies of them. Mr. Barney may take his time in making a "Court" in Washington, but we are decidedly of opinion that it will take a very long time to accomplish his designs. As a specimen of his journal we give the following extract in reference to making visits:

"There are various ways of making visits in the metropolis. Visits to members composing 'the Washington Court,' should always be made in person by gentlemen, and also by ladies, when a member has a lady in his family. On such visits, which ought to be in carriages, ladies should be in rich morning visiting dress, and gentlemen in appropriate dress. Upon driving up to the door of the member, the cards of the visitors are handed to the footman, who should ring the bell, hand the cards to the servant, and ask if the family are 'at home.' If they are, of course the visitors descend from the carriage, and make the visit, the servant reading aloud the names of the visitors, from their cards.—If the family are 'not at home,' direct the servant to turn down the corner of each card, (this signifies the call to be made in person,) and leave as many cards as there are persons for whom the visit is intended.

"Visits to Foreign Ministers, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, may be made in the same manner as those to members of the Washington Court; and also they may be made by leaving a card, without inquiring if 'at home,' and then the corner of the card should be turned down; or cards may be sent by a tenantless carriage, with the curtains carefully down to conceal its emptiness."

The following authentic information in reference to presidential visits may be of service to those who may wish to call on Old Rough and Ready, and are not altogether *au fait* in Washington etiquette:

VISITS TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

"The President usually sets apart certain days of the week, as days of public reception, to receive the visits of every one who may call upon him; and strangers can readily learn the times of such public receptions from a member of Congress, a landlord of a hotel, or any resident of Washington. It is advisable for a stranger who desires to call upon the President to ask a member of Congress, or some personal acquaintance of the President, to present him; but this is not necessary; and, as visits by strangers are made generally as a mark of respect, and sometimes to gratify curiosity, it is proper for persons actuated by such motives to proceed to the President's mansion within the hours appointed; he is at once conducted to one of the rooms, whence he is called in his turn by the servant, to whom he has been careful to give his card, and conducted to the President, to whom the servant announces his name. The person should then bow respectfully to the President, and keep silent until the President addresses him. He should not offer to shake the hand of the President, but if the President should extend his hand, the visitor should advance and simply place his hand in that of the President's, leaving the President to impress upon it the 'cordial squeeze,' or the 'formal pressure.' The subject of conversation should be left to the President, and in no case should the visitor propound a question to him. As the President ceases to speak, the visitor should take his leave in some complimentary and courtly phrase, and, as it were unintentionally, retire—taking care not to turn his back upon the President—and to bow respectfully upon leaving the room. Upon such occasions, visitors should not sit down until after the President is seated.

"Strangers, who desire to see the President on business, ought to make the President acquainted with his business, either by letter or through an acquaintance of the President, and ask an interview, and then the President can, at his option, decline, or appoint an hour to receive the person, who must be punctual to the appointment.

"It is also customary for the President to receive visitors on stated evenings during the week, on which occasions ladies are expected to appear in evening dress, and gentlemen also. The usual hour to make this visit is between nine o'clock and half-past eleven. On these occasions, the wife of the President—if he have any—receives the visitors, and it is proper to observe the same ceremonious bearing to her as to the President.

"An invitation from the President cannot be declined, except in case of illness of the person invited, or of some one of his family, or of the death of a relative. Such an invitation should be answered immediately, either accepting or declining it, stating the reason therefor.

"It is proper to address the President as 'Mr. President,' and his wife as 'Mrs. ———,' (whatever may be the name of the President for the time being.)

"Of course, the President is not expected to return visits, nor is it proper to invite the President to a dinner, or any entertainment, unless the entertainment be given to the President, upon his consent having been previously obtained.

"It is proper raise your hat to the President, should you meet him in the street.

VISITS TO THE VICE PRESIDENT.

"The Vice President of the United States takes rank next after the President, and to him are due the ceremonious treatment becoming his station, and incompatible with his occupations. Persons desirous of paying to him a mark of respect by a visit, can do so by leaving their card in person, at his residence between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock. Persons having business, would do well to address the Vice President a note, stating the nature of the business, and asking an interview, being very careful to mention the place of their residence in Washington. The Vice President generally returns such visits by sending his card. It is proper to invite the Vice President to a dinner or other entertainment. The Vice President is addressed by his name simply."

The following excellent rule in regard to writing letters we copy with immense pleasure and would beg all our correspondents to keep it pasted up on their desks in large golden letters, particularly when they sit down to take up their pens to write to us. It is really frightful to reflect on the precious time which we have wasted in endeavoring to read bad writing, and in trying to guess at the meaning of strange looking words; the time thus unprofitably and vexatiously bestowed might have been employed in acquiring half a dozen languages, and we might now be as learned in foreign tongues as the learned Blacksmith, whose portrait we have published this month. But here is the golden rule for correspondents of periodicals:

ON LETTER WRITING.

"All letters should be written on good letter paper, not soiled. The writing should begin about one-third down the first page; it should be neatly folded, enclosed in an envelope, sealed with wax, and the superscription should always bear the title of the person to whom it is addressed."

As we have no title, we will overlook the disuse of the Esq. generally employed as a substitute. As everybody will be writing letters to the President next month, soliciting little favors for past services to the country, the following authentic information in respect to the proper manner of ad-

ressing our august Chief Magistrate, will of course be accepted:

"Letters to the President of the United States should be in thus:

"To the President of the United States:

"Sir: * * *

"And should be ended thus:

"I have the honor to be,
Mr. President,
Your Most Obedient
And Humble Servant,"
[Name of writer.]

[Date and residence of the writer.]

MACAULAY AND THE MESSRS. HARPERS.—There has been a good deal of newspaper discussion during the past month respecting the orthographical alterations made by the Messrs. Harpers in their edition of Macaulay's History of England. The alterations consist in altering a few words to correspond to the method of Webster in respect to spelling, and are of no particular consequence. We have received the following card from the Publishers, which we insert at their request:

A CARD.

"An impression having got abroad that we have made various important alterations from the English copy in our reprint of Macaulay's History of England, we deem it proper to state, in justice to the numerous purchasers of the work, that the edition printed by us is in every word a faithful and perfect copy of the original, the text of which has been followed without omission or alteration. In the composition of the work, indeed, in our printing office, we have followed the spelling of an acknowledged standard authority of the language—that of Webster, whose Dictionary has received the critical recommendations of many learned men and learned institutions, both in this country and in Europe, as well as the sanction of widely spread usage and whose system, moreover, is partly followed by Macaulay himself.—These considerations we reasonably thought quite sufficient to justify us in its adoption.

HARPER & BROTHERS."

VALUABLE INFORMATION TO CULTIVATORS OF ROSES. The Honey and Horticultural Magazine contains the following information in relation to the growth of roses:

"PERPETUAL ROSES.—Many cultivators of this fine new class of roses 'waste its sweetness' by allowing it to carry all its blossoms in the month of June. Now to have the Perpetual Rose fully enjoyed, it should not be allowed to bloom at all in the rose season. Roses are so common then, that it is not at all prized; while blooming from mid-summer to November, it is highly prized by all persons.

"The way I pursue, to grow it in perfection, is to pinch out, as soon as visible, every blossom and bud that appears at the first crop, say from the middle of May to the middle of June. This reserves all the strength of the plant for the after bloom; and accordingly I have such clusters of roses in July, August, September, and October, as those who have not tried this stopping system can have no idea of. La Rein, Madame Luffay, Count de Paris, and the Duchess of Southland, are particularly superb varieties under this treatment. Indeed they may be recommended as among the best of the perpetuals.

"I have adopted, with excellent results, Mr. River's recommendation, of giving the roots of well established roses a good soaking of liquid guano, after they have shed their leaves, say middle of October. It greatly promotes their luxuriant growth the next season.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS for this Month are of subjects too well known to require any other elucidation than that afforded by the artist. The View of Niagara Falls is a very spirited and correct drawing of the great Cataract, from a point of view which we have not before seen used. The engraver has admirably carried out the design of the artist, and we take pride in being able to grace our Magazine with an original work of art of an American subject. Nothing new can be said of Niagara, from the rhapsodies of the poet down to the exclamation of the English Cockney, who said the Falls were "really very clever," every thing has been

said of them that folly or fancy can suggest. The portrait of Elihu Burritt, the world renowned learned Blacksmith, is another purely American subject; he, too, needs no word of explanation; thousands of our readers know his story who have never seen his fine intellectual head before. Mr. Burritt is still in England, where he is zealously engaged in furthering the great works of reform, which occupy the minds of the most eminent men in Europe. At the Peace Congress and the Free Trade Congress held in Brussels, Mr. Burritt has been most honorably noticed, and he has taken a prominent position among the philanthropists of Europe. His immense lingual acquisitions, which first gained him reputation, are now scarcely alluded to; he is no longer spoken of as the LEARNED BLACKSMITH, but as Burritt the philanthropist.

THE portrait of Louis Napoleon, the first President of Republican France, is taken from an authentic portrait, and is said by those who have recently seen him to be an admirable likeness. The incidents in the life of this fortunate man have not been of a kind to develop any great qualities of mind, even though he possessed them; but we fear that he is only a lucky man and not a great one. It remains to be seen whether he will prove equal to his name or not. The first indications of his career do not promise well for the future. But it is probably safer for France, in the first stages of her republicanism, to be presided over by a man of honest intentions and moderate talents, than a strong willed man of less integrity.

AMONG the great number of publications of one kind and another, relating to California and the gold regions, which the exciting news of the gold diggings has produced, is a book, on the plan of Swift's Gulliver, called *Aurifodina, or Adventures in the Gold Regions*, by Cantel A. Bigly. The author is said to be a Mr. Peck, who was at one time connected with the *Courier and Enquirer*: as a specimen of the quizz we give the following extract:

"As we walked on, I saw a man with a wheel barrow, dumping gravel, more than half of which was pure gold, into an old cellar; and in another place, they were constructing an embankment for a new street, of the same sort of earth. One man had taken a fancy to have everything about his place polished, so that from his dwelling down to the most diminutive of his outhouses, all were so bright that it was quite blinding to look at them. A scavenger came up the street with a bronze-colored buffalo, harnessed to a cart, the body of which was sheet gold. The buffalo supply the place of horses among the Aurifodinians; they have horns the color of gold, and they make when fattened very good beef. We went into a jeweller's establishment, where I saw several neat ornaments cut out of slate; there were also several bits of granite, neatly set in steel. These, I was told, were of the highest value, the granite being procured from the most elevated places on the Sierra (or 'Sky-wall,' as it is called in their tongue, it being thought impassable and in some way upholding heaven,) and the difficulty of obtaining it of certain qualities being very great. I was much struck with the piles of dishes and covers of all sorts in a crockery store, some of the high priced being bound with iron bands, or having little bits of iron set in their rims. The Princess would be, she said, a little extravagant for once, and so she cheapened and bought a red glazed earthen soup tureen, and two ladles carved out of lignumvite. 'She was so tired,' she said, 'of their old gold ones!' Seeing a woman beating her child, I asked her what it was for. 'What for?' she said, 'why he's been getting his face all over gold!' Sure enough, the brat looked very like a bright bronze cupid. If I could have had him at home, as I remarked to Mideeri, I would not have taken a hundred dollars for the privilege of washing him."

THE LITERARY WORLD.—This excellent weekly, since it passed into the hands of its present editors and proprietors, Messrs. E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, has been greatly improved in appearance and in the varied interest of its contents. A periodical like the *Literary World* has long been needed, and now that one has been furnished we hope it

will be abundantly patronised by those who have so often complained for the want of it. In a very flattering notice of our magazine the editor gives this excellent scrap of advice, "Publishers of magazines should not underrate the intelligence of the public." This is well said; and similar advice might be well bestowed upon every class of people who provide intellectual entertainment for the public. DON'T UNDERRATE THE INTELLIGENCE OF YOUR HEARERS, might be put up over the pulpits of all the churches; the chairs of all the lecturers; the rostrums of all our political orators, and the halls of all our legislative bodies; *Don't underrate the intelligence of your subscribers*, would be a most becoming inscription for the managerial room of the Art-Union, reminding the committee of that popular institution that other people have eyes and understandings as well as themselves; don't underrate the intelligence of your audiences, would be an excellent admonition, too, for all theatrical places of amusement; it is the fatal rock upon which the majority of those enterprises for enlightening the public split, which fail of their object, to underrate the intelligence of the public. The subject is so suggestive of thought that we regret our near approach to the end of our monthly tether, which prevents us from enlarging upon it as we could wish. We hope to profit by the caution of our weekly co-laborer in furnishing food for the mind of our people. CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—We learn from several of our correspondents that a person calling himself James has been round representing himself as the agent of this magazine and receiving money for subscriptions. We have not employed any such agent, and the public are hereby cautioned against him. If any of our friends should fail to receive the bound copy of the second volume so soon as they expected, they are requested to exercise a little patience, as, owing to the great demand for them, we have not been able to obtain them from the binder in sufficient quantities to send to all this month. They will be forwarded as fast as obtained, in regular order, according to the position of the names on our list.

DON QUIXOTE.—A new interest has been awakened in the immortal work of Cervantes in New York during the past month, by a series of lectures on Don Quixote by the Rev. Henry Giles, at the Mercantile Library, which has caused a rummaging of book stores for the best editions of that work. The elegant edition published by the Appletons is not only beautifully illustrated with engravings of a high order, but it is more carefully collated, and more fully enriched with notes than any other edition of Don Quixote which has been published. Mr. Giles is an Irish Unitarian clergyman, who once preached to a small congregation in England; and although he has occasionally preached since he came to this country, yet he has devoted himself mainly to lecturing, and has been very popular; although laboring under the disadvantage of a dwarfish person and a humped back, he has an exceedingly agreeable address and a very pleasing quality of voice, which he manages with skill. He is a champion of women, and is rather inclined, like the majority of his countrymen, to sentimentalism. His fourth lecture on Don Quixote is chiefly a disquisition on the ideal of woman and her influence during the chivalrous ages; he said:

"The sentiment of love is too frequently made light of; that which is the most potent agency of this our earth, which has been the central fire of many of those revolutions is mockingly referred to as if it were a subject for trifling. But love in woman has a true meaning. Love in man is an ennobling passion; it is as dew upon the flower, as purple dawn upon the sky, as the quiet streamlet in the valley, as an orchard resplendent with early blossoms; it is a morning prayer, it is an evening hymn; it is as a child asleep and dreaming of heaven. It may be as a deluge that spread

around a viewless waste, without dove, olive branch, or rainbow; it may be as a delectable mountain thrown asunder by the inward fire; it may be as the home-sickness of the exile; it may be despair; it may be insanity that sings long and low its melancholy airs; it may be the insanity that laughs aloud and then expires."

Speaking of woman's devotion and religion, he said:

"She washed the feet of the Redeemer with her tears; she wiped them with her hair; she watched by his grave, and mourned over his death. The heart of woman inspired by religion, delights to show forth her beatitude; she is presented as the ideal in the holiest of the Marys, who is made to smile with pity upon our troubled earth—showing the love of the purest heart and the light of the loveliest face in the person of the maid and mother."

AMONG the new works announced by the Messrs. Harper for the spring trade, is the explanation of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, an eminent preacher of the Church of England, of his motives in renouncing the hierarchy, and joining what they call in England the Dissenters, or Independents. Mr. Noel's celebrity as a preacher, and his connection with the aristocracy of England, gives to his renunciation of the church an unusual degree of interest, and his explanations have created a great excitement in England; it is said that three thousand copies of his book were sold on the first day of its publication. In his preface he says:

"As in the following work I have frankly attacked the union between the Church and State, I feel constrained to bear my humble testimony to the piety and worth of many who uphold it. I have stated, without reserve, the influence of the system upon prelates; but how many instances occur in which men, raised to the most ensnaring honors, have successfully resisted their temptations? Of those prelates with whom I have the honor to be acquainted, some I admire for their simplicity, benevolence, and liberality; and others still more for eminent piety. Most wisely in many instances, and most conscientiously I doubt not in all, have the present government administered their ecclesiastical patronage."

"Still more anxious am I to do justice to my beloved and honored brethren, the Evangelical ministers of the establishment. Having acted with them for many years, I can speak of their principles with confidence. Numbers of them, whose names I should rejoice to mention here with honor, are as sincere in adhering to the establishment as I wish to be in quitting it. Of many of them I am convinced that they surpass me in devotedness to Christ. Worthy successors of Romaine and John Venn, of Newton, Cecil and Thomas Scott, of Robinson and Simeon, I hope that remaining conscientiously in the Establishment, they will have the respect and affection of all good men. May they enjoy increasing comfort and usefulness to the end of their ministry? While I condemn a State prelacy, I honor each pious prelate: while I mourn the relations of godly pastors to the State, I no less rejoice in their godliness."

"The reason for separation appear to me clear; but I do not expect others to think as I do. In claiming my own liberty of judgment, I learn to respect theirs. To remain in the Establishment with my views would be criminal—with theirs it is a duty."

"If by any of my expressions I have unnecessarily wounded the feelings of my Christian brother, I ask him to forgive me. If I have unconsciously fallen into any exaggeration, I deeply deplore it."

"Throughout the work I have made a clear distinction between Evangelical and un-Evangelical clergymen—between those who preach the Gospel and those who do not preach it. No spurious liberality—no fear of censure—should obliterate the distinction; yet many, doubtless, who are ranked among the Evangelical party—who do not support their institutions, and who do not usually act with them—may be converted and faithful ministers of Christ."

"Lastly, I must express my regret that I have not done more for the welfare of a friendly, considerate, and willing Church, to which I have been for twenty-two years a pastor, and with whom I hoped to have spent the remainder of my days. Serner duties which the study of the Word of God has forced upon my attention have to be fulfilled. But I cannot quit them without earnest prayer that my successor may receive much grace to build them up in piety, nor without my grateful thanks for their abundant and unvarying kindness."

THE EFFECTS OF EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS ON THE WORLD OF FASHION.—It seems that we can no longer de-

pend upon France for our fashions, but that we shall be thrown upon our own resources in the matter of new styles of dress, both for gentlemen and ladies. Mr. Williams, the accomplished editor of the Tailors' Magazine, says, in his quarterly report of New York fashions for the Spring of 1849:

"As we remarked in our previous number, the French revolution has produced a marked revolution in costume, and we have almost despaired, for some months past, of receiving any thing new from Paris; for after a close examination of *L'Elegant, Journal de Tailleur, Le Lyon, Marchands des Tailleurs, and Le Parisien*, we can come to no other conclusion, but that each monthly plate, as it is issued, is but a copy, or at best an altered copy of the same costume of the preceding year."

"The felicity and facility with which costume was originated and introduced by those leading the world of fashion some few years since, seems to have departed with the monarchy; and we have now the singular spectacle of a republican world of fashion headed by republican leaders, and a costume evincing all the independence and all the easy non-chalance of our own revered memories of '76."

"How long this will last we will not attempt to predict, but it must be obvious to all those who have attentively studied the subject, that the reign of fashion is essentially arbitrary, aristocratical, and positively monarchical in its tendency. Such, at least, are the fancies that have always clung to the shrine of the goddess of fashion. But it would seem that a complete revolution, both in fancy and fact, is about to, or has actually taken place, and with these new republican notions of fashion, we are absolved from the necessity of consulting the Delphian Oracle, (Parisian styler) and each man, with an independence truly enviable, may model his costume to suit the independence of his own fancy."

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

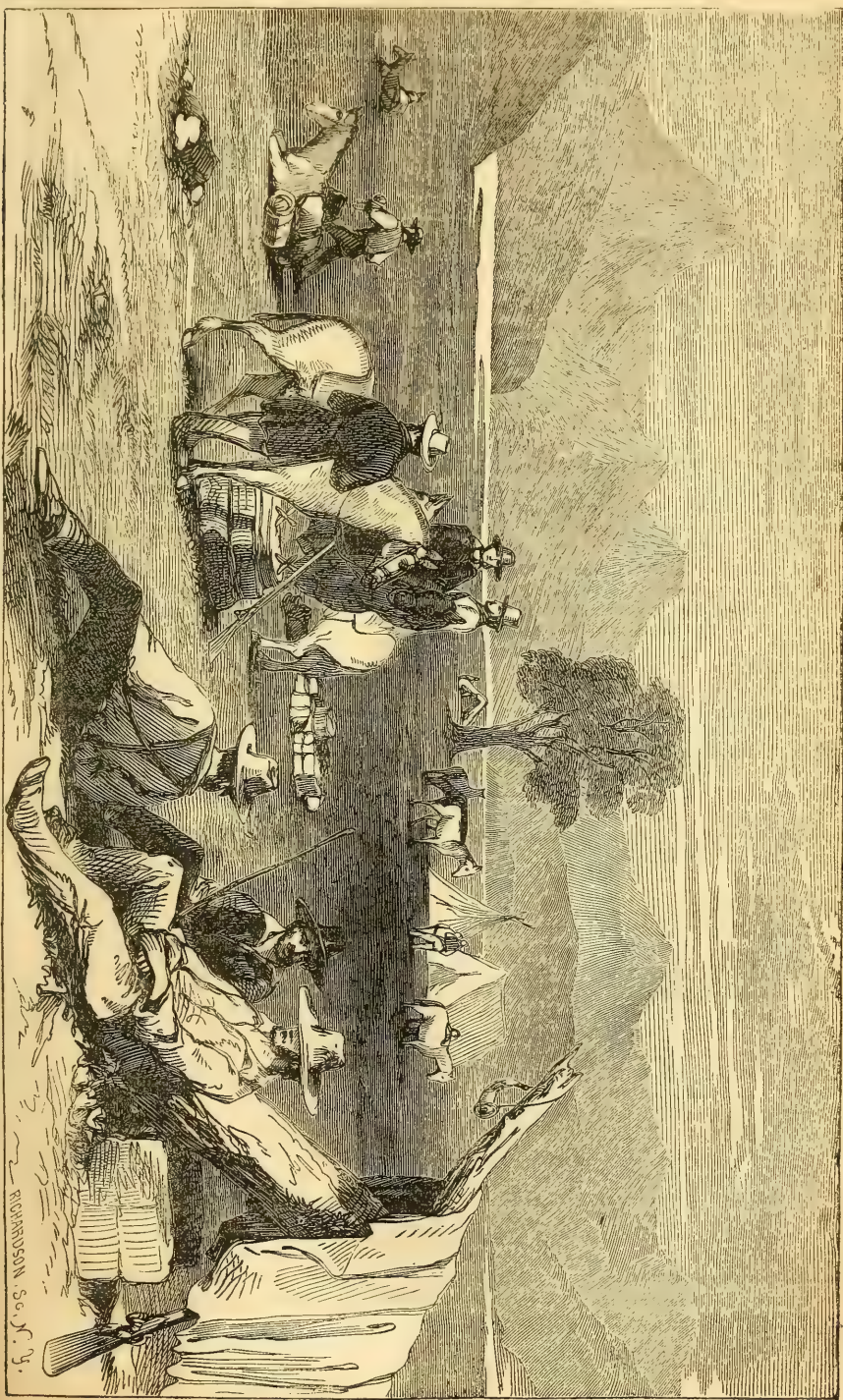
HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1849.

NO. IV.

THE GOLD REGION IN UPPER CALIFORNIA.—ENCAMPMENT IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.



THE VALLEY OF THE SACRAMENTO.

A few months ago this now famous valley was hardly known, even by name, to the majority of our people; but it is now as familiar, and probably better known than the Valley of the Mohawk. It is curious now that attention has been called to this wonderful region, to read the old accounts of California and its rivers which have been lying in our libraries covered up with dust and forgotten among heaps of neglected literature. The following account of the Bay of San Francisco and the Valley of the Sacramento, was written more than twenty-five years ago and published in Morrell's Voyages. It is remarkable that the navigator then prophesied a time when the Valley of the Sacramento would be made to blossom like a garden by our people, although he little dreamed of its treasures of gold and silver:

Three rivers empty their waters into this arm of St. Francisco Bay; one of which, called El Sacramento, has its rise among the Rocky Mountains near the sources of the Columbia, Colorado, Rio del Norte, Arkansas, and La Platte. Thus the water on which the Tartar now reposed was partly supplied from the mountain springs of our native country. Any thought like this, however trifling in itself, is interesting to those who are far from home. Anything that reminds one of his native land is dear to the heart of the wanderer.

The bay of St. Francisco, connected with the surrounding scenery, is the most delightful place I have ever seen on the western coast of America. It presents a broad sheet of water, of sufficient extent to float all the British navy without crowding; the circling grassy shores, indented with convenient coves, and the whole surrounded by a verdant blooming country, pleasingly diversified with cultured fields and waving forests; meadows clothed with the richest verdure in the gift of bounteous May; pastures covered with grazing herds; hill and dale, mountain and valley, noble rivers, and gurgling brooks. Man, enlightened, civilized man, alone is wanting to complete the picture, and give a soul, a divinity to the whole. Were these beautiful regions, which have been so much libelled, and are so little known, the property of the United States, our government would never permit them to remain thus neglected. The eastern and middle states would pour out their thousands of emigrants, until magnificent cities would rise on the shores of every inlet along the coast of New California, while the wilderness of the interior would be made to blossom like the rose.

The soil of the surrounding country is very rich, deep, and fertile, and much of it is thickly clothed with as fine ship-timber as grows in the United States, and generally of the same kinds. Pine, spruce, and red cedar are found in abundance, and of a size sufficient for masts of the largest ships. At some distance in the interior are extensive plains, luxuriantly covered with clover and various kinds of grasses, on which thousands of

wild cattle and horses graze unmolested. Many animals that produce fur are found on the banks of the rivers, and a great variety of fish resort to the bay in the spawning season.

During the summer season the wind generally blows, in the day time, from north-north-west to west in the bay; but never very strong. During the winter months it blows in the day time from south-west to south-south-east; but at night, within the bay, it is calm nineteen-twentieths of the year.

The town of St. Francisco stands on a table-land, elevated about three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, on a peninsula five miles in width, on the south side of the entrance to the bay, about two miles to the eastward of the outer entrance, and one-fourth of a mile from the shore. It is built in the same manner as Monterey, but much smaller, comprising only about one hundred and twenty houses and a church, with perhaps five hundred inhabitants. The fort stands on a promontory, on the south side of the entrance, and mounts ten guns, which would be sufficient to command the passage, were the works kept in any kind of order.

The inhabitants of this place are principally Mexicans and Spaniards, who are very indolent, and consequently very filthy. They cultivate barely sufficient land to support nature; consequently nothing can be obtained here by way of refreshments for ships; but at the mission of St. Clara, of which I shall speak presently, ten ships at a time may be abundantly supplied with every thing they require, at a very low price. The table-land before mentioned would produce abundantly with proper cultivation; but its surface is scarcely ever disturbed by plough or spade, and the garrison depends entirely upon the mission for all its supplies. Sufficient wheat and vegetables for the troops might easily be derived from this soil if the proper means were duly applied, as their whole military force does not exceed one hundred, including officers.

The mission of St. Clara is situated on a delightful plain, surrounded by beautiful groves of oak, and other hard wood of a durable nature, one of which is much like *lignumvitæ*. This mission, which was founded in 1777, contains about twelve hundred native Indians, and is governed in the same humane manner as that of St. Antonio, before mentioned. No person of an unprejudiced mind could witness the labors of these Catholic missionaries, and contemplate the happy results of their philanthropic exertions, without confessing that they are unwearied in well-doing. The lives of these simple-hearted, benevolent men are solely devoted to the temporal and (as they think) eternal welfare of a race of savages, apparently abandoned by Providence to the lowest state of human degradation. Surely such disinterested beings, whatever may be their errors of opinion, will meet a rich reward from Him who hath said, "Love one another."

MADAME ROLAND.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

In the entire history of the French Revolution, no name occurs so fascinating and so mournful as that of Madame Roland, not excepting the name of Marie Antoinette. The daughter of a plebian, she became the soul of a party which guillotined a king. Surrounded by young and wealthy suitors she rejected them all, and married a man old enough to be her father, with a bare competence. From the first she was the favorite toy of a capricious fortune which showered on her splendid mental gifts, and greediness after knowledge, fitting her to become the wife of a future minister of France, a man whose place in history is insured beyond all cavil by the relation he held to her.— Beautiful, gifted, and admired, she was *the* woman of all others in that eventful period.

The daughter of a humble artist, she had a gifted mother, which goes far to account for her splendid career. Such was her precocity that she could not recall the time when she learned to read, and before she had entered her teens her masters acknowledged her their equal.

She devoured books with great avidity, from the Bible to the Lives of Saints; from Plutarch to Rousseau, and when at the age of twenty-five she was married, probably not another lady in France had read so many books. Nor was it mere reading. Her masculine understanding grasped that she read, and her energy of character was developed by it into a fit preparation for the stirring scenes in which she was afterwards to figure.

Imagination and extreme sensibility were united with her other qualities. These combined made her, as she read, the heroine of Tasso and Telemachus, of Shakspeare and Rousseau. She threw herself into their joys and griefs so completely that she lived their lives over in her own exquisite realization. At her mother's death, she fell into convulsions, which were not checked until, on the eight day, she was able to weep freely. It was her first affliction, and she felt it enhanced by the utter dissimilarity between herself and her remaining parent. He, a dull, dissipated, and ignorant man, had only the single tie of sympathy, she was his daughter; otherwise he was as unlike her in every mental and moral attribute, as was the ugly and deformed Vulcan unlike the beautiful Goddess, his mother.

For several years the imagination of this singular girl was entranced by the gorgeous mysteries of the Catholic religion, and she would have been shut up in a cloister as a nun instead of interesting the world as Madame Roland, had she not begun to reason on what fascinated her. Enthusiasm cannot away with a wedlock with reason, and she was saved. And yet the history of that period, as exquisitely sketched by herself, is full of interest, which amply repays the labor of a perusal.

In her marriage with Roland we have an illustration of her impatience under tyrannical restraint. Her mother was dead, and her father was bankrupt. Repeatedly she had rejected eligible offers

of marriage, because she would call no one Lord who was not her superior in gifts and acquisitions. At length her future husband was introduced to her, and we must confess to ignorance how one so beautiful, so accomplished, so young, and with such a genius, should have ever consented to wed one so unhandsome, so ungifted with the scantiest talents, and withal so advanced. But he was superior to any one she had met. He had seen much of the world, was a rigid philosopher, an honest and pure man. After much hesitation she permitted Roland to consult with her father and gain his consent. He wrote to him, and was insulted in return. No sooner did the daughter learn this, than she liquidated an execution against her father with some of her own money, and then fled to a convent. She there hired a small room, and in the dead of winter began a life, which, in its self-denial and economy, would have honored an anchorite.

Roland now ventured the offer of his hand with many delicate attentions, and perhaps we have the secret of the singular match. She had seen as yet no one superior to him, his generous attentions in trouble interested her, and withal her father's brutal treatment kindled her indignation. These together gave the world her name as Roland, instead of coupling her with some ardent youth, for instance, Buzot, to act the same splendid career. Had she seen more of the world, less of trouble, and had had such a father as was her mother, she might have avoided some things in life upon which all look with a sort of forgiving melancholy. She respected Roland as a good man, but soon found herself infinitely his superior in genius. She honored him as her husband and maintained her integrity as his wife intact, although she at length learned to her sorrow that her young heart had fixed its affections on a more congenial spirit. And yet the most slanderous foe has never breathed a word, so far as we have seen, which would compromise her unsullied character, except in a single instance hereafter to be mentioned.

It is needless to say that this event was a crisis in her history, and led from one step to another until, in 1791, we find her with her husband in Paris. France was convulsed and the revolution waxed stronger.

Roland and his wife had become enthusiastic republicans. Mirabeau was the Thunderer of the Assembly, at every shake of whose "boar's head" the throne tottered. She hated while she admired Maury, the splendid advocate of royalty. She gloried in every stride of revolution, and hated ever obstacle. With the instinct of a magnet from the heterogeneous multitude she selected her friends, and repelled her enemies. Once alone she grossly mistook. She defended Robespierre, encouraged his genius, saved his life, and then perished his victim.

Mirabeau was dead. The National Assembly was succeeded by the National Convention, in which were brought together a band of brilliant

men, who, from their leaders, were called Girondists. There were those splendid men Vergiaud, Gensonriz, Brozot, Guadet, Ducos, and many others scarcely less noted. These men were attracted around this woman of plebian origin. They met at her house, consulted in her presence, were guided by her wisdom, and inspired by her enthusiasm. It was a magnificent compliment to her genius that to the last she maintained her influence over that circle of great, but ill-fated men. They revered the sage, and adored the woman, and her look or single word had such potency with these men, who were then the kings of the storm they had raised, as to be a spell of death or life to the great and noble names in France, not excepting even the king on his throne. The centre of such a galaxy, she was fast approaching the culminating point of her destiny.

We must apologize for her bitterness against a woman of scarcely less splendid parts than her own, in the same way that we account for the rancor of her enemies at last against her. Had she met the queen she would have appreciated her, and pitied her hard fortune. With the rabble shouting in her ear their charges against the "Austrian woman" as the cause of their sufferings, and with the rabid declamations of the Jacobins in her memory, she gradually in her own mind endowed the beautiful and gifted Antoinette with all the attributes of moral ugliness, and learned to hate *that*. She would have acted otherwise could she have known the real queen, and especially could she have looked forward to the time when wretches would tear herself away from her own daughter to immure her in a dungeon. She would then have pitied an anxious mother, even though that mother were a hated queen. But retribution is even handed in some good degree, and the gifted woman who inspirited the unrelenting ferocity which murdered Antoinette, herself at last fell a victim to the same ferocity.

One change in Madame Roland we must mark, confessing honestly that not one thing in her history so saddens us. We have seen the sweet girl, with her face all radiant with emotions of reverence and love for God, and at one time seriously agitating the question of becoming the consecrated spouse of heaven. With such a course we have no sympathy, but allude to it, to recall the early religion she cherished. Better in our estimation to have repeated her *ave maria* and *pater noster*, in the lonely cloister of a nun, than to fling to the wind all belief in religion, and pluck with violence from her heart a belief in God. A woman's heart is said to be adapted to religious emotion, and to see such a heart, with its fine qualities, rudely bereft of its best glory, this is extremely sad. She had fallen on evil times, when philosophy plumed itself on a crusade against all religion. Madame Roland, at an early age, had fascinated men of the brightest genius, until they adored her, and in turn, she became giddy with the sweet flattery and was led to embrace their atheism from sheer gratitude. We would not apologize for such a monstrosity as a female atheist, but rather tell how it happened, and drop one tear of pity over her egregious folly. And yet there lingered in her heart an emotion—we call it

not a conviction—concerning God, which led her in the prison contemplating suicide, to exclaim, "Divinity! Supreme Being! Spirit of the Universe! great principle of all that I feel great, or good, or immortal within myself, whose existence I believe in, because I must have emanated from something superior to that by which I am surrounded—I am about to re-unite myself to thy essence!" And yet this was only a gleam of sweet sunlight shining out from the frowning thunder-clouds of atheism, which opened for a single moment. Those clouds obscured her sky to the last, and their darkness was only relieved by the sickly light of expected glory in "the ages to come."

But we are anticipating. Among others who did homage to this remarkable woman, was Danton, the strange anomaly of contradictions, the man of the mob, guiding the butcheries of the "2d of September," and yet cherishing his young wife with a love tender as ever Rousseau depicted, a man who, at one time, plunged into the maelstrom of blood as if it were his native element, and at another uttered sentiments noble enough for a Washington. This man sought to worship at Madame Roland's shrine, and had she been less of the woman, and more of the politician, she would have robbed him as a high priest at her altar. She was the only person in that ill-fated party who could have chained this king of the mob and usefully employed his giant energies.—She tried to force her woman's heart to smile on him, but it revolted, and she gave up the struggle. She acted as a woman, and paid the penalty in the destruction of her party, and in her own blood. Once she had smiled on Danton and allowed him a seat at her side at her own table. The same night he was greeted with deafening acclamations at the opera. Madame Roland came in afterward, and was about entering the box in which Danton and Dumouriez were sitting side by side. As she scanned his ferocious countenance, and recalled his deeds of blood, she drew back with a cry of horror, and seated herself in another box.

The die was cast. Deliberately she chose to be a woman and rebel from her as a reptile this man, rather than be a crafty politician, smothering her dislike, whilst she flattered and used the only man, who, by his tremendous executive energy, could have placed her brilliant, eloquent, but inefficient party, firmly in the high places of power. It is well known that Danton made many ineffectual attempts to unite herself with the Girondists. With the Jacobins he was not easy. Robespierre he hated, and wished to meet him as an open enemy, rather than be stabbed by him as an avowed friend. Marat he hated as a foul demon, and dreaded as a tiger greedy for blood. With the Jacobins he seemed to have a painful presentiment of his own destiny. And now would Madame Roland only exercise her potent spell over Vergiaud, Brozot, Louvet, and their associates, so that they should forget the massacres of September, and take him into their coalition, then he would compete with destiny, and perhaps reverse it! But she would not exercise that spell, and these men, urged on by some fatal blindness, insulted him with repeated exclamations of horror in public and private, until rasped beyond all en-

duration, he flung himself headlong among the Jacobins, and henceforth waged a battle of death against their antagonists. As a matter of policy, it was the worst blunder Madame Roland ever made, but as a matter of taste, we cannot sufficiently admire her stern resolution to suffer martyrdom rather than countenance for a moment a Danton.

We have already alluded to the ill-sorted marriage of this young lady with Monsieur Roland. He was a pure, high minded man, of some talent, and an author of some consideration. He had no genius, but was an admirable tool for party purposes. So far as we recollect, he never engaged but once in any transaction which he would have condemned as a high minded man, but, on the contrary, often rebuked friends and enemies for such conduct, at his own extreme peril. That exception we will specify before concluding. And yet in what contrast must he have stood with the woman he called his wife. She was young, he old as her father. She had genius of high order, he had talents barely above mediocrity. She was the soul of the party, he merely its tool. Her enthusiasm was fervent as tropical sunlight, his frigid as winter moonlight. Her love was like a stream of molten gold, his at best was only the transparent ice of honorable and respectful deference. She may have been deceived at first, and thought her respect for him to be love, but this could not have been long.

And not a little does it speak for her virtuous regard for obligations which she had assumed, that in that lax age she steadily fulfilled them to the last. Then, in high circles, the restraints of social life hung loose on most, and had she been so disposed she could have found refuge in high names for casting aside an irksome connection, and finding gratification in the strong affections which, almost unbeknown to herself, had united her to another. And yet she never wavered a moment, and she well nigh buried her love in her own grave, without disclosing it even to her most intimate friend.

In Paris she met the accomplished Buzot, and she at last became conscious of a sentiment for him, such as she had never had for any other. Her ardent affections were kindled by his, and her deference was yielded to his genius. His nature, his genius, his disinterestedness, all won her esteem. The man "possessing the morality of Socrates, and maintaining the decorum of Scipio," whilst she saw Danton embrace Murat, and Robespierre favoring on the populace, excited in her heart a profound esteem, which, if duty with her iron-heart had suffered, would have ripened into love. There is no evidence that these ardent hearts ever breathed one word, the one to the other, concerning their feelings, and it was not till the one was in a cell and the other was an exile, caused by the death of her he loved, that the world heard one word lisped which would reveal those emotions which had so long been buried in their hearts.

In her prison, inspired with the desire of rescuing her memory from reproach, she wrote her memoirs, and then, for the first and only time, breathed an intimation concerning this secret pas-

sion. And even here she writes like a somnambulist, almost without volition, and records the dream as though it were hardly her own. Buzot was an exile and she knew nothing concerning his fate. Painful anxiety wrung from her, that which no other motion had disclosed, her ardent affection for the unfortunate exile, and even for the world at large, that faint voice of love was, as it were, from the dead, since the faithful Bosc, to whom she gave her manuscript, dared not to publish them until safer days. Buzot, hunted like a wild beast, from one den to another, at last heard the fate of Madame Roland, and gave himself up to a frenzy of grief. He acted like a maniac, and would have met his fate sooner, had not his companions watched him. In his ravings he displayed the passion which had long controlled him, and when we recur to the melancholy details of their deaths, we sympathize with Lamartine when he compassionates the "sighs, gestures, and words, which allow a secret preserved through life to escape in the presence of death; but the secret thus disclosed keeps its own mystery. Posterity have the right to detect, but none to accuse this sentiment."

There was a time when hatred assailed Madame Roland's character, and coupled it with dishonor and shame, but it was only when a Marat judged the libel necessary, and hounded on his infamous pack to the more infamous work of defamation. The rabble for the time believed it, but history has gibbeted it as a *lie*, and its authors as *liars*. It proved to be only

—"The poisonous gall that drips
On Virtue's robe from Scandal's viper lips.

—When innocence and youth
Her victims are, she seemed to tell the truth
While yet she lies.

And with this woman, now fast sinking into popular odium, scandal played her hypocritical part eminently. The grossest stories were fabricated and circulated by Marat, and the victim herself was compelled from the prison window to hear the foul recitals. What a thing human nature is, when its viper heart is warmed into life by the appropriate circumstances!

It has been said, we know not with how much truth, that many of the State reports submitted to the Assembly by Roland, when he was minister, were drawn up by his wife. That some of them were, there can be no doubt, but we do not believe that most of them are her productions. There is such a difference between her flowing style and the rugged sentences of her husband, that a judge of style might discriminate between the two. Nor are we to assert that she had nothing to do with all the documents couched in his style, since we remember, with a sort of wonder, her share in that letter so rude and so unkind, which Roland wrote to poor Louis, a letter of which he kept a copy, for the express purpose of making it useful in conciliating public opinion to him, and turning it against the royal culprit. Madame Roland conceived the idea of that letter and dictated its harsh advice. Fear of the future, and the desire of power led her to the unwomanly deed.

Some party addresses, drawn up to answer party ends, were from her burning pen, and told

with tremendous effect on the public mind. Perhaps the most brilliant point of her career was when she was accused at the bar of the convention by Marat and others. She appeared at the bar herself, and repelled their slanders. The sight was so novel, a young and beautiful woman eloquently pleading her own cause, that the stormy body was hushed to silence, but when her splendid voice, singularly gifted to delight the ear, and awaken feeling in the heart, was heard, uttering graceful, energetic, and lofty words, that assembly was carried away with enthusiasm as it was wont under the apostrophes of Mirabeau. Her enemies, even Marat, were silenced and dared not move a tongue against her. The triumph was perfect, and by acclamation she was honored with the sittings of the convention.

From childhood her voice was exquisitely fitted to convey the impassioned feelings of her own soul to others, and when yet a girl, a crabbed old lady, whose manners exceedingly disgusted her, exclaimed, "What a splendid voice, so full and so rich!" This was one charm, which melted away the asperities of every jailer the Jacobins placed over her during her imprisonment. It was easy to hate the ugly fury Marat represented her in his paper, but it was not easy to hate the veritable woman herself, when once seen and heard. Her damp cells, in each of the prisons in which she was immured, was furnished with many elegant comforts, in spite of the strictest prohibitions to the contrary, and her attendants, selected because of their unrelenting disposition, would brave censure, when it might be death, to gratify the desires of their prisoner. To such an extent is this true, that we sometimes think Robespierre would have missed his victim, if she could only have had access to the ear of those who kept the prison gates. Her words, and herself in person, might have turned back bolts, which were stubborn even against the witchery of gold.

We were speaking of her authorship. Her principal work, by which she is known, was written by stealth in prison. She had composed a work, the fate of which was to be burned. It was her Historical Memoirs, in which she detailed the interior life of politics as she had seen it, thus placing us behind the curtain with the giant actors of that imposing drama. That manuscript she committed to her friend, Champagneux. But the bloodhound was on his track also, and to be taken with such a deposit on him, would be a sure passport to the scaffold. In extreme agitation he thrust the precious leaves into the fire, and we acknowledge candidly, if he saved his life by the means, it was at a very dear price. Was there not some friendly nook or corner, or hold in the earth, where he could have cast them, in hopes of a day, not distant, when their possession would not only not be treason, but a fortune to himself and a treasure for posterity?

Madame Roland was greatly distressed at the fate of a work over which she had shed the inspiration of her own sad heart, as she traced the past, from plebianism up to virtual royalty, and thence down to a felon's dungeon. But she never gave up to despondency. She now, with incredible rapidity, wrote a memoir of herself and com-

mitted the leaves to Bosc, the keeper of the garden of plants, who was faithful, and at length gave them to the world. It was in that work she said, "I shall exhibit my virtues and my faults with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the evil that may be spoken of him; and he who hesitates to confess his faults, has neither spirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them."

But we must now hasten to the sad conclusion of this eventful life. Danton was the avowed friend of Robespierre, and these demagogues had so inflamed the popular mind against the Girondists, that twenty-two of them were in prison certain victims for the scaffold, and others were flying for life. The mob demanded Roland, but his wife secured his escape, and boldly went to prison. She made arrangements without flinching, and bade her daughter farewell forever. In the Abbaye she compelled her keepers to grant her every indulgence they dared. She had surrounded herself with books and flowers. She had already sent her historic memoirs out on their ill-fated mission. A month elapsed, when she experienced one of those exquisite tortures, which the sudden lighting of hope and its sudden extinguishment alone can produce. She was to be sent to another prison. On a certain morning she was assured by officers that she was now free. Frenzied with the sudden rapture, she hastened to embrace her daughter. She almost feels the warm beating of her filial heart, when, horrid and incredible apparition, two officers seize her, and drag her away to a prison devoted to prostitutes and other infamous persons. It was only an ingenious torture with which the wretches had been amusing themselves!

And then what a place for a virtuous mother and wife. Separated by a thin wall, on the one side was a female *pimp*, whose crime was the wholesale of innocence for a price; while above her was a female counterfeiter, and such a desperado as to have assisted in tearing to pieces, limb by limb, a woman on the highway. Yet even here, Madame Roland softened to pity her keepers, who made her as comfortable as they dared. In this den of pollution she was immured five months.

She was then removed to another prison, whence she was to go to the scaffold. That splendid galaxy, of which Verginaud was the highest, had already perished twenty-two men. They had taken the sword and had perished with the sword. It was here Madame Roland meditated suicide. She procured laudanum and wrote a pathetic letter to her husband and daughter, but finally desisted. Her heroism inflamed the prisoners, who regarded her with reverence almost amounting to idolatry. The heroes just executed elicited her eloquence, the wrongs of her country her indignation, and the coming vengeance on tyrants her joy. Ancient and modern classics were tasked for stinging comparisons with which to heap contempt on her enemies. Prisoners were here auditors and she had enough, for the doleful place was crowded. Her declamations and heroic bearing nerved her fellows for their approaching sufferings, and

when driven back to their cells, they united in prolonged shouts of "Live the Republic." And yet she was a wife, and her heart was wrung over the probable sufferings of her refugee husband.—She was a mother, and sometimes grief, passionate as her nature was capable of, would distract her. And if we may credit her faint intimations, she shed some bitter tears over the fate of Buzot and his companions. And we blame her not, for infinitely pitiable is the case of a wife and mother and friend, unsupported by the consoling hopes of Christianity as she approaches death. Soon they would all be swallowed up in a remorseless annihilation, and why not then allow the poor, uncomfortable one the luxury of passion in grief, of frenzy in hatred, and exquisite tenderness in love?

The mockery of a trial was finished and now she hastened to the scaffold, as on some errand of joy. "I give you thanks," said she, with terrible severity to her judges, "that, in your estimation, I am worthy to share the fate of the great and virtuous whom you have already murdered!" She bowed to them and tripped along lightly to the prisoners' cart. Her farewell to her fellows was simply an expressive drawing of her hand across her beautiful throat. As she passed along the rabble insulted her with obscene epithets. She braced her own courage by comforting an old man in the same cart, and succeeded even in exciting smiles on his face. The woman, who had indignantly repelled the insinuations of her heartless judges, now calmly bore up under the grosser calumnies of the heartless mob. The slanderous fabrications of Marat, that day were proved false in part, since the people saw her to be, not a "toothless old hag," but an elegant woman, whose cheerful fortitude had forestalled disease and care, and presented her, there and then, smiling as if to entertain friends with her eloquent tongue, instead of enemies by her cruel execution.

We have often attempted to place Madame Roland before the eye as she appeared that day. Her majestic figure looked queenly, as she felt herself to be acting a part which should draw the eyes of the world on her. Besides she would be an imitator of ancient heroism, and prove herself superior to the fear even of death. She was yet beautiful, for she was not forty, and on that day, pride, glory, modesty, and indignation, sent the glow of young health again over her cheek, and

kindled her blue eye into unusual brilliancy. She was attired in simple white, and her black hair hung in gorgeous ringlets down to her waist.—Thought flashed through her mind with lightning swiftness, for she was soon to think no more, so she professed to believe, for she died as an atheist, not as a Christian. The victim was probably the choicest one in France, not even excepting the splendid Marie Antoinette, and the execution of this magnificent plebeian excited as much and as lasting interest as that of a "daughter of the Cæsars." Splendid woman, and yet so pitiable, she went nobly to the scaffold, supported by some of the most sordid considerations, what might she not have done, had faith disclosed immortality to her, and hope lent her wings for an upward flight to heaven?

At the scaffold she gaily left the cart and was about to ascend first, when, with a sort of shuddering benevolence, she bethought herself of her trembling companion. "Stay," said she to the executioner, "I have but one favor to ask, and that not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then she beckoned to the old man, and said: "Precede me to the scaffold. To see my blood flow would be making you suffer death twice. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my execution." Her singular thoughtfulness was regarded. The old man suffered first and then she laid her head upon the block. It was nobly done, and if not the act of a Christian, it was worthy of any one, be his name what it may.

Her hair had been shorn off, and not without one pang. She then calmly approached the block, but hard by was a statue of Liberty, and with indignant eloquence her last words became a magnificent apostrophe. She bowed to the statue, and exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Another moment and the most brilliant woman of her age was no more. The guillotine had done its duty remorselessly, as though some ordinary neck were beneath it, and not the queenliest in France.

Poor Roland, skulking like a thief from one refuge to another, heard of his wife's tragic death, and ended his own miserable existence by falling against his own poinard, declaring in a line left behind, that "after his wife's death, he would not remain another day on the earth so stained with crimes!"



THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

AN ENGLISH TALE FOR THE TIMES.

"WELL, then, sir," said Mrs. de Courcy, "the entirely ignorant can only be approached by a miracle. It was but yesterday morning—Now, Georgina, my dear! Dear love, pray listen to me. Such vanities at such a time!"

"Dear mamma, I was only—Mr. St. John was only so very kind as to offer to *chaperone* me to the concert this evening; and—and—You know, mamma," she added, wickedly, "they sing a great deal in the spirit-world."

It was a very sweet voice this of dear Georgina; it made me look at her, which I had not done before; and I saw, as well as the bonnet would let me, a very pretty face indeed: but Mrs. de Courcy summoned off my attention again in an instant.

"Intolerable!" she muttered. "Well, it was but yesterday morning I found my housemaid, who could hardly spell, in the heart of the *Memorable Relations*. She had seen it open on the table. The broom dropped against the wall, the duster on the floor; and there was she inhaling the spirit of Swedenborg out of those wonderful words. 'Do you understand what you are reading?' I asked. 'Understand!' she answered; 'oh, yes! this is all clear—all light.' 'But you can hardly read,' I said, 'and this is no spelling-book.' 'I do not know how it is,' she answered, 'but I do understand.' And she did, for she gave me an account of what she had found, as clear as I could have given myself. That is a miracle, sir."

"There is no lack of miracles," replied I; "the book itself is a miracle, if a miracle is a thing one can't account for. But, indeed, I hope your housemaid didn't open at the page at which I opened."

"And pray why not, sir? and what page?"

"Why," I said, "it is one which gives me a most distressing notion of the breeding of the creatures into whose society we all going. Swedenborg says he was in a room where two ghosts were discoursing on irresistible grace. The logic didn't prosper, and at last (it was one way of throwing a light upon the subject) one of them snatched up the candlestick and flung it at the other's head. I forget what impression was produced by it. It must have been the ghost of a candlestick, or it wouldn't have made any. But really it is very bad manners to fling about even ghosts of candlesticks."

"All colors are alike to the blind," replied Mrs. de Courcy, very angrily. "The New Church is yonder—you may see it rising there by the railroad; the wings, these two, of the genius of this modern age. Come, there, if you will, and learn. Come, or forbear to come; but if you come, you will hear words there which angels leave their stars to listen to."

I was relieved from my embarrassment by a move of the young lady to the piano. I was surprised, as it was only a morning call, and I was not prepared for the excuse of excellence in the daughter of such a mother; but there was suffi-

cient reason. However she came by it, remarkable natural power had been more remarkably cultivated. She sang one or two French songs, which Madame Dorus Gras had made familiar to me; and while the intensely difficult execution was almost as good, her own peculiar genius gave a new charm to them. The mother, with all her abhorrence of vanities, listened critically, as if she quite understood and valued Georgina's talent. They perplexed me, both of them; and when, at the end of a few minutes, the singer started from the piano, and, with a "Well, between mamma and me, you have had enough of us, I fancy," carried of mamma in a most abrupt retreat, a whole crowd of feelings came rushing out in the curiosity with which I asked Mrs. St. John whether it was from the new planet that so strange a pair had fallen.

St. John had followed the ladies down stairs, and we heard him slam his study-door with a tone of exhausted deliverance, which promised us a *tete-a-tete* of at least half an hour before he would recover from his sofa.

"This is not a question they are likely to ask about you," she answered. "How *could* you be so stupid! But you are past lecturing. Mrs. de Courcy was a fashionable beauty. She married early, was left an early widow, with an immense fortune, and dear Georgina for an only child. I am summing up fast, to save questions. She was splendidly dissipated for a few years, and then partly she forsook dissipation, partly it forsook her. But she wanted stimulants, and her talents required uncommon ones. She fell, two years ago, under the influence of a singular person, a Mr. Fenton, and became inoculated with what seems to answer. At present she is an apostle of Swedenborg among the milliners of Cheltenham, who accept her doctrines at the price of her patronage; and she bores poor Frederick with books and tracts, which she insists on his reading, and weekly homilies, and examinations in them."

"But the daughter; how came she by that brilliant music?"

"Oh, she has been perfectly educated. Mrs. de Courcy is only a half visionary; her stuff about vanities was only because she was speaking herself, and wished to be attended to. You saw how splendidly she was dressed. She is herself very highly cultivated. Georgina has had the best masters; and her mother has, perhaps, done more for her than they. And yet it almost makes me sick to think of it; with all their gifts, and their brilliance, and their talents, a lunatic asylum is the only place fit for either of them."

"To preach to the spirits there. For madame, perhaps; but the young lady didn't seem to be infected."

"Oh, it is not that!" Mrs. St. John answered. "Money and beauty have always right enough to be eccentric, even at the expense of other people. I could forgive them the misery they are to Fred-

erick; but it is a far more serious affair, and Georgina—ah—I have no patience with her!"

I thought I could have a great deal.

"Every one, I suppose, has a serious side," Mrs. St. John continued; "that is, behind all the talk, and show, and acting of life. Even the most foolish people have a sort of knowledge that, after all, this is not real life; and they have either a vague notion of another, or else of something in this world of more genuine importance; some way of satisfying themselves about themselves, either by under practice or future hopes. Most of us keep this side in better order than the other, and think and feel much better than we act; but there are some unlucky people that, if there be any where a single grain of absurdity or disease in their characters, insist on its rooting and growing exactly in this one corner, and, in the protection of secrecy, let it shoot into the most extravagant forms. All the outside talk and chatter is nonsense. But this unlucky Mr. Fenton has so possessed Mrs. de Courcy, that she is determined her daughter shall marry him; and Georgina herself, though she allows she does not love him—rather, perhaps, dislikes him—has got a notion, from which nothing can shake her, that it is her duty, which she accepts without reluctance. Oh, I have talked and talked to her! but what can one say? There is nothing too mad for people when twisted religion has got hold upon them. Notions taken up without reason, there is no reasoning with; and one is but diving at random in the ocean of fancies to look for an antidote to a caprice."

I was more touched at the marrying business than I liked to own. I always felt, as I suppose most unmarried men feel, a sort of annoyance when any young lady of my acquaintance was about to pass into the state from which only ugly death could free her. It is a possibility destroyed. One would have them wait till one's self has chosen, and one likes to moralize on the melancholy risk they are running with another. But I felt more than this here, which I was glad to explain to myself from the unhappy nature of the connection which the lady seemed to be forming.

"Well," said I, "then shall you and I take up the cards and try if we can beat this Mr. Fenton?"

She laughed.

"What, you mean you are to make love to Georgina, and I am to help you? I think you may safely try, after the impression you made to-day."

"I did not say so; but if Mr. Fenton is really objectionable, humanity would —"

"Humanity! you may come to the party with me this evening, and you will meet them both. I did not tell you Mr. Fenton was objectionable. I don't know him personally. I only know that he is a preacher, and that Mr. St. John dislikes him in consequence: but eccentricity makes a very little talent remarkable. Mr. Fenton, in this strange line of his, is very popular, and is to be met whenever you like to meet him."

"It is as well to see one's enemy," said I. "If there is any chance of beating him, or any credit to be got in doing it, I think I will try."

By this time St. John had rejoined us. After dispersing the undigested remains of his spleen in

a few humorous complainings, he took his hat and made me go out with him for a walk. In the course of it he gave me a few details of what he knew of Mr. Fenton, which came—after stripping off the coloring which was laid on by his general horror of what was *outré*—to no more than this—that it was rumored he had led a wild life when young; and that now he was the Cheltenham rage, and all the fashionable people went to the New Church. His especial spleen at Mrs. de Courcy, gave a point to what he said; but it was, in fact, nothing. Easily enough, Mr. Fenton might be but one more instance of an early recklessness being suddenly and violently checked, and then rushing into another extravagance, because plain respectability was too tame for his emotions. The same causes might make an eloquent Swedenborgian which made ascetics in old times, or Pietistevangelicals in later; and if this was so, what business had my impertinence in trying to cross him? The field was preoccupied by a person who had as good a right to be there as I; and the lady's odd way of expressing herself was quite likely to be assumed. They would be above my machinations, and I could be content to form one of their wedding party.

Half laughing at myself for all this excitement about people I had only seen for one strange half hour (though strangeness is a wonderful ripener of intimacy), I accompanied the St. Johns to the concert.

It was crowded—one of those uneasy evenings when long due invitations are wiped off at smallest expense to the entertainer, but at a very serious one to the entertained. Our eyes swept the glittering expanse of jewelled and turbaned head-dresses. The de Courcy's had not arrived. We kept our places near the door, and, in a few minutes, their names came, echoing up the staircase, and they entered, accompanied by Mr. Fenton. Others, besides ourselves, were anxious for a view of this orator, and a stir passed over the room; the music lost the sound of being listened to, and the crowd hung back that all might see, and yet none press too rudely, on so august a presence. Perhaps I was the only person who at first did not see him. Georgina was so beautiful, that, for the moment, I had not a glance to spare from her. In the morning I had lost the exquisite head, and the long, straight, Egyptian neck. A gold chain was coiled, like a snake, into her dark hair, and a green emerald glittered out above her forehead like its jewelled eye. I thought I had never seen so superb a creature; and although my own absurd fancies sank, crushed into the dust, I determined that the man, let him be what he would for whom this being was destined, must be my enemy, I would hate Mr. Fenton.

The ladies swept on up the room, and vanished as a beautiful thought vanishes in the crowding and crushing of common life. They bowed as they passed me; the mother, with the stateliest bend of her proud head; Georgina, with a smile. I turned as I lost them. Now, what was Mr. Fenton about? He was standing where they had left him. I could only see his profile. He was looking on upon the scene, just speaking here and there a word of recognition to the most pressing

claimant; but neither joining in it, nor wishing to join, yet without the slightest vulgar affectation of being too good for what was round him. If he was in Folly's shrine, he was no tinsel idol, there. No weak enthusiast ever carried so painful a forehead, nor Charlatan so high a one; and with so marked a stamp of greatness on him, if he were an intriguer, he would have chosen a more ambitious sphere than a Swedenborgian pulpit.

I began to think it might well be more than duty which had reconciled Georgina. If I could only see his eye! Presently he turned, and it met mine. He remarked my look, as I saw by the change from the gaze of indifference as the eye singled out its object in the crowd. It was an eye one does not like to see in an enemy; not a defying eye, which challenges one to meet it; but an eye that, as you looked into it, seemed, like very deep water, unfathomable. I felt as if my own vision were quenched in it, and a kind of awe crept over me as I looked at him, which promised poorly, indeed, for rivalry. Some one offered to introduce me; I suppose, observing my interest: but I declined, till I was better able to collect myself. But I was too much fascinated to cease watching him, till, at the end of half an hour a few words to his entertainer and a very gentle smile, he withdrew from the room. Every one seemed to breathe more freely; sure sign enough that this retreating figure was that of one greater than ourselves.

Mrs. St. John sat ensconced in a corner; a vacant seat was by her, and I took it.

"We need not trouble ourselves with a conspiracy," I said, "if that was Mr. Fenton."

"Hush!" she said, as she pressed my arm. I looked up; Georgina was close to us. She was coming up to speak to Mrs. St. John, who made room for her on the sofa, and she sat down with us. The sight of Mr. Fenton had rebuked me into my senses again. I was able to talk tolerably; and what had been intended but as a move of civility for a few moments of meaningless politeness, became her evening's resting-place. We talked of everything—music, books, scenery, amusement, even personalities, and in everything we agreed strangely. The same depth of sensitiveness which made her singing so remarkable, she carried through all her mind. She felt, where I only knew; and when I sketched the outline, she painted in the figures with her warm heart-coloring. Never had I met so dangerous a person. I forgot all. No warning spirit arose to wake my recollection of Mr. Fenton. Mrs. St. John managed all the little skillful arrangements to preserve our party. Once Georgina was called away to sing, yet she was not away. She sang one of Tennyson's little things of which we had both been speaking; and as the full rich tones went rolling round the room, I thought I caught upon them a breath of feeling which I had told her should be thrown into it, and which before she had not appeared to observe. She returned to us when it was over, and she looked at me as if to ask whether I had taken notice. Oh, that look! There was something then—a feeling of the tenderest kind, which only we two understood in all the crowd.

The thermometer was getting high. I raised my head for a moment, and, leaning against the corner of the door, I saw our genius. His strange melancholy eyes were fixed full upon us, not watching us—Mr. Fenton could not watch—but gazing through and through us, as if he were feeling all that we were feeling, and knowing more of us than, perhaps, we knew ourselves.

She saw me start, and looked up, too. I hoped she might have shown some slight agitation; but there was none—not the smallest. A quiet smile of pleasure rushed into her features, and she beckoned to him to join us; but, with a half-playful sadness, he shook his head, turned away, and disappeared.

"Provoking!" she said. "It is so like him! and I so wished to introduce him to you. Oh, Mr. Frankland, that is a man! You should know him. It is so rare to find a real man."

"He is your minister?" I said, merely choosing a provoking word.

"If you mean that he is my guide, my instructor, my—my more than friend—yes," she said.

I might have sunk even lower, for I was poorly, wretchedly vexed; with myself most of all; and, therefore, most sure to grow worse and worse. But I was saved by an interruption which I welcomed while I cursed it. Mrs. de Courcy's tall, stately form, came sailing up. She frowned as she saw our little group; and a glance like an angry eagle's shot from one to the other, not sparing Mrs. St. John.

"So you are here, Georgina!" she said, impregnating every syllable with a thousand intonations. "I have been searching the room for you. Mr. Fenton is gone—tired, I suppose, of waiting for us."

"He was here a moment ago, mamma," she answered; "but I believe he is gone. You were so busy talking, that I was obliged to look for another *chaperon*, and Mrs. St. John was kind enough to take care of me."

"Mrs. St. John has been very good. I will spare her any further encumbrance with you. The carriage is waiting."

"So ends a very pleasant evening, then," said Georgina, rising.

St. John came up conveniently to give his arm to Mrs. de Courcy, who always smoothed her frown for him.

"We may as well go together," he said. There was no one who had a better claim to Georgina than myself, so she accepted my escort, and we went down stairs.

She seemed to hesitate for a moment before she stepped into the carriage as to whether she should give me her hand. It was but a moment, but she did give it me; not a finger, but a full, warm, natural hand.

"Good bye," she said; "we shall see you again, I hope."

The crowd moved too fast to give me time to ask leave to call. One more stately bow from the plumed head-dress of mamma; their carriage swept away, and we had to hurry to our own.

I let Mrs. St. John laugh at me in her own way, which was a very merry one; and I did not tell her that I had secured myself a right to make

the call for which I had not obtained the leave.—Mrs. de Courcy had dropped a bracelet on the door-step, and I had been lucky enough to find it; for the rest, I hardly cared that evening to disentangle my feelings. I was only conscious that I was wildly in love with Georgina: and I closed my ears to the strong voice which insisted that Mr. Fenton was not a person I could dream of overcoming; and that if the lady was really and freely engaged to him, I was a fool, and a dishonorable one to boot. On the vain thread of hope that there might possibly be a mistake, I was contented to risk my fortunes; and, in concealed wilfulness, wind every word, every smile, and every feeling, which had flowed from her, round and round my heart.

As Mrs. St. John had disliked Mr. Fenton without reason, so when I told her what his appearance forced me to think of him, her mind began to waver in his favor; and the next morning when I told her I intended to call, and she found that I could not laugh naturally when she laughed at me, the thing seemed to lose its entirely light appearance; and even to be trying to win his wrath from him began to look questionable.

It was all of no use. A kind of instinct sometimes supersedes every other faculty, unseats even conscience, and insists on the entire control of us, whether for evil or for good. Call I would, and that at a polite life's very earliest hour. I had secured myself a pretext, and, armed with my beautiful fetter, my desperate recklessness brought me to the door.

I was shown into a very elegant room, which I had no leisure to observe, for even my impudence was confused at finding the awful Mrs. de Courcy alone. She rose. I blundered out my bracelet in my confusion, and was stammering the most helpless imbecilities when I found that, from some unexplained cause, her manner was utterly changed towards me. She received me with apparently genuine pleasure, and thanked me warmly for my politeness. She even began to talk on serious subjects to me; the most sure sign of her good-will. Presently Georgina entered with Mr. Fenton; both of them smiling, evidently glad to see me.

In a low, but beautifully toned voice, the latter told me he was pleased to have the opportunity of being introduced to me. He had heard my name, he was good enough to say, from other quarters; and Miss de Courcy had told him that our acquaintance would be a mutual pleasure to us. Oh how my heart smote me at this unsuspecting confidence! What would I not have given for the enchanter's power to split the walls and vanish through them! Here was the spell which had charmed away Mrs. de Courcy's frown. It was to him, whose peace I was plotting to undermine, that I was to owe my chance for a trial.

I really believe I blushed; and I should have become helplessly confused if he had not continued his good nature till he saw I was at my ease. Half an hour passed—an hour—and there seemed no wish that I should take my leave; at last shame drove me to a move, but it was only to receive an invitation to join them the next day at dinner.—To join them? Then, of course, at once I was

admitted into easy intimacy. I was told to come when I liked. Did I ride? Georgina liked riding, and would accept my escort.

I had made up my mind for a thousand storms; not at all for so fair a sea and so smooth a wind. When I carried my perplexity to the St. Johns, St. John himself was convinced they were proselytising—it was all nonsense, there could be no good in a Swedenborgian preacher. Mrs. St. John thought they saw through me, and intended to punish me. Yet why take such trouble with the impertinence of a stranger, from whom a cold word would have relieved them? In spite of a thousand misgivings, an inexplicable fascination seemed to draw me towards Mr. Fenton; and I thought to be trifled with by Georgina better than the tenderness of all the world besides. I was too devoted to be proud, and from her even ridicule would be tolerable.

Well, I dined with them; the day following I was there again, and the next. As our intimacy deepened we drew all more and more together. It was wonderful, but it was delightful. Not a day passed now which did not see me at their house. Georgina drew a little, though scarcely so well as I. Mrs. de Courcy was absorbed always in her visions of her folios, and took, or seemed to take, no notice of us. In the afternoon we went out riding; and Mr. Fenton, though he knew all this, seemed best pleased when we had been most together, and was seldom at the house excepting in the evenings. Sometimes I did a little metaphysics with mamma, in disreeter style than my first essay. Sometimes Mr. Fenton himself would give an hour to talking to me, and to making me talk.

I can give little idea of the conversation of this extraordinary man. He combined more deep thought, with seemingly deeper calm, than any man I had ever met with. He knew all I wished to say—he would say it for me when I bungled. Even my thoughts he seemed to divine; and my first uneasiness with him entirely vanished, so completely had I given up looking forward with any fixed intention, and was content to let each day bring its own joys or its own sorrows with it. Many a half-bitter laugh I had with myself at my notion of eclipsing him. He never alluded to his engagement with Georgina, neither did Mrs. de Courcy. He was very little with her; she did not appear to expect he should be; and he only wished that she should be with me. I was out of my depth in a current too strong to stem, even had I known which way to swim. I felt that I was swept away in the stream, and that Mr. Fenton, and only he, knew whether it was bearing me to smooth lakes and meadow-lands, or down over raging torrents and Niagara cataracts.

He often spoke to me of Swedenborg, but it was not his one subject. He had travelled over the world: every language which held a literature was familiar to him; and his mind was veined with history. I often went to hear him preach, and his power and popularity became easily intelligible to me. He believed in God with all his own heart, and he knew by a curious instinct all the ins and outs, and strangest shifts, and curvings, and windings of ours. Each of us had to

feel that the sermon was aimed specially at ourselves, and our particular case explained and provided for. And the man that sees the whole of us, and sees round us and beyond, who can refuse to follow?

Well, in this strange way things continued through the spring, and down into the summer.—The St. Johns left Cheltenham. Before she went, Mrs. St. John had a long expostulation with me. She threatened to speak herself to Georgina; and only did not at my own passionate entreaty.—Something I felt must come, and quickly; yet, as that something must be rude awakening out of the fairest dream of my life, I could not bear to have it hurried to its birth. Allowing all she urged, that either I had hopes or had none, and that, if there were none, it was the most cruel, selfish, wanton violation of what was due to myself, to her, to the honorable confidence in me of Mr. Fenton, to allow a web to frame itself round the heart of Georgina, which, torn though it might be, yet would leave its fragments clinging to it, and spoil her peace and his, perhaps for ever;—allowing this, for I knew it all (and there is no advice so uselessly irritating, as when another's cool prudence does but repeat our own hearts' upbraidings,) still I could resolve nothing; and my ineffectual madness left it all to fate—to fate, as if fate cared to shape out the moulds for the casting of this rolling human life metal otherwise than in us, and through us, and by our own fingers: well for me that my fate was the deep-skilled wisdom of a man who knew what he was doing, although I neither knew nor cared to know. A change came over Georgina's manner. She grew nervous, conscious, and uneasy. Sometimes she seemed to shrink from me, not to weary of my presence, but angry at it. At others, an excited smile of pleasure shot across her features when I came, a kind of desperate abandonment of herself to the present, as if, like myself, it was enough for her to know that there was happiness to-day; whether to-morrow brought storms, or the same warm sun would still be shining, the same blind fate or chance might care. Oh, the uneasy heart, the shifting mood, the unresting eye, where calm came never now, by night or day, to still its surface; and let

the world outside her and around her shine in, in undisturbed serenity, as once it shone! How well I knew these symptoms! With what intensely selfish joy I told myself that I was the cause!

Mrs. de Courcy, too, seemed at last to be far from uniformly pleased. There was some struggle clearly going on within her, as if her judgment was uncertain. The speculation ceased to be so all-absorbing. She would sit near us, as if to listen to what we said; and often I caught her stern eye fixed questioningly upon mine. It was true I could commonly restore my favor with little difficulty. Sincere in her monomania, it was like a mesmeric power over her. I had but to touch the chord and set her speaking; and then I need only seem to listen, and throw in a random affirmation when her voice swelled into energy, to become one of the most excellent and well informed of men. Still there were symptoms enough to show that a crisis was near. Mr. Fenton only was the same; he, the most truly interested, alone seemed to see no danger, and no change in the lady's manner. If there was any change in himself, it was that he was growing to like me better; and a kind of playful sweetness warmed into his features in his now longer conversations with me.—Oh, how at times his kindness cut me to the heart! Often and often I was on the point of flinging myself out before him, confessing to him all my hopes and fears, remorse, and self-upbraidings, the whole madness that was in me. The words would come bubbling up to my lips; I drew the conversation again and again to her, fluttering round her excellence, and longing but for one word from him to turn the trembling balance—that I might tell him what I felt, what I believed she felt, and leave it to his mercy, or to wisdom, to determine what ought to be done. But the impassive calmness, the grave quiet, with which he assented to my admiration, awed me, and froze my lips—I could not speak. Passion chokes before an unimpassioned auditor; and my words hung fire, only leaving me the mock consolation of my conscience, that at least I wished to be open with him; and if I were not, it was his fault, not mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





WASHINGTON IRVING.

"WHAT! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humor, that ever was there
 Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—
 I shan't run directly against my own preaching.
 And, having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I honestly feel,—
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's stock and good will,
 Mix well, and, while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
 The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest remain,
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee—just Irving.—[A FABLE FOR THE CRITICS.]

THE witty author of the Fable has been more fortunate in his portraiture of our great prose writer, than the artist was from whose attempt to give the externals of his "warm heart and fine brain," our engraving has been copied. The

portrait which we present is not such an one as we should be glad to give, and would give if it were in our power, but,

"IRVING was younger once than he is now,"

and with a full consciousness of there being a brown wig, if not

"Wrinkles on his brow,"

he refuses to have his counterfeit presentment, set before the world, of what he now is on the shady side of sixty. He is probably right in his determination to let posterity see him only as he appeared when he produced the works by which they will only know him. The portrait is the portrait of the author of the Sketch Book, and not of the quiet old gentleman Washington Irving of sixty odd years, who, in his mellow servility, is daily superintending the publication of the works which he produced in the hey day of his intellectual and bodily vigor.

The career of Washington Irving has been a singularly happy one; there are few men of eminence in the literary world whose private history presents a life of such placidity and good fortune; for his outset as an author his serenity has never been ruffled by a failure, nor an adverse criticism. He could not say, with nearly all the literary men who have been known to fame,

"How hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fames dread
Temple shines afar."

All the accidents of his life, his early training, his social connexion, the bent of his genius, the time of his birth, and even what might have been deemed his pecuniary disasters, all conspired to ripen him for his work and promote his literary success. All these favoring accidents would have been as naught to one who had not the good sense to avail himself of them, and even without them, and under less propitious circumstances, we doubt not that Irving would have risen superior to them. But it cannot be denied that he was singularly fortunate, and that while he made the most of his advantages, he never once forgot himself and presumed on his position. A life exhibiting a greater uniformity of strictly correct conduct probably could not be instanced. Unquestionably much of his well-deserved reputation, and the uniform consideration with which he has been treated as a man and writer both at home and abroad, are owing to his never putting himself in an antagonistic position to anybody or any thing. He has rebuked no man's sins, upset no man's hobbies, disturbed nobody's superstitions, criticised nobody's works, nor exposed the follies of any nation, sect or people. But he has laughed with the world and not at it, and put poor human nature upon good terms with itself.

One of the secrets of Irving's uniform success and freedom from adverse criticisms, is well worth knowing and bearing in mind by young authors; it is that he never attempted anything for which he did not feel himself perfectly qualified; and another was that whatever he attempted he finished. He is a thorough artist, and in this respect bears a strong resemblance to Bryant, whom he resembles in nothing else. He finished with the utmost nicety even his slightest sketches. It is said that the first part of the SKETCH BOOK was written over no less than seven times. This may not be true, but it bears evidence of having been corrected with the greatest care. There are no literary compositions existing, which exhibit a purer artistic

perception than the essays and stories in the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall. We do not speak of their excellence as literary compositions compared with the works of other authors, but as exhibiting a purity of taste in their author, which led him to exclude everything not absolutely necessary to convey a distinct impression of the idea which he wished to present to the reader. He so completely segregates his subjects that, however meagre they may be, or shadowy, or feeble, they occupy the mind to the exclusion of everything else, and therefore leave a lasting impression. The present method, with our popular writers, is to cram their pages with everything that bears the remotest affinity with their subject, and by this means they fill the mind with such a confused mass of thoughts and images that it retains an impression of none. The first essay in the Sketch Book is "The Voyage," a subject full of suggestions, recollections, and gossip. It seems hardly possible for a man of sea experiences and full information to treat it with simplicity. But Mr. Irving by a few severe reflections, and one little anecdote of a sea disaster, has given us a sketch which gives to the mind an impression of the solitariness, grandeur, and perils of the ocean, that volumes of sea voyages fail to give. This essay is so good an example of the careful finish and elaborate simplicity of Irving, that we are tempted to give it entire as the best exemplification that can be offered of the point which we would elucidate.

THE VOYAGE.

Ships, ships, I will describe you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,

What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.
Halloo! my fancie, wither wilt thou go?

OLD POEM.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of the worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but

real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention; which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar,

to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail ahead!’—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard any thing of them more.”



After filling important diplomatic stations abroad, and creating for his country a literary reputation, Mr. Irving has returned home and settled quietly down on the banks of the Hudson, near his old literary coadjutor, Mr. Paulding, on the old Dutch farm near which many of his boyish days were passed. The accompanying cut gives a correct view of Mr. Irving's house and grounds, which he calls Sunny Side. It is on the left bank of the Hudson, near Tarrytown, and not far from the spot which his pen has rendered classical as Sleepy Hollow. This beautiful engraving is from a drawing made by Darley, the artist who has been employed by Mr. Putnam, the liberal publisher, to embellish the new edition of Irving's works now in course of publication. The Hudson River Railroad runs in front of this pleasant and dreary looking abode of a man of genius, whose quiet will be often disturbed by the shrill whistle of the fiery engine as it rushes past his door. But Mr. Irving is too hearty a philanthropist to look with a dissatisfied eye upon any of the means for promoting the common welfare of his species, even though his own comfort be in a measure disturbed thereby.

VIEW OF "SUNNY SIDE," ON THE HUDSON,
IRVING'S COUNTRY SEAT.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

THE reign of Queen Elizabeth was remarkable, above all other considerations, for the impetus which it gave to learning, through the encouragement extended by her to men of literary and scientific attainments. Her court comprised within its circle the most distinguished characters of the age, and if she exercised the duties of her exalted station with somewhat of rigor, yet she was not at all times the hasty and implacable monarch which some of the acts of her life would indicate. Her liberal patronage of poets and scholars is an instance in support of this assertion. Foremost among the gifted and brilliant minds which added lustre to her court stood Essex; the accomplished man of letters—the ready wit—the fearless warrior, and the handsome gallant. No wonder that, with her prejudices in favor of genius and talent, the virgin queen almost lost sight of her maiden resolutions, in favor of so accomplished an adherent. Better, far, had it been for him, had he lacked those brilliant qualities which rendered him the admired favorite of the most powerful court in Europe. As the moth is dazzled and bewildered by the ray that shines only to lure it to certain destruction, so did Essex sport within the magic circle into which his accomplishments had thrown him, until, approaching too closely the light in which he had displayed his gaudy wings, he sank and died beneath its withering influence. HAMPDEN, BURLEIGH, and COKE, were also the recipients of Elizabeth's favor. The former by his soldier-like abilities, the second by his skill in managing and guiding affairs of state, contributed their quota to England's glory; and Coke—Chief Justice Coke—was long the boast and ornament of the British bar. LEICESTER, too, great and powerful, as he was ambitious and without honor, had so far won upon her affections as to dare aspire to the honor of her hand; but, with her usual shrewdness, she had observed the defects of his character, and knew too much to place herself so deeply in his power. RALEIGH, with his store of knowledge and his ever-pointed wit; and BACON, with talents equal to his fame, and many more, whose names have grown to be musical in the world's ear, extend the ample list; but even their brilliancy must grow dim and pale before the lustre of those twin brothers of song, SHAKSPEARE and EDMUND SPENSER. Gladly would we prolong the pleasant theme to which our thoughts have led us; but the plan of the present sketch allows us only to treat of such kindred subjects as fall within the bounds prescribed at starting. The death of Elizabeth was one of the most unfortunate circumstances which could have happened for Sir Walter Raleigh. James had not that reverence for talent which marked her brilliant reign, and Sir Walter's subsequent conduct shows how bitterly he felt the change wrought by her death. The cold-blooded assassination of this accomplished gentleman, at a time when England was beginning to reap the benefit of his services, has cast a slur upon the escutcheon of King James's char-

acter, that cannot be counterbalanced by the little good which he effected during the twenty-two years of his misguided reign.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born in 1553; and was sixty-five years of age at the time of his death. Both as a scholar and a soldier he possessed qualifications of the highest order, and the brilliancy and extent of his acquirements were such, in conjunction with his refined manners and engaging deportment, as to render him for a long period an established favorite among all classes of his countrymen. The conception which induced him to undertake the establishment of a colony in the wilds of America proves him to have been a man of no common order of intellect; and, indeed, the better portion of his life was equally divided between his literary pursuits, and the gratification of his passion for enterprise and adventure.

Although his studious disposition inclined him rather to recreations of a peaceful, than of a warlike nature, his feats in the field were by no means the least of his accomplishments. The attention of Elizabeth having been for some time directed towards the countries of the New World, several years after the overthrow of the Spanish armada, (1588,) James Lancaster, with three ships and a pinnace, took thirty-nine Spanish ships, sacked Fernambouc, on the coast of Brazil, and returned to England heavily laden with treasure. Sir Francis Drake also undertook an expedition against Panama, and was repulsed by the Spaniards, and Sir Walter Raleigh engaged in an expedition to Guiana, that famous kingdom of which he gave such wonderful accounts, and which he undertook to explore at his own expense; unfortunately, however, without meeting with that success which his merits deserved.

Shakspeare, in his tragedy of *Othello*, (act I, scene 3,) speaks of

—"The Cannibals, that do each other eat,—
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

a passage, the idea of which was evidently suggested by Sir Walter's account of the nondescripts which he encountered during his adventures upon the coast of South America. It is by no means probable that Sir Walter actually saw all the wonders which he pretends to describe; but that he may have received accounts of such monstrosities from some of the Indians whom he met with in the course of his explorations is not to be doubted; for by stories just as improbable were the Spanish adventurers deceived in their first communications with the natives of the various places visited by them. In his narrative of his voyage to Guiana, he thus gravely describes a race of people in whose existence he professes to have had implicit belief:

"Next unto the Arvi—a river which falls into the Oronoko, are two other rivers, Atoica and Caora; and on that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people WHOSE HEADS APPEAR NOT

ABOVE THEIR SHOULDERS; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet, for mine own part, I am resolved it is true,—because every child in the province of Aromaia and Canuri affirms the same. They are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders."

This description, which, at first thought, appears so singular, would answer well, saving a little allowance made for exaggeration, to the appearance of some of the Southern tribes of Indians of the present day; whose tremendous war-masks, made of the bark of trees, carved in all kinds of monstrous and grotesque shapes, and hung upon the breast, so as at the same time to cover the head also, might easily lead them to be mistaken for "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The "long train of hair growing backward between the shoulders" is still a favorite ornament with many of our American tribes; who, when fully dressed in their war paint and feathers, present quite a scare-crow appearance, which would throw into the shade Sir Walter's most vivid descriptions. Might not this simple suggestion account for the phenomena alluded to in his "wonders of Guiana?"

After the failure of these expeditions in America, the English determined to attack the Spanish dominions in Europe, and, accordingly, a powerful armament, consisting of one hundred and seventy vessels, carrying upward of seven thousand soldiers, sailed from Plymouth, and, having made, without success, an attempt to land at St. Sebastian, on the western side of Cadiz, resolved to attack the ships and galleys in the bay. These forces were commanded by the flower of England's chivalry. The undertaking was deemed rash in the extreme, but the most daring spirits were in favor of making the attempt, and Effingham, the commander-in-chief, decided to humor them. Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard were appointed to lead the van; a sufficient proof of their trustworthiness, but the merit of having enacted the chief exploit of the day was wrested from them by the impetuous Essex, who, in defiance of the admiral's injunctions, pressed forward into the thickest of the fight, and, landing his men, he immediately marched to Cadiz, stormed it in the midst of its fancied invincibility, and carried it, after a brief contest, sword in hand. With a generosity, however, which usually accompanies such praiseworthy ardor, he checked the slaughter which was about to ensue—content with having simply won a victory. Raleigh, also, performed wonders of valor, and was several times in danger of being slain.

This was but one among the many enterprises which characterized Elizabeth's reign, and when she died, (of grief, it was said, for having caused the death of her favorite, Essex,) the brightest star in England's diadem grew dim.

Among the numerous curious enactments of this reign was one forbidding the erection of dwellings in the suburbs; the authorities being suddenly possessed with a fear that London was

becoming too big for her own prosperity. Severe laws were also enacted against poisoners, against whom a great fear existed; persons of distinction were supposed to have been poisoned by merely touching the lintels of doors, or opening of letters containing a poisonous powder; or smelling of poisoned flowers; and in the English archives we read, that one Edward Squire was executed "for im poisoning the pommel of the queen's saddle, and the arms of the Earl of Essex's chair." Coaches were first introduced during the reign of Elizabeth, but a regulation was afterwards passed, forbidding gentlemen to ride in them, as being too effeminate. What would be thought of such a regulation in the present age of luxury it is useless to speculate upon. Even after the invention of coaches, it was long ere they came in vogue, and those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, (says *Rowe*) went on horseback to any place of business or diversion. It was this practice, which, according to the most accredited authors, afforded William Shakspeare his first means of obtaining a livelihood, on coming to London.

CHATEAUBRIAND has given us an interesting account of the condition of the stage (a favorite diversion of Elizabeth and her court,) at this period. In the dramatic performances of the time, he says:

"The female characters were represented by young men; and the actors were not distinguished from the spectators, except by the plumes of feathers which adorned their hats, and the bows of ribands which they wore in their shoes. There was no music between the acts. The place of performance was frequently the court-yard of an inn, and the windows which looked into this court-yard served for the boxes. On the representation of a tragedy in London, the place in which it was performed was hung with black, like the nave of a church at a funeral."

The means employed for the purpose of producing an illusion were no less remarkable; as an exemplification, witness Shakspeare's burlesque description, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"A man, having his face smeared with plaster, is the wall which intervenes between Pyramus and Thisbe, and he spreads out his fingers to represent the chinks in the wall, through which the lovers converse. A lantern, a bush, and a dog, are employed to produce moonlight. In rude dramatic performances of this kind, the scene, without changing, alternately represented a flower-garden, a rock, against which a ship was to strike, or a field of battle, where half a dozen miserable-looking soldiers would personate two armies."

We have seen armies no better furnished even upon our modern stage, with all its brilliant accessories. As to the "properties" in use in Shakspeare's time, an old inventory of a company of English players contains, among other articles of lesser importance:

"A dragon, a wheel employed in the siege of London, a large horse with his legs, sundry limbs of Moors, four Turks' heads, and an iron mouth, which was probably employed in giving utterance

to the sweetest and sublimest accents of the immortal poet. False skins were also employed for those characters who were flayed alive on the stage, like the prevaricating judge in Cambyzes."

As for the *patrons* of the drama—the uproar of a modern Bowery audience becomes unworthy of notice, when compared with that of the class they represent, as it stood in the sixteenth century.

In Elizabeth's time "the higher class of spectators, or the *gentlemen*, took their places on the stage—seating themselves either on the boards, or on stools, which they paid for. The pit was a dark and dusty hole, in which the audience stood crowded together. The spectators in the pit, and those on the stage, were like two hostile camps, drawn up face to face. The pit saluted the *gentlemen* with hisses, threw mud at them, and addressed to them insulting outcries. The *gentlemen* returned these compliments by calling their assailants *stinkards* and brutes. The *stinkards* ate apples and drank ale; the gentlemen played at cards and smoked tobacco, which was then recently introduced. It was the fashion for the gentlemen to tear up the cards, as if they had lost some great stake, and then to throw the fragments angrily on the stage—to laugh, speak loud, and turn their backs on the actors."

It was thus that the sublime inspirations of Shakespeare were received upon their first production. "John Bull," remarks Chateaubriand, "threw apple-parings at the divinity at whose shrine he now offers adoration!"

We have introduced this slight account of the drama in Shakespeare's time, as aiding to display the character of that age in which were formed so many weighty enterprises—among which the establishment of colonies in the wildest portion of the American continent was not the least. If Elizabeth had not possessed so much of the spirit of religious intolerance, the Pilgrim Fathers would never have settled in Massachusetts.

Her encouragement of Raleigh's project is also another point in her favor. Elizabeth has the credit of having established the first newspaper ever printed in England*; but under James the First the art received but slight encouragement. If King James persecuted unjustly men of literary attainments, Elizabeth was not altogether free from the same fault. Witness her treatment of John Stubbes, a puritan writer; who was condemned to lose one of his hands, for having written a pamphlet, called "The Discovery of the Gaping Gulf whereinto England is likely to be swallowed by a French marriage," etc., and in which were some reflections upon the queen. Page, the publisher, and Singleton, the printer, were sentenced and served in like manner. Elizabeth was not altogether free from superstition; but the faith of James First in necromancy was carried to the highest limits of absurdity. He published innumerable edicts against "sorcerers, prophets, feeders of evil spirits, charmers, and provokers to unlawful love," and many were pun-

ished by flames and torture, on suspicion of being implicated in such proceedings. James published a book in condemnation of tobacco and the consumers of it, and it is not improbable that Raleigh's persevering use of the article had somewhat to do with the monarch's private feelings against him.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

THERE is no period in the entire history of America so fraught with romantic incident as that which relates to the early settlers of Virginia: a name now applied only to a single State, and that by no means one of the largest in the Union; but which was originally intended to designate that entire portion of the American continent included in the grants of the Queen of England to her adventurous subjects. The name, itself, is supposed to have been given in compliment to the queen, and in delicate allusion to her virgin state.

The first expedition having in view the exploration of Virginia set sail from the Thames on the 27th of April, 1584, and arrived, after a passage of several months duration, at Wocacon Island—supposed to be one of those which lie at the mouth of Albemarle Sound, on the coast of North Carolina. The Indians exhibited very little fear of their visitors, and treated them with the greatest hospitality. In September they returned to England, carrying with them two Indians—Manteo and Wanchese—and giving such marvellous accounts of their discoveries, that Sir Walter Raleigh obtained permission from the queen to fit out an expedition with the view of establishing an American colony, and having formed a company for this purpose, in 1585 Sir Richard Grenville, a kinsman to Sir Walter, and one of the accomplished men of his time, set sail from Plymouth, England, with seven ships and the proper supplies, and arrived at Virginia, after various adventures, on the 26th of June,—bringing with him Manteo, as interpreter. In the course of this expedition the whites committed several outrages, such as burning the town of Aquascogok, for the loss of a silver cup, laying waste their fields, etc. Up to this time the Indians had manifested the warmest friendship, but the imprudent and ungrateful conduct of the English aroused by degrees in their breasts an animosity which afterwards put the colonists at an expense of much blood and treasure. Sir Richard Grenville left one hundred and eight men on the island of Roanoke, and sailed to that of Hatteras. Ralph Lane was appointed governor of the colony, and Captain Smith (who had commanded one of the vessels,) admiral. Thomas Hariot, a mathematician, and a great friend of Raleigh's, stayed with the colony, and on the 18th of September, after having received a visit from Granganimeo, a powerful Indian chief, Sir Richard Grenville sailed for England. In their explorations the colonists were greatly assisted by John Wythe, a painter, who took numerous sketches of the natives, the most prominent landscapes, birds, trees, &c., which were subsequently transmitted to Europe, where they were engraved. After the death of Granganimeo, which occurred shortly after, the animosity of the Indians increased to such a degree, that the colony became one

* The "*English Mercurie*"—printed during the impending invasion by the Spanish armada. Copies are still extant in the British Museum.

scene of strife and bloodshed. In the midst of this untoward state of affairs, Sir Francis Drake arrived with succors, (1585,) and in 1586 the colony at Roanoke were glad to accompany him home, where they arrived in June, bringing with them some tobacco, which, under the example of Sir Walter Raleigh, soon became fashionable.—Two ludicrous anecdotes are told in connection with this subject, which, though oft-told, can hardly with propriety be omitted. On one occasion, one of Sir Walter's servants, who happened to be entering his master's apartment bearing a tankard of ale, at the moment when the latter was regaling himself with a pipe of tobacco, he conceived him to be on fire, and forthwith launched the contents of the tankard in Sir Walter's face. At another time, Raleigh made a wager with the queen that he could ascertain the weight of smoke; which he accomplished by first weighing the tobacco, and afterwards the ashes which remained. Upon this, the queen is said to have remarked that she had frequently heard of such a thing as gold being turned into smoke; but that Sir Walter was the first within her knowledge who had succeeded in converting smoke into gold!

Within a fortnight after the departure of the colonists with Drake, Sir Richard Grenville arrived with three ships for their relief, but not finding them, he left fifty men at Roanoke, and returned again to England. The following year (1587,) Mr. John White sailed in command of three ships, furnished by Raleigh, (who did not himself visit Virginia, as some writers have erroneously stated,) and by whom he was provided with a charter of incorporation for a city to be called Raleigh, with directions to settle on the banks of Chesapeake river; and was appointed governor of the colony with twelve councillors.—Here they learned that the fifty men left by Grenville had been slain by the natives. Where the plantation had been they found the body of one man. The houses were overgrown and the fort destroyed. Here Manteo was baptized in the English faith, and the daughter of Ananias Dare, one of the council, had a female child, which she called Virginia. Not long after this, Mr. White returned to England, to solicit further supplies; but Raleigh, deeply involved in debt, and having expended nearly all his private fortune in the prosecution of his views, was by this time growing disheartened, and finally assigned his patent to Thomas Smith and other merchants and adventurers, among whom was White—who took with him from Sir Walter a donation of one hundred pounds for the propagation of Christianity in Virginia. It was not until the spring of 1590 that Governor White could return to his colony; then, with three ships, he sailed from Plymouth, and passing through the West Indies in quest of Spanish prizes, he made Hatteras on the 15th of August. Here they found no traces of the colony which Mr. White had left, and although a search was afterwards made for them, they were never again heard from. Raleigh subsequently made several attempts, at his own expense, to discover and relieve his friends, but without avail; and his execution, through the injustice and cruelty of King James the First, abruptly put an end to all his

projects. Raleigh's rare accomplishments had rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of his age, and the distinction at which he ultimately arrived, by the unaided influence of his wonderful genius, was not long in creating against him a host of enemies, who did not rest until his ruin was accomplished. In person he was graceful and in manners inviting; and Queen Elizabeth once reckoned him among the most favored of all her favorites.

But the most prominent among the adventurers in those western wilds had not yet made his appearance, to give a fresh impulse to the spirit of colonization; which, at the time of the death of Raleigh, seemed rapidly subsiding. Captain John Smith, the favorite hero of American romance, the most shrewd and enterprising of all who had undertaken the voyage to Virginia, was, emphatically, a soldier of fortune. Born at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579, he appears to have become early impregnated with that chivalrous spirit and ardent love of adventure which characterized all his actions in after life. When only thirteen years of age, he endeavored to run away from home and get to sea by selling his school books and satchel, but being foiled in this attempt, he was afterwards apprenticed to a merchant of Lynn. The confinement to which his employment in this capacity subjected him, only had the effect of adding to his desire for adventure, and, quitting his master, he attached himself to the train of a young nobleman traveling to France. Not feeling satisfied, however, with his new condition, he left this nobleman at Orleans, and had money given him to return to England. Instead of shaping his course immediately homeward, he visited Paris, and proceeded to the Low Countries, where he enlisted as a soldier, and being persuaded that a visit to Scotland might advance his interests with King James, he turned his steps thitherward, only to be disappointed. He now made his way to his native town, and finding no agreeable company there, he built himself a hut in the depths of a wood, and betook himself to the study of history and military tactics—diverting himself occasionally with his horse and lance, and living the life of a hermit.

By a stroke of good fortune, our adventurer managed, at length, to regain part of the estate left by his father, with the proceeds of which he fitted himself out, and joined a Frenchman, who laid claims to nobility, for the purpose of seeking an exploit in France. If Smith betrayed a want of proper caution in these several instances which we have mentioned, it must be borne in mind that he was at this time only seventeen years of age, and had not yet acquired that experience in the ways of the world which would have influenced the actions of an older person. Himself of a generous disposition, and free from guile, he was not prepared to encounter that deceitful and treacherous conduct from others from which he was, himself, so entirely free. Having arrived off the coast of Picardy, the Frenchman, and others of his countrymen who accompanied the vessel, managed to be carried ashore at night, at a place called St. Valory, taking with them not only their own scanty luggage, but also the well stocked

trunks of their young companion, who awoke in the morning to discover that he was about to be landed upon a strange soil without the means even of paying for the common necessities of life. Having landed, he proceeded, by the advice of a sailor, to the place where he understood them to live, but obtained no satisfaction. The narrative of his sufferings, however, made him friends, who gave him, as some atonement for his losses, the freedom of their houses until such time as he might recover his property, or see fit to depart from among them. His restless disposition allowed him to trespass but a brief time upon their kindness, for we find him, shortly after this, travelling on foot from port to port, in search of a ship of war. In the course of his peregrinations, near the town of Dimon, he fell in with one of the villains who had robbed him, and having drawn upon him, wounded and disarmed his antagonist, and made him confess his guilt before the bystanders.

Smith's next movement was to visit his friend the Earl of Plover, who had been brought up in England, and from whom he obtained supplies, by means of which he travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, thence crossing over to Marseilles, and paying marked attention, during his travels, to everything appertaining to marine architecture and the science of navigation. At Marseilles, he embarked for Italy, in a vessel having on board a rabble of slovenly, bare footed pilgrims, who testified their Christianity, soon after departure, by throwing our adventurer into the sea—ascribing to him the fact of the vessel being driven out of her course by contrary winds. He swam, however, to the little island of Mary's, off Nice, in Savoy, and was taken off by a ship of St. Malo, the master of which was acquainted with the Earl of Plover, and who carried Smith, by his own assent, to Alexandria, in Egypt. This act of the pilgrims, although not promising the most pleasant results, proved a most fortunate circumstance for their intended victim. In the vessel which had picked him up he coasted the Levant, adding daily to his increasing stock of knowledge. On their return, they encountered a Venetian ship, and having rifled her of her rich cargo, they set Smith ashore at Antibes, with a box of one thousand chequins—about two thousand dollars—and a lighter heart than had beaten beneath his jacket since his departure from Marseilles. By the aid of his newly acquired riches, which he controlled with much more caution, he fulfilled his former intention by making the tour of Italy, crossed the Adriatic, and travelled into Styria, to the seat of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, where he entered the cause of the Emperor as a volunteer against the Turks. He rendered an important service by communicating to Lord Ebersfraught a method of conversing at a distance by signals, made with torches: which being alternately shown and hidden a requisite number of times were made to designate each letter of the alphabet. This was tried with marked success in an expedition against the Turks, at the town of Olimpah, and introduced our hero to Count Melldrich of Transylvania, who gave him, for his services, a troop of horse.

Smith's next exploit was in single combat on horseback with a renowned Turkish leader, who

had boastfully declared, that, for the diversion of the ladies, he would fight any Christian captain that dared to embrace his proposal. The honor fell to Smith by lot, and he slew his adversary in presence of a large number of Turkish ladies who had assembled to witness the encounter. Two other Turks offered to engage with him in a like encounter, both of whom he conquered as completely as he did the first. In honor of this event, a procession was formed of six thousand men; the heads of the conquered Turks being borne on lances, as trophies. Smith's general gave him, at his own tent, a cimeter and belt, of great value, and a horse richly caparisoned for the field—creating him, in addition to these honors, a major in his own regiment. The prince of Transylvania, in token of the high appreciation in which his services were held, also presented him with his picture, set in gold, and settled on him a pension of three hundred ducats per annum—with a coat-of-arms bearing three Turks' heads on a shield, and the motto *vincere et vivere*. The patent was admitted, and received in the College of Heralds at London, by Sir Henry Segur, garter king-at-arms. Smith now encountered another adventure—the singularity of which renders it worthy to be classed with others that he had gone through. At a defeat of the Transylvanian army, near Koter-ton, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and sold to the Bashaw of Bogul, who *sent him as a present to his mistress*, Tragabizanda, at Constantinople, with the boasting message that he had conquered a Bohemian noble. The conduct of the princess towards her captive, however, was hardly that of a mistress towards her slave. In fact, she conceived a passion for our adventurer as violent as it was sudden, and the better to secure him for herself, and to guard him against the suspicions of the donor, she sent him to her brother—a neighboring bashaw. In taking this step the princess over-reached herself; her brother, having a shrewd suspicion of her motive, had our hero's head and beard shaven, clad him in a coat of hair cloth, and placed him, with an iron collar about his neck, to labor among the Christian slaves. The brutal treatment which he received in this capacity caused Smith to rebel, and having one day slain his tyrannical overseer, while at work in a field, he hid the body in some straw that was lying at hand, and fled to the desert,—whence, after experiencing innumerable difficulties, he eventually made his way back to Transylvania. At Leipsic he fortunately met with his former colonel, Count Melldrich, who gave him fifteen hundred ducats, to repair his losses.

With this reinforcement to his finances, after various adventures, during which he travelled through Germany, France and Spain, and having visited the Kingdom of Morocco, he returned by sea to England, having still in his possession one thousand ducats, which he desired to dispose of in some profitable adventure. At this time it so happened that Captain Bartholomew Gosnold was getting up his projected expedition to Virginia, and Smith, becoming deeply interested in the project, agreed to bear him company, and devoted the surplus of the money received from Count Melldrich to forwarding the interests of the expe-

dition. His old fate, however, pursued him from the Old World into the New. On the voyage he unluckily happened to excite the jealousy of some of his companions, who endeavored to lessen his chances in the expedition, by preferring against him a charge of wishing to make himself king of Virginia. In the midst of these disagreements, on the 26th of April, 1607, the ships made the entrance of Chesapeake Bay.

On opening the box containing their instructions, it was found that Gosnold, Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Martin, John Ratcliffe, and George Kendall were appointed councillors, and they, being duly sworn, elected Wingfield as their president. A declaration was, also, at the same time entered, showing why Smith should be excluded as one of the council. Smith was, accordingly, not only deprived of his office, but placed in confinement on charges preferred against him. Feeling the want of his services, however, they afterward released him; whereupon he demanded a trial, which resulted in his acquittal and the award of damages—his seat as one of the council being also restored. Previously to the trial, the adventurers, while seeking a suitable spot for a settlement, had several amicable interviews with the natives, and at length they discovered, at an eligible point, a peninsula, to which they gave the name of Jamestown—in honor of King James. Smith, being released from durance, visited Powhatan, in company with Newport, for the purpose of asking a concession of land, which was granted them. After Smith's trial and acquittal, which happened after his return from this mission, Wingfield and Kendall, being deposed for rascality, planned to escape with the ship, but Smith defeated their plot, and in a vain resistance to superior numbers Kendall was slain. Shortly after this, Smith was surprised while exploring with two companions in the woods, by Opechancanough, a powerful Indian chieftain, and taken prisoner—his companions being killed by arrows. It was in this emergency that a simple incident probably saved his life; he had his pocket-compass about his person, and by explaining the nature and uses of the instrument to his captors, he induced them to regard him in the light of an important prisoner, and he was taken before Powhatan—the king; the most powerful and dreaded of all the chiefs around. Powhatan was at this time sixty years of age, but vigorous as the gnarled oak, which sees century after century pass over it, yet gives no outward token of decaying. A solemn conclave was there held over Smith, and he was condemned to die. The manner in which they intended to execute the sentence which had been passed upon him was as follows:—two large stones having been laid, one upon the other, he was told to place his head upon them. A club was next brought and given to Powhatan, who had already raised it for the purpose of striking the fatal blow, when Pocahontas—the beloved daughter of the chief, then only in her twelfth or thirteenth year, according to Smith's description of her to the queen, threw herself between her father and the object of his fury, and by her tears and warm entreaties, saved his life.

After a captivity of seven weeks, Smith was

permitted to return to Jamestown. On the 7th of September, 1608, he was made president of the colony, and was once more indebted to Pocahontas for informing him, at her great personal risk, of an intended descent of the Indians upon Jamestown; by which disinterested act she averted the shedding of much innocent blood, and probably the ultimate expulsion of the colony. Through the efforts of Smith, the colony rapidly increased in importance; but, growing disgusted with the dissensions which continued to distract it, in 1609, about Michelmas, he returned to England; urged, however, by the restless spirit which had hitherto controlled him, he entered into a contract with a company of merchants, interested in the American fisheries, to make discoveries on the coast of North Virginia.

Accordingly, in April of the year 1614, he sailed from London with two ships, and after an average voyage arrived at the Island of Monahgon. From unforeseen circumstances this expedition was unsuccessful in its object. During this cruise, Smith, in a boat, accompanied by eight men, explored the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and afterwards made a map of it, which he presented to Prince Charles, on his return to London, and the new country received for the first time the name of *New England*. He was subsequently induced to join the Plymouth company of adventurers to North Virginia, but was taken on his way to Virginia by a French vessel, and carried prisoner to Rochelle. Here he contrived to make his escape, and the next day he had the gratification of hearing that the vessel in which he had been confined had gone to pieces in a tempest. He afterwards made several efforts to return to Virginia, which he still looked upon with the doating delight of a father, notwithstanding the ill treatment which he had experienced; but the ill success of several mercenary adventurers had created an impression against the colony, and he was compelled to content himself at home with the compilation of his life and adventures. Smith's reward for all his trials and services was that of many others who had wasted their blood and treasures in like manner. In 1627, he thus gives his personal view of the matter:

"I have spent five years and more than five hundred pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, and in neither of them have I one foot of land, nor the very house I built, nor the ground I digged with my own hands; but I see those countries shared before me by those who know them only by my descriptions."*

* One of the most interesting incidents in the history of the colony at this period is the transmission of a regiment of wives, so graphically described by Holmes. In the year 1620, ninety young girls, of pure and spotless character, were sent over to Virginia, for the purpose of intermarrying with the young men of the colony, the better to content them with their situation. The year following sixty more were sent, handsome, and well recommended to the company for their virtuous education and demeanor—a fact which amply testified the success of the former experiment. The price of a wife, at the first, was one hundred pounds of tobacco; but, as the number became scarce, the price was increased to one hundred and fifty pounds; and from the rapidity with which the candidates were married off, it is to be conjectured that "the article," in mercantile parlance, found plenty of consumers. A bulletin of rules, arranged according to the commercial reports of some of our latter day journals would

Soon after the request of the Plymouth company that Captain Smith would write a history of Virginia, he preferred a petition to them, "setting forth that he had not only adventured money, but had also twice built Jamestown, and four other plantations; and had discovered the country, and relieved the colony, three years together, with such provisions as he got from the savages with great peril and at the hazard of his life; and therefore he desired, in consideration thereof, that the company would be pleased to reward him, either out of their treasury at home, or their profits in Virginia." All which produced, as we are told by Stith, a historian of Virginia, no satisfactory result.

Undiscouraged by this treatment, Capt. Smith offered his services to the company, after news of the Virginia massacre of 1622 had been received, proposing that they should transport him, and a hundred soldiers and thirty sailors, and all proper provisions and ammunition, giving him, moreover, a bark of one hundred tons, with means and material to build six or seven shallops, to convey his men from place to place, as circumstances might dictate. Thus aided and provided, he undertook to form a flying camp for the purpose of annoying and tormenting the Indians, until he had either obliged them to abandon the country, or compelled them to submission and subjection. This proposal was favorably received by most that heard it, but he was at length graciously informed, that, if he would undertake the adventure on his private account, he might have the company's leave, *provided that half the pillage might be transferred to them.* This proposal he, of course, rejected with scorn.

After his return to England, Captain Smith paid several visits to Pocahontas, then dwelling with her husband, Mr. Rolfe, at a place not far distant from London. Our authorities say that he died at London, in 1631, aged fifty-two. He

left behind him several works, among which were a "General History of Virginia, New England, and the Somer Isles," and a history of the early portion of his life, under the title of "The True Travels, Adventures and Observations, of Captain John Smith."

Notwithstanding the extent and value of his services, Sir Walter Raleigh was rewarded by similar ingratitude. During the first year of King James' reign, Sir Walter was, unfortunately, detected in a conspiracy to subvert the government, and place upon the throne the Lady Arabella Stuart. He was tried, and found guilty by a jury; but was reprieved, and for many years remained in close confinement—from which it was supposed he would eventually be pardoned. After an imprisonment of thirteen years he was liberated—the judgment still suspended, like the sword of Damocles, above his head; but his good fortune seemed to have deserted him. He had spread a report of a rich country abounding in gold mines, which he had formerly discovered, and the king, although he placed no confidence in the story, allowed him to pursue the adventure. Raleigh had asserted that no Spanish colonies had been planted upon the coast where this mine lay, but during the twenty-three years which had elapsed since he visited that country, (Guiana,) they had planted a colony on the river Oronoco, and built a town called St. Thomas. An engagement took place between the English and the Spaniards, on Sir Walter's appearance, and in an attack upon the town, a son of the commander was slain; but the town was carried, and afterwards reduced to ashes. Although within two hours march of the mine, when Sir Walter received the news of the death of his son, the men refused to obey him, and, disbelieving his stories, carried him back to England with them, where, private malice having given a wrong color to his motives, he was basely murdered, at the order of King James, by being beheaded, on the twenty-ninth of October, 1618.

Raleigh is known to have introduced potatoes into England from America; although here we are, many of us, possessed with the singular notion that that plant is indigenous to Ireland. He, also, introduced tobacco, and was the person, to whom King James, in his book, alluded, when he spoke of "the first author and introduction of it being well remembered." Sir Walter even smoked a pipe on his way to the scaffold, at which many were greatly astonished; but it was done, no doubt, "to compose his nerves, and settle his spirits."

afford considerable amusement for modern readers—*ecce signum*: WOMAN.—This delicious product of mother earth is beginning again to abound. BLONDS.—There is a great demand for this article, and prices have risen in consequence. BRUNETTES are active, and buyers examine before purchasing. WIDOWS are beginning to melt, and it is feared will not keep to reach the market. GRASS WIDOWS are firm. LADIES OF AN UNCERTAIN AGE.—There is no market for this article. SCOLDS AND FRIGTS remain on hand. YOUNG MEN.—There is no change in this article, as usual! Some of our young aristocrats who make a boast of their family connections might glean a wholesome lesson from the above piece of information.



SLEEP, SOMNAMBULISM AND DREAMS.

"Sleep, that knits up the revell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."—[SHAKESPEARE.]

A subject so trite, and written out as that described at the head of this article, we greatly fear will be likely to inspire in the mind of the reader, at the very outset, a feeling of drowsiness; so that if no other object shall be attained by its presentation, it may possibly serve, like a sleeping draught or narcotic, to lull some wearied one to oblivious repose, and thus beguile him of a portion of the irksome realities of life which may have proved even less endurable. The indulgence of the habit of sleep is coeval with the existence of man—Adam, it will be remembered, was quietly enjoying a "deep sleep," when his *rib* was transformed into the glorious creature, Eve, his espoused wife. This is, of course, the most remarkable instance of *sound* sleeping upon record; we have read of many extraordinary cases of trance, somnambulism and dreams, but none to be compared with his. When, wearied with the days drudgery and toil, many have, with Sancho, exclaimed, as they

Stretch their tired limbs and aching head
Upon their own delightful bed,

"blessings on him that first invented sleep; it wraps a man all round like a cloak!"

There is something inexpressibly grateful in the feeling that superinduces the sweet oblivion called sleep—the spirit jaded with the excitement and stir of life, and the body wearied with the busy doings of the day, the quiet hour of wonted repose steals upon us like a charm, and we yield ourselves to its molifying and soothing influence as the panacea of every ill. It is, moreover, as Young styles it:

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair,
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn.

That genial essayist, Leigh Hunt, furnishes some pleasant thoughts upon the subject, from which we cannot refrain citing a passage. "It is a delicious moment certainly," he writes, "that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid over it, like the eye; 'tis closing—more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds."

Richerand observes: "The exciting causes to which our organs are subject during the day, tend progressively to increase their action. The throbbings of the heart, for instance, are more frequent

at night than in the morning; and this action, gradually accelerated, would soon be carried to such a degree of activity as to be inconsistent with life, as if its velocity were not moderated at intervals by the recurrence of sleep."

The day emphatically belongs to earth: we yield it without reluctance to care and labor. We toil, we drudge, we pant, we play the hack-horse; we do things smilingly from which we recoil in secret; we pass by sweet spots and rare faces that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effect it costs; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside. But the night is the gift of heaven; it brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body; and when drops the extinguisher upon the light which glimmers upon the round, untouched pillow, we, at the same time, put out a world of cares and perplexities.

But for this wonted repose how monotonous and wearisome would life become; not man alone, but all nature would begin to faint and die, like the seared foliage of autumn. This necessity for periodical repose seems to be an essential law of all animated life, with scarce a single exception. The feathered tribe cease their minstrelsy as the shades of eventide spread over the face of all things—a type of sleep itself with its closed eyelids, all seek their needed rest, as the poet sings:

"All but the wakeful nightingale—
Who all night long her am'rous discant sings."

The wearied sons of toil, as well as the pampered children of luxury, alike demand this quiet respite from the cares and business of the feverish day. Some indolent folk, however, are not content with the just limitation of Heaven with respect to the allotment of its indulgence, they are for abridging the hours that should be devoted to the duties of active life. Says a cotemporary, Dr. Robertson, on diet:

"Habit influences, in some degree, the amount of sleep that is required. It should be said, however, that it is never well to withhold any of the revenue that is justly due to the drowsy god. A man may accustom himself to take so little sleep, as to be greatly the loser thereby in his waking moments. It may be commonly observed, that those persons who spend less time in sleep than is usually found needful by others of the same age, and strength, and occupation, consume a much larger portion of their days than others do in a kind of dreamy vacancy, a virtual inactivity of mind and body. The hours expended in sleep are not the only hours that might be justifiably deducted from the sum total of the life, as having been lost to it; numbers of moments are daily spent in an absolute inaction of mind and body, and sleep cannot be robbed of its dues without adding largely, and in a greater proportion than

the time habitually stolen from the sleep, to that which is wasted in such waking reveries. In order that the mind may have the power of undergoing trying and exhausting labor, that it may continue in the full possession of its capabilities, that it may continue to be undulled and unblunted by such wear and such use, an amount of sleep must be allowed, which is proportionate to the severity of such work, to the engrossing and engendering nature of the mind's employment. The nights may be robbed of the hours of sleep, and the time so stolen may be devoted to toil of mind or of body; but the endurance by the system of the undue waste and imperfect restored balance of the vital force, even if somewhat protracted by the strength of the constitution, or if prolonged somewhat by the energy of determined will, or by the spur of a great necessity, or by the goal of a great ambition or darling hope, must be short-lived. The system cannot be robbed of its sleep without a corresponding disturbance and derangement of the functions; the power and the equilibrium of the vital forces will become so far effected as to involve disordered action; and thus indirectly by forming part of the common organism, and directly by the diminished tension of the vital forces which supply the sensorium itself, the mind will become unable to continue its exertions.—Many an ardent and hopeful aspirant for collegiate distinctions—many an anxious laborer, has thrown away his hopes in thus vainly struggling to cheat the system of this great requirement."

There are, it is true, many provoking causes that might be adduced in extenuation of the weakness; such, for instance, as excessive bodily or mental exertion, a very dry argument, an imperfect state of health, or a very prolix and prosy preacher. Some one of these inflictions may have beset the reader, who, perhaps, has had to confess their somniferous tendency. There are others again who, from the too free use of their knife and fork, become, after their hearty repast, the unconscious victims of similar narcotic influence: these, however, ought to be treated with little leniency, they should rather be subjected to a deduction from the night's repose in the exact ratio of the time they thus filch from the day's active duties. Some there are to be met with who have a remarkable propensity to sleep in company, whose "lucid intervals" just permit them to chime in the affected colloquy a spasmodic "Just so"—"exactly"—"yes, madam, I agree with you perfectly," &c., but who are all the while utterly oblivious to all that speak or is spoken. There are others again who enjoy "a nod and a wink" in an easy chair with great relish: the process saves the necessity of locomotion and the trouble of divesting oneself of our superincumbent drapery. This mode is not, however, exactly orthodox, and therefore we need not weary the reader with any commonplace discussion upon it. Sleep has many vagaries, one which is the strange fancy everybody yields to, is, that of throwing one's limbs into all imaginable postures and fantastic attitudes in bed: nobody ever thinks of passing a night with his body straight, the oblique curvature or semi-circular form is far more generally adopted.

Sleep has been styled a type of death, but it has its aspects of comedy and farce also. There are said to be some who sleep with one eye open; others with both, occasionally. The story of the Irishman who took a small mirror to bed with him, favors the conceit: he stated as the reason of his so doing, that he wished to see how he looked when asleep. There are some persons who sleep with their eyes open; and a man may stand before another man in such a situation with a lighted candle in his hand, so that the image of that person who has the light may be vividly depicted on the retina of the sleeping man; but does he see?—is he sensible of it? No! This has been magnified into a wonder; whereas it only proves what Dr. Darwin long since asserted, that sensation does not depend upon impressions made upon the nerves, but upon actions excited in them. Arouse the slumberer; awake him that sleepeth; bring in the natural excitement into his nerves and muscles, and he would exclaim! "Bless me! how came you here at this time of night?"

What shall we say about snorers,—those abominations and nuisances of their sleeping neighbors. They will be found usually to be those who fail to make "a noise in the world" in their waking moments.

If there are few who sleep with their eyes open, there are more who sometimes shut their eyes to open their mouth; and if they do they generally cry out for water in the morning. We had forgot, in speaking of such as divert themselves by curious attitudenizing, to refer to the great class of desperate kickers: those strange bypeds who—cold weather or warm—will kick the clothes from their bed, and who seem to suppose that the bed was designed for an arena of muscular exercise, instead of repose. Sleep, in spite of his antics, however, is kindly even in these; and the poets, including old Chancer, treat them even with respect and reverence. According to ancient mythology, he had even one of the Graces to wife: he is said to have been endowed with a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the shaper,—Icelos, or the likely,—Phantasus, the fancy,—and Phobotor, the tenor. His dwelling, according to Ovid, or some other classic writer, was said to be in a dull and darkling part of the earth: others contend it was, with greater compliment, in heaven; others again that it was by the sea shore. But we leave these poetic abstractions for such as like to pursue them: we rather prefer dealing in facts, not fables. Sleep may be said to be most graceful and fascinating in an infant,—soundest in one who has wearied himself in the open air,—most welcome to the man of one idea, or monomaniac,—and proudest in the bride adorned. People fall asleep with more or less rapidity according to their constitutional pre-disposition to somnolency and state of health. There is one peculiarity connected with the phenomenon called sleep,—we refer to the fact that the very effort we make to induce repose invariably tends to prevent its indulgence, while the moment we cease to make the effort is the time when it usually overtakes us. There is, moreover, something very mysterious about this apparent suspension of conscious existence: indeed almost all we know about

this physiological phenomenon is of a negative kind,—writers on the subject finding it difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to its efficient cause, or the nature of the physical change in the nervous system by which it is produced.—While under its influence the will seems to be in a state of suspension, both the imagination and memory often still retain their sway. In the functions which serve for the support of life there is no material interruption; while the physical frame itself becomes insensible to a great extent to external objects. Thought makes excursions, without limitation, and travels with wonderful velocity; and yet the voluntary functions seem powerless.

"Sleep," says Mr. McNish, "produces rather important changes in the system. The rapidity of the circulation is diminished, and, as a natural consequence, that of respiration: the force of neither function, however, is impaired; but, on the contrary, rather increased. Vascular action is diminished in the brain and organs of volition; while digestion and absorption all proceed with increased energy. Sleep lessens all the secretions, with one exception—that of the skin. Sleep produces peculiar effects on the organs of vision. On opening the eyelids cautiously, the pupil is seen to be contracted; it then quivers with an irregular motion, as if disposed to dilate; but at length ceases to move, and remains in a contracted state till the person awakes."

Whatever we may be left to *guess* about the nature of sleep, the fact that it is a necessary part of our existence is abundantly evident; and the more uninterruptedly we enjoy the peaceful oblivion, the greater is the amount of recruited strength and vigor we derive from it. It is during the hours of sleep that the electric battery of the nervous system becomes replenished with invigorated powers, and the body with renewed vital force. To ensure the full immunities of refreshing slumber, two things especially are requisite—a regularity as to the time of its indulgence, which should always commence an hour or two before midnight; and the most rigid abstinence from "hearty suppers." "An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after," and the maxim is easily to be verified and tested. It is according to the analogy of all nature, and it is better to obey nature's law than to infringe it. The gay votary of fashion and folly, barter health and real enjoyment for a pallid cheek and wasted form, simply because the arbitrary usage of polite life, in seeking to adopt some exclusive code, pervert the order of nature, by converting the hours beneficently assigned to repose to the fascinations of the ball, the theatre, and the brilliant soiree. Such persons usually are not only late in going to their bed, but late also in leaving it; discarding, as too many alas do, the sage counsel, that

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Will make men healthy, wealthy and wise."

The habit of early rising is not only conducive to health, but it has been as clearly shown to lend to longevity;—numerous instances in proof of this are upon record. Some even carry the practice to the extreme. Frederic II., King of Prussia, rose very early in the morning, and, in general,

gave a very short part of his time to sleep. But as age and infirmities increased upon him, his sleep was broken and disturbed; and when he fell asleep towards the morning, he frequently missed his usual early hour of rising. This loss of time, as he deemed it, he bore very impatiently, and gave strict orders to his attendants never to suffer him to sleep longer than four o'clock in the morning, and to pay no attention to his unwillingness to rise. One morning, at the appointed time, the page whose turn it was to attend him, and who had not been long in his service, came to his bed and awoke him. "Let me sleep but a little longer," said the monarch; "I am still much fatigued." "Your majesty has given positive orders I should wake you so early," replied the page. "But another quarter of an hour more." "Not one minute," said the page: "it has struck four; I am ordered to insist upon your majesty's rising." "Well," said the king, "you are a brave lad; had you let me sleep on, you would have fared ill for your neglect." Dean Swift says that "he never knew any man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning;" and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, says that "he who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

It requires some strength of resolution to turn out of one's warm bed of a cold winter morning, it must be confessed: we have, it is true, to argue the case in our mind, and then prepare for the encounter. The great danger, however, usually consists in our entertaining the reasoning process to too great a length, while comfortably ensconced beneath the warm bed covering. Those, too, who give advice on this matter, with the full consciousness of its verity, are not unfrequently found among delinquents in its practical application.—Who would think, for example, that Thomson was such an inveterate sluggard, who exclaims in his Seasons:

"Falsely luxurious! will not man awake?
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent morn,
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion losing half the fleeting moments
Of too short a life? Total extinction of the enlightening
Who would in such a glooming state remain [soul!
Longer than nature craves, while every muse,
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk!"

Perhaps the most concise rule for limiting the hours of sleep, may be found in the following:

"Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven."

Thus much for the subject of sleep: we now have a few things to say on that of dreams. The phenomena of dreaming which are so remarkable, and in some respects so inexplicable, seem to be a species of pastime or relaxation of the mental powers during the temporary suspension or repose of those of the body. This subject has engaged the curious speculations of writers of every age; and various and conflicting have been the hypotheses deduced concerning it. Dreams seem to have been the divinely appointed media of communication in the patriarchal age, and it was doubtless owing to these *real* events, that a superstitious

reverence for dreams was cherished, even among the most polished nations of the ancient world.

The Greeks and Romans divided the action of the mind, in sleep, into five sorts,—the dream, the vision, the oracle, the *insomnium*, and the phantasm, of which the three first were supposed to be divinely inspired. To such height had the superstitious feeling with regard to dreams arisen in Rome, in the age of Augustus Cæsar, that this monarch procured the passing of a law, obliging all who had dreamed any thing respecting the state, to make it publicly known; and he himself, in consequence of a nocturnal vision, submitted to the degrading act of begging in the streets.

Campbell has some expressive lines on the subject, which we quote from memory:

Well may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream!
Half our daylight faith's a fable,—
Sleep disparts with phantoms, too,
Seeming in their turn, as stable
As the world we wake to view!

Dreams are said to be in part a reflex of our waking thoughts; yet while the imagination is allowed to indulge without the restraint of reason, its wildest freaks, they present but rarely a true transcript of reality. Says a recent writer on this topic:

"Dreams dispute with our waking thoughts, the empire of the soul; and though the world may hang about that soul the fetters of avarice, or surround it with the strong meshes of guilty habit, the body's torpor relieves it of the checks and controlling powers of its waking activity.—Thus it conjures up its unsubstantial pageants; the hopes and phantasies of untold aspirations take unto themselves forms and fashions of beauty and reality, which delude the sleeper for a while, then give place to shapes as shadowy and transitory as themselves.

"But over the pathway of our dreams pass visions of evil as well as of good. To the person of low principles, and a life conforming, they come in shapes that threaten and appeal. Lean over the sleeping culprit, and watch his writhings as he listens to the accusations that come to him in his dreams; the dark deeds of crime and profligacy which memory brings up before him in their horrid array; then turn to the cradle of the infant, who smiles, while sleeping, to the angels that hover round and guard it.

"These dreams are the exponents of the soul's character, and let us look well to our lives if we would have them pleasant."

We may here just mention, in passing, that Lord Brougham deduces an argument from the phenomena of dreaming for the mind's independence of matter, and capacity of existence without it. This process of reasoning, however, has been deemed liable to objections, since, upon the same hypothesis, the souls of some of the lower animals, many of which are known also to dream, must be immortal also. Without noticing the several philosophical theories suggested by this mysterious condition of the mental functions, we shall simply enumerate a few brief facts and opinions respect-

ing dreams and dreamers which we glean from reliable sources. The clearness of some person's nocturnal impressions appear very remarkable, and even the reasoning and inventive powers are no less astonishing. Thus Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusions of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations in his dreams.—Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which, in his waking moments, sorely puzzled him. Dreams are, according to physiologists, akin to delirium.

Dr. Abercrombie states, that there is a strange analogy between dreaming and insanity; and he defines the difference between the two states to be, that, in the latter, the erroneous impression being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas, in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. "This definition," says Mr. Macnish, "is nearly, but not wholly, correct; for, in somnambulism and sleep-talking, the conduct is influenced by the prevailing dream. Dr. Rush has, with great shrewdness, remarked, that a dream may be considered as a transient paroxysm of delirium, and delirium as a permanent dream."

Dr. Winslow observes: "Lively dreams are a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams of blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes, and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction, and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part especially suffering, indicate diseases of that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest."

To prove that in the sleeping state, the several senses and organs often successively become dormant, and in a very unusual degree, it has been alleged that a slight heat applied to the soles of the feet will excite dreams of burning coals, fires, volcanoes, &c.

A person who had a blister applied to his head dreamed of scalping by the Indians. Dr. Smellie gives several facts with regard to persons in whom dreams would be excited by whispering in their ears. Dr. Beattie adds similar testimony. A gentleman in the army, when asleep, dreamed of whatever was whispered in his ear. The stomach has often considerable influence in producing dreams: persons who have been deprived of their usual food generally dream of eating. Baron Trenck, when confined in his dungeon, and almost dead with hunger, every night, in his dreams, beheld the luxurious and hospitable tables of Berlin. The dreams of persons who have been nearly starved to death are described as being peculiarly brilliant and delightful. Opium and other soporifics produce dreams; and it has been observed that the sanguine more frequently dream than the phlegmatic; and that the nature of the dreams

generally partakes of the temperament of the dreamer.

The dreams of those born blind are, it would seem, very curious; and they have much difficulty in describing the sensations they experience during sleep. Dr. Blacklock described it thus: "When awake he could distinguish persons in three ways: by hearing them speak, by feeling their heads and shoulders, or by attending, without the aid of speech, to the sound and manner of their breathing. But in sleep the objects which presented themselves were more vivid, and without the intervention of any of the three modes.

The character of a person's dreams is influenced by his circumstances when awake in a still more unaccountable manner. Certain dreams usually arise in the mind after a person has been in certain situations. Dr. Beattie relates, that once, after riding thirty miles in a high wind, he passed the succeeding night in dreams beyond description terrible. The dreams of those who, through shipwreck or other circumstances, have been nearly starved to death, are described as being more brilliant and heavenly than the sufferers could describe. Byron, when in Italy, with some of the authors of the liberal school, used to abstain from food for some days, with a view to produce the same effect on their imaginations.

And not only are dreams affected by the state of the body, but it is certain that the action of the mind, when asleep, may have a very considerable and permanent effect upon the body. Thus, in 1748, Archdeacon Squire read before the Royal Society an account of the case of Henry Axford, of Devizes, in Wiltshire, who, at twenty-eight years of age, through a violent cold, became speechless, and continued dumb for four years, until July, 1741, when, being asleep, he dreamed that "he was fallen into a furnace of boiling wort: this put him into so great an agony of fright, that, struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever.

Somnambulism appears to differ from dreaming chiefly in the degree in which the bodily functions are affected; in the former the will seems to control the body, and its organs are more susceptible of the mental impressions. The incipient form of somnambulism shows itself in talking in sleep; this is sometimes a dangerous disease, as occasionally the most important secrets are, by the very party himself, involuntarily revealed—which in his wakings moments he would reserve with especial care. The second stage of the phenomena, from which indeed it derives its name, is that of walking during sleep. Numerous remarkable instances of sleep-walking are to be met with—one of the most singular of which we remember to have read of, years ago—was that of a certain restless youth, who, so impetuous was he to obey the impulse of his nocturnal vision, that he rushed from his bed to the street clad only in the usual drapery of the dormitory, and was found pursuing his route in the London streets at midnight, till some humane guardian of a policeman startled him from his state of dreamy complacency, and remonstrated with him as to the

paucity of his apparel, &c. A remarkable case of somnambulism is related in the *Edinburg Encyclopedia*, concerning Dr. Blacklock, whose accomplishments as a poet and a clergyman, though struggling from his early infancy with all the privations of blindness, are well known to the literary world. This excellent man had received a presentation to the living of Kirkcudbright, and his settlement was violently opposed. He became deeply agitated with the hostility exhibited against him, and after dining with some friends on the day of his ordination, finding rest necessary for the restoration of his exhausted spirits, he left the table and retired to bed, when the following extraordinary circumstance occurred:

One of his companions, uneasy at his absence from the company, went into his bedroom a few hours afterwards, and finding him, as he supposed, awake, prevailed on him to return again into the dining room. When he entered the room, two of his acquaintances were engaged in singing, and he joined in the concert, modulating his voice as usual with taste and elegance, without missing a note or syllable; and, after the words of the song were ended, he continued to sing, adding an *extempore* verse, which appeared to the company full of beauty, and quite in the spirit of the original. He then partook of supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be occasionally absent and inattentive. By and by, he was heard speaking to himself, but in so low and confused a manner as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly aroused by Mrs. Blacklock, who began to be alarmed for his intellect, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, having been the whole time fast asleep.

Instances of trance are no less numerous, but the brief limit assigned us forbid any attempts at citation: the following, which we cut from a recent print, must suffice, of its class. It is the case of a young woman, named Ann Conner, Farrington, Devon, who has remained in a decided state of unconsciousness for the past fifteen years. It is thought by many that she is in a trance. Her mother assured the writer that for eleven years she had not partaken of the least particle of food. She is certainly in bed, has a placid smile, and, though possessing vitality, has no consciousness of the approach of any party, neither can she distinguish any object. She has been visited by some of the most eminent in the medical profession; and others, since her case has been made known, have called to witness what might be justly termed this phenomenon in nature.

Dr. Abercrombie relates some curious instances of persons having performed literary exploits during a state of somnolency; among others he speaks of a certain member of a foreign university, who, after having devoted himself during his waking hours to the composition of some verses, which, however, he had not been able to complete, seems to have been honored with more success in a visitation from his muse during his nocturnal slumbers; for the following night he arose in his sleep, finished his poetic performance, and exulting in his success returned contentedly again to his couch—all in a state of unconsciousness.

Take another case, and it is the only one we shall cite: it is one even more remarkable,—and we might add a tax upon credulity were it not given by so respectable an authority. It is that of a young botanical student who resided at the house of his professor in London; and who was zealously devoted to his pursuit, having indeed just received the highest botanical prize from a public institution. One night, about an hour after he had gone to bed, having returned from a long botanical excursion, his master, who was sitting in his room below, heard a person coming down stairs with a heavy measured step, and on going into the passage, found his pupil with nothing on him but his hat and his shirt, his tin case swung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes were even more open than natural," says the narrator, "but I observed he never directed them to me or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Going by water, sir?' 'Yes, sir.' 'May I go with you, sir?' 'Yes, sir; but I am going directly, therefore please to follow me.' Upon this I walked up to his room, and he followed me without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed, I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing, 'he knew my face very well,—he had often seen me at the river's side.' A long conversation then ensued between him and the supposed boatman, in which he understood all that was said to him, and answered quite correctly respecting botanical excursions to Greenwich made by the professor and his pupils: and named a rare plant he had lately found, of which the superintendent of the botanic garden had seen only one specimen in his life, and the professor only two. After some further conversation he was asked whether he knew who had gained the highest botanical prize; when he named a gentleman, but did not name himself.—'Indeed,' was the reply; 'did he gain the highest prize?' To this he made no answer. He was then asked, 'Do you know Mr. —?' naming himself: after much hesitation he replied, 'If I must confess it, my name is —.' This conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour, during which time he never made an irrelevant answer, and never hesitated, excepting about the prize and his own name. He then lay down in bed saying, 'he was tired, and would lie upon the grass till the professor came.' but he soon sat up again, and held a long conversation with another gentleman who then came into the room; when he again understood everything that was said to him, to which he answered no less readily and accurately;

sometimes uttering long sentences without the least hesitation. After a conversation of about an hour, he said, 'It is very cold on this grass, but I am so tired I must lie down.' He soon after lay down and remained quiet during the rest of the night. Next morning he had not the least knowledge of what had passed, and was not even aware of having dreamt of anything whatever." Some find their wits much keener while fast asleep than when "wide awake." "Mankind," says a learned writer, "are generally so indisposed to think that such drowsy souls really make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed, seems to protect them from reflection; there is an *opium* sky stretched over all the world which continually rains soporifics." The masses of mankind seem to live a dronish, mechanical life—little beyond vegetating; the higher aims of intellectual existence are too often kept dormant, while the ingenuity and the energy of his mind come almost to resemble a piece of mere mechanism—himself a breathing automaton. But as this is the boasted age of progress, sleepers will probably be aroused by the din of the locomotive, and the world in its dotage at last begin to think. Undue indulgence of sleep may cheat us of much of our brief life; but the listlessness of an undisciplined mind, may accomplish as great a wrong upon us, and with as wily an artifice.

The following paragraph, which is to our purpose, and well expresses the truth, we commend to the reader; and with it we take our leave of the subject; in the hope that if we have failed to stimulate his waking faculties, our random remarks may at least have contributed to beguile him of an idle half hour not unpleasantly. Says the writer referred to:

"The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace around in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears which freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that end in being."

THE CONFESSIONAL.

SPAIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

It is a lie—their priests, their Pope,
 Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
 Are lies, and lies—there, through my door
 And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
 There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled,
 Till spite of them I reach the world!

II.

You think priests just and holy men!
 Before they put me in this den,
 I was a human creature too,
 With flesh and blood like one of you,
 A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
 Like lilies in your world outside.

III.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
 This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
 Was killed all over till it burned,
 By lips the truest, love e'er turned
 His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
 My soul out in a burning mist.

IV.

So, next day, when the accustomed train
 Of things grew round my sense again,
 'That is a sin,' I said—and slow
 With downcast eyes to church I go,
 And pass to the confession-chair,
 And tell the old mild father there.

V.

But when I falter Beltran's name,
 'Ha?' quoth the father, 'much I blame
 The sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?
 Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
 Nay, I will turn this love of thine
 To lawful love, almost divine.

VI.

For he is young and led astray,
 This Beltran, and he schemes, men say,
 To change the laws of Church and State;
 So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
 Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
 Its cloud away and save his soul.

VII.

For, when he lies upon thy breast,
 Thou mayst demand, and be possessed,
 Of all his plans, and next day steal

To me, and all those plans reveal,
 That I and every priest, to purge
 His soul, may fast and use the scourge.'

VIII.

That father's beard was long and white,
 With love and truth his brow seemed bright
 I went back, all on fire with joy,
 And, that same evening, bade the boy
 Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
 Something to prove his love of me.

IX.

He told me what he would not tell
 For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
 And I lay listening in such pride,
 And, soon as he had left my side,
 Tripped to the church by morning light
 To save his soul in his despite.

X.

I told the father all his schemes,
 Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
 'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray
 The one spot from his soul away;
 To-night he comes, but not the same
 Will look.' At night he never came.

XI.

Nor next night. On the after morn,
 I went forth with a strength new born;
 The church was empty; something drew
 My steps into the street; I knew
 It led me to the market-place—
 Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!

XII.

That horrid black scaffold dress—
 The stapled block . . . God sink the rest!
 That head strapped back, that blinding vest,
 Those knotted hands and naked breast—
 Till near one busy hangman pressed—
 And—on the neck these arms caressed . . .

XIII.

No part in aught they hope or fear!
 No heaven with them, no hell, and here
 No earth—not so much space as pens
 My body in their worst of dens,
 But shall hear, God and man, my cry—
 Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie!





VIEW ON THE RIVER STOUR, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND.

THE Stour would scarcely be called a creek in the United States, but in England, where they have no Mississippi, nor Ohio, nor Hudson, nor Connecticut, every stream of running water is dignified by the appellation of a river. The Stour derives its chief interest from the picturesque old buildings which may be found upon its banks.

As well within the town as without, the Stour affords some most picturesque views. As you cross the branch by King's Bridge, in ascending from Saint Peter's to the High street and towards the Cathedral, the view on your left-hand along the river, with old houses rising on either side of it perpendicularly from the bank and close to the water's edge, you have a picture at once quaint, foreign-looking, and picturesque—you might fancy yourself in some old town of Holland or of Belgium. But the best inside town view of the Stour is to be obtained from the Blackfriars, looking upwards to the tower of All Saints' Church, and over the old arches of the antique bridge which spans the narrow stream, and affords communication between King-street and St. Peter's.

No English city can show anything like the same number of ancient unaltered churches as

Canterbury. You meet them whichever way you turn. On arriving by the London-road, the Church of St. Dunstan meets you in the suburb; and on crossing the threshold of the city, to the right-hand of old Westgate, and almost touching it, you have the still more ancient church of the Holy Cross. St. Dunstan's, which stands on gentle-rising ground, belonged to the Convent of St. Gregory in Canterbury. Archbishop Reynolds erected it into a vicarage in the year 1322. Its most marked architectural feature is a semi-circular tower adjoining the western square tower. The church has suffered much from the barbarism of the last century; but it has recently been much improved by the present incumbent, the Rev. B. B. Buace, who has removed most of the daubing whitewash which spoiled the interior. And here we may say that, generally, the Clergy of the present day have shown, and are showing, a laudable desire to make up for want of taste and want of liberality of their predecessors. What is now the vestry-room was once a little chapel, founded by one Henry, the king's chaplain, in 1830. There are a few grave-stones of very ancient date, but stripped of their brasses.

DOMINIC'S MONUMENT.

A TALE OF THE IRISH WHITEBOYS.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

"We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance: our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes. I speak this in hunger for bread and in thirst for revenge."—[CORIOLANUS.]

CHAPTER I.

JUST at that time when soft nightfall sobers the ruddy sunset, two horsemen stopped upon the brow of a hill, and gazed upon a land smiling in true Irish loveliness though dim clouds frowned overhead. They gazed, too, upon scattered huts and forms of miserable men, all visible through the dusky light in true Irish deformity and wretchedness.

Both wore the garb of clergymen of the Established Church. One of them seemed about thirty five years of age; tall, large and rigid in his form, immovable in a kind of fixed enthusiasm according to the line of his countenance. His dress belied his face. One belonged to a Protestant Rector, the other to a monk of La Trappe. He was enthusiastic—that was plainly marked in his whole appearance—but it was of a peculiar kind, for he also seemed unyielding to emotion or circumstances. His enthusiasm resulted from the arguments of his reason, and went straight onward in the direction of what he conceived to be duty. It did not spring from the belief of his heart, nor did it work in eager faith. It had once looked and heard; it had once argued: after that it was deaf and blind. This was the Rev. Mr. Stoughton, lately arrived from England to take charge of a large benefice, the parishioners and tithe-payers of which were mostly Irish Catholics. It was in England that he had examined the peculiar features of the Irish Church, and in England he had firmly settled his views.

The other was a much younger man—scarcely three and twenty, by his appearance. He too carried a look of strong determination, but it was untainted by bigotry and softened by benevolence. He seemed neither an austere monk or wily Jesuit, a stern Puritan or a lofty single-sighted churchman, but a mild pastor, like the "poor clerke of Oxenforde,"

"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

There was little enthusiasm of either kind manifested upon his countenance. The fountain of benevolence within him seemed willing to flow forth in peace and largely, unlike a swift torrent or the long swell of a mighty tide. He had evidently learned mostly from books, but was not entirely unskilled in the character of men. And wherein he was ignorant, he was always ready to learn. This young man's name was Howard, and he was a curate of the rector who rode by his side. Both were about to see their churches for the first time.

They stopped upon the brow of a hill and looked in silence upon that scene of Irish loveliness, upon that spectacle of Irish deformity and wretchedness. At last Howard spoke, half to himself.

"This is a beautiful country, but how mournful in its beauty!"

"The country was made by God," said the rector, "and is beautiful. 'It has been cursed by the presence of man, and may well mourn in desolation. All that is needed for the happiness of this land is, simply, good-will and peace among its inhabitants. They are bigoted and ferocious, scorning the messengers of the Prince of Peace. They are ignorant, yet reject the light which is freely offered them. Can we wonder then at this sight? Shall we pity or rather condemn?"

"We should pity them in their ignorance, and never condemn until they act with full knowledge of their crime."

"Not so!" returned the rector harshly. "They have made ignorance their fault and not their misfortune; they sin in darkness, only because they will shut their eyes in hatred of the light."

"But they cannot always do this," urged Howard earnestly. "It is an unnatural state. Keep mild day constantly about them, and they must finally look around."

"They are blind—unnaturally, hopelessly blind!"

"May not some of this misery be owing to government? Some of it, even to their being obliged to support us whom they never will hear?"

"I have closely examined this subject," said Stoughton severely, "and I believe that this government is the wisest that can be devised for them, and that we, the shepherds of this wretched flock—"

"No! ye are the mean wolf that feeds upon us!"

A man, who had been lying at the roadside, unnoticed, rose as he said these words, and shaking his fist at them, hurried away.

"A fair specimen!" cried the rector. "But I am glad that he interrupted us, for I have no patience on the subject. We must hurry on—it will be late before we reach home. That tall building, some miles farther on, is my church if I am not mistaken. Yours, in that direction I suppose, is not yet visible. Come."

They rode silently onward until full darkness came upon the road. Then half a dozen men sprung before them and seized their bridles.

"You must come with us!"

"Who are you?" cried the rector. "This is violating the peace."

The men laughed coarsely among themselves. "Have you ever heard of the Whiteboys?" said one, with a hearty chuckle.

CHAPTER II.

It was not very long before they reached a small cabin. The captive clergymen entered first, with their guard and the leader of the band followed immediately after them. There was no one within except a slight youth, reading by the light of a peat fire.

"What! still reading, Dominic?" cried the leader.

"Aye," said the young man, looking up with a melancholy smile, "still reading, dear Dermot, to prepare for something more hereafter."

"Well, well, you are right now as ye always are, but put up your book: here is other business for us. Sit here with me. Look well to the door and windows, my boys. You, Englishmen, may stand up and hear what we, poor Irishmen, have to say to ye."

The first thought of one who looked upon that strange scene, would have been that those were singular judges to try two educated, pious men.

Dermot, the leader, was a large strong man with quickness of passion and intellect. He had been a common laborer and now possessed no other qualification than natural strength of character to lead an equally ignorant band of conspiring Irishmen. He was already known as a plotter and bold spirit, though the rebellion had not yet broken out.

Dominic could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. His forehead was white and broad, but half-hidden by the long masses of hair that trailed heavily down upon it. In his eye and formation of head could be seen unmistakable genius, and genius too with all its enthusiastic fires. But his body was frail, and a wearied look, even in the brilliance of his eyes, showed that he was fading away.

Before either of these two had spoken, the rector haughtily demanded the cause of this violence, and returned boldly the savage look with which Dermot first answered his question. Howard said nothing, but gazed on Dominic with equal admiration and pity, strange as the mixture might be.

Dermot explained the matter to them in a few plain words.

"Yer reverences think it strange that ye are stopped on the high road. Did ye suppose that we are always quiet here? It was a mistake: Ireland is neither dead or asleep. Now, I'll tell ye a thing or two that ye won't believe now, but wo to ye unless the belief comes quickly!

"Ye may be a good, honest nation at home, but in Ireland ye're a plunderin' bloody race. We are cursed by the absence of our landlords and the presence of heretic priests, who feed on us when we cannot feed ourselves. We despise your government and hate your religion, but ye make us support both. Now ye two men are not to blame for this and we only punish the guilty. But take care! There is power in your hands,

and mind that ye use it for our good or yerselves will be crushed.

"But I can't talk. Dominic, speak to them like a young saint as you are. Tell the proud heretics what they must do and what they shall not do. Then let them choose."

Dominic modestly raised his head and looked at the two men who stood before him. His eye kindled as he met the supercilious survey of one, but softened again as it turned to the nobler countenance of Howard.

"It means something, when a boy can speak in superiority to men. It means something, too, that I can teach duty to you who are elder and wiser than myself. It means just this: that your people have fastened a terrible curse upon us, and we are obliged to tell you what it is; even you in your arrogant wisdom. You will hear this often. And if you stay long in Ireland, you will find, thank God! that even unlearned men can be oppressed into eloquence.

"But I am the youngest here and know how I should stand in your presence. What little there is to teach, I tell you as strangers and not pupils.

"Dermot has told you how we are oppressed, and I would say nothing more. Did you not know it before to-night, or have you studied the matter only in England? Look around you here in Ireland: see that we *are* cursed, and then, if you have the love of God in your hearts, lay your hand lightly upon us.

"You think and call yourselves holy ministers of God. Prove to us then that you believe in your own sincerity. There is a tremendous power in your hands, as Protestant clergymen and magistrates, and if your hearts are pure, you will use it in compassion. Many of us are too wretchedly poor to pay you tithe, but, though you can legally wring it out of them, have mercy and do not stretch the law to its full extent. There are a thousand ways wherein you can relieve the oppressed: I entreat you to watch for them and expect your reward in the prayers of grateful Catholics. If not,—but how can I, who aspire to become an humble servant of God, speak of vengeance! 'I will repay,' saith the Lord."

Dermot rose from his seat.

"Now ye know why you came to this place. If we had treated ye rudely, we should ask your pardon, but it isn't needed. Stop! before you go, I ask you both to pledge your honor—I believe ye use the word—that the past hour shall never be mentioned by your reverences."

"For my part," said Howard, after a pause, "I have no hesitation in making this pledge. Your intentions at least are good, and you have done us no wrong."

"I will not do it!" said the rector, hotly. "You are turbulent men, who have broken the public peace by seizing us and—"

"It is no matter," interrupted Dermot, coolly. "Look out for yourself if you declare war. I spoke more for your good than our own. Now ye may go."

He accompanied them to the door and helped them mount their horses. They were just riding off when he again stopped them.

"Hold! You'll not leave Ireland till I've seen

ye again. Remember it, now or hereafter at yer risk."

They rode away without making any reply.

CHAPTER III.

Six months passed away, and 1798 found Ireland in desperate insurrection.

Howard had not forgotten the warning he had received, as the respect and forbearance even of the rebels towards him would fully prove. He had lived among a people who could not own him for their guide, as became a spiritual pastor, kind, always benevolent and ready to lighten the burdens which had been laid upon others for his own support. Such zeal was too much for his naturally feeble health. Wearing himself out doubly in action and forbearance as he did, it was but a short time before he was obliged to suspend his exertions, and then the sick man longed for a peaceful home in his native England.

One pleasant evening he found himself, on his return, exactly in the place where he had been seized six months previously. He stopped his horse and almost unconsciously looked in expectation of the appearance of Dermot. Scarcely had he entertained the idea before the Irish leader was again at his side, this time with a respectful salutation.

"Mr. Howard, will it please ye to go with me?"

Howard hesitated.

"Surely ye know," added Dermot, "that no harm can reach you when I am near. It is the last time that we ever meet in this wretched country."

"I know it, Dermot, and I will follow you," said Howard.

In a short time they reached the same cabin where they had stood in such dissimilar positions a few months before.

"Sit down, Mr. Howard, and let us both think in silence until we are interrupted. I have sent for another visitor to-night, and he'll be here before many hours."

Howard caught the other's meaning, but he knew that in one respect he was powerless, and wisely kept silence. Two or three hours of anxious stillness passed away thus, when the door was suddenly flung open and four men entered, bringing with them a bound, half-dressed prisoner. It was the Rector Stoughton.

Dermot hushed him sternly as he was about to vent his wrath in useless reproaches, and then, after a few moments of painful silence, spent as if in recalling thought, he addressed both Stoughton and Howard with strong emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is more than six months, I believe, since we were here last. Both of ye came then against your will, but there was no rough handlin'! I sent for you then because ye were strangers, who

knew nothing of us, yet came in our midst with power in your hands, and I wanted to tell you where ye were and what should be done. *I did* tell ye, fairly, did I not? I said then that we should be here again together, and we are here now. Do you know what it is for? There are accounts to be given, even by wise men to an ignorant patriot, because I am a patriot, and ye belong to those who trample on me.

"You come here to-night in a different style from the first. One of ye fearlessly, willingly, and at my asking; the other, because he has been dragged from his bed, and shakin' like a coward as he is. You *are* a coward, Mr. Stoughton,—not in body, for there you are brave, but in your conscience, because you know that you have deserved something at my hands.

"Six months ago there was a fair noble boy at my side, and one of ye looked on him with kindness, the other with scorn. I marked it then. Now, he is not here, and both of ye know why. But this is the last time we three will ever meet, and so I'll tell you the story of that boy's death. Though ye know it well now, perhaps ye'll see another reason in it, why we three can never meet again.

"Dominic's mother was my sister, and, like him, she died young. When I think what both would have been, from what both were, I love their memories so much the more tenderly because they left the world in their pure youth. All my love was bound up in that boy, and one of ye was his murderer!

"Our priest always told me that he was full of genius and would be a bright ornament in the church, but he needn't have said that to me, who knew the boy from his cradle, and worked myself down that he might get his education. I always longed to hear his clear voice in the pulpit, and take the blessed wafer from his pure hands. Well, he grew up to be all that I could ask. Ye have seen him and know what he was. Ye know, too, that he loved Ireland, and for that one of ye wrought his death!

"It is not five months now, Mr. Stoughton, since you put a distress on the goods of poor Dennis Mullin because he wasn't able to pay his tithes. There hadn't been a risin' of the people then, or you'd never have dared to do it. But you stood by and saw the whole very gladly, for it was all under your direction. You didn't listen to the poor man's prayers not to take everything, nor would you say one word to Dominic, who had just come up and begun to reproach your hard heart. No, you didn't say one word to the noble boy, except to bid him hush, or you'd take notice, as a magistrate, of the time you saw him last, here, in this very place, Mr. Stoughton, where you're standing now in fear. You didn't see me at that moment or you'd have given me up to the constables at your back. Then Dominic spoke to one of them, but he was a surly English bulldog, and answered with a curse, ay! and with something else. They fought. You said it was Dominic that struck first: I say it was the dog! You saw me then right after that blow, for I was fighting by the side of Dominic.

"Your hounds seized us and held us fast. You

came up and said that we began the fight. You was a magistrate too, and after a sham examination, according to your own fashion, you committed us to prison for breaking the peace. Did ye think at the time, that you was signing our warrant or your own?"

"I could not have done otherwise, as a magistrate under the law," interrupted Stoughton doggedly.

"It was a bloody law and ye was a murderin' magistrate! Did you not fix your red revengeful eye on me and say that you'd prosecute us for another breach of the peace as soon as we'd been punished for this? You mocked us, too, when you said that we might go clear of prison if we'd give bail, for you knew that English tyranny hadn't left us enough property to stave off a jail. Hear now what ye said, when Dominic, in his ignorance of the world and the simple innocence of his own heart, asked you, as a professional servant of Christ, to lay aside hatred and give your own security, for my life would shrink and he would die in a prison. He pledged you, in all the sacredness of his great heart, that you should not lose by the good deed. It sounded new to a man who'd lived in your hard world, but for all that you might have trusted the boy! No; you told him that he'd live long enough after he was out of jail to see what a fool he'd made of himself!

"Just now you said that you'd acted like a magistrate under the law, and perhaps you'll tell me again that you did what every man of the world would do in denying him. So you did, but it was like a merciless magistrate and a hard-hearted man. Reverend sir, you have no business to be either. No just magistrate would have imprisoned him for doing what he did, and no good man would have refused to keep him out of a jail, where he must die. If you had looked at the poor boy's body, you must have known that a jail would have been his death, and so it was.

"We lay there two months and were not brought to trial. Poor Dominic faded away. It had always been hard for the sick boy to struggle fairly with life when he was out in the fresh air and green fields he loved so well, but those two months in a damp jail killed him. I heard of it. One night, by the blessing of God, I broke my fetters and escaped.

"I went to Mr. Howard at once, though he was an Englishman and a heretic. Here, in this place, I had marked his kind eye as he looked at Dominic, and I knew that since that time every poor Catholic had always blessed his goodness. Do ye remember the advice I gave ye once, Mr. Stoughton? I dared not go to him in the day time, and so that very night I wrote a little note, wrapped it round a broken fetter, and flung it through his window. In fifteen minutes I heard his horse galloping away from home.

"I'll not detain your reverences, for we've much to do before morning. He bailed out Dominic and nursed him tenderly at his own house, but the

poor boy died before many weeks. The young priest went to heaven before he had ever lifted his voice in the holy church, but, thank God! the Irish boy did not die until he had struck once against oppression.

"Mr. Stoughton, ye've been turnin' pale and flushed, and tryin' to seem stout, and then tremblin' again while I've talked. Don't beg for mercy, for you murdered him!"

CHAPTER V.

THE Irishman covered up his face, for his whole frame trembled in terrible agony. At length Howard kindly laid a hand upon his shoulder, but Dermot shook it off.

"Ye've a kind heart, Mr. Howard, and I know what ye'd say, but it's of no use. I've sworn to remember Dominic. I'll remember you too, for his sake, in the only way that a poor Irishman can. You're travelling to Dublin, but in these wild times you'd never reach the city without a pass from the patriots, and that's why I stopped ye. Give me your hand."

He produced a small stamp, moistened it with some chemical preparation, and printed upon Howard's wrist a little harp wreathed with the shamrock.

"There! that will save your life. It's the best that I can give."

"Wait a moment, Dermot. You mean ill to Mr. Stoughton: I can hardly believe that you mean the worst, except when I look at your eyes. You judge him far too harshly. Upon my soul, I believe that his intentions were blameless, and you acknowledge that he acted according to the law."

"Do not lower yourself or me, Mr. Howard, by pleading to this murderer," said the rector. "If I die, it will be as a martyr to ignorance and cruelty. I have done nothing in my life that I would not repeat, before God!"

"Ye needn't talk, either of ye," broke in Dermot savagely. "Howsoever 'twas done, you murdered Dominic. Stay here till morning, Mr. Howard. You *must*; two of my men will keep you from leaving this place until four o'clock. Then you may go to the town, and right there by the jail, see what a monument I'll raise to Dominic."

He spoke in Irish to his men, and all but two vanished with their prisoner.

At four o'clock his guards unbarred the door and Howard rushed out. Twenty minutes' hard riding brought him to the jail, and there he stopped. The gray morn was just lighting up the horrid face of a hanging man. A sheet of paper was fastened to his back, and on it was scrawled in large letters:

DERMOT'S REVENGE
IS THE
MONUMENT OF DOMINIC.

THE BARBER OF CADIZ.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THE war and civil dissensions, which, for so many years past, have desolated Spain, have often given rise, in this unhappy country, not merely to public misfortunes and striking calamities, but they have at times disturbed, in their hereditary repose, those families which were the most indifferent to the hostility of parties. The following adventure will prove that no citizen can be secure from the troubles of his time and country.

Nine o'clock had long since struck, when, on a fine day in the latter part of spring, the barber Pedro Nunez entered the sleeping chamber of the Senor Alava, Chief Alcade of Cadiz. For twenty years Nunez had come every morning, precisely at nine o'clock, to embellish the grave visage of Senor Alava, and now, for the first time, the worthy man found himself in the presence of his most important patron at least twenty minutes too late.

The magistrate, it is true, had not remarked this slight delinquency, for he was busied in counting out several large sums in gold and silver, which were ranged in piles and rolls upon his secretary.

This engrossing occupation prevented him, also, from observing the singular emotion which the barber was unable to conceal, on entering the chamber, an emotion which could scarcely be ascribed to his fear of having kept the senor waiting. The face, and indeed the whole person of the poor fellow, were disturbed in a manner which would have appeared extremely comic, had it not been for the sad and gloomy expression of his eyes, which were wet with tears. His glance flashed with a peculiar gleam, followed by an involuntary shudder as it fell upon the precious metals, which lay upon the secretary; a sight that seemed greatly to increase his repugnance to perform, on this day, his accustomed functions.

"I am ready, Pedro," said the unsuspecting Alava, seating himself in his arm chair, without the slightest thought of taking the precaution to close his secretary.

The barber passed a napkin about the neck of the magistrate, opened his box, but forgetting what he wished to take from it, mistook his razor for his soap, and his brush for his powder puff; then he extorted a frightful grimace from the worthy alcade, by suddenly drenching his chin with boiling water.

"How now, Nunez!" said the scalded magistrate, "what the d—! are you about? what has made you so heedless and awkward this morning?"

The poor man grew as red as if the boiling water had been poured upon his own cheeks.

"Pardon me, your excellency!" he stammered, timidly.

Then, passing at once from one extreme to the other, he poured so much cold water in his soap box, that the Senor Alava, this time, felt as

though he were lathered with an icicle. He submitted quietly, however, to the operation, and began, according to his custom, to question Nunez concerning political news and the affairs of the city; but instead of giving, as was usual with him, the reins to his love of mischief and of gossiping, the barber replied only in monosyllables, and, in a few moments, dropped the conversation. The alcade saw that he would be obliged to forego, on this day, the amusing wit of his daily Figaro, and without taking the trouble to inquire into the cause of his singular conduct, he wisely resigned himself to his own reflections, fingering, the while, the nearest bag of crowns, which lay half emptied upon the edge of his secretary.

The agitated barber then grasped his razor, and began to pass it across the magistrate's whitish cheeks; but notwithstanding all his efforts to fix his attention upon this delicate operation, he was unable to withdraw his thoughts from the objects which called them elsewhere, and chiefly towards the tempting treasures of the Senor Alava. His hand trembled whenever he turned his eyes in that direction, and the flitting cloud which at these moments passed over his brow, was like the shadow of the dark thoughts which swept across his soul.

These thoughts seemed to grow more poignant and more terrible, when the alcade leaned his head upon the back of his chair, in order to offer his chin to the edge of the razor. An indescribable agitation might then have been remarked in the movements and looks of the unfortunate Nunez. He cast a bewildered glance from the face of the magistrate to the secretary, loaded as it was with gold and silver, passed his trembling hand across his brow, which was covered with a cold sweat; then, suddenly glancing at the Senor Alava, who sat with his head thrown back, and his throat exposed—he cast his razor far from him, with a fearful cry, and disappeared from the chamber, at full speed, as if carried off by the devil.

This precipitate flight, while it roused the alcade from his agreeable meditations, excited in his soul a fearful suspicion.

"I am robbed!" he cried, without even glancing at his money, to assure himself whether there were any foundation for an accusation, which branded the character of a man whom he had esteemed for his honesty, and who had enjoyed his confidence for twenty years.

Darting from the chamber, he summoned his domestics, and despatched a band of alguazils to arrest the fugitive, and bring him into his presence.

In about a quarter of an hour Pedro Nunez was brought before the Senor Alava. The latter had by this time, although too late, satisfied himself that not a single piece of money had been abstracted from his treasures. Beside, the fugitive, far from endeavoring to conceal himself, had gone

directly and openly to his humble shop, and when the alguazils arrived they found him in the midst of his family, who were overcome with surprise and terror. When arrested, he offered no resistance.

This worthy and honest family, indignant at the suspicion thus cast upon the father, unmoved by prayer or menace, had refused to be separated from him, and were now here, trembling and bathed in tears, in the alcade's chamber, together with the domestics of the house and the agents of the police. A charming young girl, the last and dearest child of the barber's, attracted the attention of all by the violence of her protestations, and by her heart rending sobs. Although her father's arrest was the occasion of this grief, yet it was evidently not its only cause; there was some mystery concealed here, which the Senor Alava resolved to penetrate.

"Pedro," he said to the poor fellow, whose former agitation had given place to gloomy dejection, "I was wrong in thinking that you had robbed me, my friend, and I hasten to make you reparation."

As he uttered these words he signed to the alguazils to set their prisoner at liberty, but his astonishment was highly excited at the slight impression which this order produced upon the barber and his family. Though their indignation was calmed, this was far from being the case with their affliction, and this fact confirmed the alcade in the suspicion that he had conceived.

"I have but one thing to ask you," he resumed, addressing Nunez, "and that is to explain your strange flight, for it was that which led me to think you culpable."

The barber glanced, twice or thrice, around him, crushing the border of his hat with his clutched fingers; he then replied to the magistrate in a tone of ill concealed bitterness.

"You have been in too great haste, perhaps, to assert my innocence, Senor Alava; for if I have not robbed you indeed—I was upon the point of yielding to a far more terrible temptation."

"Unhappy man!" cried the alcade, recoiling to the farther end of the chamber, while the alguazils again seized the barber, "unhappy man!" he repeated, clasping his hands in astonishment, "what demon could have inspired you with a thought of crime, after a long life of irreproachable honesty?"

"Irreproachable, in truth!" replied the barber, proudly, "and still," he added, in a hollow voice, "it is but too true, that I was near dishonoring it by a crime."

He was pale as death; a violent shudder agitated all his limbs, and tears fell from his dim and lustreless eyes.

"Can it be possible, my father?" sighed his daughter, clasping his hand with the warmest sympathy.

Nunez bent his head, without replying, and the poor child cast herself weeping into his arms.

"Pedro," said the alcade in a tone, rather of a father than a magistrate, "the guilty thought which you avow, could not, naturally, have entered the mind of an honest man, and I am per-

suaded that you conceal some secret, the disclosure of which would excuse you, perhaps. Confide all to me then without hesitation, and without fear, since both your liberty and your reputation are, at this moment, in my hands."

The barber gazed attentively at the magistrate, as if to assure himself that Senor Alava was, in truth, disposed to clemency; then his anxious glance returned to consult his daughter, whom he still held clasped in his arms.

"Speak! my father, speak!" said the latter, after a moments hesitation, "death rather than your dishonor."

Nunez cast another glance upon the alcade, a glance expressive of the keenest anguish, and promised, at last, to disclose all, upon condition that his family alone should remain with them in the chamber.

The alcade, seeing no objection to this, directed the alguazils to retire into an adjoining apartment, and the barber, conquering, as he best could, the emotion, mingled of grief and terror, which again overpowered him, spoke as follows:

"My lord," he began, in a faltering voice, "before finding myself obliged to entrust you with my secret, for the sake of my honor, I had thought to disclose it to you, voluntarily, for the sake of that which is not less precious to me; and would to heaven that I had, at first, had recourse to your generosity, for then I should not now be reduced to implore your clemency; but the very thought of your power and office robbed me of the hope with which they had inspired me. For all that which you can do for our safety, my lord, you can do also for our destruction, and I tremble, even at this moment, lest, while you listen to me, you should be swayed by justice only, while I venture to address your compassion."

"What mean you, Pedro?" asked the alcade, perplexed by this preamble. "You speak of justice, of safety and destruction. Does any danger threaten you or yours?"

"Alas, yes!" replied the barber. "Listen, my lord, and you shall hear all the truth. I ought to have told it to you two hours ago, instead of listening to the wicked thoughts which now rack my soul with remorse—for I have done you injustice in imagining that you were not humane enough to be moved by so fearful a misfortune.—All my family are here before you, like me, at your feet; but there is a young man who was soon to become a member of it, a brave young seaman in the royal navy, the youthful friend and betrothed of my Juanita, of this lovely child, my lord, who bathes your hands with her tears, and whose life or death must be decided before evening."

"Just heaven! and how?" said the alcade.

"Stephano—this is the name of my future son-in-law—belonged to the crew of *The Queen Mother*, that corvette which returned the other day from her first voyage, and which, at this hour, is moored in the harbor of Cadiz. There was on board *The Queen Mother* a Christino officer, who had been arrested upon the coast, at the moment when he was passing over to the enemy; in one word, a wretch, or perhaps only an unfortunate man, for who can say, alas! Well, this officer

was to be shot by the garrison of Cadiz, on his arrival here, and as Stephano was known to be the truest seaman in the corvette, he was confided to his custody. Accursed duty! in the execution of which the heart of the best lad in the world led astray the head of the most faithful servant of Spain. Yes, my lord, this accursed officer succeeded in exciting poor Stephano's compassion. By what means I do not know; he said, doubtless, that his death would break the hearts of his whole family, that he, also, had a betrothed, whose love was to throw a charm over his existence, and the lover of my Juanita, who lives for her alone, the son-in-law, who would sacrifice his life for me, as for a father, has wished, perhaps, to restore a son to his parents, a spouse to his betrothed.—And thus, one morning, the condemned disappeared from the corvette. Stephano, at once accused of having favored his escape, denied it, feebly at first—generous men do not know how to utter a falsehood. Finally the unhappy youth confessed all to the court martial, and he has been condemned to death! He is to be shot by the garrison, this evening, in the place of the officer whom he saved. And my Juanita will not survive her betrothed, my lord, for she has told me so, and I shall thus lose two children instead of one. This, my lord, is the cause of my grief and my despair.”

Here the poor man paused amid the groans of his family; his voice was stifled with sobs.

“I have heard of this affair, Nunez,” said the alcade, repressing his emotion, “and I pity you from the bottom of my soul, but I do not see what this can have to do with that which has occurred to-day between you and me?”

“I have not yet finished, my lord,” replied the barber, with a visible effort. “You can imagine the trouble I have taken, this morning, to save the unfortunate Stephano. One after the other, I have implored those who were his judges, and who are about to become his executioners; but I have found that justice is pitiless, and that can easily be conceived in these sad times of civil war. I then turned to my son-in-law's jailer, and I have been able to soften him by my tears, as the tears of that officer had softened Stephano; yet, less courageous and less disinterested than this worthy young man—I tremble to confess this, senior alcade—he has consented to let him escape from the corvette, only upon condition that he should receive a sufficient sum of money to enable him to fly, and dwell in a foreign land. ‘Bring me a hundred ducats,’ he said to me, ‘and I will at once leave *The Queen Mother* with Stephano, under a safe disguise, and I will hire a boat, which will soon carry us beyond the reach of danger.’”

“A hundred ducats!” continued the barber.—“I have drained the purses of my friends, I have begged through all Cadiz, without being able to collect a quarter of this sum! After all these useless efforts, I entered your chamber this morning, my lord, partly to perform my ordinary services, partly to confide to you my affliction. But a feeling of fear, a feeling which I shall repent all my days, checked the words upon my lips, even before I had crossed the threshold. I reflected that you were the Chief Alcade of Cadiz; that it is your office to maintain justice, instead of arresting

its fearful course; that, besides, you have no concern with military matters; finally, that I should, perhaps, hasten the death of Stephano, by confiding to you a project which you could not but condemn. Alas, it was a sad error! I see it now, when too late!”

“Proceed!” said the magistrate, “proceed!”

“Agitated by keen disquietude, I perceived the piles of gold and silver, which lay upon your secretary. ‘My God!’ I said to myself at this sight, ‘I need but a handful of this gold to save Stephano and my child!’ When this thought had once entered my soul, it did not leave me, my lord, and it was this which engendered another thought, more fatal and more terrible, that haunted and bewildered my poor brain, despite all my efforts to banish it. A voice from hell whispered in my ear, that the lives of my daughter and of Stephano were there, near me, and that I had but to stretch out my hand to save them. Do you comprehend me, my lord? On the one side, Stephano and Juanita dying, one after the other, the first pierced by a bullet, like an infamous traitor, the second stricken in my arms by incurable grief; on the other side, a simple gesture, a grasp at some pieces of this superfluous treasure, to which the sun with its sparkling rays seemed to point me! And the accursed voice murmured in my ear, that I had but to take advantage of the slightest heedlessness on your part; that a crime was but of little moment, in comparison with the lives of my children; that, besides sitting beneath my deadly weapon, you were completely at my mercy; that, if there were no other means to secure my escape, and gain the time that was necessary for my project, a movement of this weapon could silence you for ever. Ah,” continued the barber, a prey to the most fearful anguish, “I no longer saw or heard any thing but the whistling of the bullets, and a body dragged away by executioners, the cries of my daughter demanding her betrothed, and expiring in my arms—and then this gold! this gold, but two paces distant! within reach of my hand! It was at this moment that I perceived you, my lord, leaning back upon the arm-chair, your throat exposed beneath my razor, and, uttering a fearful cry, I fled, lest I should yield to the temptation which assailed me. You know the rest; this is all that I have to say in my defence. I will not survive my remorse and my grief, since I am about to lose my children; show no pity, therefore, senior alcade, if it is to me alone that you can extend it.”

“I will extend it towards you all, my friends,” said the magistrate, vainly striving to repress the tears which this sad narrative had wrung from him. “Can any one of you still gain access to Stephano, and do you think that it is too late to carry out your plan for his escape?”

The barber unclosed his lips to reply to this unexpected question; but the emotion which it excited in his bosom, formed such a sudden contrast to those which had previously overwhelmed him, that he could only stammer forth two or three unintelligible syllables; he then fell senseless into the arms of his family.

“There is still time, my lord, and I will go,”

cried Juanita, with an energy which fully confirmed all that had been said of the strength of her attachment.

"Well then," replied the alcade, reaching her a handful of gold, "go, my child, and bear this to the jailer of your betrothed."

It is unnecessary to repeat the benedictions which were showered upon the generous Senor Alava. They were so loud and animated, that they recalled Nunez to his senses, and attracted the alguazils to the threshold of the apartment.

"Silence!" said the magistrate to the bewildered family. "You can be gone!" he added gravely, turning to the alguazils. "Nunez is an honest man, and I have no accusation to bring against him."

In the course of an hour Juanita returned with the tidings that Stephano, with his jailer, was on his way to France.

"Leave it to the chief alcade," said Senor Alava, "to hasten his return to Cadiz; and to shield you from all suspicion. Military justice is as transient as it is terrible, and with civil justice compassion is, at times, not out of place."

All called down blessings upon the head of the worthy man, and the happy family did not leave their benefactor until they had bedewed his hands with tears of gratitude, which repaid him for his gold a hundredfold.

"My God!" cried Nunez, casting himself upon his knees at Senor Alava's feet, "to think that it could enter my soul to rob and assassinate such a man."

"By the by," replied the alcade, in a tone of grave irony, "we cannot part thus, Senor Pedro."

"Why so, your excellency?" inquired, the astonished barber.

"Because you must first complete your work, my friend," replied the alcade gaily, as he pointed to his half shaved face.

"Thanks! thanks, my lord!" cried Nunez, warmly, "I should never have ventured to demand this favor again."

The worthy barber finished his task, in a very different mood from that in which he had commenced it, and if, at times, this new emotion caused him to scratch slightly the chin of his patron, he had no longer any desire to cut his throat.

A VISIT AT DR. DAVIDSON'S, IN SARATOGA, IN 1842,

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

It was only one week after the death of young Lieut. Davidson at his father's residence that I called on the family. We had just returned from a visit to Margarette's grave, where her brother had been laid by her side, the earth still fresh on the new made mound, and with an increased interest in the afflicted family we turned our steps into the street that led to their dwelling.

No one who has read of Lucretia and Margarette—of their remarkable and gifted minds—but have felt a tender and mournful interest in the early death of the "sister poetesses," who strung their lyres in the corresponding notes of harmony that, lingering here, breathe forth sweet music still.

It was one of the first days of bright warm summer that we stood upon the steps of Dr. Davidson's dwelling, and while waiting for an answer to the bell, I felt a peculiar sadness steal over me as I contemplated the stillness and solemnity of everything around the spot. It seemed that the very leaves of the shrubs and flowers wore a sympathizing aspect of melancholy, befitting the occasion and place.

The house stood not far from the main street, and was a single yellow brick building, by the side of a large gothic stone church, with several steps leading up to the front entrance. The door was soon opened by a female, and we were invited to seats in the parlor, while we sent our names to Mrs. Davidson.

In the interval I cast mine eye around upon the portraits, and the one opposite where I was seated was the youthful Margarette, just as she looked in the bright days of her happy life. Attired in simple white muslin, with such a life-like expression, it seemed almost that she was conscious of our presence, and had welcomed and received us with affectionate smiles. Her slight, airy form, her soft, laughing, blue eye gave the picture somewhat the appearance of childhood's innocent beauty. Her hair was a rich, light brown, such as looks so glossy and golden in the light, and that waves and changes with every breath. Her complexion was clear and transparent, and was a sweet blending of the lily and the rose. There was a look of frailty in the lovely picture, which must have been sadly apparent to her anxious friends. Her forehead was broader, in proportion to the rest of her face, than any I ever saw, owing in a great measure to the slight and delicate outline of the lower part of the countenance. A bright smile seemed to play around every feature, and the whole expression was radiant with happiness and artless simplicity.

I could hardly realize the fact that this *youthful creature* was the gifted *poetess*, whose sweet "Lines to her Mother," and other effusions, had so often given me pleasure, and I found it equally difficult to associate *death* with what seemed so much of joyous happiness, sweetness and life.

A crowd of sad, melancholy thoughts came

over me in that brief moment, and when the messenger returned she was the bearer of affectionate regrets from Mrs. Davidson that she was too ill to leave her room, begging us to remain and make such inquiries as we chose, saying "she had not been able to leave her room since the death of her son."

It was a disappointment not to see Mrs. Davidson. I had felt something of a kindred sympathy in the feelings of the devoted mother, as she had rejoiced with *trembling*, and mourned with *hope* over her gifted daughters. I had but recently finished the melting story of Margarette's life, and mourned as we do for *kindred* at the recital of her untimely and lamented death. Only the narrow and island-crowned "Champlain" had separated my own birth-place from that of her children. The same distant mountains and blue skies of those charming shores had been the earliest visions of my own happy childhood, and those bright waters were among the first of memory's *treasured pictures*, and I was then on a pilgrimage to that sweet land of my affections. But as circumstances were, it was made up to me in the thought that I was in the midst of scenes and surrounded by objects hallowed by the *past*, and endeared by the most affecting considerations.

The portrait over the mantel-piece was one of the son, who was buried the week before, and was a fine picture. It represented a tall, manly figure, with a dark, expressive eye, regular features, hair raven black, and a military bearing. He was dressed in the full uniform of his profession, and was an interesting looking young officer. He was the brother so often referred to as being at West Point, whose visits and departures are spoken of with so much interest and affection in Margarette's letters.

He had graduated, but in such feeble health that a voyage to Europe was recommended. He soon after sailed and was absent some months.—He visited different climates, but the *worm was at the root*. The same insidious disease that had withered the lovely blossoms by his side was severing the cord of his own life, and he hastened homeward. When he arrived, Mrs. Davidson was an invalid, weak and almost helpless; but the feebleness of the son roused the unwonted energy of the woman,—the mother—and tenderly, anxiously did she console and watch over her charge. But after a few weeks *death* again visited the home, and, it may be hoped, set the prisoner free in a happier clime than this; but it sent deep grief again to those hearts that had been used to bleed.

Mrs. Davidson sunk down again to a great exhaustion of her powers, from which she was then suffering, and from which she never wholly recovered.

How strong the grief that often here is sent
To open—pave—our heavenward way!

And how sweet the reflection that this Christian mother had bright hopes and precious promises

lying at her heart, while all these "waves and billows were passing over her."

On the other side of the room were the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Davidson. His was a good painting of a fine, gentlemanly, benevolent-looking man of fifty or more—hair somewhat whitened by time, blue eyes and a mild benignant expression. The features were regular and manly, and while I looked upon it I thought of the scattered *gems* that the father must miss from his *severed chain*!

The other, of Mrs. Davidson, was a lovely picture. I had not conceived of the sweet, mild, intellectual, and almost heavenly expression of her dark eyes; nor the chastened and intelligent beauty that still lingered in her pensive features. She was in the attitude of writing, but not in the studied posture of being "*fixed*" for a picture. The unconsciousness and a abandonment of solitude—of earnest and serious thought—made me almost imagine her occupied in the interesting work of writing those touching reminiscences of her beloved daughters, that have caused so many hearts to beat in deep throbs of sorrow and sympathy. The dress was fitting and appropriate, indicating good taste and good sense, and the picture was one of too much interest *ever to be forgotten*!

We were told that Lucretia's miniature was then with an artist to be copied for a portrait. There was but one more picture in the room, and that was of an ancient-looking monument, very much resembling the one we had just seen, fresh from the sculptor's hand, at Margarette's grave.

On each end of the table lay those precious volumes, in uniform binding, breathing silently the lovely spirit of the departed; and made me deeply feel how much of light and beauty had passed from that almost deserted mansion, to a *brighter—happier* home in Heaven.

The library in that little parlour was an object of peculiar interest to me. Early those gifted beings found pleasure in their favorite authors, and the dimness of the gilt on the binding, showed they had not been a *useless*, or valueless appendage to the furniture of the room.

The centre table was the bearer of precious relics—and the sofa, too, might have been the same on which the lovely young invalid used to repose, when so fondly attended by her anxious and devoted mother, as she drew near the last moments of her life on earth! All—all—looked as if the spirit that once animated it was gone—as if the light of that dwelling had been *extinguished*.

It was one scene in the incidents of life to be remembered, a moment with spirits too pure for this dark earth who lived long in living *well*, and whose example, radiant with light, shows us a brighter passage to the skies.

A few years have since past—

And now that gentle mother too is gone—
Each trembling—fearful—anxious moment o'er,
Her angel daughters in a higher song
Have welcomed her, where death can come no more!

TRUE SKETCHES OF A FALSE HEART.

BY ENNA.

ANNETTA, with a few traits of feminine kindness, was a source of much grief to her excellent parents. At an early school girl age she and Kate Mervin had made the boast that they would each bring to their feet thirty lovers before they would bless one with their heart. With a figure light and graceful as a Hebe, our young heart-killer was formed by coquetry herself to bring victims to her shrine; diminutive in size, yet strong in purpose, she carved upon her frontlet "never to fail," and, with this as her motto, she prepares for the conquest.

Her first attack was upon one of gentle bearing and fond heart; with the enthusiasm of youth it required small effort of the charmer to fascinate her victim; with a certainty of power she threw the snare, and drew, in willing fetters, the captive to the goal. The hopes, the fears, the fortunes, and the horror of a sinless life were laid at her feet, and she triumphed as a young warrior—female refuge was her shelter from the bitter anguish of a crushed spirit, and friendship was offered when he asked for love.

I do not wish to weave a tale purely of fiction; my object is to unmask and censure that crime which lurks in the heart of some of those whom God has endowed with a beauty and a loveliness, calculated to shed joy instead of sorrow to those who approach its charm.

James was the son of poor parents; he inherited from them a bent form and awkward figure, a defective hearing and an ill-favored countenance; yet, under the outward deformity, there was a garden about his heart filled with beautiful flowers, all freshly blooming, and radiant with the purity of truthful sincerity. Upon this sensitive creature our female Alexander next bears the force of her weapons—slight conquest, bound and fettered, a passive captive soon graces the victor's car: poor fellow, thy happiness was an intoxication,—that wealth, and beauty, and grace should look on thee! True, the incense of a perfect and a guileless heart thou gavest her, and a gratitude beyond expression. In thy wildest visions of fancy couldst thou dream of bliss like this? A life of devotion, a soul full of virtue and nobility, in thy eyes were as a feather in the balance compared to the immeasurable amount of the perfections of thy worshipped idol. Poor love-sick fool—she deems thee not worthy to brush the dust from her garments; but thou art among those marked for the slaughter; thy wounds deserve not her humanity; lie by the roadside for the passing of some "Good Samaritan."

It were tedious to follow in the steps of this dangerous beauty, they were marked by success, and before the age looked upon with terror by the youthful belle, she had far outstripped in number Kate Mervin.

In proportion to her conquests, her appetite, although sharpened, became weary of its plainer

food, and untrammelled hearts were tame. Annetta soon discovered, from the guileless simplicity of her gentle friend, Mary Lane, the tale of innocent love, and so glided into the sanctuary of her thought, that the artless girl felt that friendship was almost necessary for the perfection of earthly bliss. Even the presence of her love was scarcely less precious than those moments in which she repeated, in the attentive ear of her confidant, the story of their vows—

"Oh, heart felt rapture, bliss beyond compare!"

and he, too, the ardent worshipper, how easily was he beguiled to listen to the lay, which, although sung by other lips than hers, told of his Mary's charms; the walk with the "mutual friend" would be prolonged—twilight would deepen into evening—the first star would warn the lover that one waited his coming, and with eager steps would he hasten to clasp the hand of the betrothed, and tell the tale that had beguiled him.

* * * * *

Time passed—why sits the maiden disconsolate, and where is the form that was as a day star to her sight? The footpath gives not the sound of his welcome approach, the chair is vacant, the vase is untrimmed with the garniture of love's gift, and the vow is forgotten. Far down in the glen, and under the old hawthorn, are the guilty pair—words, passionate and unholy, fall upon the ear. "I give thee not my first love truly," entreats the voice of the faithless, "but that faint ray, which early beamed as a taper, is now as the mid-day sun in its fervor. Oh! crush not body and soul, but receive my homage." The tempter had entered the garden, the serpent had beguiled the lover. The next day's register announced "a strange event of insanity and suicide."

In a low hut, by the wayside, dwells the widow, content in her old age—content, for God, in her bereavement, has spared her darling first-born, and in him are centred the all of hope that Time can give. With great energy and industry he has gained an education that promises a profession, and the future days of his beloved mother are to glide down the remaining waves of life in calm and gentle murmurs. Pleasant, in the cool of the day, is it for the aged matron to sit at the cottage door and note the passer—a light form is at the wicket—a soft step upon the threshold, lovely to look upon, appears the bright creature, arrayed in the garb of purity, so lovely, she seems one of a better land, and she brings to the widow fruits and flowers—and she reads, in musical sounds, the words of promise—like hope, she comes, and daily does she visit the cottage by the wayside, and happy is the heart of the son to stay her stepping over the slippery stones which bridge the brook before the dwelling, and ever does he wait her coming, and gladly does he protect her from the

lone walk on her return, for so do the hours pass, when on an errand of mercy, that the moon oft-times is above the hill. Was ever the soul so glad; no thought of love was his; sooner would the dove seek companionship with the noble eagle than that love could enter the thoughts of Lubin; but, alas! unguarded youth, little reckoned thou that the doorway of thy heart was opened—little reckoned thou that the betrayer of thy peace, like a “thief in the night,” had entered and stolen from the sacred altar thy first fruits; but, why

mourns the aged? and why is the step of Lubin sad and slow? and whither hath fled the spirit of gentleness which brought flowers and buds, and read the words of promise? Beautiful but frail—and false as frail—her step is marked with ashes, the ashes of disappointment and the tears of the widow for the bloom of her son. The vine trials at the cottage door, and the garden, by the wayside, is filled with nettles. Time alone will heal the broken spirit, but the buoyancy of the morning hath fled, and for ever, from the widow's son.

AN EPITAPH.

BY JOHN DORLIN SANDLAND.

IMPLORA PACE?

BENEATH, Childe Harold's sacred ashes rust.
Pause: nor too thoughtless pass the Poet's dust!
These glorious fragments from a nobler sphere,
Bruised, broken, shattered in their journeying here,
Thus, though the fragments from celestial day,
All far surpassing aught of human clay.

Behold! the proudest midst the Seraphim,
Whose curling lip profanely sneers a hymn,
His form, aurif'rous all, in splendor shone,
Till fierce ambition fired him on his throne;
Light darkens round him, and he wakes entombed
Within a mortal to be germed and wombed;
Thus bound and shackled in an earthly form,
He pants to guide some rolling sphere through storm.
And so lived Harold, prisoner in his cell,
Whose spirit chained to Heaven had links in Hell;
Conception's empire, measureless as sea
The boundless prison of his Imagery
Roofed by Creation, walled by Deity,
The aspirations of a soul's sublimity.
Thus living, sinned. Did not proud Peter sin?
Ay, Adam, Moses, ev'ry man who's been
Eneathed in this probationary ball
Of clouds and vapor smelling since man's fall.
The soul must seek it who would Truth find out,
No Christian he, who never dared to doubt!
Could he, who doubteth never, know a change?
“Seek and thou'lt find.” To seek who have—is strange!

No humble spirit lifts its head to soar
From summer sea to breast the ocean's roar;
No common mind with microscopic scan
Could bare the fibres of its heart to man;
Dare trace the pulse in its minutest throb
Despite the sneerings of an envious mob,
But proud the spirit on this peopled sod,
Allows one Judge alone, and that Judge God!
He lived, he sinned: repented. Do as he,
No “Lord I thank thee” of the pharisee
But bitter, heart-wrung tears, in secret flowed
And fed the lamp of life which purer glowed.
Hark! 'tis a Nation's shout! the nobly brave,
While Freedom's falchion arms the wakened slave
From shore to shore, from mountain's brow to strand,
One cry reverberates along the land.
Till ocean's wavelets leap to kiss a shore
Where Freedom's banner glads the air once more,
Swell from the vale, and midway in the sky
Wraps the far hills with clouds of Liberty!
What! is it gone? alas, a Nation's gloom
Like storms around the Jungfrau—palls a Tomb.
Why mourn'st thou pilgrim? dry the useless tear—
'Tis but the clay he dwelt in that lies here!
The soul, repurified resumes its sway
Midst some far planet's brighter, holier day;
One light refulgent floats around him now,
And radiant glory sits upon his brow.
Liverpool, Jan. 16, 1849.

TALKS WITH YOU—"CURA FACIT CANOS."

BY CAROLINE C——.

SHE walketh abroad like the "pestilence at noonday." She rendeth bolts and bars, and, like the robber, entereth happy households in the still and peaceful night. She creeps into the bosom of the unsuspecting, and nestles there, though not, alas! an "angel visitant." She sits down mid the gathered family by the bright fireside as though she were some bidden guest, but her loathed embracings spread only a cheerless gloom over those gathered there. She chooses oftentimes one of a pleasant household on whom to lavish her kisses and caresses, but they who watch her preference are not jealous—it is not because she has neglected them, that they weep when they see her favors given to another!

She moves about on viewless feet, which yet leave heavy traces of their progress; she speeds away on unseen wings, and yet he who strains his eye to follow the spirit on her distant flight, may see a dark and heavy line traced on the face of heaven, which reflects its shade in his heart, and almost hides from his sight the blessed light of day! She passes through the world invisible, and yet possesses herself the most extraordinary powers of visibility. The power of Omnipresence I dare not impute to aught beside Him who sitteth on the throne in the Heaven of Heavens, and yet at the same time, dear reader, dwelleth in your home, and in mine. But it is wonderful—she of whom I speak may, at this present moment, be ravaging *your* heart, while I know very well she is with me a constant resident. In the old worlds beyond the ocean, beside what hearth-stone hath she not stood? Through what soul has she not wandered at will? What spot of earth has she not dared to desecrate by her presence? *Is* she Omnipresent; or, is it that she has myriad messengers, who, at her bidding, 'compass sea and land to make their proselytes?

She it is, or these numberless ministers of hers, if it be true she has such, who every day that the sun cometh up in the east, and treadeth through the halls of heaven till he reaches his appointed resting-place, she it is I say, or they, who daily scan every position of this wide universe, watching with most jealous eyes to see if every human being entertains a due and proper appreciation of her powers. And oh, what a tyrannical spirit she is! If you, my dear reader, have not yet bowed to her sceptre, let me warn you to prepare—do not dare to congratulate yourself, for assuredly the fearful initiation and submission will yet be required of you.

And withal she is a patient spirit; being content to set in operation a train of causes which shall be days, ay, even years in bringing about the effect she wishes. There is not the shadow of danger she will evacuate these premises of earth before all her multifarious designs are carried into execution. And by no means is this so impossible as it is with us poor mortals, for there is a kind of immortality attached to her nature, which en-

ables her always to look on the completion of all her operations. A *kind* of immortality I say, because she will endure so long as this world endures, making the familiar acquaintance of millions on millions yet to be, after you and I, now the favored recipients of her love, shall have passed away, and our names become oblivious. And yet it is an immortality enduring *only* with time, for when *we* shall at last awaken to the life-eternal, she will have sunk to sleep, to waken nevermore, on the bosom of eternity!

Cura Facit Canos! ah me! and the strong man bendeth down wearily beneath the heavy load she bindeth on him! He cometh into life a tender little child, fair as the opening buds of spring. In his proud parents' home he is a joy to them, a joy unto himself. To that father and mother his life seems one long day of bliss; over his infant head they see only glowing the halo of hope and of promise; in imagination they follow him through the years of childhood, of youth, and of manhood; they reckon not upon, they remember not *her* power, they fancy what he will be in his glorious youth—they see him in his riper years, but not as one with whom she has had aught to do.

And yet those wise parents! could but they read the opening thoughts of their infant—could they but know that while his heart was daily acquiring a truer and stronger throb, *she* was hovering nigh, and passing to and fro, phantom-like, over the mind of their child, before he could even comprehend the meaning of those flittings of darkness! Could they but know how almost daily her voice is whispering to him some fell lesson, which he can but dimly understand, they would tremble and weep, instead of rejoicing over their offspring. They would mourn in bitterness could they but see the preparation this great spirit is already making to secure a resting place for her wing in the mind of the bright boy.

Ere many years have passed the toys which were lavished on the child are all broken, and though he may weep over their demolishment he would not have them restored and replaced, he has lost for ever his former keen delight in those painted bits of wood. His boyhood passes swiftly and wildly away. Eager ambitious thoughts haunt him, he longs to be a man, he would fain see the great world and mingle among its busy scenes. *She* has not deserted him. Far from that, oftener she speaks to his spirit, and in a language no longer "dead" to him. He is beginning to understand her, he is awakening to her fearful power; he feels the bands she is placing on him, he has felt them before, but then he knew not what was the hateful pressure against which he struggled so vainly. Oftentimes a shade of darkness spreads over him, not, however, occasioned by the outer world's sun withdrawing, for up in heaven the great orb shines with glorious, unsuspended power—but it is in his heart this

gloom is advancing and increasing; *there* there are doubts, and temptations, and trials, and passions commingling and making such fearful strife, that while he looks on the tumult with bewildered eyes, and a voice whispers to him that this is only the natural tumult of life, he wishes and longs, oh, how earnestly! for the wings of the dove wherewith to fly away and be at rest. Happy for him then is it, if the dark future spread the arms of the protecting cross before him—more happy if he kneels down before that cross, and receives there that baptism of forgiveness which shall be as the water of life to his fainting soul—which shall prove most powerful to annul, or at least to decrease *her* fearful sway.

Then the youth goes into the world, and takes the place there which he has so long desired to fill. He is "a man among men." Oh, how swift he is amid those new scenes to "make idols of perishing things!" Perchance for a moment he bends down at the shrine of mammon, and worships that; but as he gathers wealth that mighty spirit gathers strength. Wearied at last, and for ever disgusted with his toilsome homage, in restless yearning he seeks some other, some greater good. He loves—and not in vain. But still that demon companion gathers fresh increasing dominion in his breast—she will not let him rest. An unseen "bosom serpent," daily her fearful hiss grows to be more distinctly audible—she turns his bright locks gray, she dims his eyes, and sends a faintness through his limbs; and she, yes it is she, who so often leads the strong man to an untimely grave, "bowed down, and bent."

The wife, and the mother, the lover, the friend, and the brother, the father, the son, the husband,—the merchant amidst his wares, the priest with the Bible in his hands, the miser surrounded by his precious gold—the woman of fashion—the man of pride—the poet—the statesman, the king, the master, the servant, the beggar, even the poor idiot-born, and the lunatic,—whom can I name that happily knows her not? Oh, if perchance *you* know of such an one, breathe not that name aloud, for *she* may hear, and speedily flood the favored one with her most baneful light.

It is in the nature of humanity to struggle against wrong; and it is not to be supposed people can tamely and always bear her aggressions; but, how may we defend ourselves—how can we be rid of this bugbear of human life?

We may not range ourselves in battle array and make war with her. All the magazines and instruments of death in the world would utterly fail us here. We cannot shame, nor terrify, nor destroy her—and it is sheer vanity to defy her! What *can* we do? I am not proposing this great question for the first time, I am well aware. Ah, it has puzzled other, and wiser heads than mine full often; but philosophy and mere brute force have as yet done but little towards lessening her mighty, boundless sway.

Let us think of some of the expedients which many have adopted whereby to extricate themselves at once, and for ever, from the hands of this unloved, this fearful spirit. In doing this we may perhaps solve some mysteries for ourselves, we once considered quite unsolvable.

See here in this convent! this multitude of females who have resigned the pleasure and excitement of a worldly life, what has brought them here together? Is it a desire for publicity? have they done it for the edification of the world? They have *forced* forgetfulness of themselves on men. Is it for love of splendor and of ease then? Why, look at the palace they have chosen, it is not peculiarly magnificent, you will scarcely imagine it is for either of *these* reasons that they have separated themselves from the exciting scenes of a worldly life! They go there to escape from that constant companion who has embittered all their earlier days! One to seek peace for a broken heart—another to restore a wrongfully injured reputation, another to fix her thoughts more perfectly on God! It is not for you or for me to say they seek peace in an erroneous manner. I would not dare declare they do not *find* it. Heaven grant that not one of the weary and sorrow-laden children of earth, may ever seek in vain for rest and peace!

Then again you will find one advanced in years, one well fitted and formed to occasion much good among men, you will see such an one going apart from all mankind, and living to himself alone. There is disgust in his heart, and hatred for all human beings. *She* has destroyed his confidence in goodness and mortal virtue—she has turned the fountains of love which once leaped in his soul, to waters of bitterness! She has planted suspicion and enmity in his heart, and they have borne most loathsome fruits, and so in the perfectness of his manhood, he has gone out from the world, which he curses in his misery, to live alone, away from the sound of human voices, and the knowledge of human deeds.

Knowing the weakness and inefficiency of human strength, who will feel willing to condemn such an one? It is no light task to judge of the power of sorrow and disappointment in the life of another, one should at least think twice before attempting to estimate the strength of the great spirit who exercises such fearful sway in the minds of many, and they not always, nor most frequently, the weak ones of the earth.

Then you will see women, the young and the old, turning away from the sacred, quiet enjoyments of the home fireside, to mingle in the world of fashion. It is not an uncommon sight by any means, and yet one may well ask what sends them there to taste the beggarly banquet—the unsatisfying food of world-admiration, and the worship of fools—when apparently their own homes might furnish a far richer table, and a better repast. But—the surface, and only a portion of the surface of the their lives, is perceptible to us! Do not say or believe that *all* who crowd the saloons of fashion, go there with light and happy hearts, merely to while away life's fleeting hours! Do not impute such madness and folly to the nature of woman, I pray. For the few who go there, without one cloud on the mental brow, what multitudes are there who *force* the brightness to the eye, and the smile to the lip! How many, think you, of the careless words uttered in such a scene find any echo in the soul?

I would not care to unmask the hearts of the

revellers and reveal the bitterness, and sorrow, and distress, and disappointment, which so often lurk there, even when light words fall from the lip, and calmness distinguishes the person. It would be no pleasing task to tell how utterly false woman is to her true nature, when she makes *such* places her apparently most desirable and fitting home. It is a labor for which, I rejoice to say, I am altogether incapacitated, the revealment of the fearful havoc which this all powerful spirit, of whom I write, can work, and does work in the minds and hearts of many, most distinguished for the glittering slavish bands the Pleasure Queen has fastened on them.

Go, if you wish further evidence of her power, into our common jails, and into the prisons of our own, or of any country. What do you see? Here is a man who has been arrested for disturbing the peace. And how? Through intoxication. His poverty and misery, the weariness of his life, the wretchedness of his position on earth; the pleading pale faces of his wife and helpless children, these were the forms in which she chose to appear before him; and broken down by continued toil, and never-ceasing misery, he could not withstand the fearful temptation—he sought the only means by which for a few hours he might forget the miserableness of his life. So he spent the earning of his laborious day in purchasing strong drink, and in the noisy joy and excitement which ensued, the *keepers* of the peace committed him to jail. When he is again released from his bonds, the dearly purchased gleam of happiness will have altogether vanished, and *she* only will be his companion, as with a heart full of remorse and shame he goes back to his wretched home.

Here also is a woman whose mild countenance, and quiet manner, make her seem a strange and unsuitable inhabitant of such a place. How came she here? Her child was crying because of its hunger; Saturday night was closing in storm and darkness, and the long day of rest, drew night, but, through sickness, the parent had been unable to earn a farthing all that dreary week. And so she took from one who had plenty, and to spare, a paltry loaf to satisfy her child, and the result of that *crime* is, that she is thrust into the place where criminals are secured, to await her trial before men, who should blush to utter one word in her condemnation. Alas, she also all her life has been the helpless hostess of that demon spirit, and, as far as human vision is capable of penetrating, there is naught that will free her from *her* encroaching.

It is with multitudes of human beings, who, because of her distracting presence, have been tempted to the committal of crime, that our houses of correction, our prisons and places of refuge are filled; and, besides all this, every day we see men and women thronging, either unconsciously or resistingly, towards our asylums, their intellects shattered, and their spirits broken. Why? Hath she not had in them her perfect work? They go—for she hath sent them—they have become but as her servants. They were not strong to resist her—they became too easily subject to her; and this is the result of their subjection!

Not long ago there was found in the peaceful

waters of our lovely lake, the body of a maiden drowned. She was young, and very beautiful. One would have thought that life for such an one had more attractiveness than the death of a suicide. But what human tongue can tell the desperate sorrow that filled her soul, tempting her beyond all power of resistance to at once put an end to the life which was to her but a burthen? It was a dark and stormy night, that on which she bade an eternal farewell to her earth home. There were threatening clouds over all the face of heaven, and dismal was the voice of the cold piercing wind of March; but more dark and cheerless still was the future, to which alone she might look forward in the world. The wind, which danced so roughly over the waters, had not for her such a fearful sound as that "still small voice," which spoke within her heart; the cold bleak waters which overwhelmed her, struck not upon her with such icy-chilliness, as the grasp of that spirit's hand; the death-struggle even, was less fearful than the contest which for so long she had waged with that great evil presence, which all her life had haunted her!

In the spring time of her years, in the freshness of her beauty, she chose to appear before her Maker with the suicides guilt staining her soul, rather than endure longer the life-weariness, and distress, which had so long attended her. Oh, how unlike that night, so gloomy and cheerless, when she sought those waters of oblivion! And is it foolish or vain to hope that He, who judgeth not with man's judgment, has suffered her at least to enter the rest eternal? Is it an idle thing to imagine that the darkness, which hid from her peace and happiness on earth, is now forever removed in the glorious light of His presence? Is it childish to imagine that, like to the brightness of her burial day, is the glory of her spirit's resurrection?

And again, some months after that weary girl laid down the burden of her life, in the summer time, while nature was arrayed in her calm beauty, a boy was found in the woods which border the village, dead. He had suspended himself from the branches of a tree, and *thus* put an end to his existence. Among those forest trees the birds had built their nests, their songs made glad the wild wood. There the green leaves had budded, there they had opened in perfectness. And it was there, where the soft breezes played among the branches, where the bright sunshine rested lovingly as the "smile of God," that he made way with the life God gave to him. Do you ask *why* was this? He had not nearly attained the age of manhood, he had seen but little of the world, and knew not much of life, not much of enjoyment, but, oh, *much* of sorrow! A cloud settled on his mind—and *she*, nestling in his breast, tempted him to the dread deed!

But come with me now to this home of wealth and refinement; to this beautiful mansion whose inmates are favored children of Pride. See, there is weeping and anguish even here; the lofty forms are bended with the weight of wo, the haughty brows are forced to wear the common badge of sorrow. See what gloom there is in the countenance of the stern father, and in the

heart of that weeping mother—we will not penetrate there! Their eldest child, the first-born son, the heir of all this state and splendor, the inheritor of his proud father's name, has brought down dishonor on the head of his sire, has covered himself with shame; and in his anguish that sire is tempted to curse the hour when his boy was born. Of what avail is all their wealth and high station? It only makes so much the more prominent, the humiliation and sorrow of this family. Gold cannot heal such a wound as has pierced their hearts, the honor of the world cannot soothe, when a pang so deep and sharp has penetrated their souls. They have awakened after years of pleasant dreaming, to find themselves in a moment, beggared for ever of peace.

Look again for an instant into this close-adjointing, miserable home. A mother is bending over her dead child, and in the dark night, alone, mourning over her vanished hope. She had indulged in such bright anticipations for the future of that infant! and he was in truth the only remaining tie that bound her weary spirit to the earth. Because of him she had labored with diligence and patience, and murmurs but seldom escaped her lips. For his sake she could have borne up through long and dreary years with cheerfulness, counting her life-burden but a trifle when compared with the weight and might of her love. For him she would have striven unceasingly, looking into the far-distant future of his happier manhood for the recompense of reward. But see now. There lies the helpless, breathless, ice-cold form, and there she kneels beside him, mourning over this sudden ending of her only hope on earth. To-morrow she will follow him to the grave, and after that she must go on laboring for her daily bread as she has always done, waging that hard war with necessity which she has always waged from her childhood—but, oh, with what a heavy step must she tread the path where no more flowers will spring up to make bright her way! Never again will she hasten so joyfully back again to her home at night when the day's labor is over, for he may not await her there; she will not hear his voice again welcoming her—his warm kiss no more await her—the voice of the child for ever is silent, she will not hear it again calling her mother!

How closely the spirit with the dark wing sits down by the bereaved parents' side! how she broods upon her breast, where the little departed one nestled so fondly; and now when her ear is strained as if to catch but one more sound of his dear voice—there will speak to her instead the croaking of that evil power who has come to take his place—*cura facit canos*! but the sorrowing mother is not so blest—she must still longer live, and struggle, and endure!

Once more let me direct your eyes—you see that pleasant cottage which stands the beauty and ornament of a little village justly noted for its prosperity and enterprise.

It is late—but there is a light still burning in that house which tells of wakeful eyes. That is the dwelling place of the village pastor. You, perhaps, would not fail to recognize it as such if it were daylight. Let us look into this little room

whence the light is streaming—it is a cheerful place—there is naught of gloom attached to this study of the man of thought. In this place he has listened for, and heard, and heeded the voice of his Heavenly Father, and here he has treasured in his memory, and in his heart those messages of love, spirit-heard that he may proclaim them to the people God has given spiritually to his care. It is a holy place; but where is the serenity we would look for in one whose mind is at peace with heaven and the world?

Mark those heavy lines upon his brow—the care-worn expression of the pale, thin lips. The people whom for years the preacher has regarded with the affection of a father, have latterly apparently conspired to make his life unbearable, and it is with sorrow and heaviness of spirit he proclaims to them the tidings of salvation.

At times his inclination, his natural, and not altogether subdued pride, is strong to draw him away at once from that place which has been the scene of his labors for so long. He would fain seek another home, where, among strange people, he might live at peace. But—since his early manhood, that little cottage in the pleasant village has been his dwelling-place. Many of those people whose heads are beginning to whiten with the snow of years, his voice guided in their youth to the Redeemer; he has united their children in marriage—he has buried their dead!

Through the familiar intercourse of twenty years, his heart has become united to them by bonds indissoluble—but they in his old age have turned against him, and cold looks greet him, and hard words fall upon his ear who has so willingly spent himself in their service. The hope which at first cheered him, that all might yet be reconciled, is swiftly fading away this night—and he is determining, though with sorrow and tears, to yet make one more appeal to his people—to once again, in Christ's name, entreat them to be reconciled to one another, and to him, and then to go forth into the great vineyard of the Lord, treading in whichever path His hand should guide him.

Oh, how does that spirit rejoice this night, because she thinks henceforth to dwell in the bosom of the poor old man! Since his early youth, when he went forth glowing with holy hope and ardor, "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," she has regarded him with ever watchful, envious eyes—but he has ever striven to turn a deaf ear to her words—because his hopes were perfectly fixed on heaven. But now, now in his hour of trial and agony, she has crept unbidden into his breast, and she will dwell there all the remaining years of his earthly pilgrimage!

And now, also, this very night while the pastor in anguish of spirit supplicates his God for relief, seemingly in vain, in this very hour when she is exulting in her new won power over him, in the distant lands beyond the seas she is reigning a very queen in the heart of the exiled monarch; she is forcing admittance for herself through the half-broken door of the mind of the world-loved, starving, dying poet—haunting the bosoms of impoverished lordlings, and smiting the poor, homeless beggar in the streets. She is spreading to-night also a doleful shade over the brow of the idle

beauty, and unfurling her mournful banners in the soul of the man of pleasure.

Where the eager crowds of men go hurrying to the far south-east, to delve in California's golden soil—in distant lands which have never yet awakened from the long, long night of mental darkness—in frozen Greenland; beneath the burning skies of Africa—on the vast ocean—in the wilderness—in palaces, on thrones—in huts and hovels—in the depths of mines—in factories—in prisons—and by the firesides of comfortable homes—by the wayside—in the desert—in the waking and in the dreaming hours of men, everywhere, everywhere and in every variety of situation save beyond the portals of the grave, does this mysterious spirit rove at will, making, wherever she lists, her habitation.

And now, again, with a redoubled force returns the question yet unanswered—how shall we protect ourselves, how rid ourselves of this everywhere existing, dreadful influence?

Shall we hide away from the world, and abide in slothful quiet and ignorance, and so escape her? Ah, she will pierce through the triple wall of seclusion, and surprise us even in the midst of our loneliness! She will come before us then in a still more appalling guise than ever she *dared* put on when attending us through the multitude.—Therefore do not become misanthropes—you will not so escape her!

Shall we go into the gay world, and, amid the singers and dancers, in the whirl of fashionable life, seek to stifle the penetrating tones of her voice?

Oh, do not that! Unconsciously you will suffer her then to rob you of the most priceless of your treasures, she will steal away all the nobler part of your being, then giving you only in exchange the miserable rays, and the loathsome food of a spiritual bankruptcy—throw yourselves not into the whirlpool of fashion to escape her!

Shall we then labor for Fame, and, in the excitement attending that glorious race, in the cheering music of the world's applause, endeavor to forget her existence?

Ay, in so doing you will but voluntarily throw yourself into her arms, and, with fond embracings, proclaim yourself a willing servant; do not, in the wild endeavor to win fame, strive to crush her power!

May we labor for riches then? Gold will buy us every luxury—if we gain *that* there is no good we may not esteem in our possession. Gold! gold! we will have that! it will buy us friends—it will secure us honorable station in the world—it will procure us the acquaintance of the wise, and the famous, and the good men of the earth; all that the heart cares most to have we can then count as our own! We will get gold!

Oh no! the Book of Wisdom has said that the love of money is the root of all evil! If you love money even for the good it will procure you, ere long you will worship it for its own paltry sake, you will be rushing into the very jaws of the Lion!

Do not even dream of gold—anything but a worship so sordid as that!

Then there is no protection for us in all the world—no security against this horrid demon who constantly assaults us? We are hers by adoption—we cannot free ourselves from her step-motherly embracings! *Cura facit canos!* The poor forlorn cat! If her nine lives were sacrificed to this mighty demon what *can* we do to protect our *one* earthly existence? It is in vain, in vain, that we resist her—we will lay down our arms and strive to defend ourselves no more!

Not so—not so I beseech you. *Cura facit canos*—she did not *do* the deed; remember there is only a possibility that she *may*! And what even were the nine lives of a cat—to the one life of an immortal? Now think again, in the name of human wisdom I conjure you, think well before you speak, know you not a Spirit and a Power on the earth more universal, and more mighty, even than this dreadful tyrant?

None, none! I can but say again, *cura*.

Now silence, unbeliever! Can'st thou indeed believe for a moment that the good and gracious God meant thee to be subject to the power of a remorseless evil demon all thy life? Where is thy faith, oh, thou weak one? For what was the primal principle of life breathed into thy heart by the breath of the Almighty in the hour when thine eyes first opened on this beautiful world—that primal principle—Love?

Think—gave He life to thee that thou might'st all thy days be subject to misery? Never! That spark of love which His own loving kindness kindled in thy bosom has the power, the capacity, did'st thou but know how properly to develop it, to illuminate a portion of the world—and to utterly keep at bay every unhappy and ungenial influence!

Never, oh, man—never, thou sorrowing woman—never, oh, little child, will the dark powers which crowd around thee, to disturb and to destroy, be utterly banished till thou shalt joyously recognize, and enthroned, and crown, and bend down in homage before God's prime minister to the heart, the holy spirit, Love! Never till thou shalt in this way make of thy existence a glorious "watch tower on the hill of Zion" will "the blight of life, the demon," CARE, be utterly and for ever crushed and destroyed. Make Love the pivot of thy life—it will be peaceful then, for if the human fails thee, the divine will never! And now I leave thee to thy ennobling labor, thy purifying work; for I have great faith in thy awakened, renewed love, my friend. Let care slay all the feline race—we know a sure protection! Remember thou,

"Endurance is the crowning quality;
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against this fateful thought,
And brute force, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe!"

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Raphael: or, Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By Alphonse De Lamartine. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.

AN ordinary man, occupying the position which the author of *Raphael* filled but a year ago, would have sunk into utter significance on being turned out of place, but *Lamartine* is greater now, as an author, than he was when acting as the chief director of the great French nation. He has ceased to be a ruler, and, with a facility that excites admiration, has recommenced his old occupation of authorship. *Raphael* is the first fruit of his changed circumstances, and apart from its merits as a literary composition, it possesses new interest from the supposition of its being an actual autobiography, and containing particulars of the author's life which he hesitated to publish in his own memoirs. The following extract is the prologue to the work, which will reveal the designs of the author, and give a correct idea of the style of the translation :

PROLOGUE.

The real name of the friend who wrote these pages was not *Raphael*. We often called him so in sport, because in his boyhood he much resembled a youthful portrait of *Raphael*, which may be seen in the Barberini gallery at Rome, at the Pitti palace in Florence, and at the Museum of the Louvre. We had given him the name, too, because the distinctive feature of this youth's character was his lively sense of the Beautiful in nature and art ; a sense so keen, that his mind was, so to speak, merely the shadowing forth of the ideal or material beauty scattered throughout the works of God and man. This feeling was the result of his exquisite and almost morbid sensibility—morbid, at least, until time had somewhat blunted it. We would sometimes, in allusion to those who, from their ardent longings to revisit their country, are called home-sick, say that he was heaven-sick, and he would smile, and say that we were right.

This love of the Beautiful made him unhappy ; in another situation it might have rendered him illustrious. Had he held a pencil, he would have painted the *Virgin of Foligno* ; as a sculptor, he would have chiseled the *Psyche* of Canova ; had he known the language in which sounds are written, he would have noted the aerial lament of the sea-breeze sighing among the fibers of Italian pines, or the breathing of a sleeping girl who dreams of one she will not name ; had he been a poet, he would have written the stanzas of *Tasso's Erminia*, the moonlight talk of *Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet*, or *Byron's* portrait of *Haidée*.

He loved the Good as well as the Beautiful ; but he loved not virtue for its holiness, he loved it for its beauty. He would have been aspiring in imagination, although he was not ambitious by character. Had he lived in those ancient republics where men obtained their full development through liberty, as the free, unfettered body develops itself in pure air and open sunshine, he would have aspired to every summit, like *Cæsar*, he would have spoken as *Demosthenes*, and would have died as *Cato*. But his inglorious and obscure destiny confined him, against his will, in speculative inaction—he had wings to spread, and no surrounding air to bear them up. He died young, straining his gaze into the future, and ardently surveying the space over which he was to travel.

Every one knows the youthful portrait of *Raphael* to which I have alluded. It represents a youth of sixteen, whose face is somewhat paled by the rays of a Roman sun, but on whose cheek still blooms the soft down of childhood. A glancing ray of light seems to play on the velvet of the cheek. He leans his elbow on a table ; the arm is bent upward to support the head, which rests on the palm of the hand, and the admirably-modeled fingers are lightly imprinted on the cheek and chin ; the delicate mouth is thoughtful and melancholy, the nose is slender at its rise, and slightly tinged with blue, as though the azure veins shone through the fair transparency of the skin ; the eyes are of that dark, heavenly hue which the *Apennine* wears at the approach of dawn ; they gaze earnestly forward, higher than nature ; a liquid lustre illuminates their inmost depths, like rays dissolved in dew or tears. On the scarcely arched brow, beneath the delicate skin, we trace the muscles, those respon-

sive chords of the instrument of thought ; the temples seem to throb with reflection ; the ear appears to listen ; the dark hair, unskillfully cut by a sister, or some young companion of the studio, casts a shadow upon the hand and cheek, and a small cap of black velvet, placed on the crown of the head, shades the brow. One cannot pass before this portrait without musing sadly, one knows not why. It represents the reverie of youthful genius pausing on the threshold of its destiny. What will be the fate of that soul standing at the portal of life ?

"Now, in idea, add six years to the age of that dreaming boy ; suppose the features bolder, the complexion more bronzed ; place a few furrows on the brow, slightly dim the look, sadden the lip, give height to the figure, and throw out the muscles in bolder relief ; let the Italian costume of the days of *Leo X.* be exchanged for the somber and plain uniform of a youth bred in the simplicity of rural life, who seeks no elegance in dress ; and if the pensive and languid attitude be retained, you will have the striking likeness of our '*Raphael*' at the age of twenty.

"He was of a poor, though ancient family, from the mountainous province of *Forez*, and his father, whose sole dignity was that of honor (worth all others,) had, like the nobles of Spain, exchanged the sword for the plough. His mother, still young and handsome, seemed his sister, so much did they resemble each other. She had been bred amid the luxurious elegancies of a capital ; and as the balmy essence of the rose perfumes the crystal vase of the seraglio in which it has once been contained, so she, too, had preserved that fragrant atmosphere of manners and language, which never evaporates entirely.

"In her secluded mountains, with the loved husband of her choice, and with her children, in whom she had complacently centered all the pride of her maternal heart, she had regretted nothing. She closed the fair book of youth at these three words—'God, husband, children.' *Raphael* especially was her best beloved. She would have purchased for him a kingly destiny ; but, alas ! she had only her heart with which to raise him up, for their slender fortune, and their dreams of prosperity, would ever and anon crumble to their very foundation beneath the hand of fate.

"Two holy men, driven by persecution to the mountains, had, soon after the Reign of Terror, taken refuge in her house. They had been persecuted as members of a mystical religious sect, which dimly predicted a renovation of the age. They loved *Raphael*, who was then a mere child, and obscurely prophesying his fate, pointed out his star in the heavens, and told his mother to watch over that son with all her heart. She reproached herself for being too credulous, for she was very pious ; but still she believed them. In such matters, a mother is so easy of belief ? Her credulity supported her under many trials, but spurred her to efforts beyond her means to educate *Raphael*, and ultimately deceived her.

"I had known *Raphael* since he was twelve years old, and next to his mother he loved me best on earth. We had met since the conclusion of our studies, first in Paris, then at Rome, whither he had been taken by one of his father's relatives, for the purpose of copying manuscripts in the Vatican Library. There he had acquired the impassioned language and the genius of Italy. He spoke Italian better than his mother tongue. At evening he would sit beneath the pines of the *Villa Pamphili*, and gazing on the setting sun and on the white fragments scattered on the plain, like the bleached bones of departed Rome, would pour forth extemporaneous stanzas that made us weep ; but he never wrote. '*Raphael*,' would I sometimes say, 'why do you not write ?'

"Ah ! would he answer, 'does the wind write what it sings in this harmonious canopy of leaves ? Does the sea write the wail of its shores ? Naught that has been written is truly, really beautiful, and the heart of man never discloses its best and most divine portion. It is impossible ! The instrument is of flesh, and the note is of fire ! Between what is felt, and what is expressed,' would he add, mournfully, 'there is the same distance as between the soul and the twenty-six letters of an alphabet ! Immensity of distance ! Think you a flute of reeds can give an idea of the harmony of the spheres ?'

"I left him to return to Paris. He was at that time striving, through his mother's interest, to obtain some situation in which he might by active employment remove from his soul its heavy weight, and lighten the oppressive burthen of his fate. Men of his own age sought him, and women

looked graciously on him as he passed them by. But he never went into society, and of all women he loved his mother only.

"We suddenly lost sight of him for three years; though we afterward learned that he had been seen in Switzerland, Germany, and Savoy; and that in winter he passed many hours of his nights on a bridge, or on one of the quays of Paris. He had all the appearance of extreme destitution. It was only many years afterwards that we learned more. We constantly thought of him, though absent, for he was one of those who could defy the forgetfulness of friends.

"Chance reunited us once more after an interval of twelve years. It so happened that I had inherited a small estate in his province, and when I went there to dispose of it, I inquired after Raphael. I was told that he had lost father, mother, and wife in the space of a few years; that after these pangs of the heart, he had had to bear the blows of fortune, and that of all the domain of his fathers, nothing now remained to him but the old dismantled tower on the edge of the ravine, the garden, orchard, and meadow, with a few acres of unproductive land. These he ploughed himself, with two miserable cows; and was only distinguished from his peasant neighbors by the book which he carried to the field, and which he would sometimes hold in one hand, while the other directed the plough. For many weeks, however, he had not been seen to leave his wretched abode. It was supposed that he had started on one of those long journeys which with him lasted years. 'It would be a pity,' it was said, 'for every one in the neighborhood loves him; though poor, he does as much good as any rich man. Many a warm piece of cloth has been made from the wool of his sheep; at night he teaches the little children of the surrounding hamlets how to read and write, or draw. He warns them at his hearth, and shares his bread with them, though God knows he has not much to spare when crops are short, as this year.'

"It was thus all spoke of Raphael. I wished to visit at least the abode of my friend, and was directed to the foot of the hillock, on the summit of which stood the blackened tower, with its surrounding sheds and stables, amidst a group of hazel trees. A trunk of a tree, which had been thrown across, enabled me to pass over the almost dried-up torrent of the ravine, and I climbed the steep path, the loose stones giving way under my feet. Two cows and three sheep were grazing on the barren sides of the hillock, and were tended by an old half-blind servant, who was telling his beads, seated on an ancient escutcheon of stone, which had fallen from the arch of the doorway.

"He told me that Raphael was not gone, but had been ill for the last two months; that it was plain he would never leave the tower but for the churchyard; and the old man pointed with his meager hand to the baring ground on the opposite hill. I asked if I could see Raphael. 'Oh, yes,' said the old man; 'go up the steps, and draw the string of the great hall-door on the left. You will find him stretched on his bed, as gentle as an angel, and,' added he, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, 'as simple as a child!' I mounted the steep and worn-out steps which wound round the outside of the tower, and ended at a small platform, covered by a tiled roof, the broken tiles of which strewed the stone steps. I lifted the latch of the door on my left, and entered. Never shall I forget the sight. The chamber was vast, occupying all the space between the four walls of the tower; it was lighted from two windows, with stone cross-bars, and the dusty and broken lozenge-shaped panes of glass were set in lead. The huge beams of the ceiling were blackened by smoke, the floor was paved with bricks, and in a high chimney with roughly fluted wooden jambs, an iron pot filled with potatoes was suspended over a fire, where a long branch was burning, or rather smoking. The only articles of furniture were two high-backed arm-chairs, covered with a plain colored stuff, of which it was impossible to guess the original color; a large table, half covered with an unbleached linen table cloth, in which a loaf was wrapped, the other half being strewed pell-mell with papers and books; and, lastly, a rickety, worm-eaten four-post bedstead, with its blue serge curtains looped back to admit the rays of the sun, and the air from the open window.

"A man who was still young, but attenuated by consumption and want, was seated on the edge of the bed, occupied in throwing crumbs to a whole host of swallows, which were wheeling their flight around him.

"The birds flew away at the noise of my approach, and perched on the cornice of the hall, or on the tester of the bed. I recognized Raphael, pale and thin as he was! His countenance, though no longer youthful, had not lost its peculiar character; but a change had come over its loveliness, and its beauty was now of the grave. Rembrandt would have wished for no better model for his Christ in the garden of Olives. His dark hair clustered thickly on his

shoulders, and was thrown back in disorder as by the weary hand of the laborer, when the sweat and toil of the day is over. The long untrimmed beard grew with a natural symmetry that disclosed the graceful curve of the lip, and the contour of the cheek; there was still the noble outline of the nose, the fair and delicate complexion, the pensive, and now sunken eye! His shirt, thrown open on the chest, displayed his muscular though attenuated frame, which might yet have appeared majestic, had his weakness allowed him to sit erect.

"He knew me at a glance, made one step forward with extended arms, and fell back upon the bed. We first wept, and then talked together. He related the past; how, when he had thought to cull the flowers or fruits of life, his hopes had ever been marred by fortune or by death: the loss of his father, mother, wife, and child; his reverses of fortune, and the compulsory sale of his ancestral domain: he told how he retired to his ruined home, with no other companionship than that of his mother's old herdsman, who served him without pay, for the love he bore to his house; and lastly, spoke of the consuming languor which would sweep him away with the autumnal leaves, and lay him in the churchyard, beside those he had loved so well! His intense imaginative faculty might be seen strong even in death, and in idea he loved to endow with a fanciful sympathy the turf and flowers which would blossom on his grave.

"Do you know what grieves me most?' said he, pointing to the fringe of little birds which were perched round the top of his bed—it is to think that, next spring, these poor little ones, my latest friends, will seek for me in vain in the tower. They will no longer find the broken pane through which to fly in; and on the floor, the little flocks of wool from my mattress with which to build their nests; but the old nurse, to whom I bequeath my little all, will take care of them as long as she lives,' he resumed, as if to comfort himself with the idea—and after her—Well! God will, for He feedeth the young ravens.'

"He seemed moved while speaking of these little creatures. It was easy to see that he had long been weaned from the sympathy of men, and that the whole tenderness of his soul, which had been repulsed by them, was now transferred to dumb animals. 'Will you spend any time among our mountains?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied. 'So much the better,' he added; 'you will close my eyes, and take care that my grave is dug as close as possible to those of my mother, wife, and child.'

"He then begged me to draw toward him a large chest of carved wood, which was concealed beneath a bag of Indian corn at one end of the room. I placed the chest upon the bed, and from it he drew a quantity of papers which he tore silently to pieces for half an hour, and then bid his old nurse sweep them into the fire. There were verses in many languages, and innumerable pages of fragments, separated by dates, like memoranda. 'Why should you burn all these?' I timidly suggested; 'has not man a moral as well as a material inheritance to bequeath to those who come after him? You are perhaps destroying thoughts and feelings which might have quickened a soul.'

"What matters it?' he said; 'there are tears enough in this world, and we need not deposit a few more in the heart of man. These,' said he, showing the verses, 'are the cast-off, useless feathers of my soul; it has moulted since then, and spread its bolder wings for eternity!' He then continued to burn and destroy, while I looked out of the broken window at the dreary landscape.

"At length, he called me once more to the bedside.—'Here,' said he, 'save this one little manuscript, which I have not courage to burn. When I am gone, my poor nurse would make bags for her seeds with it, and I would not that the name which fills its pages should be profaned; take and keep it till you hear that I am no more. After my death you may burn it, or preserve it till your old age, to think of me sometimes as you glance over it.'

"I hid the roll of paper beneath my cloak, and took my leave, resolving inwardly to return the next day to soothe the last moments of Raphael by my care and friendly discourse. As I descended the steps, I saw about twenty little children with their wooden shoes in their hands, who had come to take the lessons which he gave them, even on his death-bed. A little further on I met the village priest, who had come to spend the evening with him. I bowed respectfully, and as he noted my swollen eyes, he returned my salute with an air of mournful sympathy.

"The next day I returned to the tower; Raphael had died during the night, and the village bell was already tolling for his burial. Women and children were standing at their doors, looking mournfully in the direction of the tower, and in the little green field adjoining the church, two men, with spades and mattock, were digging a grave at the foot of a cross.

"I drew near to the door; a cloud of twittering swallows were fluttering round the open windows, darting in and out, as though the spoiler had robbed their nests.

"Since then I have read these pages, and now know why he loved to be surrounded by these birds, and what memories they waked in him, even to his dying day."

Oregon and California in 1849. By J. Quinn Thornton. Judge of the Supreme Court, Oregon, &c., &c. With an Appendix containing valuable information relating to the Gold Mines of California, useful hints to emigrants, &c., &c. 2 Vols. 12mo. maslin gilt, with correct Map, numerous Illustrations, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another valuable work on a portion of our Territory, which just now is the most interesting in the world. Judge Thornton has made up an exceedingly valuable work which will be likely to find a wide sale. We make the following extract describing the Indians of California:

"The Indians of California are generally of small stature, robust appearance, and not well formed. They wear their hair short, and it is usually thicker than that of the savages living north of them; they also wear whiskers. The women wear the *maro*, and the men go naked. Tattooing is practiced upon the breast to some extent. In some instances their ears are bored, and pieces of bone or wood worn in the openings.

"Their arms are the arrows as those used by the northern tribes. Their bows and arrows are about three feet in length, and are made of yew and encased with sinew. The arrows are pointed with flint, as are also their spears which are very short. They do not use the tomahawk or scalping knife.

"An Indian village or *rancheria* usually contains only about five or six wigwags. These huts are constructed by first digging a round hole in the ground, from ten to twenty feet in width, and three or four feet in depth; over this are placed sticks, worked together; these are covered over with grass and reeds; the whole being then overlaid with earth. There is only one entrance to the hut, and this is so small as to make it necessary to creep in order to get admittance. The opening at the top serves as the chimney. The roofs are strong enough to sustain the weight of two or three men, and usually the savages sit upon them. Their *tamascals* or sweat-houses are built in the same manner, with the exception that they are larger and have several entrances. From the great quantity of muscle-shells and acorns that lie around their huts, it would appear that these are their principal food. The huts are shaded by erecting large branches of trees near them. Their furniture consists principally of wicker proof basket and rush mats.

"At the usual seasons the Indians take fish in considerable numbers. Their fish-weirs are made with some degree of skill. They drive stakes, inclining down the stream, into the bed, having three apertures, conducting to square pens above; the natives stand upon a platform, constructed over the entrances to the pens, where they catch the fish. A fire is sometimes kindled upon the platforms for the purpose of attracting the fish.

"In the days of the missions the Indians were either by persuasion, force, or presents, brought into their fold. The understanding, or rather the rule, was, that they should become Christians, and for such a valuable blessing, they were required to give in exchange ten years of labor. At the expiration of the ten years of service, they were to receive their liberty, together with a few head of cattle, and a small piece of land, that they might follow agricultural pursuits. But these were only given when they could give bonds for their good conduct. It did not often occur that security could be given; and the savages, habituated, from so long a service, to the labor of the missions, generally remained at their old employments. Their duties were varied. Some worked upon the farm; others took care of the stock; some learned and worked at mechanical employments; and others were hired out to the service of the whites. Punishment was administered for bad behavior, and rewards were given to those who behaved well. They were prompted, on account of the inducements offered, to bring into the missions those who would become proselytes. The priests also dispatched agents, whose duty it was to recruit the missions, by enticing the savages into the fold, for the purpose of christianizing and civilizing them. The priests had caused them to believe that they were to be participants in the benefits accruing from the sale of the articles that were taken to the market from the missions. The laborers, who naturally were opposed to labor, soon became industrious and active, when they believed that they would receive in return the

proceeds of their toil. Each of the missions constituted a distinct community, and had its own officers. Under the government of the Spanish padres, the missions appeared to be conducted under regulations which, considered with reference to the pecuniary interests of the priests, were good. But, in 1835, the Supreme Government issued orders, annulling the jurisdiction of the priests, and giving them only their religious powers, with a small compensation; at the same time sending to every mission its administrators. The corruption and wickedness that finally manifested themselves made the hitherto profitable labor of the Indians entirely profitless to them, while it increased the riches of the administrators. But a short time wrought such a change, that the missions were not able to support even their proselytes; and the revolution that occurred in 1836, increased the evils of these establishments, by turning loose thousands of disciples, who were compelled to procure subsistence in the best manner they could. The government claimed entire possession of the property, and did not heed the claims of the Indians. Many of them have allied themselves with the wild savages, and, smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong, they use the experience they obtained at the missions for destroying the peace, comfort, and even life, of the white inhabitants. Retaliation was, of course, adopted by the whites. The most cruel measures were taken by both sides to avenge their wrongs. The inhabitants, when aroused, pursue them with the greatest eagerness, and have, at such a time, no regard for sex or condition, the innocent or the guilty.

"Under such circumstances, the Indians and whites lived in a belligerent state. The savages stole the horses of the whites, sometimes with the utmost boldness. The Californians, on the other hand, treated them like brutes; and the savages forfeited their lives when caught stealing. Indeed, they were shot down when not violating the laws or disturbing the peace of the country, as pests to society, and enemies to the general welfare of the government.

"Their great antipathy is against the Spaniards. The character of these Indians is not fierce. The wrongs, which they endured under the rule of wicked priests, unprincipled administrators, and a corrupt government, having exasperated their feelings. It is said that they are friendly to other citizens than the Mexican-Californians. The knowledge they have obtained from their connection with the missions would, doubtless, enable them, in a well directed effort, if it were not for the Americans and English, to drive the Mexican-Californians from the country, or, at least, to confine them to their towns.

"The largest number of Indians reside in the Sacramento Valley. The present population is from eight to nine thousand. The small-pox has been very fatal to the various tribes, and at present they are only about half as numerous as before the ravages of this disease."

A Tour of Duty in California, including a description of the Gold Region, an account of the Voyage round Cape Horn, with Notices of Lower California, the Gulf and Pacific Coasts, etc. By Joseph Warren Revere, Lieut. U. S. N. Edited by Joseph N. Balestier. Boston and New York: J. H. and C. S. Francis & Co. 12mo. 305 pp.

AMONG all the works on California that have recently been issued we have seen none that contained a greater amount of valuable information than this book of Lieut. Revere's. It is marked, however, by a very great blemish, which is the crying sin of nearly all the books now published, that is, a constant attempt on the part of the author to be funny and treat everything as a joke. Lieut. Revere is a good observer and a clear writer, and his book is a highly instructive one; but if his friend, under whose supervision it has been published, had erased about one-quarter of the volume it would stand a much better chance of being a permanent reading book than it does now. We have marked a good many passages for extracts but have only room for the following:

"It would give me pleasure, in the course of these pages, to impart a faithful idea of California to those who choose to read them; but as it is not my design to write a treatise by rule and compass, nor to trouble the reader with exact measurements and tedious details, that 'gentle' personage must learn, if at all, from general observations, and abide rather by the spirit 'which maketh alive' than by the letter 'which killeth.' I detest the diary form of writing, and hope no sensible man cares to know exactly where a travel-

ler slept on each particular night, the precise distance he travelled every day, and each dish of which he partook at every meal. Nor shall I strain after being particularly entertaining, or faultlessly methodical; and it may often happen that I shall write without point, and in a discursive, egotistical, desultory style. For instance, here is an account of a ride without a bear, which many will find dull and some may find instructive.

"Early one fine morning I left Monterey with a companion to conduct me to Salinas, where we arrived about noon. Every thing connected with this ride was delightful. The fresh morning air was redolent of the sweetest perfume ever wafted to the celestial 'daughter of the dawn.' It was none of your commonplace Atlantic atmospheres, but laden with fragrance; soft and voluptuous, yet not enervating, but gently bracing. In truth there was a pervading reality in the sweet gales which wooed us, seeming to impart to them intense vitality, and to establish sympathy if not familiarity with the viewless spirits who 'people the sun-beam.' Our way lay through delicious plains, richly enamelled with those exquisite wild-flowers varying from palest blue to brightest flame-color, which are produced spontaneously in all parts of California. Occasionally we wound through groves of oaks verdant as misseltoe, and arranged in clumps with a skill which man might vainly imitate, through the openings of which the startled deer darted with lightning speed as our cavalcade dislodged them from their leafy coverts. The balmy air, the perfume of countless flowers, combined with scenery now sweetly beautiful, now grandly bold, gave zest and life to the conscious enjoyment of the free and rapid motion of the steeds, which united to fleetness and spirit perfect obedience to the rider's will. I am not aware of any higher and truer enjoyment of mere physical existence than this kind of travelling in California, which the world can hardly match. I have travelled in all sorts of ways, in all sorts of countries; in the toiling diligence of France, and on the broad pack-saddle of a contrabandista's mule in Spain; I have been whisked across the Pontine marshes by half-wild colts, guided by shouting postillions; been jolted half to death in Syria and Egypt on the unsteady deck of a 'desert ship,' conducted by Arabs clamorous for 'bucksheesch;' travelled 'dawk' in India, with the 'last new novel' in a palankeen; and once had the pleasure to back an elephant in the Island of Ceylon. But all these were vulgar joys compared with the rapturous pleasure of travelling in that part of the United States of America called California. Seated in your firm and chair-like saddle, your horse held well in hand, but not irritated by the severe and subduing Spanish bridle; going on a full gallop, which is the travelling gait of the country, the shouting *vaquero* (outrider) driving on the road far ahead a '*caballada*' of rushing steeds, and changing your horse for a fresh one at the slightest symptom of fatigue, what can be more delightful, more satisfying, surrounded as you are with such glorious accessories, breathing the fullness of life into every sense? Who cares for the artificial world across the continent, when he can thus enjoy wild and uncontrolled independence? Who cares for the wealth of Wall street, when, dashing over the painted plains and far-surveying hills, he may exclaim with Goldsmith—

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!'

"We arrived early in the evening at the rancho of Don Francisco Pacheco, having accomplished, since morning, with perfect ease, an equestrian journey, which, on our side of the continent, would have been considered a great performance."

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

"Wheat, oats, corn, rye, and all other cereal grains grow luxuriantly. In the more southern parts of the country, the fruits of the tropics flourish side by side with those of the temperate zone.

"The forests yield a large supply of timber, not only for the more ordinary purposes of life, but also for ornamental uses.

"The grape flourishes in unequalled luxuriance, and both in climate and geographical features, California resembles the wine countries of Europe. The sugar-cane grows so readily, that the southern part of California will, ere many years shall elapse, furnish sufficient sugar for the consumption of the whole territory.

"The pasturage afforded by the country is of the most luxuriant description, and is capable of sustaining immense numbers of domestic animals.

"The vast herds of cattle and horses which roam the hills and plains of California, were until recently, and perhaps are still, the most important source of her prosperity. When a more industrious and thrifty race shall take possession of the vacant lands which now invite the settler, the business

of raising cattle, horses, sheep, and other useful animals, will be immensely augmented, and every kind of agricultural pursuit will receive an impetus which will make California 'the exhaustless granary of a world.'

"The wild animals of the country will for many years yield a large supply of peltries, while the elk, the deer, the hare, and many minor quadrupeds, will furnish large supplies of excellent food.

"The numerous varieties of the feathered tribe will do their part in yielding food of the most dainty quality.

"The sea will supply inexhaustible quantities of the most delicious shell-fish, and the pearl oyster will yield a double treasure.

"The rivers and lakes will vie with the ocean in affording supplies of piscatory food; and in short, the resources of nature alone will, for years to come, keep famine from the doors of the most indigent.

"The water power of the country will afford every facility to the manufacturer, and the day will come when the wool, cotton, silk, hemp, and flax, of California, will be woven in her own looms.

"The mines and mineral deposits will give employment to thousands of industrious men, and when the present feverish anxiety to dig gold shall subside, the attention of the people will be turned to the other metals which abound in the mountains.

"United to all these natural advantages, is the unsurpassed beauty and grandeur of the scenery, which presents an endless series of glorious pictures, to cheer the heart and delight the eye.

"But I count most of all upon the race of men who will mainly people and govern the country—that Anglo-Saxon race, which, transplanted to the free soil of America, has acquired new force, new impulses, new enterprise; that Anglo-Saxon race, which seems destined to possess the whole of the North American Continent which is adapted to the wants of civilized man."

The Architect, a Series of Original Designs, for Domestic and Ornamental Cottages connected with Landscape Gardening. Vol. II. No. 6. By William H. Ranlett. New York: De Witt and Davenport. 1849.

We have already noticed this elegant publication with commendations, and have found in all the numbers that we have since inspected abundant reasons to sustain the opinion of its excellence which we at first found. Mr. Ranlett is not only a thoroughly practical architect, but his essays on the aesthetics of his art show him to be thoroughly imbued with a genuine artistic feeling for the picturesque in architecture. The designs in the number before us are in the Anglo-Norman style, which has been admirably adapted to modern domestic purposes by the "Architect." From the remarks on the color of houses, we copy the following notes which strike us as being as remarkable for the true principles of taste which they contain, as for their novelty and boldness:

"House painting is not usually reckoned among the Fine Arts, but it requires the eye of an artist to select the best tint for a habitation; fashion generally decides the point for the majority of people, but it is the decision of the artist that sets the fashion. In a country like ours, where wood forms the chief building material in the rural districts, and paint must necessarily be used as a preservative, it is of great importance that those who do not possess the faculty of discrimination in colors should know what pigments will answer the best purpose for beautifying as well as preserving their dwellings. Alison in his ridiculous treatise on the sublime and beautiful, says that no tint is beautiful in itself; but that color depends altogether upon the associations connected with it for the sensation which it produces, by which he proves himself as unqualified to write upon the subject as a blind man. All colors are not only beautiful but alike beautiful; if any one doubts this let him look at a rainbow and decide which tint gives him the most agreeable sensation. The Greeks painted their marble temples in polychrome; and, at a little distance, their fluted columns must have had the appearance of upright rainbows. In all countries, where the habits of the people are primitive and the atmosphere is pure and transparent, the people have delighted in the use of brilliant colors; as witness the temples of the Greeks, the pagodas of the Chinese, the mosques of the Turks, and the dwellings throughout India and the East; in our own country towns, the favorite colors for houses are white, green and red; but in our cities where the practice

prevails of copying after English models, there has been a fashion of late years of painting houses the dull and sombre hues which characterize English dwellings, and which are well adapted to the cloudy atmosphere of the British Islands. The use of red sandstone has lately led to nearly all the houses in the vicinity of New York being painted a dirty chocolate color, whether built of brick, wood or granite. It is a ridiculous custom, for although the tint of red sandstone is very far from being disagreeable to the eye, yet the attempt to imitate it by a mixture of colors must necessarily be unsuccessful, from the custom prevailing of powdering the fresh paint with fine sand, which produces a very pleasant effect at first; but the rain soon washes off the sand and leaves a wretched poverty-stricken aspect to the house. The better way, in painting a house, is not to attempt to imitate any particular material, but to beautify it by giving it a cheerful and pleasing appearance. For this purpose some light and bright colors are necessary: as such will wear best should have the preference. A pure white relieved with green blinds, at one time was almost universal, but the effect is too glaring when new, and when weather-stained and old it has a very shabby and cheerless look. A slight tinge of green, yellow or red, produces the pleasantest tints for country houses. Leaden color is very objectionable for a house, as it almost neutralizes the effects of shadows, without which there can be nothing picturesque in the appearance of a building. That part of a house which remains in shadow should always be painted a warm bright tint, let the other parts of it be colored as they may. As a dwelling-house should always be made to wear a cheerful and comfortable aspect, this matter of color is of much greater importance than, at the first glance, may generally be supposed the case; and, therefore, those who have not the faculty of distinguishing colors and are consequently indifferent to their effects, must not venture to exercise their own judgments, but seek professional advice in such matters. A dark green is an extremely pleasant color to the eye when we look upon a meadow or a forest, but a house painted such a color would be hideously ugly; yet a house covered with ivy, or any other green vine is one of the pleasantest sights that the eye can rest upon. It is not, therefore, the color that is objectionable, but the fault is in the pigment, and the evenness of surface which the smooth paint presents. When a house is covered with green leaves, the surface is broken up by an infinite number of shadows and glancing lights, which prevents the glare occasioned by a broad unvaried surface. For the same reason any other bright positive color, would be equally objectionable. A soft neutral tint will always be found the most grateful to the eye when it is spread over a broad smooth surface. But if any one should have the courage to attempt the decoration of his house after the manner of the Greeks in the time of Pericles, when Grecian Art was at its perfection, by polychromatic coloring, it would be better to use positive tints, as red, blue, orange and purple.

"The interior of a house should always be painted of a warm neutral tint. Pure white is too cold and cheerless for a dwelling room, and is, moreover, so liable to stains, that its appearance of purity and cleanliness, which is a great recommendation with neat house-keepers, very soon wears off. But we shall reserve our remarks on the painting and decorating of the interiors of houses for a separate chapter.

"The purity of our atmosphere, and the absence of coal smoke, admit of houses being painted a pure white, and, where lead and oil are alone used in the open air, the color will grow whiter from exposure; but in the interior of a house it will become a dingy yellow from being deprived of light and air. White lead improves by age and should not be used for wood work unless at least a year old; linseed oil also becomes purer and better from age, and should be at least two years manufactured before used. Much harm results from the employment of incompetent workmen in the painting of houses, as from their inexperience in mixing paints, and their inability to distinguish between good and bad materials, the employer often throws away his money, and defaces the appearance of his house in the attempt to beautify it by a coat of paint.

"In painting a house any light color particular care should be taken to *kill* the knots in pine wood, as it is technically termed, or the effects of the first painting will be greatly marred. The best method of destroying the turpentine contained in pine knots is by spreading upon them freshly slaked lime which will effectually burn it out. After this has been done the knots must be covered with a sizing composed of red and white lead and glue.

"In painting the outside of a house there should be no turpentine mixed with the paint, excepting in the case of white paint, and then only in the last coat, not more than

one part turpentine to four parts oil should be used, as oil has a tendency to discolor white.

"White lead forms the basis of all pigments for house-paintings excepting black, which is generally composed of lampblack; but a new mineral substance has recently been discovered in New Jersey, which forms a beautiful jet black, and resists the action of the atmosphere and water, better than any paint yet made. It has already been extensively used on ships, and will probably entirely displace every other kind of black paint before long. Not much black paint is ever used on houses, although it is most extensively employed for fences and iron-work; and as it is important to use a material that will resist the action of the atmosphere in ornamental iron-work, which is so soon destroyed by rust, the discovery of this new mineral pigment is a matter of importance to builders. We have seen some specimens of this new paint, which were remarkable for brilliancy of color and hardness of surface. A steam mill has been erected for manufacturing this article, and we shall be able to give more definite information respecting it before we conclude our remarks upon this subject.

"There is no style of building in which polychromatic coloring could be introduced with finer effects than that of the Anglo-Norman. The zig zag ornaments in this style, painted of some bright color and relieved by a dark back ground, would produce as rich effects as the ornamentations of a Moorish palace. A country house painted in this manner would harmonize admirably with the gorgeousness of our parti-colored forests in autumn. The singularly beautiful effect of a cottage covered with woodbine, when the leaves have been turned to bright crimson and orange tints by the first frosts of October, must have been noticed by those who have an eye for the dazzling beauties of bright colors. Something like this could be produced by painting a house in polychrome.

"Rudely constructed country houses, whether of stone or wood, and barns and, other out houses, may be greatly improved in appearance by a coat of whitewash, which has the double effect of preserving the wood while it beautifies it; a very pleasant tint may be produced by mixing a little yellow ochre in the whitewash. But unless buildings are whitewashed at least once a year it would be better to leave them bare, for nothing can look more neglectful and shabby than a building with the whitewash half peeled off.

"It is difficult to give particular directions on a point like that of the color of houses, which is, after all, a matter of taste, and we offer these hints not for the benefit of those who have any taste of their own, but for those who have not, who, we are forced to believe, form a very large class of the people. In such matters that which pleases best is the best and we would advise every one to think more of pleasing himself in the decoration of his house than of conforming to the fashion, or to the dicta of any self-established arbiter in the art of living."

New York in Slices. W. H. Graham. 1849.

It is very rare that newspaper essays will bear reprinting and binding up in book form, and it is pretty good evidence of merit when such ephemeral writings as these "Slices" have so well tickled the public palate in the columns of a widely circulated daily paper, that they are called for in a shape better adapted to permanent preservation. The Slices were first published in the Tribune, and although they bear evidence of having been hastily written, and merely intended to divert the daily readers of a political newspaper, yet they contain a good deal of information of the interior workings of a great city, many shrewd observations in human life, and, in many cases, happily sketched pictures of scenes which can never be imagined but by those who have been familiar with them. Their author is said to be Mr. G. G. Foster, formerly connected with the Tribune, and the originator of a peculiar style of journalism which has found a host of imitators called "City Items." Mr. Foster writes pleasantly, jocosely, and tinges all the subjects he touches with the lively colors of his own fancy which delights in viewing all things in the world, from a fancy ball to a fish market, in a *l'allegro* light. He is always in a gay chirruping humor, like Leigh Hunt, without ever becoming so lachrymose as that most amiable of authors sometimes shows himself. That "Slice" which is devoted to the Press

of New York is one of the best things in the book; it is a subject in which the author is perfectly at home, one of which he has acquired the full swing, and if he appeared to advantage anywhere it ought to be here. We extract the following specimen brick of the superstruction which we are viewing:

"Talk of the power of abstraction and individualization in Shakespeare—what is it, compared with the same power as manifested by the accomplished New York journalist? It was comparatively easy to put appropriate words into the mouths of Miranda, and Prospero, and Hamlet, and Cleopatra; but suppose your Shakespeare had been called upon to hammer out a leader for the *Courier & Enquirer* on Monday; condense an almanac for the *Journal of Commerce* on Tuesday; revolutionize Cuba for the *Sun* on Wednesday; prove in the *True Sun* of Thursday that Martin Van Buren was no Democrat; conduct the country through a 'tremendous crisis' in the *Herald* on Friday, and correct all the blunders of the *Express* for the *Tribune* on Saturday—to say nothing of spinning out half a dozen yards of gutta-percha for the *Evening Post*, making hourly observations on the state of the mercury for the *Commercial*, and treating the subscribers of the *Evening Mirror* to mock turtle with their muffins—what think you the world would have ever heard of the Bard of Avon? And yet there are at least half a hundred journalists 'attached to the press' of New York, any one of whom could do all this, besides finding time, at odd spells, to contribute a couple of columns to the *Sunday Dash*, write a love-story for the *Sky-blue Magazine*, carry on a daily correspondence with two or three papers at the South or West, and get up a prize tragedy or a satiric poem, according to the state of the market. Indeed the amount and variety of intellectual and physical labor performed by a thorough-bred New York journalist is unparalleled and incredible.

"If we attempted to classify the journalists, we should simply divide them as they do almonds and Baptists at the South, into hard-shelled and soft-shelled. The former know how to make the most of their position: the latter allow their good-nature too often to run away with their interest as well as their judgment—and might as well have no pockets.

"As a general thing, the habits of the journalist are very *regular*—he being regularly employed till two o'clock in the morning, and rising at ten the next day to breakfast on hard eggs and cold biscuit. As to 'domestic felicity,' 'keeping wholesome hours,' and all that sort of thing, he has read of them, to be sure; but so he has of the diamond valley in *Sinbad*—and that's all he ever knows about them. His wife and children get perhaps a glimpse of him, for the first time in the week, on Saturday morning—provided the foreign steamer doesn't (which it generally *does*) happen to arrive on that day. His brain, from the effects of constant pumping and squeezing, is very much in the condition of a well-sucked orange; through which dribbles an ocean of the highly-concentrated essence of old-newspaper, in 'one weak, washy, everlasting flood.' Law, cookery, political and moral ethics, engineering, war, watermelons, 'tremendous squashes and farmers' clubs, daguerreotypes, washing-machines—are all legitimate subjects of his pen; and some of the finest things he does are upon the incalculable advantages of the baby-jumper and the danger of a national debt. Physic, architecture, music and millinery, are also topics upon which he is completely at home; and as to reviewing books, clairvoyance is no touch to him.

"If a new notability from Europe arrives in the City he had better, as soon as possible, put himself on good terms with the hard-shelled journalists. For, talk as we will of the want of influence of the journal and journalists who practise the depleting system upon strangers, yet it is unquestionably true that the slights and sneers, or even the silence, of those papers which are mostly devoted to affairs of theatres, concerts, and public shows of all sorts, are so serious a drawback upon the success of any artist, that we have known but one (Mr. Macready) to work his way against them. A dishonest journalist is the most active and virulent of mineral poisons, whose venom circulates from the brain (the Press) to the remotest extremities of the social system; and it follows, on strictly homeopathic principles, that nothing but a metallic remedy can prove an efficient antidote. Thus far, we believe, gold has been tried with unwavering success; and contrary to the sister principle established by Hahnemann, that the smaller the dose the more certain the cure, it has been ascertained, in the most marked cases of malignant journalism, the larger the amount of the golden remedy exhibited, the more rapid and satisfactory were the effects. We have known a patient who had

reached the last stage of vituperation and actually foamed at the mouth, to be cured by this medicine in a single day.

"Your soft-shelled journalist, now, is much more easily managed. A private dinner and plenty of champagne at the Hotel de Paris or at Delmonico's, with a liberal allowance of extra tickets, are generally sufficient; or, if there is a lady in the case, an established footing at the morning levees and the *entree* of the green-room will generally be quite sufficient. The soft-shelled journalist is of a good heart and is easily delighted. If a performance is not every thing that might be wished, he conveniently remembers that 'Art in America is but in its infancy'; and if an unsuccessful engagement has been crowned with a meager farewell benefit, the soft-shelled duly informs the town in the morning that 'an audience, although not very numerous, yet unusually fashionable and intelligent, testified their delight,' &c., &c.

"All this, we are aware, is not entirely creditable to the profession of journalism; nor do we mean to say that there are not exceptions to what we have been portraying. But the general accuracy of our limning, as applied to a majority of the subordinates upon the Daily Press, will be recognised by all who are familiar with the subject. Nor are the journalists themselves so much to blame for this; much of it is owing to a false system—or perhaps is an incurable incident of the profession itself. The writers for the press, as a class, are men of refined tastes, costly ambitions, and high intellectual endowments—they must be so. They are also generally well married, to women of breeding, and partaking largely of the universal female desire *to shine*. Now, what is the scribbler, with his expansive appetites and his extravagant family, to do upon his modest salary? True, with economy it would support his family in comfort and respectability. But he is daily obliged to mingle with men of large incomes—politicians, merchants, professionals, and gentlemen—and his position gives him admission to a rank in society far above him in point of money, but probably as much below him in every other respect. If he is shrewd and mercenary, he knows how to sell his influence to the best advantage, and to reap solid benefits from his labors: if merely conscientious and good-natured, he accepts, almost unconsciously, such slight alleviations of the social isolation in which his barren income places him, as tickets to places of public amusement, and now and then a good dinner, can afford.

"The truth is, then, that by the system on which the Press is as present conducted, the journalist is hardly treated, considering the character of his labors and the requirements necessary for him to possess. There is no profession in society which demands such peculiar, such diversified, such almost universal natural endowments, and none requiring so much experience and arduous and incessant labor; nor is there any that is, comparatively speaking, so poorly rewarded. This state of things is the consequence of a mutual error between employer and writer. The former, if he could see his own best interests, would not hesitate to remunerate his writers in such a manner as would enable every one employed upon his journal to devote the entire of his time and energies there and nowhere else—to support himself and his family in decency and without embarrassment, and to avoid all the humiliating shifts to which he is now obliged to resort to keep his head above water. An establishment would thus be surrounded with an intellectual cordon that would render it impregnable to the rivalry of new enterprises, and which would impart daily new force and momentum to it and confer upon it that substantial consistency which most journals in this country so greatly lack.—On the other hand, the journalists themselves, by combination and mutual good understanding, might aggrandize their position without doing injustice to employers; might grapple with Fortune by the arms instead of hanging on by the eyelids, and convert their occupation from a precarious struggle for bread into the most noble, the most worthy, and the most useful of the professions. At the same time they should learn to reform many of the bad habits which they have insensibly acquired—to set a proper value upon money—to repress extravagance either in themselves or families—and to avoid, as a pestilence, DEBT, that gulf in which so many high-spirited and intellectual men have lost their footing and floundered and struggled through a disgusting existence."

Essays and Reviews. By E. P. Whipple. D. Appleton & Co. 1849. 2 vols.

It is rather late to notice these two very handsome volumes, for they have been extensively applauded, by the periodical press generally, and were only laid aside to make room for the more showy volumes of Macaulay's history;

but, having been led to form our estimate of Mr. Whipple's abilities considerably below his just claims, from reading one or two absurdly laudatory reviews of his writings, in which the reviewers had contrived to extract some of their author's feeblest passages as evidence of his power, we very cheerfully confess that we have found evidences of talent and cultivation in reading these Essays and Reviews that we were not before aware that Mr. Whipple possessed. An injudicious puffer is the greatest misfortune that can befall an author, and Mr. Whipple appears to have been beset by enough to destroy the fortune of a Job. It is a great triumph for him not to have been wholly destroyed by his indiscreet friends, who, no doubt, meant well enough by their extravagant laudations, but were certainly most injudicious in their points of commendation. The Bobolink has a delicious voice, and the Blue Jay a beautiful coat of feathers, but to praise the first for his plumage and the last for his music would be to commit the same kind of blunders that the friends of Mr. Whipple have done in their reviews of his Essays. Mr. Whipple's forte is certainly not that of an essayist, nor even of a critic; but his strength lies in reviewing, which is an art invented during the present century since the advent of Quarterly Reviews and mammoth newspapers. Mr. Macaulay is the chief of reviewers, and Mr. Whipple is one of his most successful imitators. Neither of these writers could produce a tolerable essay, because it is their forte to narrate events which they have learned from books and not to make observations on life and manners.—Let any one follow Macaulay through his fascinating narrations of the great events of English history, which he has just bestowed upon the world in his two volumes, until the last chapter of the second volume is reached, and it will be seen at once that Macaulay is no observer of men or manners, but a gleaner of other men's thoughts and observations. His province is that of a reviewer; he is a master in the art of spreading out the treasures which other men have heaped up; he is in literature what the retailer is in trade, he manufactures nothing but he keeps on hand an immense stock of ready made goods imported from all nations, which he displays to the best advantage, and confounds the looker on with the magnificence of his assortment. He is a Stewart among authors, and Mr. Whipple is precisely of the same order, but on a smaller scale. Mr. Whipple's Essays are deficient in thought, as are his reviews, but the deficiency in the latter is not so obvious because thought is not so necessary as in the other form of literary composition. The reviews in these two volumes are, with one exception, of subjects upon which the world had already passed judgment, and all that the reviewer attempts is to repeat the thoughts and opinions which had been a thousand times uttered before and about which there was no room for a dissenting judgment. He possesses in a remarkable degree that quality which is so conspicuous in Macaulay, and without which the art of the reviewer can not be practised with tolerable success—the courage to utter commonplaces, and to tell the world things which it knows already. To do this well is by no means so common a talent as may be supposed; if it were these volumes would never have been published, and Macaulay would not now be the foremost of living authors. The last number of the North American Review contained a long review of the writings of Fielding, from the pen of Mr. Whipple, which well illustrates his character as a writer. There is probably no English author whose works are more widely known, or in respect to whose merits there is so little diversity of opinion as Fielding. One man may consider Tom Jones a novel of immoral tendencies, while another may hold an opposite opinion, but as to the merits of Field-

ing as a delineator of character, a humorous writer and a man, there is probably no difference of opinion if at all, and certainly there is nothing new to be told in relation to his literary or personal character. But Mr. Whipple writes a review of him, and displays his own peculiar powers in writing one which everybody can read without weariness, and yet conveys not one fact which was not well known before, nor advances an opinion that is not strictly in accordance with the popular estimate of his subject. In doing this, which requires a rare talent, Mr. Whipple proves himself an artist in words; he uses them to amuse, but not to instruct, they enable him to tell you what you know already, but not anything that he knows of himself. He uses words in a very different way from what they are used by Montaigne, Swift, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Sidney Smith and Waldo Emerson, who, unless they have something of their own to say nothing. He stores his memory with everything that he finds, no matter what, and lets it out whenever an opportunity occurs. For this purpose words are necessary and it is to his praise that he makes use of a rare discretion in employing them. He is, therefore, a dealer in words and not of thoughts. And it is greatly in his favor that he, is the first real artist of the kind that we have produced; his friends should be satisfied to claim for him the honor of being the first American who has produced two saleable volumes of review articles. Mr. Whipple, it is said, has not had the advantages of a college training, but has acquired his information of English literature, while he has been laboring for his living at a desk in an Insurance Office. There is nothing very marvellous in this. Charles Lamb never went to college, and he wrote essays; Burns never went to college, and he wrote poems; Walter Scott never went to college, and he wrote novels; Franklin never went to college, and he made discoveries in natural science; Shakespeare never went to college, and he wrote plays; Cobbet never went to college, and he wrote a grammar; Edward Kellogg never went to college, and he has written a book on political economy. All these men worked for their living, too, at other occupations than those connected with literature, but Mr. Whipple has only written reviews which are the lowest form of literary composition. It is barely possible that the works of a reviewer should survive him, but if so they must be different from any that have yet been produced, by any author that we have ever read.

Democracy in France. By Guizot. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

LOUIS PHILIPPE was seventeen years King of the French, and out of these seventeen years M. Guizot was eleven years his prime minister and chief adviser. With the entire resources of that immense Empire at their command, in a state of peace with the whole civilized world, and with the popular voice decidedly in their favor, these two men contrived, by their utter ignorance of state affairs, their blind devotion to old precedents, their superficial knowledge of human character, their selfishness and narrowness of intellect, so to exasperate the entire people of France that they were driven from that country in disgrace by the united voices of all parties and of all classes. Men who had thus shown themselves utterly destitute of the capacity of statesmen, and the character of philosophers, should have been content to give up all pretensions to a knowledge of the art of government; but let Louis Philippe think of himself and his incompetent minister as he may, it appears that the latter is still laboring under the hallucination that he is qualified to act as a manager in affairs of state. In this little work of his, he imputes all the misfortunes and miseries of France to an

idolatrous love of democracy! Bah! If a fish which had been thrown on the beach, should happen to kill itself in its struggles to get back into its native element, it would be just as proper to say that it fell a sacrifice to its love of the water. True, but it would have died even though it had made no attempt to return to its element. So, the French were dying under the influence of a monarchy, and even if they have ruined themselves in their struggles to get into a democracy they certainly have not worsted themselves. If they have gained nothing by their democratic experiments they have certainly lost nothing, unless Louis Philippe and M. Guizot are to be accounted as losses, and we hardly think that any Frenchmen so regard them. They have exchanged Louis Philippe for Louis Napoleon, and if they have no other reason for gratulation, it is certainly no trifling one that they have had their own way in this matter. But M. Guizot is a good writer if he was a bad minister, and his thoughts on democracy are worth reading, as showing the errors even of a great mind. The book has had an immense sale in London and Paris, and has excited no small degree of attention here, where we understand the workings of the democratic principles better than they can in Europe.

It did not require this Essay on Democracy from M. Guizot to convince the world that his historical studies and his experiences as a statesman have failed to give him an insight into the true policy of governments; but after reading this work there can be no doubt that M. Guizot is as profoundly ignorant of Democratic principles and tendencies as a blind man is of colors. In the following piece of rigmarole he states his objections to Democracy:

"I pass over the name she assumes; I turn to the political ideas she proclaims as laws for the government of the state: so far from diminishing my anxiety, these serve but to increase it. For if the banner of the Democratic Republic appears to me to bear the inscription of social war, its constitution seems to me to lead directly to revolutionary despotism. I find in it no distinct powers, possessed of sufficient inherent strength to exercise a reciprocal control; no solid ramparts, under the shelter of which various rights and interests can take root and flourish in safety; no organization of guarantees; no balance of powers in the centre of the state and at the head of government—nothing but a single motive force and various wheels; a master and his agents; nothing between the personal liberty of the citizens and the bare will of the numerical majority; the principle of despotism checked by the right of insurrection."

Here is a specimen of the ex-minister's logic, and is evidently considered by him a clincher against Democratic principles:

"And here one fact deserves notice. From the time when all professions have been accessible to all, from the time when labor has been free, subject only to the same laws for all, the number of men who have raised themselves to the first ranks in the liberal professions has not sensibly increased. It does not appear that there are now more great lawyers or physicians, more men of science or letters of the first order, than there were formerly. It is the men of the second order, and the obscure and idle multitude, that are multiplied. It is as if Providence did not permit human laws to have any influence over the intellectual rank of its creatures, or the extent and magnificence of its gifts."

Putnam's Edition of the Works of Washington Irving.

The 3d Volume of the *Lives and Voyages of Columbus* and his Companion has just been published by Mr. Putnam, of Broadway, in a style to correspond with the other volumes of this edition of our great prose writers productions.

In point of mechanical execution, these books deserve to be ranked among the best productions that have been issued by any of our publishing houses; as they certainly do in respect to literary merit. One of the volumes, *THE SKETCH BOOK*, has been beautifully illustrated by designs from the inimitable pencil of Darley, engraved on wood in the best style of the art; and we understand that an illustrated edition of *Knickerbocker's History*, by the same artist, is now nearly ready for publication. *Knickerbocker's History* was the first original literary work produced by the genius of the United States, it is our *Iliad*, and by it we were first known as a people capable of producing literary wares that were considered worth reading by the rest of the world. As our first author, Irving has the same claims upon Americans that our first president has; he is the father of our literature. It is proper, therefore, that his works should be suitably published, that every library in the country may possess them in a uniform form, and in a style worthy of their claims. Mr. Putnam has conferred a benefit on the people by his publication, we doubt not will be liberally acknowledged.

The Way to Be Happy. By R. J. Culverwell. J. S. Redfield, New York.

THE way to be happy! What better title could be given to a popular book! and that this deserves to be popular all will admit who read it. Although written for the latitude of London, with but slight alterations it will be equally serviceable in New York.

Essay on the Review of Church and State. By Baptist Wriothesly Noel, M.A. New York: Harper and Bro., 1849.

THIS anxiously-looked for work has at last appeared; it will not, of course, excite the attention here that it did in England, but it will have a wide circulation among our theological readers and religious students.

The Serials of the Messrs. Harper.

SOME of the most valuable publications of the day have been issued by the great publishing house in Cliff street, in numbers, at a very low price; by which means they have had a much larger circulation than they could have had by the ordinary system of publishing important works in entire volumes. By this serial system their superb edition of *Shakspeare*, edited by Mr. Verplanck, and illustrated by a selection of the best cuts of the recent English editions, has been most widely circulated. Taken as a whole it is the best edition of the great poet's works yet published, and its general diffusion among all classes of readers will have an influence hardly secondary to that of the Bible. Their beautifully illustrated edition of the *Arabian Nights* has also been brought to a close; and they have now in course of publication an illustrated edition of one of the most popular books ever published in America;—we allude to the *Life of Franklin*, edited by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, and illustrated with copious designs by Chapman. We are glad to hear that they intend to issue the popular *History of England* by Macaulay, in the same style, in numbers, as the *History of Alison*. Another important serial which they have had long in preparation is a *Universal Biographical Dictionary*, more complete than any now published, under the editorship and supervision of Rufus W. Griswold.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Topics of the day are as plenty as blackberries ; but such topics are not always of sufficient substance to endure a thirty days handling ; though some of them are as light and beautiful as soap bubbles, they are as frail and evanescent, and the attempt to preserve them destroys their value. Topics of the month are more rare than topics of the day, as the longest-lived animals are more rare than ephemera. The Topics of April are changeable, like the weather, for we now fairly enter upon spring business, and every day brings a new urgency for a new action. But let April be as fruitful as it may in topics, we cannot foretell what they may be as we are now writing mid-way of March ; we are in fact in March-ing order, and when these lines first meet the eyes of our readers we shall be in mid-April, picking up topical materials for May. So we go on, always a month in advance of Time, who is beaten only by Magazine publishers and the magnetic telegraph. Speaking of this anticipating time, taking the old thief so forcibly by the forelock as to get some months in advance, there is nobody that does it so effectually as our bretheren of the monthly press, who, in addition to their own three dollar superiorities, give their patrons plates of the Paris Fashions. The prescience of foreseeing such uncertainties as the fashions some three months in advance, is really a marvel to milliners and mantuamakers. The Paris fashions for May, for instance, are published in the three dollar magazines of that month, which are put to press by the first of April at least, and as the plates require at least a month in the drawing, coloring, and printing, and as three weeks would be a short time to allow for their remission from Paris, it is seen at once that when the Paris Fashions for May reach the three dollar people, they, the Fashions, must be at least three months in advance of their appearance in Paris ; and, in truth, we doubt not they are much longer in advance than that, for we fear that the fashions, which appear in our ladies magazines, never appear anywhere else ; and least of all in Paris where they originate their own fashions and are a little particular in such matters. That which with us is looked upon as a frivolous affair, in France is regarded as an object worthy of serious legislation, and fashion, as it adds to the national resources, gives employment to thousands of artisans and artists, and enjoyment to all classes, is just as much looked after as though it were a steam frigate or a new territory. The preeminence of France in artistic manufactures, from which she derives so great a portion of her wealth, is the result of the protection extended to artists by the government. This protection does not consist in prohibition duties, but in furnishing schools of art, means for exhibiting works of art, and by bestowing patronage liberally upon the deserving, among artists. Under every change of government in France, the nation has been true to its own interests and given every encouragement to artists. It is for this reason that we are dependent upon France for all our finery. Now finery may be a poor thing, and quite beneath the consideration of republican legislators, but still we will have finery, and in exchange for the endless knickknackeries which we import from France, in the shape of ornolu ornaments, clocks, vases, fans, soap, pomatums, jewelry, silks, ribbons, calicoes, laces, braids, bonnets, gloves and patent leather, unsubstantial flummery as they are, we will give in exchange for them our solidities in the shape of beef and pork, cotton, corn, turpentine, pot ashes and butter ; so that it would be quite

as well to produce these needed fineries at home and save the cost of transportation. As a nation we have done nothing for art beyond purchasing a few pictures for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and a marble statue of Washington. In contrast to our niggardliness in this respect, see what France has just been doing, even in the midst of her turbulent condition consequent upon her last frightful revolution :

"The National Assembly has voted the sum of 650,000 francs for the erection of a temporary building on the Champs Elysees, for the purpose of the exhibition of the productions of the Industrial Arts, which is intended to take place in the month of May ensuing. More than a third of the timber work has been prepared for the immense construction, and gives the Champs Elysees the appearance of a perfect forest of white wood. The National Assembly voted some time ago a sum of 150,000 francs to be applied in affording temporary aid to the artists of Paris ; and it has subsequently voted a further sum of 200,000 francs to be disbursed by giving commissions for pictures and sculptures applicable to the adornment of public edifices, as well as to relieve cases of pressing misery, brought on by the political convulsions of last year. This vote has given rise to a host of clamorous demands. The more talented class claim the distribution as a right on this account, while the less favored sons of genius look upon it as an eleemosynary gift to assuage their greater distress. One very clever artist has been seen hawking journals in the street for sale, and several of good repute were found applying themselves to coarse drudgery with the saw and axe in the national workshops—THE LOUVRE. The minister of public works, M. Vivien, has prepared an elaborate report of the present condition of the Louvre, for necessary repairs and embellishments, as well as opening other saloons. The sum required for the present year is 200,000 francs, and 1,800,000 for the following one. The report is at considerable length ; the principal features being—1st, The entire reconstruction of the roof of the grand gallery, to admit the light from the top, and to close the side windows. 2nd, To redecorate and alter the disposition of the *Grand Salon*, and the *Salon des sept Cheminees*. 3rd, The entire reparation of the Gallery of Apollo. In the budget for the present year, the first item is calculated to cause an expenditure of 160,000 francs. The redecoration of the *Grand Salon* is estimated at 600,000 francs ; the *Salon des sept Cheminees* is set down at 400,000 francs ; and finally, the expenses calculated to restore the Gallery of Apollo, at 1,000,000 francs.

"In consequence of this report, a commission was nominated to consider the proposition, and on its meeting, in the Hall of the Institute, most of the distinguished artists of Paris were present. The plan given by M. Dubau, the architect, was the subject of a very learned discussion. The style of ornamentation especially was investigated. M. Ingres proposed a red ground, with very rich decorative details ; his opinion was strongly enforced by Messieurs Drolling and Horace Vernet. M. Delacroix suggested a more sober color as the ground, with very slight ornament. It was remarked that good colorists had always preferred a ground that would tend to lower the lustre of tints, and render their brilliancy more harmonious by opposition with a positive vivid color ; while, on the other hand, it was agreed that where color was not the characteristic of artistic works, a more unobtrusive

ground would give them due advantage. The proposition of Messieurs Ingres and Horace Vernet, however, obtained the suffrages of the commission, and was finally adopted.—The Palace of the Tuileries, now called in republican jargon *L'Hotel National*, has been duly inspected by command of the minister of the interior at the earnest instigation of the friends of the Fine Arts, with a view of adapting it to the annual exhibition of modern Art. Great interruption of the study of the ancient masters was always experienced by covering the walls of the gallery of the Louvre with a framework, on which the modern pictures were hung. At first the minister did not yield to the many solicitations on the subject, and the *ci-devant* Palace of the Tuileries was announced to be let on lease by public adjudication, on the 20th ult. The intention has been formally withdrawn at the request of the administration of National Domains, and it is positively intended that the forthcoming exhibition of the works of living artists shall take place therein. A commission appointed to examine the building has reported that it is excellently adapted for the purposes by its spacious apartments and excellent light. It has suffered but little, comparatively, by the violence of the attacking multitude in February last, the damage being confined to destroying the furniture and breaking the magnificent looking-glasses that decorated the principal rooms."

The appropriation of these magnificent sums for the promotion of Art, be it remembered, are made by a strictly Democratic government, a government more Democratic, in reality, than our own, which is a sufficiently striking refutation of the often repeated assertion that only monarchical governments are favorable to the encouragement of the Fine Arts. In this country, which is the most prosperous in the world, and almost free from debt, the amount of appropriations made in the cause of the Arts do not, in ten years, amount to twenty thousand dollars, and here we see the young republic of France, in the first year of its existence, appropriate more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a temporary building to exhibit artistic productions in, and, in addition to this, appropriating 350,000 francs for the benefit of distressed artists. It is no wonder that France maintains her pre-eminence among the nations of the earth in artistic productions while she makes such munificent outlays for the protection of Art. The fierce revolutionists of February, 1848, made shocking havoc among the pictures in the palaces of Paris, and cut up all the works of Art within their reach which represented any of the Arts commemorative of the family or fortunes of Louis Philippe. A correspondent of the Art Journal gives the following account of some of those revolutionary degradations:

"Comparatively little destruction took place with ancient examples of painting: the great mass of fragments now gathered in the *Salon Henri VI.*, at the Louvre, is chiefly composed of the ruins of modern historical pictures. 'The Neapolitan Improvisatore,' of Robert, has disappeared, a piece of it containing the central group has appeared for sale at a broker's shop. 'The Mameluke,' by Gericault, the 'Soldat Laboureur,' by Horace Vernet, and the 'Equinoctial Tide,' by Roqueplau, are also missing. At the palace of the Palais-Royal, the destruction has been great. Two exquisite heads by Masaccio; three fine portraits by Holbein, and some by Pourbus, of great celebrity, have been burnt. The celebrated pictures of the 'Oath of the Swiss,' by Steuben; 'Gustavus Vasa,' by Hersent; 'The Brigand's Wife,' by Schnetz; 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Picot, and several interiors by Granet, are irrecoverably ruined. Horace

Vernet is the artist whose works have been the most injured; although he may be considered as the most popular painter among the people and the military, yet the excess of vengeance has mutilated his pictures beyond others. The 'Attack of the City of Constantine' has been cut out of the frame and either stolen or destroyed; several other pictures were found cut out, but left behind in the universal destruction and pillage. But the battles of 'Hanaui,' 'Montmirail,' 'Jemmappes,' and 'Valmy,' are slashed all over with sabre-cuts. 'The Confession of a Brigand,' the 'Review of Hussars,' 'Camille Desmoulins displaying the Green Cockade,' and the 'Peasant Girl of Ariccia,' are torn and cut to rags. 'The Neapolitan Mother,' by Robert, and his 'Roman Funeral,' are pierced by numerous thrusts of bayonets. 'The White Horse,' by Gericault, has not escaped, nor several of Prudhon's most charming works; it appears a general massacre, and the hall of the Louvre is the charnal-house of the destroyed inspirations of genius."

RESUSCITATING OLD JOKES.—In our young days we remember reading a funny anecdote aloud to an old gentleman, and as he preserved a grave countenance, we asked why he didn't laugh? "I laughed at that same story," said he, "when I was a little boy, like you, and I dare say that my father and grandfather had also laughed at it when they were little boys, too." Since then we have looked upon all jokes with suspicions of their freshness, and, like our old friend, we every now and then meet with some of the old acquaintances of our boyhood, which had once tickled our fancy, revamped and served up as new. Here is one that we have not seen in some time, which one of the smart daily papers gives as a recent occurrence in Alabama:

"Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon him at term time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff aforesaid. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the arrival of the visitor had occasioned, set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rose-buds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered, her eyes were like the quivers of cupid, the glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled resembling arrows that only wanted a fine bean (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common place remarks—

"'Madam,' said the matter of fact sheriff, 'I have an attachment for you.'

"A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow. With downcast eyes, whose glances were centured upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she, with equal candor, replied:

"'Sir, the attachment is reciprocal.'

"'For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence, at last he said:

"'Madam, will you proceed to court?'

"'Proceed to court!' replied the lady, with a merry laugh, then shaking her beautiful head, she added: 'No, sir! though this is *leap year*, I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court!'

"'But, madam, the justice is waiting.'

"'Let him wait, I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and beside, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace.'

"'Madam,' said he, raising from his chair, with solemn dignity, 'there is a great mistake here. My language has been misunderstood. The attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Esquire C——; and commands me to bring you instantly before him, to answer a contempt of court in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones.'"

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.—Many *pros* and *cons* have been uttered in reference to the study of the deceased languages, but we have rarely seen the merits of the matter

more clearly discussed than in an article on the subject by George Bradburn, the able editor of the *Lynn Pioneer*, from which we make the following extract :

"But what are the great arguments for the study of the classics? For, it might be deemed hardly respectful in us, to pass them by, without a word, after what we have said."

"One is, that the study disciplines, strengthens the mind, fitting it for profound inquiry, and deep reflection. Admit that it does so. Such, also, was the effect of studying alchemy. Such would be that of deriving means of sending missionaries to the moon, or of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. It is, then, scarcely a sufficient recommendation of a study, that it invigorates the mind. It should do more. It should put knowledge into it, at the same time; knowledge that would avail somewhat in the affairs of this working world. But, says President Everett, instituting, in another address of his, an ingenious comparison of mental and physical gymnastics, 'it never was required of a man, who wished to exercise his limbs and stir his blood, to place himself on a tread-mill, which gives motion to some useful machinery.' But why not? The fact that it *has* not been, is not quite a conclusive reason that it *should* not be so required of a man. If all the advantages a man seeks in physical gymnastics could be equally well obtained by placing 'himself in a tread-mill which gives motion to some useful machinery,' he ought to mount the mill; if a benevolent man, he would do so; if a minor, he should, perhaps, be made to do so, if need were. But the mental discipline, alleged to be given by the study of languages, may be as well given by other studies; studies which would, at the same time, impress the mind with more valuable ideas for subsequent use. So that President Everett's conclusion that 'in this respect, the gymnastics of the mind [meaning its exercise in lingual studies] stand on as good a footing as those of the body,' is not at all warranted."

"But, in truth, the premise itself of this whole argument is mainly a groundless assumption. For the whole intellect is not employed in the study of languages. Only a small portion of its faculties are employed in that study, and the principal of these are very inferior faculties, found, often, more powerful in semi-idiots than in some men of gigantic minds. It is the verbal memory chiefly that is exercised by lingual studies. We once met a man, who, it was said, could recite from memory the whole Bible. We satisfied ourselves that he could do so. Is would seem that a word had never fallen upon his auditory apparatus, without fixing itself indelibly in his memory. Yet this was a very imbecile man. He had almost no conception of the significance of the words he recited. 'I don't,' said he to us, 'read anything but the scripture, psalm-book, and almanac; for if I get anything in my head I can never get it out again, and am afraid I might get something bad in it.' There is, or was, some years ago, in Liverpool, a Mr. Jones, who evinced a similar familiarity with the classics. These this Englishman had at his tongue's end, though scarce competent to put two ideas together and infer from them a third one. In both we have a practical illustration of that line of Shakspeare's, 'The fool hath planted in his memory an army of good words.' We do not know whether Sir Hudibras,

'Whose tongue ran on the more,
The less of weight it bore,
And, with its everlasting crack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack,'

was, or was not, a linguist. But we do know he *might* have been one. Even the Marquis Moscati, who, chiefly amid the bustle of camps—for joining the standard of Napoleon at an early age, he followed him in all his campaigns—acquired an acquaintance with thirty-six languages and became a master of twenty of them, the Latin, the Hebrew, and the Greek being among the latter, was not, we believe, remarkable for the strength of his general intellect, which, by the argument we are considering, should have been colossal.—How it may be with that other Italian, who, as early as 1840, could speak fifty-two, and teach sixty-four languages, we know not; but as Rome does not often put a Cardinal's hat on a head full of mere words, Mezzofanti has doubtless a respectable brain. This, however, we do know, that some of the mightiest minds have had no aptitude for the study of words, have abandoned it in despair. And a Washington in statesmanship, a Napoleon in arms, a Franklin in philosophy, a Marshall in jurisprudence, a Fielding in romance, a Henry in eloquence, and one Will Shakspeare in poetry, demonstrate the possibility of some considerable success in the highest departments of mental exertion, with the smallest possible knowledge of the defunct tongues of those old Greeks and Romans."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—We hope to see the time when the world shall have come to some well understood and universally acknowledged principle respecting the relative and comparative rights of women and men. In the present state of our laws, legislative and social, it is hard to determine what rights women have beyond those proclaimed by the knavish Iago :

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

But by constantly agitating the subject something at last may come of it, and the women, especially in Massachusetts, are determined to keep well "riled up," as to their rights. A petition was recently presented to the Legislature of that State by some strong minded ladies, on the subject of their rights, from which we make the following extracts :

"With all due deference, we would ask, where, from what source, in what enlightened age and nation, did the men originally obtain the exclusive right, to monopolize the privilege of legislating for females, and of compelling them to submit to their laws, however unequal and objectionable they might be? Echo answers, Where? The Bible, it is said, gives them the right, because it says, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands in the Lord.' How a wife can submit herself 'in the Lord,' to a man who is 'dead drunk' one-half of the time, and a fool the other half, in consequence, from whom she receives only a scanty subsistence, of the meanest description, is more than woman's wit can devise."

"We have ever been viewed, in a political sense, as an inferior order of beings, totally incompetent to self government, as the vassals, rather than the companions, of men, solely dependent upon them for protection, who have thus far condescended to rule over us, without ever consulting our pleasure, or our judgment. Thus have we been led, muzzled and blindfolded, from age to age, from the cradle to the grave."

"Award to us our proper station in society; abolish all unjust laws in regard to us; and with the light of the Bible, and our own sense of justice, we will protect and defend ourselves and each other, with the aid of an enlightened community, which, to their immortal honor be it said, is far in advance of the musty laws that have long disgraced our statute books."

"Should we, by legislative enactments, receive no redress, upon our own strength, then, must we stand or fall; there being but one alternative left. Better that this earth be depopulated, than that the iniquities of the present and the past be visited upon future generations as they are, and ever have been, upon us and our ancestors, from time immemorial. Let the elements re-unite, and form a better and a nobler race, to whom war, famine, slavery, and inequality shall be unknown."

The lady who wrote this is, undoubtedly, a screamer, and, if she is blessed with a husband, we regard him with compassion. What can be meant by that mysterious threat of re-uniting the elements and producing a new race is quite beyond our comprehension.

PHIL BRENGLÉ.—Our correspondent Phil Bregle, whose pleasant essays our readers must remember, has gone to California with the rest of the gold seekers; we hope they may all prove gold-finders. From the following lines, copied from a Baltimore paper, it appears that he sailed in a clipper schooner :

SONG OF DEPARTURE.

This beautiful effusion was written by a young man who sailed for California in the Clipper Empire of 87 tons.

One more sigh—this hour of parting
From the life we live and love;
One more tear of manly weakness
For the home whence we shall rove.
Here is quiet—there are perils,
And the bravest well may fear;
One more sigh for life departed,
For our friends another tear.

But the land we leave behind us
Is debased with slavish men;
Thoughts, opinions, all are copied,
And a tied hand holds the pen,
Still we act as others acted,
Still we think as others thought,
And we shun the daring freeman
From whose lips new words are taught.

Let me burst those rusty fetters,
They corrode my inner soul;
Let me wander where no others
Can my words or deeds control:
Where the free wealth of the rivers
Is no richer or more free
Than the fresh air, yet unpoisoned,
Sweet and wild with Liberty.

I will range with hardy hunters
On their hoary mountains bold,
They are rough, but richly inlaid,
Like their rocks, with heart of gold.
Or, if slaves are still around me,
I will hide myself away
In some recess, and unnoticed,
Watch my night till comes the day.

No more sighs, then—no more weakness
In this parting from old home:
Here is bondage—there is freedom—
There the soul may widely roam.
Dash that tear from off the eyelid—
'Twas the sharpness of the gale!
Cast off moorings! they are fetters—
Now my heart swells with the sail!

PHIL BREngle.

Clipper Empire, 31st. January, 1849.

A DISH OF TEA.—Attempts having been made to introduce the culture of the tea plant into some of our Southern States, a new interest has lately been awakened in respect to this celestial shrub. We had intended to rub up our Chinese reading and concoct an article on this subject, but we find one in an exchange paper ready made to our hands, and borrow it, not so much to save trouble, as for the sake of its being well done. We have, unfortunately, lost the name of the source whence we derived it, and can only credit it in a general way, as the newspapers often do, to *ex. pa.*:

"China is looked upon as the native country of the tea plant; it is not, however, strictly confined to that country, but rather to those lying on the shores of Eastern Asia: thus, in Cochin, China and Japan, this shrub is found indigenous; and in the mountainous districts, which separate China from the Birman Empire, it is found growing wild among the pine trees. It also grown in Ava and Thibet, and is found thriving luxuriantly in latitudes extending from 17° north to 41°.

"Although known and used in the East for so many centuries, yet its introduction into Europe does not date farther back than two centuries ago; when it was casually noticed by travellers, that they had seen and partaken of these dried leaves. In 1633, A.D., Olearius found its use extended among the Vesbeck Tartars and Persians. Six years later a Russian Ambassador was given some to drink at the court of the Mogul, and presented with a sample as a gift to the Czar; but he declined carrying it, as not worth the trouble.

"The Dutch were the first who introduced it into Europe from Japan. From Holland it was introduced into England

by Lords Arlington and Ossory in 1656; and, through their influence tea-drinking became fashionable. It appeared so inconsistent a mode of treatment to drink the infusion and reject the leaves, that, in many instances, the opposite plan was adopted of boiling the leaves, chopping them, using them like spinach, and throwing away the water. Antiquarians speak of a much earlier introduction of tea into Europe, and of such a curiosity as *Oliver Cromwell's* tea-pot being still in existence, but we believe with little foundation in truth. However, in 1660, shortly after coffee-houses were established, they were looked upon by the English Government with great jealousy, as being places where men congregated and talked politics too freely. In order to check their increase, a duty was laid on all liquors sold in coffee-houses, and among these, infusion of tea is mentioned.

"D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, inserts a hand-bill of one Thomas Garway, the first person who sold tea by retail in England. This paper asserted that tea was sold for £6 and even £10 sterling the pound weight, and that it was but little used until 1657, and continues to say 'that, by the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s to 50s the lb.'

"Very many people believe that green tea derives its grey and bluish color from being dried on copper plates. Such an opinion is altogether unfounded, for it has been proved by experiment, to treat it so, materially injures the flavor of the tea; and, therefore, is not likely to be adopted. The real cause of the color is the dusting of it when damp, and while being dried, with a green powder made of a mixture of Prussian blue and gypsum (plaster of Paris.) This coloring of the leaf is not used for the tea intended for the home market, being confined to those chests sent to Europe and America.

"Nor is there any botanical difference between black and green tea. The same shrub will occasionally yield leaves which are manufactured into both varieties; and if a number of leaves from the various sorts of tea which come into our markets be examined by softening in hot water, and laying out side by side, it will be seen that there are no characters which distinguish the different kinds of black from green teas.

"Yet we must not believe that the various sorts of tea are made from the one bush, or in the same locality: on the contrary, we know that in one district black tea is chiefly grown—in another green: here the leaf is much curled, there but little: it is the different soil and mode of cultivation which alters the *flavor* of the leaf, and indicates to the grower whether he shall manufacture his leaf into black or green. This influence of soil and cultivation in modifying the property and flavor of a shrub, is not peculiar to this plant, for we find the same thing happening to the vine, where, by aspect, soil and cultivation, the same plant may have its flavor altered and improved.

"The appearance of the shrub is similar to the myrtle and the camellia, and it is allowed to grow until its fourth or fifth year, before the leaves are plucked, the tree having then arrived at some degree of maturity. The women pluck the leaves off with their hands, and receive them in baskets; great personal cleanliness is enjoined on the pluckers, who are obliged to undergo certain ablutions daily, lest by the smallest soiling of the leaf, in pulling with the fingers, the flavor of the leaf would be in any way deteriorated. The leaves have to be roasted on the same day gathered, otherwise they spoil: this is done in large concave iron pans,

heated by a charcoal furnace; a pound, at a time, is put and stirred round till they shrivel, they are then turned out on mats, and rubbed with the palms of the hands, till a green juice flows from them; the twist is thus given which they afterwards retain; the young leaves form the best tea and take the best twist, hence a close twist is a test of quality in tea. When cool, the leaves are again returned to the pan and roasted till quite dry, and this operation is often repeated four times; at the close, a bluish bloom is produced, which renders the appearance of the leaf agreeable; it is dusted at the same time, and when turned out of the pan, constitutes the *green tea*. Black tea is treated differently: the fresh leaves are laid on sieve and steamed with hot water, so that the leaves are softened and fermented; after this, they are dried upon iron sieves over a charcoal fire, by this process the leaves are deprived of much of their astringency and aromatic qualities, and are hence inferior in these to the green teas. Tea is never used in China which is less than one year old, as new tea is found to possess powerfully exciting properties, producing great mental disturbance, like drunkenness, with a tremulous motion of the limbs. This effect is diminished by the roasting, and as green tea undergoes less roasting than black, it possesses more of the stimulating qualities."

MR. HOLDEN AT PANAMA.—We have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Holden, dated at Panama, February 11. He had but just arrived, and had not had time to make any notes of his tour, but as he expected to be compelled to remain at Panama a week or two he would have sufficient leisure to write again, and we shall have the satisfaction of giving a letter from him in our next number. He informs us that he had been successful in engaging a servant for himself and companions, who appears to be a regular Polyglot, inasmuch as he can converse freely in English, Dutch, German, Italian, French and Spanish; and, in addition to these lingual accomplishments, he is a good washer and ironer, an excellent cook, and a capital oarsman. This incomparable Jack-of-all-trades had so inadequate a conception of his own worth that he only charged twenty dollars a month for his services. We hope that he will not prove like the general run of Jacks-of-all trades, good at none.....THE London Literary Gazette suggests that the following lines from Hamlet would make an excellent motto for a California gold-digger:

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade;
Aye, and a winding sheet."

THE CHANCES OF SALVATION.—The following anecdote has been told before, but it is one of those stories that will bear twice telling:

"The first Universalist preacher in Boston, and perhaps in the United States, was the Rev. John Murray; and he was at first regarded with a kind of horror, as if he were scarcely human. One day passing along the street, he encountered a woman procuring a pitcher of water at the street pump, and, feeling thirsty, he solicited the favor of a draught. This was readily accorded; and on handing him the pitcher the woman perceived who the gentleman was. 'You are Mr. Murray, sir, I believe.' 'Yes, madam.' 'Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question.' 'Certainly, with all my heart.' 'Do you really and sincerely believe, Mr. Murray, that everybody will be saved?' Applying the pitcher to his lips, and thoroughly quenching his thirst, he politely returned it, and then slowly and deliberately replied: 'Madam, if God is willing, and *you* have no objection, I think they *will*.'"

THE WRONG BAR.—A meeting of lawyers, says the Boston Post, for the "purification of the bar," ended by a supper at the Revere House, upon which occasion a poem, written by A. C. Spooner, was read. We copy two lines from it:

"The truest account of our troubles by far
Is that lawyers too often attend the wrong bar."

HEAD MONEY.—Quite the most curious case of head money is the one spoken of in the following account of a republican society of foreigners existing in Pennsylvania. A Philadelphia paper says;

"A Society for the Extermination of German Sovereigns has been formed in this country, which appears to have its origin in this city. It has cut out a large amount of work for itself if it intends to get rid of European kings, princes and potentates, now making the thirty-eight, and we know not how many more, States of Germany. The first proclamation of this society has been published in the New York German paper, and it offers the following rewards: 'for the extermination of the Austrian Emperor, 30,000 florins; Prussian King, 25,000; for any other king, elector, duke, &c., &c., 15,000; for the head of the common hangman, Windischgratz, 10,000,' which is considerably more than the last named human butcher is worth. The society pledges itself for punctual payment, but, notwithstanding this pledge and the large rewards, we imagine few will be ready to claim them. The proclamation justifies the offer of rewards for assassination on the principle that two wrongs make a right, that is, that Windischgratz, Jellachich, and other inhuman executioners, have never hesitated to hire assassins for the purpose of removing brave men of the people from their path. This may be good patriotism, but it is queer morality. Killing men in fair open fight is considered heroic, but stabbing them slyly in a corner has not yet come to be regarded as a virtue, even though we have the example of a Brutus and a Sand to ennoble the deed."

If these standing offers should be kept up any great length of time we may yet see an importation of "dead heads" from Europe on an extensive scale. As to paying 30,000 florins for such an empty head as that of the Emperor of Austria, the idea appears preposterous. Exterminating the Emperor of Austria would not exterminate the ignorance, superstition and bigotry, which are the three chief supporters of his throne.

THE EFFECT OF STEAM ON TIMBER.—One of the most important discoveries of modern times is the great improvement on timber, by such a simple process as that of raising its temperature by steam. Simple as it appears, it is only a late discovery, but liable to be put to extensive and very important uses. We give it as it is:

"Mr. Viollier has lately presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a very able communication on the desiccation of different kinds of wood by steam. He stated that steam raised to 432° Fah. was capable of taking up a considerable quantity of water; and acting upon this knowledge he submitted different kinds of oak, elm, pine and walnut, about eight inches long and half an inch square, to a current of steam at 7 1-2 pounds pressure to the square inch, but which was afterwards raised to 432 degrees. The wood was exposed thus for two hours. It was weighed before it was exposed to the steam, and afterwards put into close stopped bottles until cool, when the samples of wood were again weighed and showed a considerable loss of weight, the loss of which increased with the increase of the temperature of the steam. For elm and oak the decrease in weight was one half, ash and walnut two-fifths, and pine one-third.—The woods underwent a change of color as the heat was rising from 392 degrees to 432; the walnut became very dark, showing a kind of tar, formed in the wood by the process, which was found to have a preserving effect on the wood."

"It was found that wood thus treated became stronger—having an increase in the power of resisting fracture. The maximum heat for producing the best fracture-resisting power for elm was between 302 and 347 degrees, and between 257 and 302 for the oak, walnut and pine. The oak was increased in strength five-ninths, walnut one-half, two-fifths for pine, and more than one-fifth for elm. These are but preliminary experiments which may lead to very important results, and are therefore interesting to architects especially. By this process, the fibres of the wood are drawn closer together, and maple and pine treated in the steam at a temperature of 452, were rendered far more valuable for musical instruments than by any other process heretofore known.—This is valuable information to all musical instrument makers—who knows but this is a discovery of the Venetian fiddle maker's great secret!

THE great event of the month of March, the subject which engaged all mens thoughts, and for a while served as the sole topic of conversation in mixed companies, was the incoming of the new administration and the out going of the old one. General Taylor is now President, and Mr. Polk is again only one of the people, after occupying the highest political position which an individual can fill, and after being invested four years with powers greater than many monarchs enjoy, he has returned to humble life, and nothing attaches to him of the dignities which he enjoyed but the privilege of free postage. He is plain Mr. Polk once more, and another is taking away the gifts of office which he bestowed. There was nothing peculiar about the inauguration of the new president; a great crowd assembled in front of the capitol to catch a glimpse of an old gentleman taking an oath, and to see him read a speech which not one in a hundred could hear. We are still dazzled by the shows and trappings of office, but we hope that whoever may succeed General Taylor in the White House, will have the good taste to dispense with the public exhibition of the oath-taking, and the reading of a speech which nobody can hear. The Constitution requires nothing of the kind, and the more simple and unostentatious our officers are in their public acts the better will it be. General Taylor is likely to prove a popular president; his simplicity of manner and honest frankness appear to win the good-will of all who come in contact with him. With his politics, if he have any, we have nothing to do, we know him only as one of the great men of the nation..... The past winter, it has been agreed on all hands, was one of the coldest experienced in this country for many years—some say eleven. We know it was very cold from our own personal experiences, which have been fully confirmed by the reports of the papers. The Boston Courier, probably having nothing better to do, has made up an account of frigid statistics. All of us have heard our grandmothers and great grandmothers tell of the hard winter, which occurred in 1779-80. That was a very cold winter, but the Boston editor has trumped up some boreal statistics that beat it out of sight:

"Although the winter of 1779-80 was thus decidedly the hardest winter ever known, there had previously been some that were excessively severe. The winter of 1705 was remarkable in Pennsylvania for a great snow. Some ancient writer, quoted by Dr. Holmes, in his American Annals, says: 'In general about one yard.' In the month of February, 1717, the snow fell in such great quantities in New England, that it was denominated the *Great Snow*, according to the Boston News-Letter, which being then the only newspaper printed in the American Colonies, will be received as good authority. This News-Letter of Feb. 25, says: 'The snow lies in some parts of the streets about six feet high. The extremity of the weather has hindered all the three posts from coming in.'

"The Signeur Montaigne tells a more marvelous story still. It is that a Greek army, being overtaken in the moun-

tains of Armenia, with a horrible storm of snow, they lost all knowledge of the country and of the roads; and, being shut up, were a day and a night without eating or drinking, during which most of their cattle died, many of themselves were starved, several struck blind with the driving of the hail and the glittering of the snow, many of them maimed in their fingers and toes, and many of them rendered stiff and motionless with the extremity of the cold, *who had yet their understanding entire.* The same amusing and vivacious writer tells another story of a captain Somebody, who saw, near Luxemburg, 'so sharp frosts, that the ammunition wine was cut with hatchets and wedges, delivered out to the soldiers by weight, and by them carried away in buckets.' This probably happened when wine was 'the pure juice of the grape,' and before the manufacturers had learned the art of improving it by the addition of alcohol. It must have been about the same period, when 'in the principality of Liege, the wine was so frozen in the pipes, that it was dug out and cut into the form of wedges, and so carried off by gentlemen in their hats or baskets.' "

In respect to the hard winter of 1779 this writer says: "Early in December, the snow was so deep that to procure wood from the forests was a work of great difficulty, and fuel in consequence rose to the enormous price of five or six shillings the cord. (That was before the era of anthracite coal.) Look into the history of our Revolutionary War, and read how our patriot armies suffered from the inclemency of the weather, and how they were no better provided to endure it than the ambassadors of Gibeon were who went to Joshua with 'old shoes and clouted on their feet.' Some people have said that our soldiers had no shoes at all. In *my native village*, a party of gentlemen, among whom was the *oldest inhabitants*, being out on a squirrel-hunt, went up on a snow-drift and seated themselves on a branch of a large oak, to regale themselves with their luncheon. Having finished their repast, they left the napkin, in which their bread and cheese had been wrapped, on the limb where they had been seated, as a proof, in case anybody should question the fact, of their having feasted in that elevated position. When the snow disappeared, the distance from the ground to the napkin was measured, and found to be twenty-eight feet! In that same village, the snow was drifted against some of the two-story houses so that boys were enabled to get out at the garret-window, and slide down upon their sleds."

AMONG the notable events of the past month was the return of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler to public life, not as an actress but as a reader. The sympathy almost universally felt for this noble hearted woman, and the admiration of her literary abilities, caused her to be much sought after by the cultivated classes of society, and her readings of Shakspeare's plays were attended by crowds of admirers in Boston, New York, and the other cities where she read. Mrs. Butler is a woman of commanding appearance, but of a gentle and girlish expression of countenance. That she is a true woman, full of tender and warm feelings, is evident in every line of her writings; but never did the agony of a mother's passion for her offspring gush out in a fuller or fonder flow of feeling than in the following lines written on the anniversary birth of her daughter, when she was at Rome. They are taken from her last published volume, *A Year of Consolation*:

A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

The blossoms hang again upon the tree
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,
Against my easement on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring wast born,

And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their sunny clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud thou.
They seem to me thy sisters, oh, my child!
And now the air full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour; a tenfold agony
Puls at my heart strings as I think of thee.
Was it in vain? Oh, was it all in vain?
That night of hope, of terror and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath
Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that dead.
And now how is it since eleven years,
I have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
The twins, that crown'd the morning of thy birth,
How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one?
In thy fresh spring time growing up alone?
What warmth unfold'st thee? What dew is shed,
Like love and patience over thy young head?
What holy springs feed thy young life?
What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife?—[free,
What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and
Lovely and glorious; oh, my fair young tree?
God—Father—thou who by this awful fate
Has lopp'd and stripp'd and left me desolate!
In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,
Let me not be o'erwhelmed? oh, they are thine
These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine!
So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth
Shall in a gracious growth of love and truth,
With an abundant harvest honor thee.

AMONG the marvels of the month of March was a proposition of a soaring genius who advertised to convey passengers to California in three days; in reference to this wild scheme the editor of the *Evening Mirror* had the following, which seems to be rather favorable to the project:

"FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THREE DAYS.—This sounds strangely now, but we are not sure that the public will not be familiarized with it before long, so that it will excite no more surprise than the telegraphic announcements from St. Louis to New York in three hours, or from Boston to New York in three seconds. The inventors of an aerial steam passenger car made an exhibition of a model yesterday at Washington Hall, which certainly worked well, and impressed those who saw it with the belief that one on a large scale might be easily propelled through the air. We learned from the inventors that it is their intention to commence immediately on the construction of a car and balloon capable of carrying two hundred passengers, that number having already been engaged at 50 dollars each, and that they expect to make the voyage hence to San Francisco in three days. The balloon is to be one thousand feet long, and the car attached to it is to be propelled by two propellers made like the wings of a windmill, which are to be put in motion by two steam engines of six horse power each; the balloon, or float, is guided by a steering apparatus similar to a rudder, which is attached to the balloon and controlled by pulleys leading to the car. As to the practicability of the thing, for short distances, there can hardly be a question, but as to flying through the air at the rate contemplated by the inventors, and for so great a distance, we fear that there will be found many insurmountable obstacles. However, it is not safe to predict a failure to any new scheme, now, on account of its novelty and seeming impossibility, and we shall be prepared to see the inventor of the new locomotive take the lead of all the progressives of this go-ahead age."

AMONG the memorable events of this most memorable year is the deposition of the Pope, and the establishment of a republican government in Rome; the former source of kingly authority has itself become essentially auto-monarchical, and the effect of so great a change must be prodigious upon the other governments of Europe. It shows how imperfectly the republican spirit has been developed in France

that it was there that the first attempt was made by an European government to interfere and restore the Pope to his temporal authority. The spirit of anti-Episcopacy appears to be spreading widely in England, and the cause of religious liberty has lately received a fresh impulse there from the secession of the Honorable and Reverend Baptist Noel from the established Church. The book recently published by this celebrated preacher, giving his reasons for abjuring Episcopacy, or rather Church-and-Stateism, we alluded to but briefly in our review department. Mr. Noel is a good hearty opponent of the Church of England, and speaks his sentiments with sufficient boldness, as the following extract proves:

"The union of the Churches with the State is doomed.—Condemned by reason and religion, by scripture and by experience, how can it be allowed to injure the nation much longer? All the main principles upon which it rests are unsound. Its State-salaries, its supremacy, its patronage, its compulsion of payments for the support of religion, are condemned by both the precedents and the precepts of the word of God. We have seen that it sheds a blighting influence upon prelates, incumbents, curates, and other members of churches. It adds little to the number of pastors, it distributes them with a wasteful disregard to the wants of the population, and it pays least those whom it ought to pay most liberally. It excludes the Gospel from thousands of parishes; it perpetuates corruptions in doctrine; it hinders all scriptural discipline; it desecrates the ordinances of Christ, confounds the Church and the world, foment schism among Christians, and tempts the ministers of Christ, both in and out of the Establishment, to be eager politicians. Further, it embarrasses successive governments, maintains one chief element of revolution in the country, renders the reformation of the Anglican Churches hopeless, hinders the progress of the Gospel throughout the kingdom, and strengthens all the corrupt papal Establishments of Europe.

"Worst of all, it 'grieves' and 'quenches' the Spirit of God, who cannot be expected largely to bless the Churches which will not put away their sins.

"But when it shall be destroyed, we have reason to hope that the churches will revive in religion speedily. Sound doctrine will then be heard from most of the Anglican pulpits; evangelists will go forth into every part of the land; scriptural discipline will be restored; schisms will be mitigated; Christian ministers will cease to be political partisans; we may look for a larger effusion of the Spirit of God; and England may become the foremost of the nations in godliness and virtue.

"Let all who fear and love God arise to accomplish this second Reformation. The work which our martyred forefathers began in the face of the dungeon and the stake, let us, in their spirit, complete!"

He gives the following, by no means flattering, account of the state of piety among the divines of the Established Church:

"Amongst pious Anglican pastors it is common to hear strong and even violent denunciation of Popery, which requires no courage, because the thunderer launches his bolts against a despised minority, and is echoed by admiring multitudes. But the ten thousand practical abuses within the Establishment wake no such indignant thunders.—the nomination of worldly prelates,—the exclusion of the Gospel from thousands of parishes in which, by the union, ungodly ministers have the monopoly of spiritual instruction,—the easy introduction of irreligious youths into the ministry,—the awful desecration of baptism, especially in large civic parishes,—the more awful fact, that thirteen thousand Anglican pastors leave some millions of the poor out of a population of only sixteen millions utterly untaught,—the hateful bigotry of the canons, which excommunicate all who recognise any other Churches of Christ in England except our own,—the complete fusion of the Church and the world at the Lord's table,—the obligation upon every parish minister publicly to thank God for taking to himself the soul of every wicked person in the parish who dies without being excommunicated,—the almost total neglect of scriptural Church discipline,—the tyranny of the license system,—the sporting, dancing, and card-playing of many clergymen,—the government orders to the churches of Christ to preach on what topics, and to pray in what terms, the State prescribes,—the loud and frequent denunciation of our brethren of other denominations as schismatics,—the errors of the Articles and of the prayer-book, and the invasion of the regal prerogatives of Christ by the State supremacy,—the total absence

of self-government, and therefore of all self-reformation, in the establishment, &c. &c. &c.: all these enormous evils are tolerated and concealed. Dissenters are often and eagerly attacked because comparatively weak; but scarcely a tongue condemns the tyranny of the State towards the Anglican Churches, because the State is strong and holds the purse.

"But what is the actual state of the Establishment? Myriads of its members have nothing of Christianity but the name, received in infancy by baptism, and retained without one spontaneous act of their own; and millions do nothing whatever to promote the cause of Christ. Its 13,000 churches are generally without brotherly fellowship, without discipline, without spirituality, without faith. Like Laodicea, they are lukewarm; like Sardis, they have a name to live and are dead. Of its 16,000 ministers, about 1568 do nothing; about 6681 limit their thoughts and labors to small parishes, which contain from 10 to 300 souls; while others in cities and towns profess to take charge of 8000 or 9000 souls. And of the 12,923 working pastors of churches, I fear, from various concurrent symptoms, that about 10,000 are unconverted men, who neither preach nor know the Gospel."

THE VIRTUES OF OUR ANCESTORS.—Let what will be said of the stern virtues of our ancestors, it is very certain that temperance was not one of the virtues they could boast of. Our great grandfathers were certainly a guzzling, feasting race, who eat hot suppers before going to bed, drank brandy at their dinners, and never went to bed perfectly sober. A clergyman, writing in Boston sixty years since, said:

"Our dissipation, extravagance, and indolence astonish older countries. If luxury, intemperance, and sensuality constitute a life of pleasure, then do we of this town most certainly lead it."

This could not be said of Boston now, when a man is not allowed to smoke a cigar in the streets, and those who are inclined to intemperance will look in vain for a place where intoxicating drinks are sold by the glass. There were no lectures in those days, no concerts, no temperance societies, no cheap papers, no atheneums, lyceums, nor mercantile libraries; but the chief sources of evening amusements were the card-table, the ball-room, the tavern and the masonic lodge. The change since then in our social habits makes us almost blush for our ancestors.

WHAT IS A BILLION?—As some of our friends in these golden days may possibly get a billion of money together, and, after all, not know how to count it, perhaps the following list of arithmetical information will be of service to them:

"The French mode of computation is to consider a thousand millions a billion, and a million of millions a trillion, &c. In England and America we call a million of millions a billion, and a million of billions a trillion, &c. There is a vast difference between the two systems."

THE accidents of literary fame are well instanced in the following extract from a lecture by Rev. Henry Giles. He makes an odd mistake in respect to Bloomfield, who was a shoemaker, although only known by his poem of the "Farmer's Boy."

"Fame does not come by wishing—because genius or power does not come by wishing. Locke wrote his immortal essays for a Conversation Club; Chesterfield his wicked but polished letters to refine the manners of a son that could not be refined; Pascal's Provincial Letters were composed in a temporary controversy. Indeed the position that epistolary compositions hold is not the least determined; and those that have attained it have been written without the least view to it. Swift had no anxiety for literary fame, and he cares as little about the literary opinion of his contemporaries as he did of their moral opinion; yet his fame is immortal. Had Bloomfield been a justice of the peace instead of a farmer's boy, the world would have known little about him. It had been better for poor Bloomfield to have remained at the plough; and for Kirk White's literary fame his death came time enough. Could Shakespeare have discovered through the mysterious future the millions that were

to pant, and laugh, and weep over the wizard poetry that convulsed audiences, such must have given him exceeding exultation—mighty as his soul was, yet it would have felt the enlargement of a new joy as he saw men weeping and laughing over his pages, not on the Thames only but upon the banks of the Ganges and the most remote regions of the earth."


A TREMENDOUS HORSE FLY.—The Montreal Transcript says that a horse, named Fly, was lately trotted from Montreal to Cornwall, a distance of 90 miles, in six hours and fifteen minutes, excluding stops. This is over 14 miles an hour.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.—We have been compelled to omit the Pulpit Portrait intended for the April number, in consequence of the illness of the gentleman who has charge of this department of our Magazine.

—The "Atheist;" the concluding part of this interesting story did not reach us, as promised, in season for insertion this month.

—We have heard from several quarters that a person by the name of D. C. F. Ellis, representing himself as an agent of Holden's Magazine, has been round the country soliciting subscriptions and receiving money therefor. We have no such agent. The public are cautioned against him.

—We must request our friends who write on their own business to pay the postage on their letters. Necessity compels us to make an undeviating rule not to take any letters from the Post Office which are not pre-paid.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

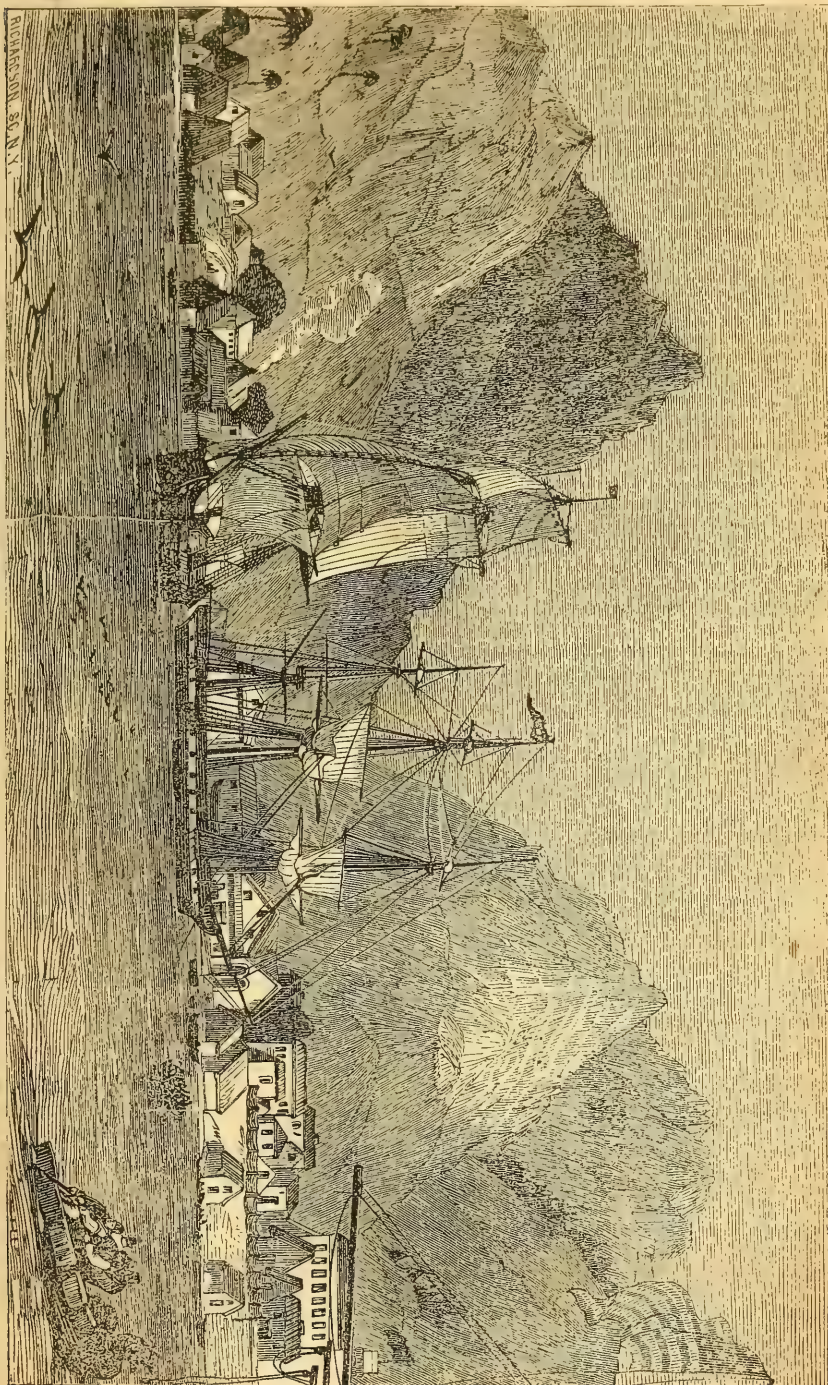
As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1849.

NO. V.



THE PORT OF HONOLULU, IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HONOLULU.

It is not many years since Honolulu was regarded as one of the Cannibal Islands, and Missionaries were sent thither to tame the savage natures of its inhabitants and teach them the great truths of Christianity. Now, Honolulu is a port of importance in the maritime world, its inhabitants have been partially christianized, and, although they are still ruled by a native hereditary king, like our own aborigines they are fast disappearing, and in their place is fast settling a motley population from all parts of the earth. But the principal inhabitants of Honolulu are Americans, they transact the business of the place, fill the important offices in State affairs, and influence the mind of the king. It is not improbable that before a great many years the whole power of this fertile Island will be in the hands of United Statesers. The flag of the Island is made up of the English and American ensigns, showing the origin of the new civilization of the inhabitants, and the sources whence they have derived their power. Heretofore Honolulu has been chiefly important as a harbor of refuge to our whale ships in the Pacific, which there refit and recruit their crews on their long voyages, but since the fertile regions of Oregon and California have passed into our possession, a new trade has been opened to the enterprise of our people in that remote part of the world, and the great accession to our commerce, caused by the discovery of the gold placers, will render Honolulu more than ever an important harbor for our national and merchant ships. At the last dates from that interesting Island, the native inhabitants and foreign residents were fast leaving it to dig gold on the Sacramento, but the future benefits to be derived from the gold diggings by the inhabitants of Honolulu, will greatly outweigh in value the precious metals which its inhabitants will be able to procure from digging at the placers.

The beautifully engraved view which we give on the preceding page, of this interesting sea port, presents a truthful and striking representation of its peculiarities and beauties. All who have visited the Island concur in their accounts of it, and agree in representing it as one of the loveliest and healthiest spots in the world.

In a recent number of the *Polynesian*, one of the Honolulu journals, received from a friend there, a rather discouraging view is taken of the probable effects on the prosperity of the Island by the great emigration of inhabitants, native and foreign, to the Land of Gold.

The following extract from the "*Polynesian*" shows what immediate results were anticipated from the sudden opening of a new traffic with San Francisco:

"**AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND LETTERS.**—The communication between here and San Francisco is so frequent now that letters need not lay there long after the arrival of the steamers. It is refreshing to think that the time is not far distant when one great privation which we have endured

—the lack of regular communication—will be removed. Persons in the United States wishing to communicate with their friends at the Islands, will find the Panama mail line the safest as well as the most expeditious route."

"**THE RUSH.**—Somebody has furnished us with the following dialogue which occurred in this town a few days since, between a shipowner and a stranger:

Stranger—How much do you ask, Mr. —, for a cabin passage to California?

Shipowner—One hundred dollars cash down in advance. But I can't take you—all full in the cabin.

Stranger—Well, suppose I go in the hold, how much do you ask then?

Shipowner—Eighty dollars; but I can't take you. Hold is full.

Stranger—But can't I go in the fore-peak? what is the price of passage there?

Shipowner—Eighty dollars, but I can't take you. Full, fore and aft.

Stranger—Well, can't I go aloft somewhere? and suppose I do, what will you charge?

Shipowner—We charge eighty dollars to go anywhere; but can't carry you aloft. Got to carry provisions there.

Stranger—It is a hard case, isn't it? But as I want to go tolerably bad, what will you charge to tow me?

The shipowner retreated suddenly, and didn't make his appearance again, till the vessel had sailed.

This, of course, is one of the jokes of the Honolulu press, but it shows how eager the inhabitants of the Island are to leave it and go in quest of the gold of the Sacramento. We fear that his majesty of the Sandwich Islands who, at the last accounts, was sick of the measles, will hardly have a subject left, and he will be able to say or sing, with Alexander Selkirk:

"I am master of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute."

There is no lack of books which give a minute account of Honolulu, and the surrounding Islands. Ellis' *Polynesian Researches*, Melville's "*Omoo*," Ruschenberger's *Voyage Round the World*, Stewart's well known work, and the correspondence of the Missionaries stationed on the Island, whose various letters have been printed in the religious periodicals of England and America. Melville in his *Omoo* has given an account of the missionaries, that has been pronounced by others, who ought to be able to give correct information, as grossly exaggerated, or wholly untrue. We should hope, for the honor of our missionaries, that Mr. Melville's sketches were made from hearsay rather than actual observation, for he represents a condition of society which would be disgraceful to any civilized beings, much less the heralds of the cross who have been sent abroad to preach the gospel of Christ to the nations that sit in darkness.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

AN ENGLISH TALE FOR THE TIMES.

[CONCLUDED.]

ALL this while the air was gathering in about us, ever closer and hotter. Whatever was to be would be, and that soon; the weather was intensely sultry—it was the middle of August—and in the fashionable language, which does not recognise the existence of any life lower than its own sphere, we were alone in Cheltenham! There had been no rain for weeks; and the air was of that heavy vaporous sultriness, that it was almost cooler to remain at rest in it, as if motion did but assist the heat to penetrate. Yet from habit we went on riding through the bye-lanes which were not trampled into the dust, or on the downs, where the fallow grass was gasping out its life. Sometimes with random eagerness, catching at any or every subject to protect us from ourselves; sometimes we drew on, hour after hour, in lengthened silence, yet without feeling that we were silent, for we seemed to know why we could not speak. Each day as we went out I could not tell how we might return. She loved me—every tone, every restless action, told it; and she knew that I loved her, and yet could not tell her. And still we went on.

One day I went to their house as usual, in the morning; Mr. Fenton was not there. Mamma was under the evil spirit, and pointedly impolite to me. Georgina had not been down stairs; she was suffering from headache; and when I mentioned the hour at which the horses would be brought round, I was told I might as well counter-order them. Still I loitered. It is very uncomfortable to stay where there is pointedly nothing for you to do, when you are shown you are not wanted; and yet I did not like to be contented with mamma's answer, and I liked to be in Georgina's atmosphere, if I could not be with her.

"There is a drawing Miss de Courcy left for me to finish." It was up stairs. Georgina was asleep, and she could not disturb her.

I was not impudent enough to try the mesmerism; and there was no alternative. Awkwardness is the most rapidly infectious of poisons. Let it but breathe on you, and you are the slave of it. I was beaten out of house and temper, and was grumbling my way down stairs, when, in the hall, I saw my genius, Mr. Fenton.

"You are not going?" he said, as he took my arm.

"Miss de Courcy is not well to-day," I answered. "And—and—"

"Oh, you had better not go immediately. Come back with me, I wish to speak to you."

Mamma looked very angry when she saw me re-enter, and under such escort.

"I am sorry to hear about Georgina," he said. "It is nothing serious, I trust. Is she not coming down? Can I see her?"

"She will see you, of course," replied mamma, with a point upon the *you* which was meant to be

spiteful, and showed she was not ashamed of the fib of her being asleep.

"I will go up, then, if you will take me," he said.

There was no objection. Mr. Fenton's words was peremptory.

They went. I was left ten minutes alone: and in looking over the room I found the unfortunate drawing. Mamma had condescended to another fib. But it was no matter. By and by they reappeared.

"There is nothing to alarm us," Mr. Fenton said. "It is only the oppressiveness of the atmosphere. A ride, I think, will be good for her, if you are not engaged."

There was something so resolutely absurd about this that I was almost frightened. If Mr. Fenton was not the "gentleman in grey," he was so like him that I felt inclined to shrink from his favors for fear of after demands. Still I would see it out. Mrs. de Courcy stood fuming and chafing, but she made no opposition; there was no help for it now; and if there was any under-game, one heart, at least, I knew, and I was sure of that. Georgina followed shortly after, looking pale and feverish, but dressed for riding, and with a manner more resignedly desperate than I had yet seen her wear. We struggled on through luncheon, Mr. Fenton holding us together. The horses came at two o'clock, and we started.

We could neither of us say much. Our strange condition was weighing us both down past endurance, and the heavy air seemed set into dull sympathy with us. The sun was covered over with a sickly mist, and great massive clouds, with saffron edges, were hanging round the horizon, showing against the dark sky behind them like tarnished gold. I was alarmed as we cleared the town, and suggested feebly that it would be better to turn back; but there was a recklessness that day in Georgina. She had been forced into this ride in spite of herself, and as it was to be, she was determined to go on with it. We went off upon the race-course. There is something most awful in the suddenness of a summer storm. It is as if the sky were all one great battery waiting loaded, in dead silence, for the signal, and in an instant the whole furious play of the huge artillery is set loose. We were in the middle of the heath, neither house nor shelter near, but, perhaps a mile from us, the great desolate stand staring in its tawdry vacancy, like a fashionable beauty in the dead season in the country. A few sheep were standing about in a kind of oppressed drowsiness; and it was all so deeply still, that the thistle-down hung motionless on the stalk. The horses were restive and uneasy, flinging their ears forward, and turning their heads towards each other, as if each would breathe his alarm into the other's ear, and then tossing them wildly into the air, as though

both had learned that their fright was mutual.—Again, and more than once, I urged our return: at last, a few great drops of rain, and a low melancholy gust, which came sighing over the down, alarmed my companion into consenting. But we had scarcely turned our horses' heads, when the signal flash shot across the sky, and lighting up the train in every cloud, down came the pent torrent, as if a thousand cataracts were unchained. The thunder crash followed on the lightning as close as the bellow of cannon on its bursting flame. We were in the very heart of the storm. In the same moment it had grown black as when the sun is in eclipse, as if the earth stage had been darkened to show off the splendor of the lightning, and the sparkling hail-dance on the grass. There was no need of spurs for the frightened horses, as we made away towards the miserable shelter of the stand. At a fast gallop we were sweeping over the down, when a furious flash struck right down, as if it would split the earth before our horses' feet. For the instant I lost sight of my companion. I was blinded by the lightning, and my horse reeled as if he were struck, swerved, and spun madly round under me; I collected him, and turned again. She was down; horse and rider rolled on the ground. I thought the flash had struck her. I sprang off; my horse stood staggering in fear, too awful to let him stir. I flew to her—she did not move; but at least the lightning had not touched her—that last, worst horror, I was spared. Her horse had swerved like mine, but lost his footing from the speed with which he was going, and had fallen with his rider.

Happily, perhaps, she must have been thrown before he fell, for she was lying far from him, beyond danger from his struggles. She was senseless, but she breathed. She had fallen on her head, as the crushed hat showed; but I hoped—if, in the agony in which I was, I had any clear thought at all—that the hat might have saved her. We were still a quarter of a mile from the stand, and the storm was rising in its fury; the broad flashes played and flickered along the grass, and the great dancing ice-drops glittered in their light. I raised her in my arms; intense excitement takes off the limits of man's strength when life or death hangs upon its exercise, and I bore her along, knowing nothing and feeling nothing, but that all I cared for upon earth depended for life on me. I soon reached the door. It was locked, the wretched thing; the one only time when it might open for a worthier purpose than that to which it owed its being. I laid her down for a moment, and with a large stone I dashed it in, and between the four cold walls on the vacant floor of the race-course office I found at least a shelter for her.

Oh, what an issue of all our doubts and trials, if this torpor should be the death one! I gnashed my teeth, and cursed Fenton. What madness at such an hour is not pardonable? I thought he was a demon, and this was his revenge, and that by some infernal power he had foreseen or caused the storm.

There was still no sign of motion. I could not leave her, and help there was none. I unlaced the tightly closed riding-dress, and let the air play in upon her breast. I wrung water out of her

drenched skirt; and bathed her face with it. As I breathed upon her forehead to dry off the moisture into coldness, she raised one arm feebly, and unclosed her eyes. For a moment, till the pupils steadied under the light, they rolled vacantly from side to side, and then, by a mechanical instinct, getting her dress out of its disarrangement, she faintly asked where she was.

She was lying on the ground; I was sitting by her, and her head was resting upon me.

"Thank Heaven, you recover!" I said. "Do not move, you are safe here."

Her faculties were slowly struggling together.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"There was lightning," I said: "your horse fell, and you were stunned."

"And you, are you hurt? That awful lightning!"

In her feebleness, she had lost power for the effort of constraining her feelings: they flowed naturally now.

"Are you hurt, dear Mr. Frankland? There is blood on your hand?"

I had cut it in breaking open the door, and I had not observed it. It was nothing.

"I? no, dearest Miss de Courcy. How can you think of me at such a time?"

The warm words hurried her back to her self possession; she seemed first to feel where she was lying, and, with a faint blush, she asked me to help her rise. I entreated her to rest for a few moments longer. But she was well she said—quite well now. I was myself anxious to see if she was any further hurt, and raised her. She stood for a moment—no limb, at least, had suffered; but the effort was too great; her brain swam, her hand closed convulsively on my arm; she leant back, and fainted. I laid her down again in the old—oh, how dear!—position; it was but a short, a very short relapse, and she could soon speak again. And all struggle was over then. This frightful accident had flung us too utterly upon one another for any more concealment, and all the passionate words which now came pouring from me I learnt from her own feeble lips that she heard without reluctance.

It was growing lighter now; the thunder followed at long intervals on the fainter lightning; the hail had passed away, and it was rain which was falling now to melt away the cold white curtain which was stretched over the down. There was a noise outside the house; I started to the door. A shepherd boy had caught the horses and brought them to the stand, on the chance of finding their riders there. This was, indeed, fortune. I tore two leaves from my pocket-book, and wrote in pencil a hurried note to Dr. —, desiring him to come up immediately with a carriage; and another to Mrs. de Courcy just saying that an accident had happened, but that, providentially, it had passed without injury; Georgina was safe, and would soon follow. With these I sent the boy on my horse, with orders not to spare the whip; and in a few moments we were again alone.

Other thoughts now began to swarm upon me, as I felt that these, so frightful, yet so exquisitely happy minutes, would soon pass; and then —

what was to be then? Yes, Georgina loved me; she had said she loved me. And with her love I felt so strong, that if Swedenborg himself came up from his grave to tear her from me, I could laugh at him and defy him. A fresh, warm, beautiful sun-gleam, came pouring in through the broken door. Georgina could stand now, and, leaning heavily on my arm, she went out with me into the air. So fair, so lovely, all now seemed, as if Nature, worn to very death, had passed through some terrible dying ordeal, and had burst out again in young bright strength and beauty. There swung the charmed rainbow, fair emblem of the world's second birth, its great arch glittering against the retiring storm, which was hanging on its skirts, like Victory on the scattered hosts of a flying invader; and the dripping flowers of the heather were sparkling in the light, as if every plant were hung with gems beyond the skill of jeweller.

"So let us take the omen, dear, dear Georgina. Our trials are ended, as the storm has ended; they have given you to me."

She could not speak, she could but press my arm; but how eloquent her touch was now! She was growing fearfully agitated. The shock of the fall, the terrors of the storm, and the bewildering *denouement* which had followed, were too much for a stronger frame than hers. I had again to support her to the ground; and more than once her eyes closed as the nerve refused its office, and the room and the scene, and all her consciousness, floated into confusion. Delicious as it was to be thus alone with her—to feel that (for the first time, at least) I was all the world to her, and she was utterly and entirely mine, her fluttering pulses, the deep paleness and dark flushes which chased each other across her features, became too alarming to leave me any sweeter consciousness than an anxiety which what had just occurred had more intensely deepened.

An hour passed before the carriage came. In a few moments I had explained all which could be explained, and Dr. — at once assured me that there was nothing really to fear. She must be taken into Cheltenham quietly; he would accompany her. Perhaps the best thing I could do, would be to ride on and prepare her friends against alarm.

I would naturally have preferred changing the arrangement; but, unhappily, what is most natural is not always most practicable. She was lifted into the carriage, only sensible of what was passing—I fancied sensible enough to expect that I should be her companion; at least, I guessed so, from the faint flush of disappointment. I sprang on my horse, and, in an odd enough disorder of sensations, galloped into the town.

I found Mrs. de Courcy sufficiently anxious from my note. I told her briefly the nature of the accident, what I had done, and Dr. —'s assurance; and, to avoid any further ineffectual talking, made my own wetting an excuse to hasten to my lodgings.

In the evening I returned. The servant told me Miss de Courcy was going on quite well. She was in bed, but collected and quiet. His mistress had said that if I called she wished to see me.—

My heart sprang into my throat as I went up stairs. It was coming now, the scene—the fatal scene. Something had already fallen from Georgina's confusion which had betrayed the secret. Now, then, for the explosion. I was not wrong. With the same exalted majesty with which she had sailed past me at the concert on the first fatal evening, she swept into the drawing room where I was waiting her. The wan light of the wax candles set off her tall figure, and I saw the flash of her eye as it lit upon me. To my anxious inquiries, she did but vouchsafe a bitter—

"There is no fear; my daughter will be well to-morrow—at least, her body will."

And then there was a pause, which it was not for me to break. I had risen when she entered. She neither sat down herself nor asked me to sit, and we stood looking at one another.

"I desired to speak to you, Mr. Frankland," she said, at last. "Your own conscience has, perhaps, suggested to you my reason. You must have been aware that your repeated visits here had ceased to be agreeable to me. I was not blind to your motive in them, though I was weak enough to allow myself to be overpersuaded by one who will now suffer from his mistake even more bitterly than I. Enough of that. I will spare you the shame of hearing his name spoken. I endured you at his instance and I have learnt this evening from my daughter that you have betrayed his generous confidence—that you were endeavoring (unhappily, you have fatally succeeded) to draw away her heart from him to whom it had solemnly been vowed."

I was silent. At this stage there was nothing for me to say.

"You do not speak, sir," she went on, with breaking passion. "No, falsehood like yours may well hang its head. It was no common tie which bound her to that person, as he is no common man. He is one with a commission from Heaven to bear a message to an unbelieving world. His generous heart trusted all to you, and you have betrayed him. In spite of my warning—for I am not the fool which you, perhaps, believed me—he persisted in desiring me to accept your visits. His duties called him much away from us; and he said that you were good, that Heaven had given you talents, and that your society as his friend would be more than a pleasure to his intended wife. His simple heart knew no evil, and he feared none; and now—now—I will not repeat again the hideous issue. But you, sir, had paid your last visit here, but that I desired once more to see you to lay your shame before you, and (if you have respect enough for yourself to be humbled in your own eyes) to disgrace you for ever by the knowledge of the feeling which you have wronged. And now go, sir; it is the last time we meet on earth. If we are to meet elsewhere, God must have given you another heart."

I was prepared for much; but, even if the account of Mr. Fenton's feelings was the true one, there was something monstrous in the assumption of such a tone as this. She had overshot herself in her anger, and taken impossible ground.

"You have spoken, Mrs. de Courcy," I said,

"now hear me. And to Mr. Fenton (for I am not afraid of his name) I shall be as ready to answer as I am to yourself. I must go back, to justify myself, to the beginning of our intimacy. When I called upon you the day after we first met, you received me with marked pleasure; you invited me to repeat my visits. There was no encouragement possible which I did not meet with from you. I have been your daughter's companion every day from that time, and you made no difficulty; you treated me as if I was openly paying my addresses to her with your own approbation. What your motive might be I could not tell, I could only judge from what you did. Neither yourself nor Mr. Fenton dropped a hint to me of any engagement. I will not pretend that I had not heard it spoken of in the world, but I was not bound to accept a rumor which your conduct so entirely contradicted. Your manner may have varied to me lately; it may have been, as you say, when you saw that an attachment was forming itself. But you never spoke to me of it. Why did you not? I am not answerable for Mr. Fenton's conduct. I do not understand it: but I will not believe him to have been so simply blind as you insist. But you, who were not blind, cannot reproach me; you are self-condemned, for you had no right to expose us to such a trial unless you were prepared for any issue of it. I allow that, perhaps, I ought to have given more weight to the world's rumors, and reminded you of your duty. To-morrow I should have spoken to you. But as, until a few hours ago, no word of explanation ever passed between Miss de Courcy and myself, you cannot, and you shall not, accuse me of underhand manœuvres."

I could not see her face, as she was standing with her back to the light; and as she did not interrupt me, I flattered myself I was making an impression.

"Oh, Mrs. de Courcy!" I continued, "it may seem a light thing to you to prescribe your daughter's husband—to drive one she loves away from her, and compel her to a choice of your own. It may be, that once she was able to look forward to a union with him; but all is changed now—how changed it is too late to consider. For me, it is not for my wretched self that I am pleading now. But if you yourself have a mother's heart, if Mr. Fenton is the generous man I believe him to be, you will, at least, wait before you take a step for which she, and you, and he, may pay in bitterness for ever."

"This to me!" she answered, passionately. "A lesson in my duty and from you! I desire you to leave me, sir."

"And this is all, then, which I have to hope from you!"

"I have said, sir. You will, perhaps, spare yourself an escort down the stairs."

"Then, madam," I said, in as great a rage as herself, "take my last words, and you shall not accuse me again of being underhand with you. If your miserable fanaticism has closed you senses against the voice of truth and feeling, they shall try other means with you. They are on my side, and will stand by me. I will not give up Miss de Courcy. She is mine; her heart is mine."

She who alone has the right to give it has given it to me, and only she shall take it from me. I shall see Mr. Fenton. If he is cold and unjust as you are, then look to yourselves. There are no means I will not use to take her from you. Intrigue shall entangle you; gold shall open ways through your walls, your doors, your garrets, and your cellars; no voice about you you shall trust. Be on your guard, I have warned you."

She sprang to the bell. I took my hat, and was moving towards the door, when once again the genius was at hand. There were folding doors leading into the inner drawing-room; one of the leaves was open, and Mr. Fenton entered from behind it.

"Pardon me," he said; "I came up a few minutes ago, and I was obliged to overhear some of your conversation."

I thought this was part of the scheme, and I grew more desperately angry.

"You have chosen an honorable post, sir, and I am glad of it, as it saves me the small remorse I might have felt for you."

"As honorable, Mr. Frankland, as to bribe servants to betray their trust."

"Then you know all at last!" said Mrs. de Courcy; "at last your eyes are opened!"

"Will you excuse us for a few moments, Mrs. de Courcy? Mr. Frankland thinks he has something to say to me as well as to you. I will give him the opportunity."

I drew my temper up with a desperate effort. Mrs. de Courcy lingered, but a gesture of Mr. Fenton was peremptory, and she left us.

"You had better sit down," he said very quietly, as I was swelling, hot in hand.

"It is little I have to say, sir; and I do not sit as an unwelcome guest. As you heard what I said to Mrs. de Courcy, I need not repeat it. If you would blame any one for what has happened it must be yourself. You bear the responsibility, and Miss de Courcy's mother has less to answer for than you, for it was under your influence that she was acting. I do not believe you were blind, and though I cannot read your motive or penetrate your character, if you have been playing a game it is a losing one, and the dishonor is not with me but with yourself."

Mr. Fenton sighed in his peculiarly sad, melancholy way, which fell upon my passion like dejection upon sin.

"Sit down," he said.

There are some people we cannot choose but obey; our will bends before them like a rush before the wind. I sank upon a chair.

"I am not going to repeat Mrs. de Courcy's reproaches, which are as foolish as they are undeserved. What you may think of me matters little to myself—though much perhaps to you. What I have thought of you, you are now to learn, and this burst of temper is far too natural to induce me to alter it."

Here was a beginning. He went on—

"I have often observed that you sought an explanation with me. I was pleased to see it, for it spoke well for you. But it did not serve my purpose to anticipate, and I always contrived to check you. The natural time is come now, and now

you shall have it. My life has been what men would call a bitter one. I was forty years old when I came to Cheltenham, and for those forty years I had been at school with Experience. For what might be left me of life I seemed to see a straight road before me. If it was a hard one, I could travel the faster on it, and carry heavier burdens. I am brief, for I will not weary you with myself. I formed an acquaintance with this family. Mrs. de Courcy's enthusiasm made her throw herself entirely upon me. In her highly-gifted and noble-minded daughter I saw a person of quite another mould, in whom I thought I found one that—no matter. She admired me; but I knew, and she did not know, how different admiration is from love. I knew my own defects—that one so weather-beaten as I might well fail to win the only feeling under which she might ever become my wife; and I determined that no more than a tacit engagement should stand the test of a year's trial, leaving her for that time wholly free, before I would allow her to take a step which is past repenting. These were the terms upon which we were when I first saw you. I had heard of you as I told you, and you had heard of me. You knew me and you knew something of those terms at our first meeting."

I started and partly colored.

"I saw it in the look you gave me, which, at first, I did not understand as I was not aware that you were acquainted with the de Courcys. But the end of the evening explained its beginning to me. I saw the pleasure with which she was listening to you. I saw in you a person who would try her feeling towards myself."

"Gracious Heaven!" I cried; "then this was the reason—"

"Let me go on," he said. "You might have been idly coquetting for your own pleasure. It might be so, although the character I had heard of you made it unlikely. But I would see you and know you myself; unless you deserved that character I would not expose her to the trial. With difficulty I persuaded Mrs. de Courcy to allow your visits. You came often; I had you encouraged. I watched you throughout, and all was as I expected; this last day has but concluded what, from the first, I felt to be inevitable."

My heart choked me.

"Mr. Fenton," I stammered, "tell me but one thing, and do not think I am wronging you in asking it. But in the bitterness of the punishment you are heaping on me, base, miserable, selfish as I have been, may I be spared the worst. Do you love Miss de Courcy?"

"What is the love of a withered heart?" he answered. "Such affection as I had to give, I gave her. It is hers still, as it has been, and as it will be, the calm affection of admiring, and approving reason. Do not reproach yourself with selfishness; we are all selfish. You were carried away by passion, and passion has been a true guide to you. Mine might have been a worse selfishness, though, happily, it has been spared success. No," he said, and his voice trembled, "I have loved as you love, and that can never be again."

May I be spared the record of my shame and sorrow for the deep wrong I had done this noble-minded man! A Swedenborgian he was. There are many creeds—there is but one humanity. He won the last and hardest battle for us with Mrs. de Courcy, and the St. Johns returned to Cheltenham to be present at our marriage.

TO A YOUNG HUSBAND,

TAKING A YOUNG WIFE FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO A FAR HOME IN THE WEST—AND WHO
WAS OFTEN IN TEARS AFTER LEAVING HER HOME.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THE heart—the heart—is full of tears,
Sweet ties are broken there,
The tender friends of early years
No more her feelings share.

Oh! ever, ever be to her
What now thou fondly art,
In future years—still—still refer
To what now fills thy heart.

Glen Cottage, N. Y., 1849.

Pass gently on the pilgrim way
Of life's uneven road,
Sustained by hopes whose cheering ray,
Shall bring thee peace from God.

Full many a joy may cheer the heart—
Full many a sorrow come—
But true to each, as now thou art,
Still blest will be thy home.

TALKS WITH YOU—ABOUT THE SERPENT AND THE DOVE.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"Behold I set before you this day a blessing and a curse."—[BIBLE.]

Good people—dear people, *do* wait! I am completely out of breath trying to keep up with you. Pray what *is* the use of all this hurry, and bustle, and confusion? there will probably be a world for you to work in to-morrow, just as there is to day! For the life of me I cannot tell what it is you are trying to do, you are all in such haste, and that is what makes me think, and fear, I am sadly behind the "intelligence of the age."

Now, if you only did but know it, it is delightful to loiter, and rest, and muse, on such a sun-shining day as this! The skies look so very calm, and peaceful, and nature takes her time so gracefully, and leisurly, for accomplishing all her mighty doings, that it certainly does seem strange that people, who after all their greatest and most constant efforts, can bring so little comparatively to pass, should so hurry, and wrestle, and strive without ceasing. Doesn't it? I am in the greatest state of perplexity to know where I shall find a listener! Will you not some of you please to stop? You, dear, quiet girl, do let me convince you that you have nothing to do this pleasant Saturday afternoon but to sit and harken to me! Certainly you are a very "God-send" in the shape of a listener; come, sit down by me, and I will tell you a story. I don't know that it will prove exactly a story in the Magazine sense of the word either—for, understand, I am not going into the details of the progress of a young gentleman and lady as they "fall in love"—nor have I any hair-breadth escapes to tell—nor any "love, murder, and suicide" story to relate. It is too calm a day to touch on such exciting themes, so this shall be an easy jog-trot sort of a sketch, essay, or tale, just which you may please to call it.

Two infants, in separate homes, in widely differing circumstances, bearing no sort of resemblance save in sex, and helplessness, on the same day were born.

Surrounding one, was the pomp and state of the mansion of a lord in the land, and amid scenes of almost regal magnificence the eyes of the infant opened. Far to the opposite, as you can well conceive, was the home and the surroundings of the other new comer on the earth.

Joy bells were rung, there was a smile of pride and satisfaction on the lip of the sire, and gladness in the heart of the mother when their first-born, the heir of princely wealth, awoke to life. But there was in that same hour a sorrowful increase of care and anxiety laid on the mind of the poverty-stricken father—and a despondency, and sickness at heart, in the mother of that other child. But beside the many friends, and the great household's satisfaction, who welcomed in the birth-day of the one, and the poor but kind friend who on that day strove to make comfortable that other family, there were other, and far different attendants of these twain.

While the heir of the greatest estate in the kingdom lay helpless in the arms of his stately nurse, unseen by all eyes save his own, which were half shut, and apparently without any power of vision, there came fluttering through a path of sunlight a white-winged Dove. It floated around the little child, circling ever nearer and nearer, and striving, as though it were a human thing, to win the attention of the child. But it was only for a moment that the babe glanced upward and looked upon the gentle bird. Even the white glitter of his wings, which was like silver in the sunshine, could not successfully attract his eyes; for—also brightened by that sunlight, coiling and moving rapidly on, its black eyes glistening, and emitting the light which has a power to charm the minds and souls of men, the serpent entered that home—the bright thing dared to lay itself down at the young child's feet, and fix those hateful eyes full on the innocent. And lo! the tiny arms of the infant were outstretched as though he would clasp the reptile to his breast! and a gay smile overspread the face of the boy!

So from out the walls of that proud castle the unregarded dove sped away, and the sun which had been all that day shining so brightly, went suddenly behind a cloud. Ere night came there was a furious storm breaking around the mansion of that lord, the rains descended and the winds blew violently upon it, so that the day which has opened beaming with hope, and rejoicing, closed in gloom and darkness. And while the mother pressed her infant closer to her breast, as though she might so shield it from all harm, an unaccountable fear and dread filled her mind, and with dark presentiments of evil the powerful lord paced his fine halls alone. The frenzied kind of joy which filled his bosom when they told him that to his house an heir was born had quite died away; and it was with a shudder, almost with regret, that he thought upon the child!

So passed the first day of the new Lord of Rossford on the earth.

There was another, I said, who in that same hour saw the light; he was the child of a poor day-laborer! The birth of an heir to the poverty of that house was no extraordinary event; there were no bells rung to tell out the gladness of the parents' hearts—there was no feasting and making merry, because that unto *them* a child was born!

Already in that home there were many young beings to be clothed and fed. Of course beyond the procuring of apparel and food for their offspring, the hopes of the parents might not soar—their bodily wants were all that they could satisfy—and indeed all the capabilities of the hard working man and woman, were exhausted completely in their toiling for such things as perish.

The father had gone to his labor, which, no matter what the event, must not be suspended for

a day, else something very like starvation would speedily ensue; the ill-clad, ill-fed children were out at play; the mother slept.

The faded old curtain which shaded the one small window of the hovel was slightly put back, and a stray sunbeam peeped in, thinking no doubt it was but an act of charity to enliven so poor a place. Its pure eyes were not shocked by such a scene of filth and degradation as too frequently meets the gaze in the homes of the poorest poor. Hard workers as they were, with scarcely a thought of ever bettering, in any degree, their circumstances in life, the good mother of that household would have thought it a sin to increase the discomfort of her husband and children by making the worst of a fortune, bad enough in itself, and by letting them live up to their eyes in dirt. As long as the water came down free from heaven and she might gather it "without money, and without price," she held it a duty to make much use of that important article in the domestic economy, throughout the little shed, (it could hardly be called a house,) in which they lived.

No coronetted cradle, no robes of lace awaited this latter child; no costly gifts were given and received—no congratulations lavished on the parents—no proud predictions made of the future of the babe. Ah, no! Wrapped up in coarse, rude "swaddling clothes," the infant awaited those two visitants, which every day and every hour attend the newly born.

The blue eyes of the infant were upraised.—Though their power of vision might not have been the most acute, they perhaps saw something to admire in the dark, smoke-stained ceiling above—a wise observer of things might have regarded this simple act of the child as an indication of the strong *excelsior* spirit within him! But, perhaps, again, and most likely, the act was a providential one, for just then overhead the white dove paused, and fanned him by the gentle motion of her wings, and the infant smiled when he saw it, and a faint weak cry of joy escaped him. The woman who was watching him moved him gently in her arms, and the action forced his eyes to fall upon the black, shining, many-hued serpent which lay coiled up at her feet. Stronger was the cry that burst then from his lips, but it was not of joy, but rather of terror. No attraction had the loathsome, glittering creature, who came in the armor of Satan, for that boy.

Slowly was the dove flitting away, when the child gazed upward upon it—looking back with an intensity of regret and sorrow it saw the appealing look of the infant, which seemed to beseech him to come back again, and quick as thought that look was answered, the dove was hovering, a guardian angel, over the child again. And still the mother slept—but, in a measure, the destiny of that child was fixed!

The sunshine disappeared from the little room; ere long the children came home again "tired of play"—the clouds were gathering thick and black, and a storm was "brewing." The thunder muttered in the distance, the glance of lightning rested often on the sky. Soon the father came from his labor. The heavy look of care had almost entirely disappeared from his fine, honest face—

there was a smile on his lip, and a cheerful light in his deep-set, gray eyes, and there was not such a stern, sorrowful knitting of the dark, shaggy eyebrows as in the morning.

He brought with him the supper for the family, and the friendly neighbor busied herself in its preparation. When the father had doffed his soiled coat for a cleaner garment, he took the little infant in his arms, softly and tenderly, as though those hands were not hard and stiff, with long rough toiling, as though he had not handled the rude implements of labor all the day; and real fatherly affection looked from his eyes, as he scanned the helpless young thing.

Truly, if there be health in the heart, there is no limit to its expansive power—not only its own children, but all the world it can love and care for!

When the supper was prepared, and the youthful legion gathered, with no very graceful movements, or soft voices, about the table, the father gave the infant to the care of its mother, and spoke tender, kindly words to her—and somehow her heart also had grown marvellously light and glad;—then he sat down at the table with his children.

And the rain descended, and the winds came, and the storm beat upon that house—but peace, and contentment, and a sense of security were within, for an angel had been there, and blessed those parents through their little child. * * *

A beautiful, graceful boy was playing alone in a park, magnificent in its proportions, and princely in its stateliness. He was clad in a suit of black velvet, with wristlets and belt of gold cloth. His hands were small, and delicately fashioned as a girl's, and on one finger sparkled a diamond ring.

The boy was beautiful, very beautiful, but his countenance lacked that nobleness and openness of expression so pleasant to observe in children. There was a suspicious, penetrating look in the small black eyes—and there was a something about his thin lips certainly not calculated to inspire that confidence in the uprightness and truthfulness of his nature some people think *all children* are entitled to alike.

Yet the boy's was a striking countenance. His forehead was high and broad, though retreating—his bearing was noble, that of one who knew he occupied no mean station in the world. His voice was sweet and winning in its usual tone—and there was a mingled grace and loftiness in his manner, developed somewhat extraordinarily in one so young.

He was alone, and it was yet quite early in the day. The plumed hat was thrown carelessly on the grass, and the usually pale face of the boy was flushed with excitement, and a smile of triumph was on his scornfully curled lip. After looking eagerly, for a moment, on the smooth gravelled walk, he stamped heavily upon the ground, exclaiming, gladly:

"That makes thirty!"

"Thirty what?" asked another boy, who came up just then from a remote quarter of the park.

The new comer was of about the same age with Walter Cunningham, but with his age, all points of comparison were ended. Very, very

great was the difference in their personal appearance, whether regarded naturally, or as fortune had dealt with them. He was shorter and much more clumsily built; his hands and feet were large, and far from being delicately formed—his thick black hair looked bushy and wild, and the large and somewhat coarse features bespoke him the descendant of a race of laborers.

In fact, these two young boys, facing each other, stood the representatives of two distinct and widely separated classes of people.

The one proud and haughty; slenderly and gracefully formed, with a voice soft as a maiden's, the type of the nobility of the day—the gilded frame. The other strong of limb, with no gentle voice—rugged in frame—dependent on his hands for the bread which kept life in him—noble in soul—large in hope—untiring in endeavor—ambitious, powerful, although but a mere boy, a fitting representative of the great and mighty class, The People; the picture without which that shining frame had been but a worthless, showy thing. For the people may live without an aristocracy—the aristocracy, independent of and without the people—never!

"Just thirty ant-hills," was the answer returned to the question of Peter Whitney; "the dirty creatures! I mean to destroy them all—they shall learn better manners than to build their nests in Rossford Park."

"What a queer speech!" replied the other boy, bluntly. "Why, Master Walter, they have not hurt you, have they?"

"Hurt me? no! but I found one of them creeping on my hat yesterday, and they have no business here. I mean to kill 'em all. I'll not leave one!"

"But, Master Walter, that is silly. Don't you know the poor weak things can't hurt you nor anything in the park? Why not let them be? They work so hard and faithful in this pleasant place they deserve to live here. I always feel a great deal more contented and better when I see such little creatures working so patiently."

"Don't you try to teach *me*, Peter Whitney—you know who I am, I suppose—and who *you* are, too!"

"Yes, sir, I *do* know. You are a rich, proud boy, and an only child. You will be heir to all this fine land one day. And I—I am a poor day-laborer's son, with plenty more like me at home. *You* ride in a coach, and I walk on foot, and bare-foot almost always. You dress in velvet and gold—I in fustian; but is that a reason I shouldn't tell you that it's a sin, and very cruel in you to kill these ants, and crush your foot on their nests?"

"Just stop where you are, or it may be the worse for you. You've said enough," said Walter Cunningham, passionately, "and don't you ever try to teach me again, you low-bred, impudent—"

"You're angry, now, Master Walter, but when you are alone and *think*, for you can't help *thinking*, then you'll see that you are in the wrong."

"Go away—go away, this minute, Peter Whitney, and don't you ever come here again in your life; don't you ever speak to me again, or dare to come near the castle."

But Peter was gone, and out of hearing, before half the young lordling's mandate had escaped his lips.

And again the serpent glided to the feet of the heir of Rossford, and, casting his glittering eyes upon him, he smiled a serpent's smile in his face, and the boy laid his caressing hand upon it, and the demon, in disguise, whispered, "Thou hast done well, thou rich, beautiful boy—thou must teach all such upstarts their proper place when they come near thee, and, by keeping the world at its distance, thou shalt teach the common herd of men that thou art not such as they."

But as Peter Whitney went on quickly to the workshop where he was learning a trade, and winning, by his diligence and skill, the praise and respect of his master, the white-winged dove went with him—and her shadow fell like a ray of light on the path before him, and the boy was happy.

* * * * *

Walter Cunningham was a man of the world—a "lion" in London. A successful author—a wit—and a man of great wealth and refinement, (though by marrying these last two words, I do not mean you to infer, I think them inseparable,) and, of course, ambitious—or he would not have been a writer at all, being so far removed from all necessity. But this enumeration is far from being a complete catalogue of the young man's personalities.

The world saw him in a most favorable light—at least that part with which he cared to pass well.

But—dear listener, there was a woman whose peace of mind he had ruined for ever—whose name he had made a by-word in her native village—whose prospects in life, humble as they were, he had blighted—whose hopes he had destroyed. A girl trusting and blameless, but cursed with beauty, (for who shall say that beauty does not prove oftentimes a curse to the dependent poor?) she was when he first knew her—but in the after years, when he was in the height of his pride and glory, *she*, among strangers who did not know her shame, was enduring a wretched, burdensome life. While he reigned in the scenes of fashion and revelry, and the shadow of a thought of her came seldom nigh him, she drank even to the lees that cup whose waters he had made so fearfully bitter. Nothing remained for *her* but to die, or to live a life which was one continued death-pang—but for him there was the honor of men, the love of fair and good women, and the admiration of the world! * * * * *

There was a boy, the son of poor parents, who had denied themselves, as only loving, poor people *can*, of every luxury, and many a necessary comfort, to give to their boy learning, by which he might one day make a respectable figure in the world; for their hopes and the prophecies of friends had made them believe he could and would.

He struggled long and desperately, nerved by the desire to fulfil the hopes of his parents and friends, and to prove himself worthy of them—he was highly successful in his most worthy endeavor, but in the constant and unwearied efforts he made his health gave way. Still, day and night, he devoted himself to the intensest study;—rest and refreshment, what were they? There was a prize

to win, and if he could only take home to his parents the testimony that he stood the highest in the graduating class, what a boon it would be to them! It was not for himself only or chiefly that he struggled to surpass his fellow students—it was for those he held dearer than life, for his old father and mother, to whom he would fain give an earnest of what he yet might do!

There was but one rival in any degree to be feared. He had wealth and a title-proud friends—the nobles of the land were on his side, which, however, *perhaps*, do not have any influence in the minds of teachers and professors! That rival was Walter Cunningham. And could he suffer a poor, unknown plebian to triumph over him? No! no!

For a few days the proud and ambitious youth gave deeper attention and greater diligence to his studies. He had a more active, quicker mind than the poor man's son—he mastered difficulties with more ease and grace, the path of learning was not to him a rough and hilly way. Of far keener and subtler intellect, and with much of that natural cunning, which Bacon says a man must possess in order to *seem* to know that which he does not know, there was but little doubt in the minds of those who watched the struggle that he would win the prize—and he *did* win it!

There was none of that generosity in his nature that would have enabled him to see that his rival *needed* the honors, all of which he grasped. Needed them as an encouragement for himself in the life of labor to which necessity had dedicated him—needed them to keep up his often flagging hopes—needed them to assure those, who, of their need, had given him the means to buy learning, as a promise of his progress and ultimate success.

The poor youth went from the college, suffering under a disappointment, such as none but a boy struggling as he had struggled *could* feel, broken down in constitution, to be nursed for a few months by his more miserable parents, and then to be laid by them, their heart's best love, in the grave.

I do not mean to assert that in another event this had not been so—that, had he *won* the prize, his life would then have received an impetus that would have overcome the disease struggling within him, and fostered by long and intense application; that he would have thenceforth gone on conquering and to conquer—surmounting all obstructions and overcoming readily all difficulties, but I say that I believe it would have been so—the success of the first endeavor is with many such an all-important thing! And I say, too, that many a time in pursuing that one, and as it were a trifling object, (comparatively,) the white dove fitted many a time over the head of Walter Cunningham, bidding him not to strive for victory *then*, but the serpent was all the while nestling at the feet of the youth, and his hand rested lovingly upon it!

But I would not have the reader suppose that the nobly-born, the heir of Rossford *never* heeded the presence of the dove—that the voice of the serpent was the *only* voice he ever heard. Many a time he wept over his weakness when he had given way to the plausible reasonings of the spirit who came to him in the shape of evil. Often he

had rebuked her teachings, and scorned her words—but, alas! this was not most frequently the case—his tears were not always tokens of amendment. It was only at times when the serpent spoke too loudly and too grossly for his delicate ear, that he scorned her counsel! He did not love the presence of the emblem of purity, and meekness, and love, which so often came before him on pure white wings. And this was not all—nor the most. Of that crafty spirit he learned craftiness—he learned to speak with stammering lips and a false tongue—he learned to hide beneath soft smiles a treacherous heart and evil desires. Alas for such an one! alas for them with whom he has to deal—for himself it were better that a mill-stone were hung about his neck, and he drowned in the depths of the sea, than that he should live among men a curse in disguise! a shame to the mortal form he wears!

But he was rich and powerful. In the House of the Peers of England his voice was often heard, and his smooth words had weight. The young and the old applauded him, and sought his favor, and yet was there ever, in those speeches, which, by their eloquence, enchained every listener, and might, had he so willed it, have worked incalculable good, was there ever a burning word let fall in behalf of the oppressed, the down-trodden, the starving poor? Was ever an indignant rebuke of wrong—known to issue from his lips; a token of a virtuous and generous heart ever given? Never! never! No human heart, or mind, or desire, was ever a whit the better because of him. He might charm by his glitter and show, (it was the glitter and show of the serpent!) but never winged his words over the land borne by the dove of peace and purity, telling hope to the famishing—assuring the wronged and abused that there was one pleading for them in the high places of the land!

He married. Interest and a gratification of pride were the basis of this union on his part. Ah the curse that almost invariably follows a connexion such as that! The miserable, gradual awakening of the wife, who, at the first, *did* love the man she wedded—the coldness and disesteem which every day increased and strengthened—the views less noble and lofty she began to entertain for virtue—the readiness and pleasure with which ere long she listened to the voice of the beguiler—the tempter!

The wife of Walter Cunningham was not of innately strong and lofty mind—a lover of pleasure more than a lover of goodness, if that was only to be found and attained by travelling in the hard path of self-denial, she was not long in learning to seek out for herself a mode of life which was seldom troubled with thoughts of her husband.—United by the marriage vows, but wide asunder in thought and inclination as can well be conceived—each determining at last to seek his and her own happiness in the way they saw fit—that was their wedded life. Fame does not spare such people—though perhaps the notoriety they acquire is not exactly that they would prefer!

She, the abused, wronged woman, as she believed herself, sought in coquetry and extravagant display a solace for the mortified affections of her

heart. He, among other women, whiled away the hours which should have been sacred to his home. The children of such an household, heaven have mercy on them! Riches, and titles, and honors can have very little to do with making their comfort and happiness—or towards instilling in their minds principles of goodness, honesty and virtue. Oh, if a voice out from the dull silence way only speak to them, and pray them to heed the flittings of the dove! if they will only learn in time the vileness of the serpent and his beguilings!

* * * * *

I had almost lost sight of Peter Whitney, but do you care to know more of him? How pleasant it is to trace the upward progress of a man like him!

The *deciding* point of his life was *not* in his birth-hour when his eyes directed upwards and fixed upon the dove any more than it was with Walter Cunningham. A thousand times the choice was proffered to him—a thousand were the opportunities when he must choose his master.—The temptations which filled his path were great as those that bewildered and beguiled the lordling—only of another nature, and dressed in humbler garments.

Yes, he had assuredly been tempted oftentimes, but a voice had ever whispered to him—and he heeded it—"You have a mission in the world, and a message, it must be delivered—it is a mission such as is given to every man, and every woman, *you must do good*. You must help the oppressed, where the hand of the powerful is laid heavily on the helpless, it is a part of your duty to see that human nature is not forced to submit too supinely, at last, through its long-continued wrongs, to such degradation. Where there is want, you must, as much as in your power, relieve it; where there is envy, seek to arouse the envious to noble exertion; where there is wrong, help to make right again; where there is suffering and sorrow, if you can do no more, give your kindly words, your earnest prayers. Remember you are not sent a mute into the world. You have a voice—use it on the side of justice, of goodness, of God. You have hands and strength—labor, it is man's noblest privilege! You have a heart—guard it carefully, ever, from the enticements of sin; let it ever beat truly, and nobly, and tenderly. You have time—redeem it. You have a soul—see to it, that, through sloth and idleness, it is not lost. And remember, also, that in the race and the battle of existence, if you were to win the most honorable, the brightest crown, what will it profit you, if, in the end, you lose your heavenly birth-right?"

A heart that had an inclination always to listen to such a voice could not be very far removed from safety.

Industry, honesty, loftiness of aim and desire, together with firmness and perseverance, accomplish great things for a man, no matter how humble his birth, the end he reaches will be necessarily lofty. Almost always we see the strong minds and powerful workers in all departments of labor, intellectual and physical, springing from the people. The ambition of such men, as it is the highest, is often the noblest, too—the objects they seek

are great objects. It is a pleasant sight—a man raising himself, by dint of moral strength, from obscurity to the proudest eminence of glory—if he may not be a God, and create—he may be but "little lower than the angels"—*may be*, I say, for it seems to me some little effort is required on man's part—a little effort to expand his intellect, and correct and purify his moral nature—or one cannot but think he will prove, in the end, not a "little" but a *great deal* lower than the angels!

The disciple of the white dove brought honor upon his teacher.

You might have seen him a man of middle age, whose hair was not yet beginning to turn gray, nor his feet to falter, occupying a most honorable station in the world. A wealthy manufacturer—a benefactor and counsellor of the poor—a husband who married a wife in his own station in life—to whom he was bound by the strong chords of a true, unceasing affection—a father whose chief hope and endeavor it was not to leave his children vast fortunes and high place among men, but a better and nobler heritage, a good example of a life of virtue—whose chief object in life it was to attract his children's eyes constantly from the loathsome thing whose beauty so often he knew proved fatally alluring.

You might have seen him in the House of Commons, a representative of the hopes and desires of the people—pleading always on the side of right, laboring with all the powers of his mind to secure the rights and the happiness of the masses. Swerving never, through interest, in the path of duty—never heeding or fearing the threats of bad men—but desirous of all things to work some real good, not that his name should live after him, but that he might alleviate sorrows the like of which he had known in his own youth—to do away with wrongs and laws which were "grinding the face of the poor." You might have seen him, a man of all men to be envied—holding in the hearts of the people a place so firm and secure, as nothing could invade—a man of *not* extraordinary intellectual power, who, by his *moral might*, conquered and subdued many a veteran in the hosts of evil.

* * * * *

There were two men who died one day.

One was nursed by hirelings, for of his children not one remained beneath his family roof—in their *home*—and his wife in a distant land, forgetful of him and of them, was reigning queen in the courts of fashion. The offspring of his mind, the children of his genius—his books—lay on the tables of the great; the eyes of beauty and of learning loved to look upon them—his name was in the papers, and on the lips of men his fame had gone abroad over the earth—his wealth was still unbounded—but, oh, his was a miserable death-bed scene for those who witnessed it!

There was not one thought satisfying to him left to cheer—not one hope pointing to the future—not one joy or consolation on which, as a "steady help," he might rely. The opportunities were for ever gone when he might have prepared for such an hour a peace that could not pass away. There was but one friend left with him in the hour when "heart and flesh fail"—a bosom friend it was! The serpent had crept in *there*; it coil-

ed and lay in mock humility, no longer at his feet, but cold and heavy, like an iron weight, it lay close on his heart, and the strength of a Hercules could not have removed it! It sang no longer its sweet, syren songs—it had no more allurements and beguilements, there was no longer need for *tempting*, when the life-deed of sin was completed—it was a demon to *fear*—a friend who had, by his alluring smiles, destroyed!

He died—the Lord of Rossford. They buried him in state. A monarch was among the funeral train—and the most honorable men of the realm wore the badge of grief—papers were dressed in mourning—obituaries of length, narrating all the particulars of the brilliant life of the departed, afforded meat and drink for readers of reflection—ah, had the serpent and the dove but been suffered to speak as loudly of *their* dealings with that dead man!

Poems, in honor of the illustrious departed, were written by gifted men, and women tuned their harps to sing their admiration. A biography was written—and emblazoned gorgeously—it occupied an honorable place in the libraries of all the land. But aside from all that, when considered but as a *man* gone to judgment—forgetting the worldly honors heaped upon him in his life and after his death! What then?

* * * * *

Doubtless there were many who were spurred on in the courses of life, by his brilliant example, many who were made more ambitious—many who became great and honored men, who received in their youth fresh impetus from the course of this rich and titled man. Yes—and there were his children made miserable for life by the dissensions, by the disgraceful private history of their parents—children whose greatness of station hardly compensated for the total absence of parental love and care, which they felt “from their youth up.” Yes—and also there was more than one obscure and humble home the great world never heard of, where Walter Cunningham had sown, with his own lordly hand, the seeds of bitterness, of sorrow, and of ruin!

Alas, the serpent!

There was another man who died, and was buried. And to this day his memory remains a blessing on the earth. In the hour when the death angel drew nigh to him there hovered over his bed the faithful dove, her white wings fanned and revived him. Her meek eyes pointed upwards, she seemed impatient to bear his spirit away to the land of bliss.

Children were there; and the wife who had shared his early struggles and his after-life's blessings. Children, whom the mother might always lead without fear in the footsteps of their father, and wish for them no greater honor than was already theirs in being *his* sons.

And there were myriads others, who, in their homes, prayed for the dying man's recovery, and united anxiously to know if God would hear their cry. Men, redeemed from despair—whose feet he had set in the right way, whose hearts he had encouraged when they were bowed down with

despondency, over the dark sky of whose life his words and kindness had been as the rainbow of promise,—children whom he had given labor and remuneration ample, who were content and glad to work when *he* was their master—women whom his kindly voice had *not led* into temptation, whom he had saved from vice and degradation—women who were not, some of them, guiltless of crime, whom his words of counsel had saved from further sin—girls whom his words had encouraged—boys whom his seasonable notice and aid had tended to make worthy, laboring men. Most of these had found employment in his factories—there never had been heard of a “strike” among them—their wages were sufficient, and never unjustly withheld—and the “last ounce” was never required of them; for their master did not look upon them as mere cattle, who were made but to eat, and work, and die. It was no wonder then that there was weeping and sorrow when this man was departed from among them—for it was not probable they would soon “see his like again.”

There was a bell that, on his funeral day, tolled long and mournfully, and was but a faint expression of the grief of the hundreds who gathered at Peter Whitney's burial—there were tears, such as the poor have little occasion to shed often by the graves of the rich, that watered the sod of his grave—there were hearts that have but little time to think of life or death—save of the misery of the one, and the release given by the other, that sorrowed on that day over their dead friend, as few are lamented. There is a monument raised to that man's memory by the factory laborers, and he is known *now*, not as the powerful noble—not as the gifted and accomplished author, but as “*the poor man's friend*.” There was a white dove, which, from the day of *his* death, brooded over many another heart, whose pure white radiance has made holiness where sin, in the blackness of its darkness, lived before.

Joy! joy to the man and the women in whose soul so peaceful and heavenly an influence is reigning!

People may be ambitious—I think they *should* be—it is the bounden duty of every person to endeavor to excel—it is ridiculous to suppose there is no battle to be fought—no crown to be won—the only danger is, that we may fight under the broad gay banners and in the glittering armor of Satan, and so, in the end, wear the crown—of ever-living, ever-piercing thorns. In many cases the warfare is a long, a wearying one, before the soldier hears the welcome words, “enter *thou* into the joy of thy Lord”—but if he at last *does* hear them, he will have little occasion to lament the days when he “endured the cross!”

In which way would you like your ambition to eventuate, my dear, sweet listener? Do not speak without you are particularly desirous,—I know already, or, at least, I *hope* I know.

And now farewell—FAREWELL—do not forget that “man doth not live by bread only.” do not forget that there is a blessing and a curse set before you—and it is impossible for you to not choose between them!

DAY DREAMS.

BY CAROLINE C——,

ARE they the *sweetest* dreams which haunt our sleep?
 Hath Day no bright-wing'd visitants which fly
 Through the sad brain, leaving a track of light,
 On which the household spirits of the mind
 Look with amaze and rev'rence?

Are there

No syren songs which echo through the soul,
 Making it quiver with the melody?
 Shine there not oftimes o'er the loneliest heart
 Gleams of a sunlight spirit felt and seen?
 Ah, yes! *Night* visions never brought such joy,
 Such rapturous thoughts, such hopes unutterable,
 To me as I have known in sweet day-dreams!
 How beautiful, how heavenly they are!
 They borrow glory from the noon-day sun,
 And fragrance from the summer blooming flowers,
 They robe in splendor the rude joys of life,
 They make a heaven from the sad hearts' hopes.
 Enwapp'd as with a mantle of bright beams,
 Love mounts upon the heart-throne, a crown'd king;
 The maiden yieldeth to his heavenly sway,
 The monarch hastens with his fealty,
 The pauper to the high power bends him down,
 And the slave joyleth to be *his* slave!

Over the dark sky of the hardest life
 Oft spreads a glory mating summer skies—
 Often e'en though the thunder mutters deep,
 And angry clouds hang o'er the rain-drench'd earth,
 The rainbow spreads her blessed flag of truce,
 A promise of more peaceful times to be!
 The beggar dreameth of a table spread,
 To which he shall be bidden—and the child
 Looks in the future, and beholds there joy

Which waiteth for him in the coming years.
 The mother seeth in her gentle boy
 A marvel which *shall* be the pride of earth—
 The young man dreams of glory, and the old
 Of rest and happiness this side the tomb!

Oh blessed! blessed are life's waking dreams!
 Night hath none such, for these have nought of woe.
 In their brief hour no dark form intervenes
 To lift the gorgeous curtain, and reveal
 Their emptiness; no sadness and no care
 Mingles with them—perfection marks their stay!

But were our life all one bright, radiant path
 Such as is sometimes for a few steps given
 Unto our weary feet—were it ours to live
E'er beneath the ne'er declining sun;
 If from our eager lips was ne'er withdrawn
 The cup of happiness, and if the heart
 Ne'er heard of weariness, and grief, and pain,
 How soon our strength would fail, our efforts cease!
 How weak would be our struggle for the prize
 Of life eternal! how unfit were we
 Then to go forth from our luxurious rest,
 To join the throng whose patience in their woe,
 Whose struggle through the rugged mountain way,
 Whose faith and labor have gained them the gates
 Of the Celestial City, where the King
 Waiteth to crown the sufferers with joy!

Oh, habitant of dream land, happy thou!
 Yet must thou not forget, in the soft arms
 Of dream land spirits, to strive for that home
 Where night nor day shall take from thee thy rest!

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1849.

THERE'S A MEMORY YET.

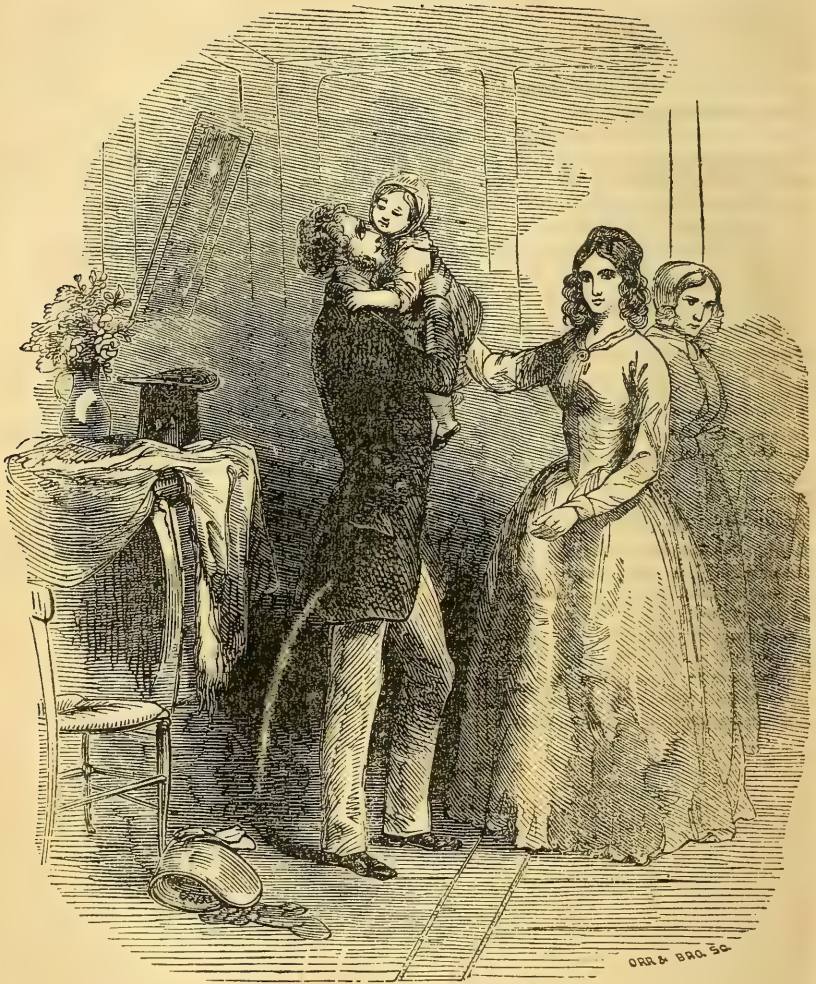
BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

THERE'S a memory yet that will never forsake me,
 In spite of the pleasure that lurks in the bowl;
 In my merriest moods the sad thought will o'ertake me,
 That thou hast departed, dear girl of my soul!
 For as sure as the smiles which so oft beam around me,
 Though glowing with friendship, or radiant with love,
 Fling about me the chains which so often have bound me,
 I yet mourn for thee like the sorrowing dove!

They tell me of eyes that are melting with sadness,
 And hearts whose emotions are pure as the dew;
 But they never can learn what a treasure of gladness
 There is in the thought that flies yearning to you.

They suppose, for the reason I'm never complaining,
 My heart has forgotten its worship of old; [ing.
 Though the moon shines not less at the time of its wan-
 Were the shadow of earth from its bosom unroll'd!

Thou art not forsaken,—though long time departed,
 My faith is as true as the mariner's star;
 I am journeying on, constant yet, lonely hearted,
 Like pilgrim who seeketh his Mecca afar.
 I would not forego the divine recollection
 That serves to embalm thy dear form in my heart;
 For were I deprived of that fond retrospection,
 One half of existence would surely depart!



THE WELCOME HOME.

We have a long story to illustrate the above beautiful illustration, but have concluded not to publish it in this connection, for the whole interest of the illustration lies in the picture itself which will be sufficiently suggestive to all who see it. We have not all been parents, and cannot, therefore, all feel the thrill of delight which a parent

experiences when clasping to his heart his own child, but we have all been children, and know what pleasure there is in feeling a parents caresses. There is enough, therefore, in the above well designed and engraved picture for every one to frame to himself a story to his liking out of the hints furnished by the artist.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC; OR THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are many things that tend, as one moves along life's journey, to discompose the spirit, and to thwart every design that impels it forward.—The ambition that glowed in the soul sinks in its blaze, the impelling force that urged it onwards is palsied in its energies, and the blood that chased each fiery particle rapidly along its current flows sluggishly and tamely. These are some of the remote causes, unperceived, that govern one's destiny. Like the mariner, on some tempestuous sea, without compass or chart, floating on opposing currents, the spirit of man, by some unseen hand, is ever drawn from its haven of rest. There is an arm mightier to sway than the weaker elements that are visible to the vision. Onward, onward, for ever onward, like the light which breaks from heaven, the adamant chain which fetters the soul to its unchanging and unchangeable destiny, hurries it along, for weal or for woe. Ever in the distance stands a light, immovable as the polar star, over which a fiery whirlpool yawns below, or the dashing waters are maddened on the rocks. That light is an *ignis fatuus*, and in endeavoring to avoid the one, we are split or swallowed up in the other.

With these reflections,—and oh! how true they are, and how applicable to my situation, the event alone will determine. That I have been the sport of some unseen and invisible agency, that has led me blindly as an infant in its swathing clothes, none will dispute when my tale is finished. There was no help in me, for my helplessness was like a child's. The whirlwind was around me, and I was hurried away on its tempest. The poor bird fluttering in the charmed atmosphere of the wiley serpent is not more powerless than I am in the embraces of that invisible spirit that impels me forward. The narcotic perfume stifles me, and I must yield to my destiny.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar, no doubt, alludes here to the theory of the power of serpents over birds being caused by the effluvia which they emit, producing in them total blindness. The old theory of serpents charming birds by a peculiar fascination of the eye, if not altogether exploded, is doubted by many. I have myself witnessed the wood-sparrow fluttering almost in the very fangs of the serpent, and, on approaching the place, have felt a peculiar odor, so strong as to produce partial blindness in me.)

That man is the creature of circumstance, ah! more than this, that he is the slave of some invisible agency, in which it would be folly to contend, is as certain as there is a God above us.—That to-morrow, the day yet in the womb of Time,—is the great epoch, in which life's *amendment* commences—but it never comes and it never will.

To-morrow, yes, to-morrow is the day set apart for starting on my journey, for the fulfillment of love's sacred vows, and for the obtainment of revenge. These two passions, the gratification of them, are the sweetest that belong to the heart. Both have been delayed, but the delay has only whetted the appetite for their enjoyment. The traveller in the parched desert, for the cooling brook, never sighed with so much intensity of feeling as I did for the enjoyment of the sweet smiles of woman, and the time to arrive when my vengeance would be glutted. To-morrow, and I am off! Another day, and my *sojourn* in the West will, perhaps, be ended for ever!

I had much to do the day preceding the one appointed for leaving. It was a beautiful autumnal day,—in the rich and glowing Indian summer. The forest was not quite bare of its rich foliage, for the brown leaves were fluttering as the soft breeze stirred them on their pendant boughs.—Every thing seemed golden,—and the sun shone through an atmosphere burnished like brass. The air was balmy, although the flowers had long perished, and the grass hopper no longer chirped in the brown furze of the meadow. The birds had ceased their songs, for I heard none twittering in the trees, nor from the brake. Alone, the night-hawk in gambols was sporting in the golden twi light above—and the wolf was howling from his lair in the wilderness.

Too long already had I delayed my journey. Agreeably to appointment I should have been off weeks before, but circumstances over which I had no control, had, from time to time, prevented. I was not one to sway or to bend every circumstance to my own convenience, but was moulded by them into my present form. Ever and ever succumbing to them so long that I had learnt to obey them as I would a voice from above.

On going to the post-office, on the evening previous to my leaving for the South, I received a *batch* of letters from my numerous correspondents, and among them were some of great interest to myself, and of importance to others. The following one from Laura Todhunter, my Philadelphia flame, inspired me with a new feeling, and had a tendency rather to make my love grow cold for one, who, certainly, if, for no other reason, had a prior claim on my regard. It is ever thus that the last pretty face upon which we look, and the last kind word which is spoken, bears off in triumph the poor vacillating heart of man. The letter of Laura was couched in the following words:

PHILADELPHIA, ———.

MY OWN DEAR ONE,—How can I address thee! how can I express the joy of this moment!

The happiest moment I have experienced for months; yea, the happiest one ever experienced, is the one that brings me back the love for which my heart is yearning. It is dearer than ever, for it was lost and is found again. No more and for ever will Mr. Godey, or any brother of mine, produce again an interruption between us. This interruption was nearly fatal to the birth of my new love.

My heart is now so full of love's unmeasured stream, I cannot fathom it. So many feelings crowd upon me, I know not which to say first, and I scarcely know how to write them. If you were by my side, your head pillowed upon my bosom, then, and but then, could I pour into your ear the burning love your last letter has kindled within my heart. Since you wrote me that burning letter, (to which I replied so indignantly,) and which I have suspected was done to insult me, I have not been happy. I have thought of nothing else since; and that letter, though it told all my own feelings—all the feelings I could not tell—and woke my heart to the sweetest extacies it ever felt, yet to even that letter I could not reply without overstepping the boundary of modesty, which must still be woman's safeguard. As your wife, there would be nothing that I could not confide to you,—nothing I could not talk to you about,—nothing I could not listen to, but as your *ladie-love*, there are many things that must not be spoken.

You have talked to me of the propriety which I cling to so closely. Do not, dearest, do not blame me—but blame the world that made it so. Were every person in the world just as they should be, then I might have spoken just as I felt, but my modesty, rather than my feelings, has, in that particular point, ever been my dictator.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—True modesty is ever dictated by the feelings, and where it is not, it is a cloak which one wears to cover the guilt within.)

Do not blame me, I have felt much, and sometime I will tell you all. But on our first acquaintance how did I know you were that *one* of a thousand, to whom I could open my whole heart, and still it would be sacred. Now I know it. I know not what I am writing,—I only know I am writing all I do not feel. You have called me cold-hearted, passionless—and many other things beside. The world calls me warm-hearted, noble, generous and impulsive, and a great many other good names, yet the world knows me not, for I have never bowed down to it. But those who know me best, say that I am frank, sincere and amiable, and these qualities, I believe, belong to me. I know you have spoken to me in love, and made me happy. If I ever chided you for speaking it, I did not mean to do so, at least not in my heart, and if I have done it, it is only the *pen* that has performed that naughty trick. I have loved more and more each time your passionate strains have breathed upon my heart. Believe me when I say it, I could not love the cold-hearted lover, nor would I live with the indifferent husband.—Of this be assured, I would not give my love to one who would not return it with all the warmth of a most ardent affection. I have been loved

before, and I have loved with a very warm affection, but you alone have loved me as I wished to be loved. You have moved the passion of the soul, and made it feel the untold bliss for which it yearned.

You speak of the possibility of my being displeased at some things you have written me. O let me assure you that every word you have written finds an echo in my heart. All that you have felt, I too have felt. And that dream of which you speak, I would it had been a reality, then might I have felt the rapturous bliss that has so long haunted my dreaming hours, and that has kindled in my bosom those unquenchable fires.

Have I not dreamed of you? Yes, a thousand times at least, and never do I expect to be happier in thy warmest, closest and dearest embrace than I have been in many a sweet dream of you. Almost every night I dream of you, and it has not been two nights since I dreamed you were by my side, just as you have so often said you will be when I am yours, and with a rapture of wildest delight I was straining you closer to my throbbing breast, and wishing, only wishing, that I could fasten you there for ever. If heaven then had been offered with all its glorious crowds, I would not have gone, for I had then within my bosom a heaven far dearer and sweeter. *Dreamed of thee?* Yes, I have dreamed of thee until my very being is but one unbroken dream of thee. Each waking and each dreaming thought has been of love and of thee! Thy sweet seductive letters have long since wrought my ruin—yes, I am fallen, fallen, and virtue is but a name. Yes, I am fallen, seduced by one whom I have never yet seen. O hasten to my deliverance, for the time draws nigh.

My heart is the home of every thing that is gentle and affectionate. It will bless you a thousandfold, and be the joyful recipient of all thy kindness and love. It will yield thee ever its tenderest sympathy, and be the sweet receptacle of thy dearest wish. Hast thou a sorrow? it will lessen it by sympathy! Hast thou a joy? it will multiply it by participation. It will be thy resting place for ever—thy sweetest solace in thy loneliest hour. Yes, here shalt thou repose, and most sweetly will it cherish one that it so proudly loves. Through every changing scene of life your head shall rest on this bosom—it will be thy abiding place, and when life's latest sands are run, and thy eye in death is dim, here still shalt thou find thy dearest resting place, and here shalt thou breathe thy latest sigh, and here, embalmed in this hallowed shrine, shall live that sigh, nor all allurements of earth be able to pollute its sacredness.

Do not again think that any cause will again arise to cause a rapture between us. On my part there cannot, on yours there will not. I would write thee more, could I write thee better.

Unchangeably thine,

LAURA TODHUNTER.

Enclosed in the above letter, and what appeared to be a *postscriptum* to it, the following one was received. Between the two, I was in that

high state of effervescence that calls loudly for something to calm the troubled spirit. What could I do? The breathing fire of Laura's inspiration touched my heart with a devotion that, from right, and from a precious claim, belonged to another. To love them both, oh! how impossible it was—yet I felt as if I could embrace them both within my arms, and love them with that love deep as is the ocean. I was straitened on every side, there was no gap open by which I could retreat, no shelter under which I might hide. As the sequel will prove, instead of getting out of these difficulties, I was continually getting deeper into them.

PHILADELPHIA, ———.

DEAREST ONE,—I wrote thee last night from the fullness of my heart—I know not what I wrote thee, nor have I the heart to read what I have written. But it was to thee, my otherself, that I wrote, and every thing I write I know is sacred.

I am Laura, the same Laura to whom you have knelt in such deep devotion—the very same whom you have sworn to love and cherish for ever. The very Laura who, in return for your priceless love, has given you all of her deep affections, and the undying confidence that her overflowing heart has known. This is the Laura who speaks to you to night, (on last night I spoke to you through a long letter) who in gratitude and truthfulness received the priceless offering of thy love, and laid it on her heart—and here with tireless vigils will watch the altar where it dwells enshrined. The vestal fires shall not go out, but brighter glow to *light* thy coming, and the spotless robes shall gather still their snowy whiteness, here to guard the sacred altar which thy offering hallows. Yes this is the Laura who greetest thee again. Oh! listen still to my words, as I pour my deep affection in your ear, and smile as thou wast wont to smile, and I will smile again, and be happy, very happy.

And pardon—oh! pardon the wild thought that made me write thee as I did. That I could doubt thy love or the devotion with which that love was given, was more than I could think to do—but yet it seemed a dream into which by some mysterious power I had been lulled—a dream from which I feared to wake, and yet it seemed a dream. The noble love, the lofty soul, the generous confidence, the kind endearing which thou has brought to me, to brighten my pathway and make my life a paradise—these, with all the bliss they brought, seemed images too loved for earth, too blissful to be true, and while I drank of the intoxicating cup, scarcely could I deem it real. The devotion was just the devotion for which my spirit long had thirsted, and thy love was just the love for which my heart had so long yearned. Thy bold and daring spirit was just the one to bow me to thy worship—and I bowed, and oh, to believe that I could call thee mine, was a joy too rapturous to be indulged—and to think that I was receiving them from one I never saw. Pardon me if I could almost believe I dreamed.

Thy principles, thy honor, thy integrity—of these what know I? Nothing—nothing! It is ver. pleasant to believe that they are all in ac-

cordance with thy *otherself*. I well know that genius is sometimes associated with depravity, and often, too often, that it is the companion of much we will not love. Yet while I believed you all, every thing which my fancy would have you to be, I did not know positively that you were, I only believed and hoped. I could not rest without some proof, and now that proof I have, and, if it was obtained through tears and written in sorrow, it has made me happier far than I could otherwise have been; and if to obtain it the darkening cloud has arisen, how bright is the atmosphere it has revealed.

Thy *virtuous* constancy, thy noble love, thy high integrity, are written on the letter before me in images that cannot fade, and on my heart in characters that will burn for ever. I am very blest! Never was woman so blest before! The deep devotion of a heart so truly noble. Oh! how worthy it is of the love which I have given it!

I thank you that you have destroyed those letters that were so odious to you, and now let us forget it all—and all that produced the interruption. Let the vows we have hallowed be renewed with a still holier pledge—the *pledge of heaven*! Let heart again speak to heart, and O let us again be happy. I cannot say more now, my heart is too full! O speak to me in love again.

Yours or Heaven's,

LAURA TODHUNTER.

These letters made a deeper impression on my heart than any I had heretofore received. They breathed within my soul the very devotion I had long sighed for—the very love for which I had yearned, and, like the martyr at the stake, in sight of heaven, in enraptured extacies, my spirit yearned in its maddening idolatry for a full fruition of its bliss.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is somewhat singular that a perfect devotion can exist where the worship is divided, as it was in Mr. Toddlebar's case, between two objects. I rather suspect, before his autobiography is finished, that other shrines than the one so pathetically alluded to here, will have hallowed the love that has been so freely given to Laura.)

Among the letters received that evening was one from a literary young lady residing in the city of New Orleans. As she will have much to do with my future conduct, and will hereafter become closely associated in these pages with me, it is no more than an act of justice to the public to give the first letter ever received from her. Through it her *debut* into the great and complicated drama of life is made:

NEW ORLEANS, ———.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received yesterday a circular from you, of a "New Miscellany," to be started in the "Crescent City"—a city where I have lived for years, and never heard of it before you had the kindness to send me a prospectus. Of this "Miscellany," which proposes *so and so* by so and so—pray what do you think? Do you think it will be in keeping with some of our other dull Southern works? for instance, the Literary Messenger? Which, by the way, was always so dull, I had to

provoke a perusal of it by eating opium and wearing a boquet.

I am always in good humor when wearing a bouquet,
As a proof of this saying I'm wearing one to-day.

I notice the names of several clergymen on the list of contributors, and of course can pretty well calculate on the matter it will contain.

Did it ever occur to you that a magazine, conducted on the plan of Graham's, would flourish in New Orleans? I know it would. I have had many a project in my head towards the starting of one, but, like all I have ever planned or counted on, I have invariably counted too fast. Yes, it was among one of my wild, and, perhaps, not wildest dreams either, that of one day filling the editorial chair of some second Graham, of Southern birth, and more genial pulse. Only think of what a dream was there.

There seems to be a great field for periodical literature in the South. The soil is rich, and I think the barest will yield abundantly. There is much talent in the South, and much latent genius, which only waits some propitious moment to blaze forth with a brightness that shall dim for ever the *Northern Lights*, and whose radiance shall extinguish the "Star in the East." With all the advantage of genius, and fire, and talent, too, why cannot, why has not the South already illuminated, not only her own horizon, but why has she not overspread the entire zenith, paling the very stars that had their birth in the cold ungenial North.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The vivacity of Southern talent is not only proverbial, it is one of the *fixed facts*: but when this is told, among other *truisms*, the amount total of their idiosyncracies have been spoken. In provincial language the Southern people are *smart*, but, in a great measure, owing to the enervating influence of climate, they are incapable of that intense application and severe study necessary to the full development of each and every faculty of the mind.)

Why are all our Southern periodicals so short-lived and so prosy? For the want of energy and perseverance they have been suffered to die, but I know not why their spirit should go out.

I am not alone in believing that a periodical, something like Graham's, with a fashion plate each month, a pretty landscape, a love-song, a thrilling story, sketches from the every-day scenes of the "Crescent City"—something to interest the ladies, in fact this would be the great secret of success, and this indeed would sweep all before it.

Such a magazine as this the South needs, and such a one she would sustain.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In starting a magazine in the South, I certainly would not select Graham's as the *beau ideal* of all excellence. As a model, I should greatly prefer a "Dollar Magazine" but recently started in the city of New York to that of Graham, for many reasons which I could mention. It has taken Blackwood as its model, and is dependent alone on the merit of its different articles, and not on the magic of celebrated names for success.)

I am, perhaps, too visionary in believing I could fill the editorial chair, and make it what it ought to be, but then, in industry and perseverance I acknowledge no superior. I am just of the temperament to be strengthened amid discouragements and difficulties, and am possessed of a spirit that cannot be trampled upon. In fact there is no wreath I should prize that has not been plucked from the steepest cliff, when the thunder

roared loudest, and the lightnings the most terribly played.

But I will not longer tire you with, perhaps, what cannot interest you, and will only say that should the time ever come, when all this has come to pass, give me credit for all I deserve, and should it vanish as a dream, remember I could not control the destiny that had otherwise decreed it, and remember that all this has been whispered in confidence.

Affectionately yours,

SARAH WILSON.

While on the subject of Southern and Western periodical literature, I will say, that the trials that have been made in these regions have not failed for the want of energy or perseverance on the part of the conductors and supervisors. Something more than this was wanting to successfully compete with Eastern journals. In the South and West the materials are more difficult to procure, and when procured, generally they are of inferior quality to those that are offered in Boston, New York or Philadelphia. This among many others, is one of the causes why Southern literature has not successfully competed with the Eastern.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The chief cause, in my opinion, why Southern Literature has not met with any great success among her own people, is, that the South can procure a better article from the Eastern market, and at lower rates, than she can get it at home. This is the true secret of her failure. Repeated attempts have been made in Cincinnati to get up a monthly journal—and among them that very excellent one the "Hesperian," edited by W. D. Gallagher. The attempt has also been made in New Orleans, by Dr. Macauley, in the "New Orleans Miscellany," which continued for three numbers, and then died for the want of support. Judge Meek, of Alabama, attempted the project in Tuscaloosa, and published for six months the "Southern" but it too failed. Dr. Caruthers edited for a whole year the "Magnolia," in the city of Savannah, but finally abandoned it, and it was removed to Charleston, and was published there another year under the conduct of W. Gilmore Simms. With the exception of the "Lady's Companion," at Pennfield, Ga., and the "Chicora," at Charleston, I know of no other attempt to establish a literary journal in the South—with the exception, however, of the "Southern Review," under the supervision of Mr. Legare.)

The truth is, and it must be told at last, and why not now as then, that none but one woman has ever moved upon my heart. The Sulma's and the Lauras, with all their attendant trains have had no power to fill up the aching void within my heart. They have given a little respite to my burning passion, and afforded some relief to the concentrated force of its love. Beyond this they have been mere shadows, stalking in my pathway, breaking at intervals the gaze on that lofty image which haunts my soul. As the Apollo Belvidere representing in art the most magnificent specimen of man, so my Mary, the devoted of my heart, standing in her severe beauty, enthrones around her image the greatest perfection of woman. When I first saw her, like the half-opening flower, she was verging in her maidenhood, too beautiful for life, and too sweet for death. All of the virtues that belong to her sex, and with all of the charms of Hebe and Venus, seemed centered in her bosom and arrayed in her person. Her forehead, pale as the white marble, chizzled from its parent block, high, lofty, and intellectual, with the raven locks half-shading

it, and falling in ringlets on her snowy bosom, seemed, as the eyes gazed upon her, an image from the spirit-land. Such was Mary, the idol of my heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE subject of this brief sketch is the celebrated novelist, W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., of South Carolina. He has been a long time before the American people, as one of our most successful and popular writers. How far he has been entitled to the high encomiums which his contemporaries have so gratuitously passed upon him, and with such a lavish hand, is not my province to investigate and determine. He has certainly had a very large share of the good will of the American people, and with but few exceptions, from the critical notices which I have seen of his works, he must have been, and is still, a great favorite with that *clique*, called the critics. How he has so invariably escaped, unscathed, is a problem, whose solution is profoundly sealed to my comprehension. Whether it has been on the plea of his performances being always excellently good, or that they have feared to attack the lion in his den, is a question that I leave the other queerist to determine or solve.

To mention the various performances of Mr. Simms would be a work almost of supererogation, for his works are on the shelves of every complete library. His versability of talent has grown into a proverb—and he has succeeded invariably well in almost every department of letters in which he has written. In Poetry his “*Atalantis*” has been favorably received—and in Fiction and Biography he has been very successful. If in History he has not the brilliancy of Gibbon, he refuses to exercise the power of his wit on sacred matters, and to dethrone the Saviour of the world from his lofty habitation, for the purpose only of saying a

smart thing. The finest thing ever written against the attack of English writers on our manners and customs, is the Review of Mr. Simms’ on Mrs. Trollop’s American Manners. This Review of his had a very extended circulation, and has been translated into several of the trans-atlantic languages. In the social circles he is a great favorite, being urbane, gentlemanly, and invariably courteous. His colloquial powers being very fine, he at all times is enabled to enchain an audience, as St. Paul did, or by anecdote or repartee. Take him altogether he is a very fine specimen of the Southern gentleman.

WOODLANDS, May 19.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just in receipt of your kind notice of Areytos, in your new and pleasing miscellany, the “*New Era*,” and hasten to say how much satisfaction I receive from your continued remembrance of me. There are some little mistakes in your article. “*Woodlands*” is not on the Ashley but the Edisto, and I cannot longer be considered slender, since, though not corpulent, I now weigh over 160, and am much stouter than in those days of boyhood when it was our pleasure to meet. I might suggest some other trifling alterations in your notice, but, altogether, it is remarkably correct, when we consider how long a time has passed since we have seen each other. It will always give me pleasure to note your doings in the “*New Era*,” or elsewhere. Merie, whenever it is in my power you shall hear of. I sent you, some time ago, a pamphlet of “*Sonnets*.” If they did not reach you let me know, but to prevent failure, I send you another with this. I am now busy on my life of Capt. John Smith, the founder of Virginia, and propose to publish that and a second series of my Views and Reviews this summer at the North, to which place I go in June. In five days more I leave Woodlands on a brief visit to Charleston.

Very truly yours,

W. Gilmore Simms

His autograph is a noble one, being graceful, picturesque, with all of the clearness and distinctness of a wood-cut. His chirography in the detail has perhaps more of uniformity than in the mass, yet nothing of this kind is discoverable at the first glance. It is in the hand-writing of such men as Mr. Simms that we look for some sure indication of character. In it we discover boldness and precision, two of the chief qualities of Mr. Simms’ mind. Among all of our popular authors, barring the gifted Edgar A. Poe, I know of none that speaks out more boldly, and with less regard to the pre-conceived opinions of the *nin-compoops* around him, than does Mr. Simms. He looks into his own heart and writes, and from the fountains springing up there, he drinks his own inspiration. He fears no criticism, makes no league with *cliques*, consequently he is ever bold, daring and independent.

The next letter which I opened was from Charles Fenno Hoffman, the author of “*Greayslear*,” “*Wild Sports of the West*,” &c. Unfortunately for this gentleman he has been the target at which his enemies have made their most violent vituperative attacks,—and has, by his admirers, been exalted into the most favorite *niche* in the Temple of Fame. Both cliques have been wrong in this. He is neither a demi-god to be exalted to heaven, nor a demon to be drawn down to hell. As a delineator of life in the West, he has not caught the manners, living as they rise. His characters are all paintings, such as a limner, with pencil in hand, would make of the wild Indian, leaving to the true artist the task of developing their spiritual and mental characters. There is a wide difference between describing some peculiar traits of character that are common to all people, than in bringing to the mind’s eye, in bold relief, that individ-

uality of character that is acted out in life. Mr. Hoffman has signally failed in all of his portraits of Western character. In poetry, however, Mr. Hoffman has done better things than in prose. This is his *forte*, and to it the closer he sticks will be the better for his literary reputation. Some of his songs are *charming*,—so much so, indeed, that, with all of his faults, which are numerous and many, there is nothing which any American poet has composed half equal in beauty to the one called "Sparkling and Bright."

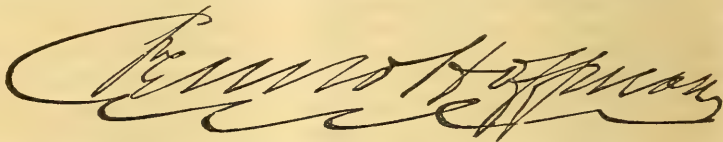
The chirography of Mr. Hoffman is not a good one, at least it would be so judged by ninety-nine out of a hundred. It evinces nothing save a certain vacillating purpose, that is clearly seen throughout nearly all of his works. Mr. Hoffman

has, however, high talent, and, with a proper concentration of mind on any favorite subject, will produce a work better than any he has heretofore written.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter of this 9th inst. Its strains of excessive eulogy inducing me, in the first instance, to regard it as a *hoax*. But the phraseology is that of a man of education and refinement, and I can scarcely conceive of such a one perpetrating a joke so stupid. I must, therefore, without hesitation, express the pleasure I cannot but feel that any writings of mine should call out a compliment which, however undeserved, appears to be cordial and sincere.

Very faithfully yours,



Judge Meek, of Alabama, has for years been favorably known to the readers of the Southern Literary Messenger and Simms' Magazine. He has written much, however, for other journals, but chiefly those of the South,—with a true Southern pride, confining himself almost entirely to the South and West. Some of his poetry is very beautiful, especially his "Ode to the Mocking Bird." He lives in Mobile, and is now the United States Attorney for that District. With the exception of his poetry, and his history of the travels of Hernando de Soto, I know of nothing else of any great worth which he has written. The letter below will give, in his very amusing style, the chief basis on which his fame rests.

The chirography of Mr. Meek is a very excellent one, evincing very clearly his indefatigability of purpose. There is no doubt, however, but what his hand writing has been greatly modified by the profession which he has chiefly followed.

TUSCALOOSA, ALA., May 24, 1843.

REALLY, my dear sir, I shall have to apply to the Attorney General of Tennessee, and get him to frame an indictment against you, for an assault with intent to kill! for do you not here, in two several epistles, avow a disposition to *take my life*, and even endeavor to enlist me as "an accessory before the fact?" My life! Why, honestly, I have none worth the taking,—least of all of a literary kind! Had you have wished a legal life,—that could have been at your tender mercies,—for am I not a lawyer of some seven years' standing? and have I not done the State service both as Attorney General and Judge? and written at least one law book, to wit: "The Supplement to Aikin's Digest?" This might possibly entitle me to a place among "The Bench and Bar of Alabama!" But what have I done to be suspended in the criminal calendar of native authors? Nothing, I wot, upon which an indictment for a capital felony could be maintained. But, as you have chosen to think differently, and have deemed certain of my *misdeeds*—perhaps I should write *mis-deeds*—worthy of *presentment*, I will come into court,

upon your *summons*, and file my plea in abatement, in the words and figures following, to wit:

"The State, &c., upon the information of the Hon. James Toddlebar, who prosecutes in this behalf,

vs.

Alexander B. Meek.

"And the defendant, in his own proper person, comes and defends, &c., when, &c., and says that the court here ought not to take cognizance of, or sustain the bill of indictment in this case, because he says that, although it is true as alleged,

"I. That he has, at divers times, from his boyhood up to this, his twenty-eighth year, perpetrated sundry songs, sonnets, odes, epigrams, &c., of an amatory, patriotic, bacchanalian and obituary character; some of which have been given to the public through the pages of various periodicals, such as The Casket, The Southron, The Southern Ladies' Book, The Orion, The Mobile Literary Gazette, The Augusta Mirror, The Bachelor's Button, The Magnolia, and others of that class, under different *nommes de plume*; many of which disfigure the rose-scented beauty of countless maidens' albums; but the most of which still slumber, where they ought to be, in his own bachelor *port-feuille*.

"II. That, at his outset in manhood, he became the editor of a thorough-going Democratic journal, in the town of Tuscaloosa, Ala., known as The Flag of the Union, and filled its columns, for a year, with long-winded dissertations upon the mysteries of Free Trade, Banking, &c., with a bountiful sprinkling of the kindred themes of romance, sentiment and poetry.

"III. That, in the year 1839, he was the amateur editor of 'The Southron,' and wrote the greater part of its contents embracing moral and didactic essays; sketches of the history of Alabama, and other south-western States; grave and bitter criticisms; and tales and poetry,—over his own name, and his anagram, Beaufort H. Keem.

"IV. That he is the author of 'The Day of Freedom,' a poem of some 600 lines of blank verse,

with lyrical interspersions, including the 'Land of the South,'—pronounced, by appointment, before the citizens of Tuscaloosa, July 4, 1838, and printed in a small volume with notes; also of 'The Nuptial Fete,' a poem of near the same length, published in the Southern Literary Messenger, for October, 1841,—which poem includes some of this defendant's 'finest frenzy; though the sapient public seem not to be aware of that all-important fact!

"V. That he is the author of several literary discourses, which have been published, to wit: 1. 'The South-West: Its History, Character and Prospects. A Discourse before the Erosaphic Society of the University of Alabama, December 7, 1839,'—which was reviewed at length, and highly praised, in the Southern Literary Messenger for March, 1840. 2. 'Jack Cadeism and the Fine Arts: A Discourse before the Literary Societies of La Grange College, Alabama, June 16, 1741,'—of which the New York Review for October, 1841, was pleased to say, among other words of high commendation, that 'surely never before was such a voice heard among the forests of the south-west.' 3. 'An Oration before the Alumni Society of the University of Alabama, December, 1836.' Besides several lectures, orations, and discourses, which have been spoken but not printed.

"VI. That this defendant has devoted much time and attention to the history of the State of Alabama, her Indian tribes and first settlers; the result of which has been a manuscript volume of some 800 pages, octavo; chapters from which have been given to the public in the 'Southron,' and in a lecture before the Tuscaloosa Lyceum, entitled 'The Red Men of Alabama.'

"VII. That he is the author of some twenty lyrics in the Magnolia, which were prepared at the request of Samuel Hart, sen., publisher, of Charleston, S. C., to be issued with music, under the title of 'Songs of the South,'—a series to which, W. G. Simms, Dr. Dickson and Miss M. E. Lee have also contributed. These songs, from their local suggestions and character, or some other reason, have been among the most popular of this defendant's writings in poetry, though he does not regard them as his best.

"VIII. That he has in preparation, and will publish during the present year, a poem of about 2000 lines, in three cantoes, entitled 'The Red Eagle; or, The Retribution of Fort Mimms: a romance of Alabama. With historical notes,'—founded upon incidents in the war of 1813, '14 with the Creek Indians—which will compose a volume of near 150 pages—and present the best poetry of this defendant.

"YET—although the foregoing allegations be true, as this defendant confesses with the utmost penitence and humility—he still says and insists,

"1. That they are not sufficient, either at common law or by any of the statutes of criticism, to constitute against him the crime of authorism, for it is a well settled maxim, that '*de minimis non curat Lex*.'

"2. That the prosecution of such misdemeanors, if such they were, is now barred by the statutes of limitations—having *long since* passed into ob-

livion, and being now 'with the things beyond the flood.'

"ALL of which this defendant is ready to verify. Wherefore he prays judgment if the court here will take further cognizance of, or sustain the said bill of indictment—which he prays may now be quashed.

A. B. MEEK."

Such, my dear Mr. Toddlebar, is my plea in abatement; and I opine that, upon examination of it, you will conclude that you should dismiss me from farther prosecution. When the "day of small things" comes, it will do to hang up my *daguerreotype* among the 'portraits of poets' in Mr. Poe's. However, do as you please. From what I have written here jocosely, you can glean the principal features of my literary physiognomy. I will send you such of my published writings, or other facts, as you may desire. A few days since I sent the Southron. If I can procure the "Bachelor's Button," published at Mobile by W. R. Smith, in 1837 and 1838, I will forward it, if you desire.

Will you be so kind as to send me in return a sketch of your literary life and publications?

Very truly, your friend,

A. B. Meek.

The following letter is from the Hon. Ephraim H. Foster, but recently a Senator of the United States from the State of Tennessee. He is too well known for the kindness of his disposition, and for his amenities of manner, to need any extended eulogy from my hands. His chirography, although its *bizarrierie* is very piquant, is remarkably graceful. The autograph fails to give the entire *uniqueness* of the MS.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 17th, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—I received this moment your letter of the 13th inst., and need not tell you, I hope, what a lively interest it excited, or how sincerely I desire, if I can, to serve you. Before, however, I can take any step to promote your desires with any claims upon success, I must be advised of your past pursuits in life, and the line of business with which you are most familiarly acquainted. Without such information I should not know how to talk in your behalf, or where to direct myself. And after all, it is due to candor for me to say, that the prospect of obtaining a berth for you here is extremely limited, if not altogether hopeless. I never saw business at such a low ebb in Nashville. Desolation reigns, as it were, where the busy hum of commerce once dwelt, and the most prosperous among our citizens hardly find employment enough to make the two ends of the year meet and balance each other.

I shall be happy to hear from you again, and remain, dear sir,

Your friend,

Ephraim H. Foster

THE ATHEIST; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He came not, though the stars went down
Upon her vigils. Will he ever come?—PRAY.

"I am glad you have come to us to-night, Mr. Calvert," said the widow, as Harry Calvert doused the laughing infant up and down in his arms, whilst the little creature crowded for joy. "I wanted to speak to you of a poor neighbor of ours."

"Of whom do you speak?" inquired the student, lifting his eyes from the child's face, which he had been contemplating.

"Of Mrs. Morrell, a poor woman who occupies a room in this house. Her husband left her last night, in a disordered state of mind, and has not returned since. She is greatly distressed and alarmed at his absence."

"But was there no cause?" asked Calvert.

"I am sure there was none on her part," answered the widow. "The man is a laborer, and has always appeared to be a steady, industrious man; but it appears he was yesterday discharged from his situation, and this worked upon his mind so much that the poor wife fears he has committed some rash act—"

"And she is suffering, you say. Is she destitute?"

"I fear she is. I found her this morning half distracted; for she had not slept through the night, but walked the place with her baby in her arms, from the hour her husband left her. Ah, Mr. Calvert, you would have pited the poor creature."

The widow did not say that she had shared her own scanty store with her poor neighbor; for she was not one of those who herald their own good acts. Harry's eyes glistened as he listened to the short recital which summed up so much misery.

"Who is this man—the husband?" asked he.

"Have I ever seen him?"

"He was porter to Mr. Oily, the merchant on — street. You know him, I believe."

"Yes—he is uncle to my chum, Girard Baxter. He is a very strict church member, I know; but, perhaps, he may be influenced by his nephew to restore this poor man to his situation, unless it has been lost by some crime."

"O, no—I am sure James Morrell has not been guilty of crime, Mr. Calvert. He has too good a wife—"

Harry smiled as the widow, in her hurried exculpation of her unfortunate neighbor, uttered this apparently singular reason for a man's virtue.— Yet, if we were to examine closely the history of many who are termed criminal, we might trace their aberration from rectitude to the very fact that the partners of their life were not fitted to exercise the right influence over their actions.— Many a man has been rescued and drawn back from the very threshold of error, by the gentle

yet powerful sway of a virtuous, sensible and loving woman.

"I would like to speak with the poor wife, and perhaps, from my acquaintance with her husband's employer, I may be able to afford him some aid in regaining his situation."

"I will go with you, directly," said the widow, taking the little Frank from her visitor's arms, where the child had nearly fallen asleep in happy confidence.

In a few moments Harry Calvert, conducted by Mrs. Ward, which was the name of the widow, found himself at the door of Morrell's apartment, upon the floor above that occupied as parlor and kitchen by the other family. It was opened, in answer to a slight knock, by the free-thinker's wife.

Ellen was deadly pale, and the traces of tears, as well as anxiety, were on her countenance. She started at perceiving a stranger, and glanced inquiringly at Mrs. Ward.

"I have brought a friend—a kind friend of ours—to see you, Mrs. Morrell," said the neighbor, "and I am certain he will endeavor to befriend you. He is acquainted with your husband's late employer, Mr. Oily."

"Ah, sir," said Ellen, rising her tearful eyes to Calvert's face, as she drew a chair towards him. "I fear my husband has greatly displeased Mr. Oily. But, I am sure—I am sure he will repent of any sudden offence he may have given—if—"

The agitation of the young wife nearly overcame her strength, and she leaned against a chair for support. Calvert could not but be struck with the delicate beauty of this sorrowing woman. Her blue eyes, radiant through their tears, her perfectly transparent complexion, and pencilled features, united to form a perfect picture. "Her husband must be a brute, or mad, to neglect such a lovely creature," said the young man to himself.

"Your husband, I am told, has not been home since—yesterday, was it not?"

"That is what troubles me, sir. James never absented himself before, and I know not what—I fear some accident may have happened to him." A fresh burst of tears interrupted Ellen's words.

"Has he not been to Mr. Oily's establishment?"

"No, sir! I have been there twice to-day, and they could tell me nothing, but that he had been discharged."

"This is singular, indeed, and must be inquired into," said Calvert. "Fortunately, I am acquainted with the superintendent of the watch, and may glean some information from him," continued the young man, as a thought struck him.

"Ah, sir—you do not think he has been guilty of any crime?"

"No," answered Calvert. "But—were your husband's habits regular? Was he accustomed to be with you during his leisure hours?"

"He used to be—but—lately—oh, sir—I fear he has been led away by evil company," murmured the poor wife, reluctantly replying to a question that probed her heart. Harry Calvert, young though he was, saw in a moment the true aspect of the case. He divined intuitively the cause which had driven the bloom from that youthful cheek, down which the hot tears were now falling fast—he beheld, written upon that sad countenance, the silent story of—neglect.

A low cry from the cradle, in which lay Ellen's babe, now drew the mother's attention. She raised the moaning infant in her arms, and strove to soothe it by caresses. The sympathizing neighbor drew nearer. "My child is very ill," murmured Mrs. Morrell, rocking the baby on her breast.

"I fear it is," said Mrs. Ward, taking a thin weak hand of the infant within her own. "It is very feverish—you should have a physician."

The mother answered with a deep sigh.

Harry Calvert felt strangely moved. The tears almost forced themselves from his eyes, as he contemplated the pale features of the mother and her sick babe. He rose hastily.

"Tell me," said he—"do you know of any acquaintances which your husband has, who would be likely to know of his whereabouts?"

"Alas, sir—I have been everywhere I could think of to-day. There was one person who used sometimes to call for James—a Mr. Burnycoat—him I could not discover."

"What sort of a person in this Burnycoat?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. I fear, however, he has been the cause of all my husband's troubles—"

"I will do my utmost to ascertain something this very night," said Calvert, quickly. "Trust me, madam—if I can do ought to restore your husband to the position he has lost it shall be done."

"And if you try," said the widow Ward, with a grateful glance towards the young man, "it will be done. You never give up, Mr. Calvert, when you are laboring for others."

Harry blushed, and extended his hand towards Mrs. Morrell. "I hope to bring you good news of James," said he.

"May God reward you, sir," murmured the wife.

"I will not ask you to conduct me down stairs," remarked Calvert to Mrs. Ward, as he took her hand. "Your friend may need your assistance for a while," continued he, glancing at Ellen.

Then, with a kind farewell, he departed, and Mrs. Ward felt that he had left a bank note in her hand, as he had pressed it for the last time.

"It is for you, Mrs. Morrell," said the widow to her young neighbor; "and it is just like him. May God bless that young man, for he is good to the poor."

In that simple prayer, Mrs. Ward paid a higher tribute to the student than could have been contained in the most glowing language of rhetoric. What is more sublime in its simplicity than the brief panegyric—"he is good to the poor!"

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. OLIVER OILY.

Born in the garret—in the kitchen bred.—BYRON.

A MIDDLE-AGED lady, with features of very censorious sanctity, sat in an extremely neat parlor. This middle-aged lady was Mrs. Oily, appropriate and pious rib of the worthy brother of that name, whom we have introduced to the reader in a previous chapter. In a brown study sat Mrs. Oily, with a sage and reflective countenance.

Mrs. Oily was one of those shining and female lights which are placed by an inscrutable Providence to illumine all the dark holes and crannies, the sinks and sewers of human weakness—so that they may be visible, at least, if not shunned. Mrs. Oily was a complete "church-members' guide." She could tell to a moral certainty how soon a particular damsel would back-slide—what was the average number of female back-sliders per year—and other kindred matters too numerous to mention. She was a great advocate of moral reform and women's-rights societies; she spoke out at prayer-meetings, and exhorted young men in secret. Ah! she was a jewel of a woman, was Mrs. Oily, with a smooth tongue and a cold grey eye.

But there was one person whom Mrs. Oily hated—and that was the minister's wife, Mrs. Gurney. It was very wrong in Mrs. Oily to hate Sister Gurney, but, poor soul! how *could* she help it? Did not Mrs. Gurney constantly refuse to leave her household affairs for the purpose of going on a converting mission to single gentlemen's boarding-houses? Had not Mrs. Gurney absolutely refused to place her name upon the subscription list of a "Female Negro Infant Society?" Was not the minister's wife an advocate of doing good in secret? and did not that appear supremely ridiculous to Mrs. Brother Oily? In short, how *could* Mrs. Oily love Mrs. Gurney? She might feel charity—Christian charity—for the wife of the minister; but how—how could she love her?

Mrs. Oily was thinking of Mrs. Gurney, and, as she reviewed the many instances of the latter lady's unworthiness, her lower lip incontinently fell, and a series of winks with her left eyelid, seemed to express with mute earnestness her conviction that "pride must have a fall," and that "people are all very good till they're found out."

At last, the matron, elevating her voice to the treble of an antiquated and ungreased wagon-wheel, commenced the utterance of a scale of sounds purporting to be: "Oily! Oily! duck! where are you."

"Here am I, Mrs. Oily," answered another voice; and the door of an inner-room opening, disclosed the worse half of the lady, hastily busied, as he entered, in wiping from his lips traces of something which had evidently been making acquaintance with his throat.

"At it again, Oily—eh?" exclaimed the amiable Mrs. Oily, as she glanced at her spouse. "Why, for patience sake, can't you let that bottle alone?"

"What's that to you, Mrs. Oily?"

"O, nothing! of course, nothing to *me*. I've nothing to do with the house—I'm a stranger here! Of course, Mr. Oily," said the matron, getting very red in the face.

"Well, just keep your tongue still, and make no remarks about me," said Mr. Oily, with dignity.

"It's for your good, Mr. Oily."

"Fudge, Mrs. Oily."

"Fudge or not fudge, its true, Mr. Oily."

"Well, do your own quarrelling," said Mr. Oliver Oily, taking his hat from its peg, and fixing it firmly over his rubicund face—"I've got other fish to fry."

So saying, the worthy brother and estimable merchant turned away from his belligerent partner, and walked with a very deaconish and devout step forth to the street.

Absorbed in his meditations, Mr. O. Oily continued leisurely on his way, until a sudden turning brought him in contact with the person of a lank and lathe-like individual, whom he immediately addressed by the euphonious name of "Smith."

"Brother Oily—well met," said the lathe-like personage, who, like Mr. Oily, was a member, and moreover, a deacon in the church which was now under the pastoral care of the Rev. Job Gurney.

"Brother Oily—well met!" said Deacon Smith to his pious coadjutor, taking both hands of the oleaginous merchant within his own.

"Deacon Smith," returned Brother Oily, solemnly, "I was about seeking your companionship to ease my mind of divers suspicions."

"Peradventure," said Deacon Smith—"they relate to our pastor, who, I fear, is weak in the faith and in the practice of righteousness."

"Even so!" replied Brother Oily. "Ah, deacon, it is with sorrow of heart that I mark the evil example of those who are set like a city upon a hill. Sin is rife, Deacon Smith, in the courts of the church; and the hearts of back-sliders are hardened against the counsels of the elders. Ah, deacon!"

Brother Oily sighed deeply, and Deacon Smith sighed in response. Brother Oily continued—

"You know, deacon, the pride and wilfulness of Mr. Gurney. His stubborn neck must be broken—indeed it must. I have many things to reveal in regard to him."

"Even so have I, Brother Oily," said the deacon. "Many grievous sins has he committed which must soon come to light."

"Have you witnesses, deacon?" asked Oily, somewhat eagerly.

"Indeed have I," answered Smith, with an unctious sigh, though a sudden gleam of his eye could not escape his companion's notice.

"We will take farther counsel together on the subject, my dear deacon," said Mr. Oily, shaking Smith's hand. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out!—eh, brother?"

"Even so!" replied the deacon, and then, with a brotherly embrace, the two worthy pillars of Mr. Gurney's church went on their different paths.

And as Deacon Smith pursued his way, he chuckled to himself, and muttered with a malignant smile—"I'll ruin Gurney yet—the proud up-

start that he is. I'll ruin him, or my name is not Smith!"

And as Brother Oily walked towards his counting house, he slapped his knee with his hand, and remarked quietly: "I'll see Gurney—the saint—turned out of the pulpit in disgrace—or my name is not Oily."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

If thou'lt do this, thou shalt have store of gold,
To ruffle with the bravest.—OLD PLAY.

"JAMES MORRELL—is that you?" was the sudden exclamation of Mr. Robert Burnycoat, as, turning the corner of a narrow street leading to the water, he encountered an apparently familiar face, belonging to a man who stood propped up by the door-posts at the entrance of a low grog-gery.

The individual addressed answered by an impatient twitching of his hat over his eyes, and a movement as if he would rather escape the company of his interrogator.

"What's the matter?" cried Burnycoat, clutching the other's arm. "Why, Jim, my boy, you're not going to turn your back on an old friend—come along, and let's drink a brace of healths together."

"Drink!" muttered the man, as he slowly lifted his hat, and disclosed, in the light that fell through the dirty red curtains of the grog-shop, a countenance already inflamed by intoxication. "Drink!" he repeated fiercely, as he fixed his blood-shot eyes upon the other's face. "Yes—yes—I'll drink! I'll drink blue fire with you!"

Burnycoat laughed dryly. "Come along then, Jim," said he, pulling him towards the door.

"Stop! Burnycoat, I've got no money—not a cursed cent. I'll drink—but—you'll have to—foot the bill."

"O, never mind that, Jim," said the ruffian, locking his arm in that of the reeling drunkard—"I've got money enough for both. Come along, I want to have a private confab with you, my boy."

Burnycoat drew the tottering frame of the free-thinker across the sanded floor of the bar-room, to a niche in one corner, half-concealed by a dirty red curtain; and, calling for liquor, seated himself beside his companion at the shaky table upon which a rank tallow candle was apparently running a race with time.

"What's the matter with you, Jim?" asked Burnycoat, resting his elbows upon the board, and regarding the other with his small twinkling eyes, till Morrell's unsteady gaze fell before them.

"Matter! You'd better ask! Hay'n't I been turned out of work?" cried the man, striking the table with his clenched hand.

Burnycoat's countenance bore an expression of very bewildered drollery, as if he were at a loss to interpret the meaning of his companion's words, and yet was vastly amused at hearing them. But still his grey eyes glittered with a hidden purpose,

as he replied with a laugh: "I'm out of work, too, Jim—but I expect a job soon, my boy."

Morrell's drunken glance was arrested by the covert meaning of the other's eyes. "What are you saying, Burny?" he asked.

"Nothing!" I've only got a job engaged, that's all. But drain your glass, and let's have another drink. Yes, my boy, I've got a *job*, and, if you're a mind, I'll share it with you."

"What is it, Burnycoat? Honest, I hope."

"Honest!" echoed the other, with the true Iago drawl. "Why, as to that, perhaps the worthy gentlemen in black up in Court street mightn't think so. But that, you know, Jim, is the effect of prejudice."

Morrell emptied his glass, and leaned back against the wall. "Go on, Burnycoat," muttered he.

"Well, Jim, in the first place, I'll ask you a friendly question. You're pretty devilish *poor*, about this time—eh, my boy?"

"What if I am?"

"O, no offence! only it's rather uncomfortable, I should say. Decidedly bad to have a family starving—that's all."

"Starving!" cried Morrell, half starting up. "O, no! not that!" Then, burying his face in his hard palms, he bowed his forehead against the table, and murmured, "It's true—it's true! O God!"

"Well, Morrell—don't snivel in that way.—Look there!" exclaimed Burnycoat, drawing from his pocket a faded purse, through the net-work of which gleamed in the dim candle light a number of gold pieces. "Ha, my fine fellow—do ye see the yellow-boys?"

Morrell gazed with a stupified look at his companion, whilst Burnycoat carefully replaced the purse in a breast-pocket of his shabby and thread-bare coat.

"Where got you that?" cried the porter, fiercely.

"Jobbing, my boy," answered Burnycoat, with a laugh. "My business pays better than yours."

He sipped his liquor as he spoke, and regarded Morrell keenly. The porter relapsed into a moody silence.

"Come, come, Jim, cheer up!" resumed the ruffian. "I can put you in a way to make your fortune, if you're not afraid. And you're not a man to care for the whining, canting hypocrites of the world, are you, Jim?"

"No!" muttered James Morrell, with a fearful oath. "Look you, Burnycoat—what would you have me do? Speak, man! I'm not afraid."

Again the ruined porter grasped the bottle, and swallowed, at a draught, a glass of the fiery liquor.

"You'll be well paid, Jim."

"Well—speak. Go on!"

"And the business is not so hard as portorage." "In the fiend's name, tell me what it is."

"Not here, my boy. Give me your hand, and promise that you'll not flinch—even if—if—"

"What?" gasped the drunkard.

"Even if blood should be spilled."

"O, no, Burnycoat—not that—not that!" cried Morrell, with a start of horror.

"No, no, my boy—not exactly—but, you'd better not speak so loud, curtains have ears, as well as walls. Come along, and I'll tell you more, and may be make your fortune. There's my hand."

"I'll—I'll go with you, Bob, cried the porter, clutching the other's hand with drunken vehemence and endeavoring to steady his swaying limbs.

"Come on then."

Burnycoat led the wretched man through the bar-room to the door; and had Morrell been less stultified with drink, he might have noticed a smile upon the smooth face of the bar-keeper, and a quick exchange of looks between that worthy and Burnycoat, which contained a deal of mysterious meaning.

Together the two emerged into the dark street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SORROW.

BY CAROLINE C——.

KNOW'ST thou sorrow's chameleon-like form?

Hath she ever revealed her dark wisdom to thee?

How spoke she? With voice like the howl of the storm

When shrieking its madness it leaps o'er the sea?

Fiercely crushing thy soul, as the vessel bends down

'Neath the blast of the wind, and the hurricane's frown?

Or, as when on the beautiful midsummer skies, [blue

Soft clouds like the sunbeams make deeper heaven's

'Till woo'd and led on by the zephyr's low sighs,

Their light feet dance earthward, as gently as dew!

Had thy heart-flowers then a more radiant birth

From those merciful drops, as the flowers of earth?

Came she in like a friend to the home of thy heart—

Sat she down by thy hearth with her chill hand in

Has she led thee resistless from pleasure apart, [thine?

To tell thee the sun shall no more for thee shine?

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1849.

Has she clasp'd thee her chosen one fast to her breast
To whisper earth has for thee no more of rest?

Hath she bent like a mother long over thy bed—

Hath she been thy companion, thy friend, and thy guide?

Have her tears as a baptism fall'n on thy head?

Or as teacher the sternest walks she by thy side?

Has she grown so familiar through many long years

That thy heart has grown cold, and forgotten thy fears?

How know'st thou her constantly varying form?

Whisper'd she ever her wisdom to thee?

Ay! thou art mortal! ne'er mortal has worn

Life's mantle whose feet from her presence might flee!

Thou hast known her perchance, e'en as I know her, well—

Thou hast listed with trembling her terrible voice!

She has spread round thy hearth-stone her withering spell,

Or, thou'st learn'd in her presence to weep and rejoice!

DOCTORS DISSECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

No. I.

MANKIND is divided into men, women and doctors. Of this last hybrid class I have somewhat to say, what I know not; it may be grave or gay, absurd or profound, according as my pen chooses, for I allow this feathered Pegasus to jog along at its own discretion, now at a snail's pace and now *currente calamo*, stopping at pleasure, proceeding as the inclination takes him. My sole duty is to guide the brute, not objecting to her snipping a green bough from the side of the way and permitting a deviation from the straight road, wherever a less beaten path through the realms of fancy will arrive, if not as quickly, at least as pleasantly, at the same result. My only care will be, not to get run-away-with, by the jade's taking the bits in her teeth, (a trick she has with inexperienced drivers,) or to guard against her suddenly stopping and tossing her astonished rider over her head, he suddenly finding himself softly ensconced in the mud, while she, with ears laid back and uplifted tail, gallops around, kicking up a great dust in his face and wearying herself with useless laborings. Do, my dear friends, have respect for my steed! Don't vote her an ass.

There is little, if anything, to distinguish the three classes of mankind, above mentioned, from one another during several of the first years of their existence. Like Jonah's gourd they spring up all at once, and after several hours of hubbub, great apparent mystery, slamming doors, running up and down the stairs and through the streets, accompanied with the portentous omen of a horse and gig at the door, out of which gig descends one bearing a gold-headed cane. He opens the door and his white kid sticks to the knob, but he walks on, leaving it there. His important a-hem clears the path. Is he the ruler of pandemonium? But the noise stops. The gig rolls off and the larva hominum, with red face, clenched fist and white frock, is discovered. I never heard that any smell of brimstone ever accompanied this wondrous transaction. Accidents are rare, though there is talk of broken noses sometimes.

This embryo state remains about two years, and it is not till after moulting that the difference of sex is perceptible. The male then puts on shorter plumage, and in Scotland and some other countries the legs are bare.

As with the bee, the queen is only an ordinary germ differently fed, so in mankind is the doctor. At from 18 to 20 years of age the boy, not different from all around in personal appearance or mental cultivation, is provided with a peculiar mental nourishment, and after the lapse of three years he becomes one of this mongrel class, neither one thing or another, yelet doctor.

Doctors have, by some, been called a class of men who live on the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures—by others, the alleviators of life's miseries. Perhaps both are true, depending upon

the variety. All are not of the same character. Not more diverse and distinct are the priest and the hypocrite, the lawyer and the pettifogger, the shoemaker and the cobler, the tailor and the bookseller, than the physician and the quack.

Formerly a quack was a boastful pretender to arts which he did not understand, for then education was confined only to those of wealth and birth—to those who, if they were by nature deficient in feelings of honor, had those lofty views impressed upon them by reason of their station and their family pride. Then, the only quacks were "pretenders to knowledge."

But now the quack is he who, with more education, perhaps with a superior mind, avails himself of a popular delusion to gain money, at the expense of his reputation among those whose opinion is of value—of his self-respect—of his soul. He says, "the world is a great goose and he is a fool who is not in at the plucking;" or, as said a Broadway Homœopathic, formerly a regular practitioner, on being asked by an old friend, "Do you really believe that the theory you practice is true?" "No, indeed, and he who does is a fool, but everybody wishes to be humbugged and I know none who has a better right for the spoils than I." The result to which I arrive is, that all professedly styled physicians are either regular practitioners or quacks, and that a quack is either a knave or a fool.

But you assume that you of the Academy of Medicine are the way, the truth, and the light! Certainly, and with excellent reasons. Medicine is not a science of yesterday, nor the dream of any wild schemer, but one originating in antiquity, handed down, enriched and improved through centuries, to be perfected only in eternity. The greatest minds of the earth have given the admiration of their youth, their manhood has improved, ornamented and simplified, and their old age has relied upon it. The vegetable and mineral kingdoms are closely allied, and kindred sciences give to it their strong support. This is the lofty fabric, planned by the great architect, founded upon a rock of adamant which has resisted the storms of time, the floods of persecution and ridicule, the stormy gusts of passion and envy, and remains not only unscathed, but whose fair proportions are daily more colossal and finished—this is the glorious edifice that you wish to tear down, and build upon its ruins a flimsy structure of ephemeral materials and shapeless construction, "the baseless fabric of a vision, to melt away leaving not a rock behind."

The quacks of the olden time, really ignorant, not only acknowledged the skill and learning of the truly educated physician, but his highest boast was that he also possessed the same information. The tactics of the charlatan of the nineteenth century are far different. There are Napoleons in the humbug fields. Talents are there employed,

which were they only directed in the honest path, would render mankind a service and bring reputation and wealth to their own hearth. But there are minds—and we see frequent instances around us—which are unable to act honorably and uprightly, so grovelling that they prefer to wallow in the dust, so tricky by nature that they insensibly adopt the doubtful plan, which will give room for manœuvring and strategy, rather than the plain and honorable. These are the wholesale deniers that there is any good in the old system, and who consequently have themselves formed a new plan, upon a theory of their own construction, and who with unparalleled impudence tell the world to give up the antiquated notions in which they have been educated—for Galen and Hippocrates were fools, Hunter, Harvey, Sydenham were dolts, Cooper, Louis, Velpeau are ignoramusses. I, the italic capital I, am the only man who ever knew anything of the human frame, or the true method of healing its disorders.

Do you think this strange? But how far more strange that any one can be found who will believe such a tale. The Israelites fell down before the golden calf, while the true God was evident upon the holy mount surrounded by the thunders and lightnings of heaven.

NO. II.

ONE of the most remarkable things of the age is the public credulity. Education seems to have had no effect upon it. It were not to be wondered at, that the illiterate of past centuries were deluded by jugglers and imposters, but that in this land of general information, there is so vast an amount of deception daily practiced, proves either that we have not attained that high state of intellectual development of which we boast, or that "much learning has made us mad." Those who receive the names of incredulous, bigotted, narrow-minded; who do not believe *any* of the things of the day, who in turn, leant a deaf ear to the claims of Matthias, the revelations of Joe Smith, the dreams of Swedenborg and the forebodings of Father Miller; who never saw Joyce Heth, the sea-serpent nor the mermaid; who do not swallow Phrenology in the minutiae, Mesmerism, Homœopathy and Hydropathy, are few indeed. Every one has one hobby to ride, and some keep a stud. But few of my readers but what will object to some one of the above being included in the list of humbugs. Should I follow their several objections, and erase as they speak their pets from my catalogue, none would be left. I prefer rather to add to its numbers, and include ultra Abolition, ultra Temperance, ultra Protestantism, and a host of others which any can see belong to the same category.

It must be that our education is faulty. It seems to me that reason, the balance wheel in the complex machinery of man's mind, plays too small a part—that we should form our opinions less hastily, and not without strong grounds. Our too frequent method is to receive some prejudice and then to seek facts for its support. Common sense has not the respect which it deserves, and the plant seems so kept in the shade, that there is danger lest it die from the want of the cheering

beams of the sun. Our intellect seems, too, in but a mere hot bed, and the opinions and views which emanate therefrom are the weak, puny, colorless productions of an arid soil, forced into unnatural and spindling growth, having no strength in themselves and totally unfitted to sustain an exposure to the rough winds of the world.

It is on account of this universal credulity that the columns of our journals are filled with quack advertisements, that we find the certificates of sensible men acknowledging miracles. Dans tous les temps la credulite adopte plus facilement les relations miraculeuses que les recits fondees sur des causes naturelles. Connected with this facility of belief is another quality, which plays into the imposter's hand. I know not whether it is a desire to do good, from gratitude or for goodness sake, or whether it be shame. Perhaps in different instances all are the causes. The sensible man is ashamed of his belief and he therefore endeavors to spread it. It is the old story of the fox who had lost his tail. Whatever may be the causes, most certain it is that the believers are never content with mere belief. They consider themselves in the light of missionaries, and a part of their future life is devoted to recommending some one man and some new plan. Shade of Ignatius Loyola rest! a greater zeal than thine is of every day occurrence in the 19th century! A score of lives saved by the usual methods and not even a thank is due—it is too common an affair; but a quack has healed a scratch of a pin—the saving's bank is drained; the neighbors are informed; there would be an illumination were it not dangerous to throw too much light on the matter. What is the reason of all this ado? Why the man has recovered notwithstanding the quack. Somebody else has come into the room. My friend, tell the story over again!

Next to the inventors of new modes of treatment comes one who has discovered the cause of diseases. His profession is, that all maladies are the same, only differing in their manifestation. One finds foul blood is the cause, another that the pores are closed, a third that it is in the digestive apparatus that the whole difficulty lies. The practice is therefore easy, for whatever may be the complaint, the poor patient is purified by sarsaparilla and other decoctions, steamed and sweated, debilitated by cathartic pills, according as he may fall into the hands of one or another of these specimens of Paracelsus' descendants. These varieties of empirics comprise in their numbers numerous clergymen, who thus seem to be reviving the olden times when priest and leech was almost synonymous, or later still, when the duties of barber, and surgeon, and dentist, were centered in one numbscull. The clerical family pill, rheumatic pill, liniments and stuffs, are not unfrequently announced by the itinerant divine from the pulpit, with a short notice of their extraordinary merits, in something like the following manner: "I will give notice that a prayer meeting will be held at the house of Brother A. B. on Tuesday eve. I feel myself bound also to state, for the benefit of all afflicted, that I have with me a few boxes of my Rheumatic Pills, which cure the most aggravated cases of Rheumatism, which

I will sell at fifty cents each." Or in the following words from a newspaper report of a celebrated divine :

"My brethren and friends, said a preacher out West, it is unnecessary to make a great demonstration. We live in an age remarkable for mighty inventions, not the least of which is the patent pill which my eldest brother has given to the world. It is the most astounding, wonderful invention that his ever-gifted genius has conferred upon mankind—it is the greatest benefit of the species. From motives of pure philanthropy, I have put a few in my pocket which you can have at the close of the service, at a dime a box."

The next claimant on our credulity, is he whose mother and grandmother had each the misfortune to give birth to seven sons, of which he is the last and descended from the youngest. Probably his virtues are greatest at seven years of age, and having a real kings touch for scrofula and the like when arrived at the full age of seventy seven. This last is really more credible than the former, for we can believe miracles. The palm is however divided by a greasy Indian medicine-man and the candidates for the Moral Reform Societies or Mesmerist subjects.

It is not to be wondered that, seeing the public goose thus stripped by these numerous varieties of

pretenders, the profession itself is incited to try a pull at the plumage. This must be done so as not to be open to censure from their body. The most successful way at present is either to write a book with an attractive title, designed for the public eye—if of such a style as to attract the prurient minded of the community, so much the more successful will it probably be. The ideas, even the words, may be copied verbatim from any convenient work. The principal thing is to have the preface dated from the residence of the author, so that the curious may easily find him. Then puff it through all the city papers. If the book is used for trunks no matter. The end will be accomplished.

A more recent method is to advertise for scholars. The graduate, who yesterday trembled lest he should fail at his examination, has plucked up courage and now believes himself capable to teach not what he knows, but what he has read or heard others say. Pass round the handbills of smooth letter paper and fine type—Medical Tuition by P— A—, M.D., 905 ——— street. Sure, says Snooks, if he is able to teach, he can cure my baby, and though no scholars come, patients do. The professional etiquette prohibits the circulation of handbills which state abilities of cures performed, but advertisements for teaching are very different !—[TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GARDEN GATE.

BY R. H. BROWN.

THE rustic little garden gate
That's hung before our door,
In summer's sun and winter's snow,
These twenty years or more.
How many stirring mem'ries throng
Around that simple thing;
Ah! many thoughts that touch the heart
From humble sources spring.
Through that old gate I've trip'd along,
In childhood's happier day;
Sometimes I used it as a swing
In boyhood's merry way.
I've passed that little garden gate,
In manhood's sterner hour,
When gentle hope within my heart,
Has blossomed like a flower.
Ah! hope was frailer than the flowers
That bloomed my path beside,

For when I passed that gate again
They bloomed, but hope had died.
I've seen the bridal party go,
With bounding steps along,
And happy hearts through that old gate,
Mid revelry and song.
When death hath entered in our midst,
Full many a friend I've seen
Borne through that little garden gate,
To slumber on the green.
And though I know 'tis but a dream,
That things inanimate
Can feel a sympathy with us,
I love that little gate.
It seemeth like a friend to me,
A friend that I have known,
Mid all the joys and griefs and tears,
With which life's path is strewn.





FATHER MATHEW.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

WE have somewhere seen a sketch, whether fictitious or real, so beautiful that we do not hesitate to appropriate it as well as memory will serve. Mozart, the most brilliant prodigy of his age, when but six years old was summoned to Vienna to astonish the Austrian court with his precocious attainments. Gaily dressed, the young courtier was introduced into a spacious saloon of the imperial palace, and seeing a piano he instantly seated himself and began to elicit its powers. As its rich tones struck on his ear, his soul was quickened with some of those glorious thoughts which have immortalized him. Insensible to all external things, he abandoned himself to his own visions, wrought into tangible form through the magnificent instrument. He neither heard nor saw a majestic form behind him, holding by the hand a little beauty, who could scarcely restrain her delight at the sounds which she heard. She was but one year older than he, and perhaps a more beautiful pair of gifted and sprightly children was never seen together.

"Ah, how sweetly you do play," she exclaimed, running up to him, and gazing admiringly at him. "I would like to play so too, will you not be my teacher?"

The little musician gazed at her with admiration, and that sort of pity with which genius regards those who cannot attain what seems so easy to it. "It is a hard labor to learn to play. You must sit till you are tired to death, and continue a long time. You must wait till you are bigger, and then it will not tire you as it does me."

"But who taught you?" insisted the forward beauty.

"The saint and my father," he replied.

"Very well said," said she laughing "you and the saint shall be my teachers."

Mozart had felt poverty at home, and there was some meaning in his reply. "Princesses are so rich, that it is not necessary for them to be taught by the saints to play. But we must play for bread!"

The brilliant little beauty was Marie Antoinette, the very mention of whose name causes sadness. Well had it been for her had she been chained to the piano with Mozart for a teacher for life, rather than have gone to Paris to be admired, to be worshipped, and, in the noonday of her glory, to be dragged down step by step to the same scaffold on which perished plebians and nobles under the axe of an infuriate populace! But it was not to be. To have been reduced to such a tame existence as to learn crotchets and swells, might not have been enviable in itself, but it would have been bliss beside the hurried tocsins, the maddened shouts, the crucifixions of affection, the long confinement in prison, and at last the scaffold, which made up the dreadful fate she experienced as Queen of the French!

Marie Antoinette was the daughter of Francis

I. and Maria Theresa, Emperor and Empress of Austria, and was born Nov. 2d 1755. She is said to have had great beauty and a brilliant intellect. Carefully educated, according to her high prospects, she made as great attainments as could be expected of a flattered princess. Moving in courtly circles, and mingling freely among the gifted and polished of Europe, she acquired a certain dignity of carriage, which made her the most admired of women. She had seen danger in childhood and the effect of generous confidence in her vassals, for her mother held Antoinette by the hand in that hour of danger when she appealed to the Hungarian soldiers for protection, and they answered the appeal with an enthusiastic devotion, which soon replaced her on the throne. She was married to the dauphin of France, afterwards the unhappy Louis XVI., when she was not yet fifteen years of age. Happy had it been for this woman, elevated to share the throne of France, had she followed the advice of her imperial mother, who says, in a letter to Louis: "Above all I have recommended to her humility towards God, because I am convinced that it is impossible to secure the happiness of those confided to us, without love of Him who breaks the sceptre and crushes the thrones of kings according to his own will."

At her departure for Paris the Viennese displayed the most lively regrets, and her coming to Paris was welcomed with the most lively joy, and yet, as if premonitory of her stormy life, scarcely had the last word of her marriage ceremony been pronounced, when the most terrific thunder storm ever witnessed in Paris burst on the city with a fury which appalled the stoutest. The elements were not alone. The scenes of joy became fatal, since the festival prepared by the city on the happy occasion, was so thronged that more than fifty persons were trodden to death, and three hundred more were dangerously wounded. It was during these enthusiastic outbursts of popular joy that Edmund Burke saw the woman, whom his own gorgeous words have given a lasting record in the memories of men. "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision! I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor and joy."

And yet what a husband had this gifted woman! A dull, sluggish, sensual, conscientious, wavering, and weak-minded man, who might have become eminent as a locksmith, but as a king, requiring all his misfortunes to make us pity him. At any other period of French history, his dullness might have suffered him to drift quietly; but now that famine and taxes had made the people mad; now that Voltaire had made the people infidels; now that Mirabeau was "shaking his boars head,"

and raising his thundering voice in behalf of the people; now that France was underlaid with waking earthquakes, for such a Louis XVI. to be placed on the throne was a most unhappy event, but scarcely more so than to have *Antoinette* as a queen. Had she been dull as himself the guillotine might have been escaped, or had she possessed the profound gifts of the English Elizabeth, she might have guided France clear of the breakers. But no, she was not dull enough to suffer herself to be drifted like a straw on the bosom of a river, nor had she the talent of Elizabeth to manage all things so as to make them her friends. It was her misfortune to have just enough of brilliant gifts, of aristocratic pride, and blind obstinacy, to turn every event of life into a personal evil, and to hasten the final catastrophe.

It is not the intention of this sketch to trace out the misfortunes of this noble daughter of the Cæsars. This would exceed our limits. A few incidents must suffice. The popular tempest was becoming daily more terrible, until even those who had raised it found themselves powerless to control it. Like the man in the "Arabian Nights," who had opened the casket, and found a genius issuing from it too great for his control, so was it with the demagogues of the French Revolution. They could unlock the casket of popular fury, but when the *diabolus* therein confined came forth, standing on the earth and striking the stars, they found themselves unable to charm him back again, and the most of them perished his victims. The queen was grossly attacked in the National Assembly, the public papers, the Jacobin and Cordelier Halls, and in the disorderly gatherings of the mob. Her character was aspersed as though she were a prostitute. The crushing taxes all came from the prodigality of the "Austrian woman." She it was, if popular orators were to be credited, who urged the king to kill France. No baseness was too great to be credited to her account, and yet these scenes of blackness, mingled with insult, were relieved by an occasional outburst of loyalty, which as soon was effaced by the same unnatural popular ferocity.

And here we cannot forbear introducing an incident, placing the vacillations of the royal family in singular contrast with the great man who at last lulled the storm. The mob had ransacked the palace, and insulted the king and his family in the most cruel way. Bonaparte, a slender stripling, saw the mob pass by, and followed on with a friend. He heard the abuse, and saw the king degraded before the rabble, by supplicating their clemency with the *red cap* on his head. The young corporal told his indignation, and prophesied a part of his own coming history, as he exclaimed: "What madness! how could they allow the scoundrels to enter! They ought to have blown four or five hundred of them into the air with cannon. The rest would then have taken to their heels!"

But Louis was not Bonaparte, he was imbecile, pious Louis, no more and no less, and so he must take his fate. The young corporal, who knew the way to the hearts of a mob to be through perfections made by cannon-balls, will reign in that

palace, when Louis is only remembered to be pitied for his weakness!

As for the queen, what a spectacle for her, as the mob conveyed the royal family from Versailles to Paris. The heads of the guards killed, in the attack on the palace, were carried before her coach on pikes, whilst, at every step, hags, prostitutes, beggars, and the basest of the sans-culottes saluted her with imprecations and vile epithets. Six long hours rolled away slowly under this excruciating punishment. What a contrast with her first entry into Paris as the bride of Louis! And yet she was brave as a lioness in defence of her offspring. Frenchmen are inflammable as powder, and when at the palace the mob shouted for "the Austrian woman," she advanced on the balcony with her son in her arms! Instantly they shouted, "the queen alone!" and without hesitation she gave the boy to an attendant, and stood like a magnificent statue of a goddess, unprotected and alone. In a moment all were subdued with admiration, and vociferated "Live the queen" as loudly as before they had cursed her. Throughout the whole her courage was proved a diamond of the first water.

She was not destitute of genius. When Mirabeau came into conference with her the lawless man acknowledged himself enthralled, and had not death come so soon, he would have broken a lance with the populace in her defence. Bamare melted into pity and loyalty during his ride in the carriage with her, when her family fleeing to Austria was arrested, and even the coarse brewer, Santerre, yielded a kindness to her when he saw her as she really was, which he had denied to the popular caricature, commonly called "the Austrian woman." During her confinement as a state prisoner, the most abandoned and cruel men and hags were selected as their attendants, because the queen, like Madame Roland, found her way to the sympathies of any around her who were not utterly hardened.

The queen at heart was possessed of the strongest affections, and was so unhappy as to make enemies who hated her as much as her friends loved her. Among these attachments none was stronger or purer than her friendship for the Princess de Lamballe. At the age of eighteen she was left a widow, with a splendid fortune, and a beauty which even sorrow had only served to enhance. She had not the courage of Antoinette, but she had her strong affections. Even in that loose age the virtue of this beautiful woman was never questioned, except by designing villains, able to extract the most virulent poison that ever dripped from the tongue of slander, from her heroic and pure devotion to her queen. According to the cold reckoning of selfishness, it was an unnecessary sacrifice. She was loved as a child by her noble father-in-law, who wished her to remain at home in obscurity as the only safety. The queen also added her remonstrances against her return to Paris, as a violent exposure to death, and her letter to the princess is a noble exposition of the fine affections of her own heart. But to the ill-fated, yet high-souled Lamballe, it seemed treason to love to secure even life for herself by remaining at a distance from her friend in the

hour of her danger. The queen's remonstrance only served to hasten her approach to fatal scenes, which were to give her in history a melancholy immortality. It was the bitterest ingredient in the chalice of Antoinette's sorrow, that she herself seemed to be the evil genius of her friends. All she touched died.

This beautiful and charming friend was now within the magic circle, standing by her queen, to cheer her anguish, and to speak of hope in her despair. Diabolical malice marked the gifted princess a victim, as it were, to rend the heart of the woman most hated in France, and she was immured in the prison called La Force. A mock tribunal hurried on its judicial murders with greedy ferocity. In two days one hundred and sixty had been tried and executed. The scenes here were a mere repetition of what occurred at the other prisons. The condemned were hurried out to the mob, who instantly dispatched them. The wretches were paid by the government. Brutal laughter ever and anon was the death dirge of the butchered. Women were there to gloat with fiendish joy over the horrors of death, and mingled their shrill note of glee with those coarser, but, if possible, pleasanter peals of laughter from the men. These patriots behind the scenes were not proof against money, and a bribe of some fifty thousand dollars from her father-in-law had purchased for the princess the promise of life. They intended to fulfill the promise, it may be, to purchase peace of conscience for a thousand other murders. The ribaldry, the shouts, the laughter, as one after another for two days had perished in rapid succession, had unnerved the delicate girl, and she had gone from the extreme of fright to that of stupidity in sleep. Now she shrieked in terror as she awoke from her horrid dreams, and now fastened so as to be almost beyond recovery. At last she was summoned before the tribunal, who could not fulfill their promise save by a mock trial. She fainted on her way to the tribunal, but, recovering, went forward. Her attendants whispered courage to her, and gave her a gleam of hope.

She was a timed fawn and yet proved herself a true woman. The judges bade her swear hatred to kings, and to love liberty and equality. But the queen was her friend and an oath to hate *her* would palsy her tongue. She refused. "Go then," said one to her, "and, as you meet the people, shout long live the nation." She was acquitted, but the end was not yet. An important man was conducting her through the mob, all red with blood, and over pavements slippery with human gore. She could not repress her feelings, and shrieked her terror. The attendant put his hand on her mouth, and led her on unhurt. Outside the ring of human butchers she must be safe! But no, the man who was to be as her evil genius had not yet met her. At last he came in form of a drunken and blood thirsty barber. He did it in a jest, but his jest was fatal. Drunk and unsteady, he attempted to tear her cap from her head with his pike. The instrument, misdirected by such a hand, struck her forehead, and the blood flowed. Tigers could not have been kindled into such ferocity by the sight as the rabble. In an instant they surrounded her. One knocked her down with a club, and

the rest dispatched her. The bloody brute, whose jest cost this splendid woman her life, cut her head off; and with others, "infamous names eternally pilloried in history, carried the head of the princess to a neighboring public house, where, placing it amid bottles and glasses, they compelled those present to drink to her death." And these friends, placing the mutilated head on a pike, paraded before the prison in which the royal family was imprisoned. The cries of the mob brought the king to see the horrid spectacle, and but for his friendly detention the queen would have seen it also.

But who can tell the exquisite agony she endured when the facts were related to her! It was one of the bloody steps down which she was treading to more terrible calamities. To love the "Austrian woman," and to be loved by her, was the crime of this unhappy princess, and this retribution wrung the heart of the queen with a keener anguish than she had yet experienced.

After the royal family had been brought to Paris, they enjoyed the semblance of freedom, although closely guarded. Here they were subjected to fears of assassination and poison, as well as the terrors of insurrection. At last they were relieved from these by taking refuge in the National Assembly. In a reporter's box, almost suffocated, they heard the revolutionists denounce them, and saw the rabble bringing in the jewels and papers found in the palace. At last they heard the formal sentence of their dethronement, and then they were hurried to the Temple, a dismal building hard by, to be confined until the Assembly should determine their fate. Throughout the whole scene Louis acted like a dull lump of matter, gifted with powers of eating, hearing and seeing. Marie Antoinette deported herself nobly as a queen, and from her worst enemies extorted admiration and pity.

What a step down for this high-born woman. It was a long descent from the Tuilleries to the Temple. It was a gloomy place once occupied by monks. Its furniture was scanty and coarse, but these would have been tolerable. But brutality, obscenity, and cruelty, from attendants selected on account of their supposed inhumanity, these were intolerable. Ingenuity devised exquisite tortures for them. The most of their attendants, not massacred yet, were driven away, and their places supplied by brutal creatures of the mob. Did pity soften any heart among these not utterly bereft of humanity, his place was filled instantly with a choicer fiend. It seemed as if the words of the Divine Teacher eighteen centuries before, might here be applied, "From the blood of Abel unto the blood Zacharias, which perished between the altar and the temple, verily I say unto you it shall be required of this generation." All the bloody wrongs, and exactions, and tyranny, from Charlemagne to the fifteenth Louis, seemed now to be visited on this wretched family, whose principal crime was to have inherited the French throne in regular succession.

Nor will this imperfect outline satisfy humanity, if it neglect to repeat here the devotion and the goodness of one who never forgot that in the king she had a brother. Noble woman, others have

praised thee for the heroism and purity of thy virtue! The Princess Elizabeth, the king's sister, was so noted for her piety and for her kindness to the poor, that when the infuriated rabble was shouting for the queen, during the outrages at Versailles, and supposing they had found her in the person of the princess, were making furious passes at her to kill her, their arms grew powerless, as some one cried out "it is Madame Elizabeth." This devoted woman exclaimed, as she saw what was so complimentary to herself, and yet which left her queenly sister still exposed, "Ah, what are you doing! let them suppose I am the queen; dying in her place I might perhaps have saved her!" During the cruelties of the march to Paris, the insults in the National Assembly, and the rigors of the imprisonment in the Temple, she suffered with pious heroism, and felt in her own heart every shaft aimed at her friends, for whom she endured much. But even her goodness could not save one placed in the charmed death circle. She was the sister of Louis, and that was a sin for which there was no atonement. She was arraigned at the revolutionary tribunal, and there displayed the courage and the piety of a martyr. A purer victim the revolution had not. In any other age, she would have lived and died merely a good woman, but through the harsh discipline of unexampled suffering, she became the noble, heroic, and pious Elizabeth, whose goodness and martyrdom have immortalized her. Humanity will not reverse this sentence.

As for the royal family, for up to this point the queen's troubles were those of the whole family, they were subjected to the most rigid watch, administered in the most unfeeling manner. What a picture does Clery, the king's faithful attendant, present, when he describes the savage whiskaroon of a porter puffing tobacco smoke into the faces of the queen and the king's sister! The queen once saw on the walls of the prison, in large letters, written by a soldier, "*Madame Veto shall swing!*" and, in allusion to her children, "*The little wolves must be strangled!*" French patriotism had become niggardly, and Marie Antoinette, once described, by an admirer, "as gliding by him as if borne on a cloud," now was supplied with necessary linen by an English lady. At last the blow so long dreaded fell on Louis. After the mockery of a trial he was guillotined. The queen had been faithful to him, and exhibited great affection. This was strengthened by misfortune itself. The separation from him was painful in the extreme, and the faithful attendant, Clery, has left a vivid account of the scene. As a king Louis was contemptibly weak, as a martyr his bearing was noble. As he said "farewell, farewell" to his family the last night they met, and they were taken away, "though both doors were shut, their screams and lamentations were heard for some time on the stairs." The misery of existence is becoming more and more burdensome.

In the meantime, after the execution of Louis, the National Assembly resolved to put the queen on trial, but one bitter drop was in reserve for her, a drop of gall and wormwood, so dreadful that she might have said, without exaggeration, "surely the bitterness of death is past." She was sepa-

rated from her son. Clinging to his mother the noble boy was torn away in spite of her long resistance and her piteous wails. And then that mother found no other comfort but to watch the place by which her child passed each day, to get but a glimpse of him! And what depths of barbarity are found outside the pit, when such a son could be decoyed to self-ruin by the foul temptations of his keeper, whose name, let it be the infamous synonyme for fiendishness, was Simon! When the queen was removed to the Conciergerie, as she wailed out her last piteous farewell to her daughter and the Princess Elizabeth, her heart seemed dead to any more misery. As she was passing through a low door she struck her forehead, and being asked if she were hurt, replied, "Oh, no, nothing now can harm me farther!"

Her hair, what was left, had become snow-white, although she was now only thirty-seven years old. For a little indulgence to her, two of her attendants were thrown into the dungeon.—The accusations on one point ought to have struck dumb the man who uttered them. She was charged with debauching her own son. To other accusations she replied, but on this she was silent. One of that bloody jury asks why she is silent about this charge, and she made a reply which thrills the heart of humanity: "Because nature refuses to answer such a charge brought against a mother. I appeal to all mothers here." And even then the base lie was strangled by what little of feeling was left in her motley audience. But it availed her not. She was to die, and some demagogues felt themselves unsafe so long as she were alive. She wrote to her sister, and her words are full of tenderness. Sorrow had done a kindly office for her, and in that letter she gave the truly christian command, "Let not my son attempt to avenge the death of his parents!" Having complied with the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, she dressed herself gaily as she could for the final scene. Vast crowds covered the roofs and thronged the streets of Paris. She showed no fear, and to insult made no reply. It was only when she came in sight of the Tuilleries that she shed tears. Sad memories caused them. It was not weakness. Without tremor she mounted the scaffold, and knelt there in silent prayer. Her eyes now wandered to the Temple in which her children were imprisoned, and with all the tenderness of a stricken and dying mother, exclaimed: "Adieu once again, my children, I go to rejoin your father!" A moment more and the heavy axe did its work, and Antoinette was no more.

La Marline declares that this daughter of an emperor, and this wife of a king, was buried in so humble a way, that among the government accounts was found this item: "*For the coffin of the widow Capet, seven francs.*" Such was the eventful history of the beautiful child whom Mozart admired, the beautiful woman whom Burke likened to the morning star, and the magnificent queen whom at one time all the world adored. It constitutes an infinitely sad lesson on the vanity of earthly good, and with this before him, who does not feel the force of the exclamation, "vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

THE TOILETTE AND ITS DEVOTEES.

By nothing, perhaps, save his boasted reason, is man more signally distinguished from the lower orders of creation, than by the decorations of the toilette—the drapery and various appendages with which he invests his person. So universal is the custom among all civilized communities, that an individual would as soon think of intermitting his necessary food as to attempt to infringe upon the claims of so irreversible a decree. Some there are, it is true, of more pristine habits, whose unsophisticated tastes induce a preference for the purely natural over the artificial in this respect—a state of nature to that of art: but these belong to the untutored and the rude of savage life, and therefore the less said about them the better. There is, moreover, less of the feeling of compulsion in complying with the requisition, from the prevalent passion for adornment and decoration, of which all are, to a greater or less degree, the victims.—It seems somewhat strange that nature, in her lavish distribution of fleece, and fur, and gaudy plumage, should have left the monarch of all mundane creatures in a state of destitution, which it so sorely taxes his purse to supply; but so the fact is, and against it there is no appeal. The world has been long accustomed to do homage to elegance and refinement in costume; it is not surprising therefore that it should have become a matter of such universal regard among the various sections and classes of society.

Pride of personal appearance was naturally one result of a passion for dress, alike evinced by the rude trappings of the untutored savage, and the gorgeous appendages of refinement and luxury.—It is in fact difficult to determine whether the same may not be affirmed of those who affect the greatest simplicity in their habiliments,—for it is not certain that the Quaker, even, is wholly divested of vanity, although he may be of the finery he repudiates. Dr. Gall, in remarking upon the innate love of approbation, states that in the south of France it is customary for drivers to decorate their *mules* with bouquets when they travel well: and that it is a most painful infliction upon their complacency to be deprived of the distinction. Many a similar proof of this susceptibility of the complimentary in the brute creation might be adduced, especially with domesticated animals; but we will let one case suffice. It is that of a female ape, belonging to the learned doctor just referred to: “Whenever they give her,” he says, “a handkerchief she throws it over her head, and seems to take a wonderful deal of pleasure and pride in seeing it drag behind her, like the train of a court robe.”

Fashion, the veriest despot in her decrees, arbitrates, through the agency of her devotees—the milliner, the modiste and the tailor—the style and manner of one’s habiliments; and so sovereign and absolute is her sway in this matter, that it is difficult perhaps to indicate any class that may boast exemption from her jurisdiction. We do not, however, purpose to collate and compare the varieties of costume in various ages; but rather to

take a brief glance at the characteristic peculiarities of the several nations of the world. Fashion and her arbitrary laws obtain in all countries—with the rude as well as the polished classes of society,—there being ever some *Beau Brummells* at hand to issue her mandates and illustrate her protean shapes and endless metamorphoses. Leigh Hunt informs us that fashions have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are usually those that bring custom to the milliner.—If we keep watch on our older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of the aged: the trousers or pantaloons, that have so long displaced the “small clothes,” often perhaps owe their continuance to some general defect which they help to screen. The aged are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young; and among the latter there are more limbs, perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those ample *cloaks* than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. Mr. Hazlitt also states, in his *Life of Napoleon*, that during the consulate all the courtiers were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter by deciding in favor of nature and cleanliness. It was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused and afterwards interested the giddy polls of his new acquaintances—who went and did likewise. Luckily this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. A recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review* observes: “Peculiarities of dress, even amounting to foppery, so common among eminent men, are carried off from ridicule by ease in some, or stateliness in others. We may smile at Chatham, scrupulously crowned in his best wig, if intending to speak; at Erskine, drawing on his bright yellow gloves, before he rose to plead; at Horace Walpole, in a cravat of Gibbon’s carvings; at Raleigh, loading his shoes with jewels so heavy that he could scarcely walk; at Petrarch, pinching his feet till he crippled them; at the rings which covered the philosophical fingers of Aristotle; at the bare throat of Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold coat of Voltaire; or the prudent carelessness with which Cæsar scratched his head, so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place. But most of these men, we apprehend, found it easy to enforce respect and curb impertinence.”

It would be impossible within the short limits of a magazine paper to enter upon the details of a subject so copious in its historic data: nor can we attempt to go into a minute examination of the prodigal magnificence of the wardrobe of distinguished personages, among whom, in this particu-

lar, Queen Bess takes prominent rank. Under the fostering auspices of this notable lady, many servile imitations and extravagancies came into vogue, and it was found necessary to curtail these caprices of personal vanity and luxury by penal enactment. The following quaint description of the dress of the "Virgin Queen," is copied from an old Jesuit writer. "The queen had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown; her neck was uncovered, and she had a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her gown was white silk, bordered with pearls the size of beans, and over it a mantle of blush silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long. Instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." Queen Elizabeth, whose ruffs were always of larger dimensions than those of her ladies, was much troubled to find a laundress who could undertake the difficult task of starching her cambric and lawn ruffs; for her majesty disdained to encircle her royal throat with those made of Holland, usually worn by her subjects; she therefore sent abroad for a Dutch woman, whose knowledge of this art was celebrated. "There is a certain liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil," says the antiquarian Stubbs, "hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, being dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." It is stated that the ruff was worn of such enormous size that a lady in full dress was obliged to feed herself *with a spoon two feet long!* These ruffs increased at such an alarming rate that in 1580 sumptuary laws became necessary to reduce them to reasonable dimensions. When these ruffs were first introduced they were of fine Holland; but early in Elizabeth's reign they were made of lawn and cambric, manufactured on the continent, imported in very small quantities, and sold at an extravagant price. A writer of that day, describing this lawn, says, "so strange and wonderful was this stuff that thereupon arose a general scoff or by-word, that shortly they would wear ruffs of a spider's web."

As we already hinted, various nations at different epochs have had recourse to the restraining influence of sumptuary laws, in consequence of the monstrous excesses to which fashion swayed her votaries. This was especially the case in England during the reign of the Stuarts. Pepy's Diary reveals some amusing absurdities of this sort, and also the grave and learned John Evelyn tells similar stories of the passion for outre costumes of his day. The *Spectator* also ridicules the prodigious hooped petticoats of the fair sex, taking up the whole space of the sidewalk to the exclusion of all honest pedestrians. There are broad national characteristics of costume peculiar to all countries—the Chinese, the Swiss, French, English, Russian, Turk and Greek; as well as the Laplander, the Tartar and Indian, which last is remarkable, like that of most savage nations, for its paucity.—Charles II., Gustavus of Sweden, Napoleon, and other monarchs, issued their edicts for the regulation of court costumes. The love of gay and gaudy attire is a passion not exclusively a weakness incident to the fair sex; notwithstanding an ancient writer has defined woman to be an "ani-

mal that delights in finery"—a fact however that cannot be questioned if we appeal to the history of the past, in all ages and conditions of society. The opposite sex are, however, as much addicted to the folly of indulging similar excesses; for there have not been wanting instances of their equal, if not greater, weaknesses in this respect. In searching for some of the absurdities of the toilette, we meet with the following. The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the Indies to paint them red, while in Guzurat the test of beauty is to render them sable. In Greenland the women used to color their faces with blue and yellow. The Chinese must torture their feet into the smallest possible dimensions,—a proof positive of their contracted understandings. Our Yankee belles do the same with their waists, a fashion scarcely less absurd, although according to the popular opinion the custom seems to be approved. The ancient Peruvians, and some of our Indian tribes, used to flatten their heads; and among other nations, the mothers in a similar way maltreat the noses of their offspring. The Aquiline nose in Persia is so highly prized, as in some instances to make it the test of high distinction, and even to constitute it a qualification for royal honors. They moreover repudiate red hair, as do most civilized people, but the Turks, on the other hand, warmly admire it. The Chinese girls go for small eyes and long, thin eyebrows: the African beauty is distinguished by the same peculiarity, with the addition of thick lips, a long flat nose, and a skin remarkable for its intense blackness. An ornamental appendage for the nasal organ seems to our depraved taste perfectly unnecessary: but the Peruvians think otherwise, for they wear a ponderous ring upon it, sometimes indeed more than one—a custom that must render any necessary attentions to that useful member very inconvenient, that is, if they ever perform that service at all.

The female head dress is carried in some countries to singular excess: the Chinese adorns her cranium with the figure of a certain bird, made of copper or gold. Rings are of remote origin, their use is mentioned by many of the classic writers, and also in the Scriptures: they were worn by the ancient Gauls and Britons on the middle finger, and the Greeks on the fourth of the left hand, on the supposition that this finger communicated by a small nerve with the heart. In reference to the wedding ring, Brande says that its supposed heathen origin well nigh caused its abolition during the period of the Commonwealth.—An old Latin work, which ascribes the invention of a ring to Tubal Cain, contains the following: "The form of the ring being circular, that is, round and without end, importeth thus much: that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle—and that continually and for ever." Herrick has versified this quaint idea as follows:

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove
And pure as gold for ever.

The armlet or bracelet was also of equal antiquity; its adoption is referred to in the 24th chapter of Genesis. They were in vogue with the Sabine women, and of a very massive kind: they were worn as tokens of valor by warriors, also, among the Romans. Ear-rings, or, as they were formerly styled, pendants, are worn by all nations, and in many instances by both sexes. In the East Indies they are made the size of saucers, and are generally of gold and jewels: the Sandwich Islanders push the fashion to its utmost extent; they enlarge the incision to such a degree by the excessive weight of their ear-rings that the ear is sometimes dragged down to the waist. The Africans, and some of the Red Men of our West-east world, also wear nose and lip-rings. All sorts of finery and decoration in fact has obtained among mankind—the civil as well as the savage. Of head dresses, the earliest kind upon record seems to have been the tiara; the caul is also mentioned in Holy Writ as having been in vogue in primitive times. It was usually made of net-work, of gold or silk, and enclosed all the hair. The various items of a lady's wardrobe it will not be our venture to dilate upon: we may, however, just refer to the fact we find stated touching stays. It seems stays were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and, finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent her, as he thought, from talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not condemned to wear stays. The punishment became so universal at last that the ladies in their defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day. Stays are not a modern invention; they were worn, according to Herodotus, by the ancient Persians and ancient Romans. In the early ages of Christianity gloves were a part of monastic custom, and in later periods formed a part of the episcopal habit. The glove was employed by princes as a token of investiture; and to deprive a person of his gloves was a mark of divesting him of his office. Throwing down a glove constituted a challenge, and the taking it up an acceptance—this custom continued until the reign of Elizabeth.

Fans have become, in many countries, so necessary an appendage of the toilette with both sexes that a word respecting them in this place seems demanded. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that church, which is to keep the flies off the priests during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Soldiers are even not without them. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans: the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign

of Charles the II., they become pretty generally used. At the present day they are in universal requisition in most countries of the civilized world, especially in France, England and our own land. Hats and bonnets are of remote antiquity: it is difficult to say when they took their rise; we may say it is equally difficult to affirm when they were not in vogue. A copious and ably written work on this subject, including much interesting historic matter regarding costume in general and its queer caprices in different epochs of time, is given in Genin's little work on the hat. Of gloves, boots and shoes—those coverings for the extremities—we do not feel in the humor to discourse, since everybody knows sufficient about them, by practical experience, nor are they subject to so many absurd changes and metamorphoses. Of perfumeries, also, little need be said; they were always, like flowers, artificial and real, favorites with the fair, as they ever should be, notwithstanding we learn that scents and odors are going fast out of fashion with the wealthy classes. Of cosmetics some moralist writes as follows:

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan—
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man :

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet ;
Restrain the passion's lawless riot ;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay ;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not, in mammon's worship, pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished liesure ;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Like'st the purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state ;
But challenges with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

Compared with earlier times, with some slight exceptions, our modern costume certainly has the pre-eminence: it has been said that to this cause is to be attributed the seeming absence in our day of any transcendent instances of remarkable beauty in the fair sex: all may be *made up* attractively where even nature has been niggard of her endowments. Dress confers dignity and self-satisfaction, besides possessing the advantage of attractiveness: negligence of costume begets similar slovenliness of deportment and manners. We are startled to hear a man well attired use vulgar speech, but our amazement is materially lessened if the party be attached to a very menial employment and is enveloped in meaner clothes. Over-fastidiousness at the toilette is nevertheless an evil equally to be deprecated: a fop is as much to be despised as a slattern or a shrew—both are obnoxious to good breeding and good taste. Unobtrusiveness in dress characterises the best circles of polished society, as in the case of the British aristocracy, where we may naturally look for the true standard of taste and refinement. As

it regards female beauty, we shall not venture to offer any remarks ; it is a delicate topic. Where all styles of beauty are so rife it would be exceedingly difficult and perhaps dangerous to discourse freely. We prefer rather closing our rambling and half-finished essay with a brief extract of rather an instructive and admonitory character, which may not be inapposite to our subject :

"The attributes of personal beauty may be reduced to four: color, form, expression, and grace. Colors please by opposition, and it is in the face that they are most diversified and exposed. Thus contrasts are essential, and sallow complexions should be set off by dark cravats and clothing; whilst fairer features may adopt lighter hues.—Beauty of form includes the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of the eyebrow or the graceful flow of the hair. Hence the perfect union and harmony of all parts of the body is the source and general cause of beauty; and whilst the peculiar attraction of the female form should be softness

and delicacy, that of manly beauty should be apparent strength and agility. Expression may be considered as the effect of the passions on the muscles of the human countenance, and the different gestures. The finest combination is a just mixture of modesty and sensibility. Indeed, all the benign affections—such as love, hope, joy and pity—add to beauty; while the predominance of hatred, fear, or envy in the mind, deform or injure the countenance. Grace is perhaps the noblest part of beauty. The mouth is the chief seat of grace, as the expressive beauty of the passions springs principally from the eyes. There is no grace without motion, and no impropriety can be united with grace. With regard to the final effects of beauty, it may be said that our regard for taste, order, and simplicity, contributes mainly to our happiness, whilst it aids in an eminent degree, with mental qualifications, to promote social intercourse, and to create advantageous connexions with other individuals in society."

REMENISCENCES OF THE WHITE ROSE.

BY L* OF EASTFORD HERMITAGE.

I REMEMBER, I was planted
By a maiden's snowy hand,
And her form was sweetly graceful
As a sylph's from fairy land.
Her blue eye was brightly sparkling
With the purest joy and love,
And she seemed a happy angel
That had wandered from above.

Sunbeams of life's pleasant morning,
Trembled on her youthful way;
And before her eye the future
With enchanting prospect lay.
Meek and lonely was her spirit,
And she loved the blooming flowers,
For she read of God, in nature,
On this pleasant land of ours.

By a neat and pretty cottage,
Where rich flowers in beauty bloom,
I was trained around a window,
There to shed my sweet perfume:
And there my guardian would warble,
Her sweet songs with merry tune;
Pleasant as the fairy wind-harp's,
In the month of rosy June.

But one spring time she did languish,
As my own fair severed flowers;
And her cheerful song grew fainter,
Through the balmy vernal hours.
Till one morning when my roses
Were in all their wealth of bloom,
They placed her by her favorite window,
Where I shed my sweet perfume.

Her fair form was white as marble
And I saw it had no breath;
But it was so very lovely
That I could not think 'twas death.
But my sweetest rose was resting
In her still and icy hand—
And her friends were gathering round her,
And how stricken was their band.

With slow steps that seemed so solemn
Far away her form they bore,
And the cottage now is lonely,
For I never saw her more.
But I hear them say the angels
Bore her spirit to the skies,
While she lives a smiling cherub
In the realms of paradise.



PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.
BY SIGMA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XVIX.

REV. JOHN DURBIN, D. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LATE PRESIDENT OF DICKINSON COLLEGE,

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY J. H. RICHARDSON, FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING.

SINCERE joy must live in the soul of one who, starting in life with no other impelling power than the honest desire for self-improvement, and for others' good, finds, when the days of half a century have rolled away, that he actually *is*, and that he really *does*. The contrast of boyhood, igno-

rance and unimportance with age, experience and influence is striking, and strikingly agreeable; and the experienced and influential man, developed out of the ignorant and unimportant boy, cannot but regard his life with a sense of satisfaction, coupled, though it may be, with a profounder humili-

ty. He need not be arrogant or self-sufficient, but he may be, and ought to be, calmly happy and gratefully joyful. He started—thirty—forty years ago, to do a great work, and the work is done.—He started to *be*, and he has become; to *do*, and he has achieved. He started with no guide but the light of Heaven, and no companion but the "rod and the staff," which comfort, to thread the wilderness of life; yet, as he passed on, a way opened among the trees. He started with no encouragement save his own valiant heart, but this has carried him over mountain obstacles, and has bridged many a morass of despondency. He started ignorant, and he has become learned; he started weak, and he has become strong; he started unknown, and he has become renowned; he started with shadowy anticipations, and he looks back on substantial facts; he started, "weeping, bearing precious seed, and he has come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Truly should he not joy in the past and glory in the present? And more than this, he has been all the while working and achieving for the advancement of humanity. He has been scattering light, dispelling error, staying crime, removing "sorrow, wrong and trouble" from the earth.—Should he not rejoice? And although there is much in the retrospection of the successful good man to start the tear and evoke the sigh, although the best must recall barren days, wasted opportunities, mistaken views, and by-path wanderings, yet the recollection of these should mellow, not mar, the joy. Yes, we feel sure that the retrospection of the life which we propose to present must be accompanied with sincere joy, for Dr. Durbin, the retired President of Dickinson College, was once a poor apprentice boy—and at the age of eighteen could do little more, in an intellectual way, than read and write, and these by no means excellently. His early life was spent in Kentucky. His parents resided in Bourbon county of that State—and his father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. John Durbin, like the distinguished subject of the preceding sketch, was a farmer boy, and was taught to work, as all boys should be who are intended to be men. In 1814, when he was fourteen years of age, he commenced an apprenticeship in a cabinet maker's shop, where he remained three years. After this he worked one year at his trade, during which time he became very seriously impressed with religious truths, and at last rejoiced in the possession of the Christian's hope and the Christian's peace. His heart was also filled with Christian zeal.

The richness of a Saviour's love, the mercy of a pardoning God, and the solemnity of an eternal life so filled his soul and so touched the inmost springs of his being, that he felt a holy impulse to declare to others the truth he had found so precious, and set before all the light that had beamed so brightly and warmly on his own spirit.

The impulse was so resistless, that he relinquished his business, and, in two months, had joined the Western Conference, and commenced his labors, as a preacher, in Ohio and Indiana. This field of labor was very extensive, if it is allowable in such a case to measure by the superficies; for the places at which he regularly preached could

hardly be included in a circumference of three hundred miles.

It will doubtless excite surprise in the minds of many of our readers that Mr. Durbin could have ventured, or should have been permitted, to enter upon the great work of a preacher at so early an age, and with such limited acquirements. He had numbered as yet only eighteen years, and had received not even an ordinary New England public school education. Moreover, the only library to which he had access was readily disposed of on his father's mantel piece, being composed of three volumes—the Bible, Scott's First Lessons, and an old English history. He was more poorly equipped with literary ammunition than the subject of the previous sketch, for Dr. Baird had Morse's Geography and the Shorter Catechism, not to speak of the Dutch sermon which he committed to memory without understanding a word of it.—To be sure, Mr. Durbin had what some one styles "the best work on theology extant," but all commentaries, exegeses, evidences, church histories, &c., usually considered an essential outfit of a soldier of the Cross, unfortunately did not fall in his way. Notwithstanding, he did preach, preach too with vigor and effect, and his labors were greatly blessed. What conclusion shall be derived from this fact? That learning is not essential to the preacher? By no means. Dr. Durbin himself would not so conclude, albeit his early success would naturally predispose to such an inference. His future course of severe and unremitting study in philosophy, languages, and science, is a practical demonstration that he of all men least underrates the value of an education gained from books. But the fact does warrant one or two conclusions. And the first is, (a conclusion, however, of which this fact is a comparatively unimportant proof,) that Mr. Durbin had a native vigor and force of mind, which is uncommon. In default of external assistance from books, he could rely on his own genius and be sustained. He was naturally a fluent and effective speaker. He could speak the good thought that was in him so that others could receive it in its length and breadth and true bearings. He had, secondly, a knowledge which may be, but is not necessarily derived from books. He had what is generally styled a knowledge of human nature. This he could acquire, and did acquire, from the great book of humanity, which is open to all. This book he had read and studied. He knew the avenues to the human heart—he could touch its secret springs, and could analyze its hidden workings. Nay, more, he had a heart of his own into which he had often searchingly looked. There he had seen the reflex of the heart of his brother man. He had closely questioned his own spirit, and the answerings had been worth to him a whole encyclopædia. In this lies the source of his power and the secret of his success. And this self-knowledge is the source of the power of every powerfully minded man. Without this books are of little worth. All ability to influence and control the minds of others by writing or by speaking has its foundation in this.—Mere facts, mere information, are of little worth except as connected with and subservient to principles, and those principles which are brought into

use by the speaker or the author cannot be appreciated except as they are developed from one's own inner being by introspection. The noblest thoughts, the most poetical imaginings, the sublimest truths are "powerless upon him as the sound of last year's running waters, or the rushing of last year's wind," unless there is already in the soul a something which answers to them, and corresponds with them. Mere reading cannot give this something. It is the product of an inward growth, nurtured by reflection, brought out by self-examination. Hence it is that to some people the highest poetry is no better than "sounding brass and a tinkling symbol." Hence it is that the deep things of philosophy are to some minds mere nonsense, all moonshine—"transcendental." Where lay the fault when the Jews said to the Apostles, in reply to the earnest delivery of the holiest truths, "These men are full of new wine?" We would not undervalue "book learning"—far from it. But it is a fact, (and facts are stubborn things,) that some of our completest orators and soundest statesmen have become so with very little aid from books. Take John B. Gough as an example—perhaps the most genuine orator that in this country ever bound the soul with the magic spell; and yet Gough has not attended school since he was twelve years old. Yet he has studied—studied nature, studied men, studied himself. It is to this study that that of books must be subservient and conducive. They should be employed as helps to this end. They are great helps. Few men can succeed without largely employing them; no man, unless he is gifted with uncommon acuteness and force of mind, and a native disposition to reflect and observe. So far from undervaluing a regular collegiate education, we deem it in most cases essential. The dangers arising from the lack of it to one who is advanced to the post of a religious teacher are many and great. The subject of a previous sketch furnished an illustration of these dangers, and led us to insist on the importance of such a systematic, mental training as a college life affords. The self-educated man, in the technical sense of the term, is liable to become the self-conceited, pedantic, and obtrusive man. The path of irregular education is hazardous, but we rejoice to say that Mr. Durbin escaped its dangers, until a regular course of study removed him from them for ever. From the outset he properly valued the education to be gained from books and teachers, and thus it was that, as he was riding on horseback through his circuit, in that new and sparsely settled country, he studied the English Grammar, preparatory to entering on an academical course. We honor him for the perception which led to the attempt, and the resolution which gained its accomplishment.

We have dwelt longer on this part of the history than perhaps the patience of our readers has lasted, because it is the interesting feature of Dr. Durbin's life. Other features, though of unusual interest, will be presented more briefly. That he should have commenced preaching before he entered on an academical course, that after this early entrance on the active duties of a professional life he should have applied himself to the

regular routine of school duties, that he should have fulfilled these duties without any interruption to his preaching, and that he should have at last attained his present influential position as a theologian, a scholar and an orator, eminent in the very departments to which he was at first a stranger and an alien, is indeed worthy of being dwelt upon and talked about. It teaches a beautiful lesson of encouragement to young men. *Perseverantia vincit omnia*.

There is another interesting psychological fact connected with this history, and indeed with the histories of many other distinguished men, which should not be passed unnoticed. We refer to the impulse given to the *mind* by Christianity. Mr. Durbin, previous to his becoming a Christian, had not read or studied more than other boys—perhaps not as much as many do in similar circumstances. He had worked regularly at his trade, and spent his leisure hours, as most boys do, in no particular way. But now it is all changed with him; now he studies English grammar on horseback; now he preaches from place to place; now he spends hour after hour of the night in storing and training his mind. How is this? Why this change? Has his soul become fired with ambition? Has he suddenly become enamored of greatness? We see no evidence of this. His subsequent life evinces no ambition, except that of doing good. Truly we cannot but regard this phenomenon as the natural and almost inevitable consequence of Christianity. The warmth of her heavenly rays warmed into life his whole being. He had suddenly awoke to the realities of life. The world was a new world to him. Before it was no more than a place in which to vegetate, or, at most, a "good stand" in which to hoard up a few dollars to be left behind when the night of death should come. Now it was a place in which to *be* and to *do*.—The perfection of his being was to be accomplished, and as for the good to be done, why the whole earth groans under the weight of it, and the heavens cry out for workmen to do it. A new zest was given to existence. A fine enthusiasm fired his spirit. Progress, improvement, development—these were the noble ideas that started into being in his mind. And this was the fruit of Christianity. The true Christian not only improves in spirit and in temper, but also in *mind*, and we may add in *manners*. Christianity looks to the full and harmonious development of the whole man—not the religious nature alone, nor the emotions, nor the intellect, nor the imagination, but the *soul*, man's undivided spirit, which includes them all.

In 1821 Mr. Durbin connected himself with the Miami University, and commenced the study of Latin and Greek. While thus pushing his studies he did not relinquish his preaching, but, being stationed at Hamilton, a town twelve miles distant, he walked to his church at the close of each week and "divided the word of truth." In the year 1823, being now twenty-three years of age, he became a member of Cincinnati College, and was graduated in 1825. Of his college life we know little, except that his application to study was so severe as to injure materially his health—so that, on leaving college, he travelled through

the South for one year as an agent in behalf of Augusta College. This service he enjoyed, and profited by the advantages it afforded. His circle of friends was considerably enlarged, and his health much benefited.

It is worthy of mention that Mr. Durbin received the second degree of Master of Arts at the time of his graduation. This was a marked and just tribute to his energy and his acquirements, and very appropriate to his peculiar circumstances. It is a pleasant circumstance connected with this honor that it was conferred at the suggestion of President Harrison, who was a trustee of Cincinnati College at the time.* During the same year (1826) he made his first visit to New York. That visit is well remembered by many an one who was charmed by his oratory and impressed by his appeals. His uncommon powers, as an extempore speaker, united to his youthful appearance, and the fact of his early disadvantages, made a deep sensation. His voice was in constant demand, either on the platform, before crowded audiences, or in the social circle. He was a "lion" in the metropolis of the Union. This was a great transition from the work bench in an obscure village in Kentucky, or even from the "circuit" of three hundred miles in Ohio and Indiana, but it did not cost him his modesty, as such a trial has some young men. He received the attentions comfortably and quietly, effected all the good that he could, and returned to his sphere of duty at the South. This, in the meantime, had increased in importance. From being the Publican of Augusta College he had come to be the Professor. From 1826 to 1831 Mr. Durbin filled the post of Professor of Languages. This position afforded a better opportunity for the prosecution of higher studies than could have been attained had he continued a pastor. It was sedulously improved, and perhaps to the course of life pursued at this time, more than to that of any other period, is Mr. D. indebted for that purity of style, that freedom from all technicalities, provincialisms, or inaccuracies which characterize his writings. The style is remarkable, not so much in itself as in view of his early disadvantages. The trace of early defects is nearly rubbed away.

In the winter of 1831-32 he resided in Washington, having been elected Chaplain of the United States Senate. While there he preached frequently, and made a most favorable impression. We recall a remark which Henry Clay made, in which he spoke of him as one of the very best orators that he had ever heard, whether connected with Church or State.

In the spring of 1832 he was elected by the General Conference to the editorship of the organ of the Methodist denomination in New York, entitled "The Christian Advocate and Journal."

In 1834 he was elected to the Presidency of Dickinson College. This appointment was made without the least knowledge of its prospect on his part, and the first intelligence of it was made to him by a friend who chanced to meet him in the street. He held this post until the year 1845,

when he again resumed the duties of a preacher by accepting the pastorate of the church in Philadelphia, over which he now presides. In April of 1842 he commenced the journey to Europe and the East, the leading incidents of which are chronicled in four volumes, published by Harper and Brothers, entitled "Observations in Europe," and "Observations in the East." He returned to this country in August of 1843. These volumes are skilfully prepared. It is a beaten track this, of writing European and Eastern travels; but Dr. Durbin has succeeded in presenting many new points of interest, and imparting a fresh charm to familiar scenes. He has avoided the dangers to which writers of travels are exposed—egotism, verbosity and tameness. These works are condensed in expression, lively in spirit, and instructive in detail. Reflections upon Governments and Religions are interwoven in sufficient, but not in excessive quantities. These reflections, however, we do not estimate as of so high an order as those of Orville Dewey's, previously described.—Dr. Dewey's mind is of a more truly philosophical cast. His views are more wide—embracing and comprehensive. He has dug deeper to find the foundation on which to build the superstructure of his conclusions. Yet Dr. Durbin is sound, clear-sighted and thorough, so far as he goes. The difference is the result of a different mental organization. These volumes have been widely popular, as is shown from the fact that the Harpers have issued about 10,000 copies of each work.

From "Observations in the East" we present a brief extract:

"Passing again out of the Jaffa Gate, we rambled down the Valley of Gihon, around the base of Zion, to the Pool of Siloam. At this point my companions left me, and I continued my walk alone up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, not displeased with the opportunity of a solitary wandering among the tombs, and of standing alone upon the sacred soil of Gethsemane. Again and again had I passed by the enclosure, but could not bring myself to enter it: now, however, I was alone, and soon to depart from the Holy City, and my feelings had been softened by a walk among the tombs. At the foot of Mount Olivet, just opposite St. Stephen's Gate, a rude stone wall encloses about a quarter of an acre of ground, in which stand eight ancient olive trees, some of them very large. There is little doubt that this enclosure was the spot of our Saviour's sufferings on that fearful night when he was betrayed. Musing on the affecting narrative of the Evangelist, I approached, climbed over the tottering wall, and sat down at the foot of a gnarled and shattering olive, that seemed, to my excited imagination, as if it might have stood there and heard the Saviour's cry, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' The stillness of the place was oppressive. The Temple wall almost overhangs the spot, but no hum of life comes upon the breeze over its gloomy battlements. My heart sunk deeper in sadness as I heard the croak of a raven that flew over the apparently deserted city. All that remains of Gethsemane harmonizes with the sad associations of the place. No one can walk

* We are not able to ascertain with certainty whether Dr. Durbin received the degree at the University at Miami or at Cincinnati. However it is a matter of slight importance.

under its venerable olives, and think of the meek Sufferer who once poured out upon its soil 'great drops of sweat and blood,' and yet, in his agony, cried, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done,' without a deeper love for the Redeemer, and a stronger 'fellowship of his sufferings.' Mine eyes were constrained to attest the power of the place over the heart, and, as I arose to depart, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I must go hence, and never again shall I see thee, O Gethsemane! But I shall see the Lord of Life and of Glory coming the second time without sin unto salvation; and be it my sole endeavor so to live as to hail him, on the morning of the Resurrection, with the exclamation, "*Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*"'

Dr. Durbin's great forte is declamation. He shines pre-eminently on the platform. He is an orator in the true sense of the term. He can arouse the sympathies, move the passions, convince the understanding, and charm the fancy.

He has the elements of character which go to make up a popular speaker. His command of language is unbounded. Never at a loss for a word, his sentences pour out with the ease and smoothness of flowing oil. He has also a vein of pleasantry, which, at times, rises into humor, and advances occasionally to wit.

He uses the power with discrimination and wields it with success. Moreover, he is always entirely self-possessed. He never becomes disturbed. No attack of an opponent, no unexpected call before an audience, no unforeseen accident can destroy his equanimity or tip the balance of his self-control. He has a good degree of fancy, and can paint a scene with an harmonious and lively coloring. His voice is not superior. It lacks volume, but is not disagreeable. His manner and modulation are, however, at times, strikingly at fault. At the commencement of his speeches he has an unfortunate way of drawling his words in a most monotonous, inefficient, feeble style, the sentences "dragging their slow length along," like a wounded snake. How he should have fallen into this deplorable way is a puzzle to us, for it is so dissonant with his character. We speak of it thus strongly, because it deserves censure, and because there is no need of it, as is seen in the fact that, as he advances in a speech, he drops it behind as a driver does a lame horse, and starts up with an energy, life and animation, which imparts to the hearer the same sense of freedom and relief that is felt in passing from a stage coach to a railroad car. At first it appears as if there was no strength of body, no activity of mind, and no interest of heart, but finally it is all warmth, enthusiasm and thought. It is not always that he thus begins, but there are such times, and these times, we fear, are becoming more frequent. His success on the platform is very different on different occasions, as his remarks are entirely extempore, and he always trusts to the occasion for the impulse necessary to the formation of sentences. Thus he occasionally fails in getting "warmed up," while, at times, he wields the wand of eloquence with a master's hand. Then his oratory is fairly entrancing, and he bewitches by the beauty of his imagery, and moves the depths of the heart by the

earnestness of his appeals. He thus appeared at the meeting of the New York Bible Society, held in November of 1847. At that time he described different characters in the Bible as representatives of various classes of men. He set forth Samuel as the model Secretary of State, and as he painted the scene where Samuel calls the hosts of Israel together, and says, in conscious innocence, "Whose ox have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received a bribe? and I will restore it to you. And they said, 'Thou hast not defrauded us nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand'—the effect was thrilling. That speech was well reported and copied into the papers extensively, but the living eloquence was not reported, for it could not be. To use an illustration, whose origin we cannot trace, there was the difference which there is between the diamond dew-drops, sparkling beneath the morning sun, and the same gathered in a *cup*. Dr. Durbin is spoken of by some as equal in oratory to Henry Clay, but we cannot feel authorized in giving him so exalted a rank. He is a superior debater, and always successful. He knows how to manage a debate, and it will be observed that he never joins in a discussion or once sets foot in the arena until the others have exhausted the subject to the extent of their ability. Then he presents himself, reviews the whole ground, sums up the argument, and virtually decides the question.

The characteristic of Dr. Durbin's mind is its *practical* cast. It has to do with facts rather than with theories. He is a man of details, one who attends to the minutiae of whatever is before him. He observes everything with a closeness which is astonishing. Nothing escapes his scrutiny, not even the sign-boards in the street. Acuteness and discrimination are characteristics. Hence he proves an excellent working man. He will carry out a plan to the minutest detail with unwavering success. He makes an excellent financier, and would prove a most able society secretary. There would be no loose screws in the machinery under his control. Thus, when he was President of Dickinson College, the finance of the institution was in perfect order. There was always money to pay debts on the day they became due. The college was managed with vigor and system, and of course with success.

He is not a philosopher in the highest sense of the term. He does not revel in pure thought.—Abstract principles he does not discuss, and to the higher philosophical theories he pays little attention. "Transcendentalism" is to him a bank of fog which the light of genius may illuminate but cannot dissipate. The so-called natural sciences are more in accordance with his tastes. He is familiar with the principles of geology, and his lectures to the students at the college on that science, which is usually deemed as dry and hard as the rocks of which it treats, were listened to with avidity and delight. So in the principles of government and of political economy he is well versed, and ethnology, or the science of races, he has pursued with zeal. Some of our readers may have seen a treatise, which he published, on the harmony between the Mosaic account of the

creation and the discoveries of geology. We would not give the impression that he is so fond of facts as to disregard principles, or so nice in details as to forget generalizations. It is not so. But the facts with which he has to do are rather those of external life than of the inner consciousness, and his principles are derived by generalizations from these rather than being the result of pure thought. Indeed, in conclusions arrived at by observations and external experience he is sound and shrewd. This is strikingly evinced in the view which he took of the French government in 1841, which we will quote. It will be observed that he prophesied its downfall even at that time, when it stood firmest and grandest :

"Occupying the throne without the affections of the people, Louis Philippe directs his efforts unremittently to the strengthening of his government and the establishment of his dynasty, applying to this object the untiring energies of a powerful mind, the resources of France, and his own enormous private fortune. His whole domestic and foreign policy harmonizes with his great purpose, and is executed with admirable skill. With a knowledge of the character of the French people almost equal to that of Napoleon, he flatters and feeds such elements of it as will not interfere with his own policy, while he carefully and systematically represses the rest. The taste of the Parisian populace for public amusements is fully gratified: the opera and the theatres are assisted from the public revenues; brilliant fetes are given on Sundays at the various palaces in the vicinity of the city; and, on stated days, all the public museums and galleries are thrown open to the citizens. No sentiment is more universal in France than admiration of Napoleon and respect for his memory, and Louis Philippe is wise enough to take advantage of it. He has not only permitted all the monuments of the Empire which existed at his accession to remain, but has finished, according to the original designs, those which were suffered to stand incomplete during the Restoration, and restored those which had been appropriated to other purposes. The Arch of Triumph, which preserves in sculpture the victories of the Great Captain; the column in the Place Vendome, from which he looks down upon the city 'that he loved so well;' the magnificent Mausoleum in the Hotel des Invalides—all exist under the policy of Louis Philippe, and serve to identify it with the period of the greatest glory of France.

"I have before remarked, that the principal support of Louis Philippe in France lies in the manufacturing and commercial classes. By his encouragement of trade and internal improvements, as well as by the preservation of peace, he has formed a strong party in his favor of manufacturers and traders, whose whole political creed is, '*Let us buy and sell, and get gain*;' let us be secure in our possessions, and we will support any government under whose shadow we can enjoy them.' The constant effort of his system is to repress the military spirit of the nation, and to divert its love of glory into the channels of the arts, trade, and manufactures: objects praiseworthy,

indeed, in themselves, but designed by him only to extinguish the chivalrous love of liberty, and incline the nation to rest under the sway of a strong government, that he may secure the succession of his family.

"But, while the king thus appeals to the passions of the lower orders and to the interests of the middle classes, his precautionary measures are on the most stupendous scale and of the most startling character, comprising the army, the police, and the fortifications of Paris.

"Europe would not permit Louis Philippe to maintain such an army, did she not believe it necessary to the safety of his government, knowing well that if France should rise again, and 'conquer her liberties,' she would not trust them to a 'popular throne, surrounded by Republican institutions.*' Her next revolution will result in a Republic without a throne: a signal for a general war, in which France must stand against Europe, or have the foot of another monarch placed upon her neck by foreign bayonets. This last would probably be the result.

"When Louis Philippe accepted the throne, he accepted it in the full view of this tendency of public feeling; and it rested with him to fulfil the hopes of the Liberal party in Europe. He has lacked either the will or the courage to do this—perhaps both. He has restricted, by every means in his power, the liberty of the press; he has opposed the extension of the right of suffrage; he has in many ways contravened the spirit of the Charter. But he has not succeeded in crushing liberal opinions, nor will he: there is patience, indeed, but it is ominous and sullen. That there will be another revolution at his death, or even before it, if the plan of arming and garrisoning the forts, now nearly completed, be carried out, is extremely probable, as the tendency of the age is irresistibly in the direction of liberal opinions.

"It is a fashionable cant at present (and I am sorry to say that many Americans, especially those who visit France, indulge in it) to praise the *strong* government of Louis Philippe, and to adduce the order and prosperity of the nation as a proof of its adaptation to the present condition of France.—Undoubtedly Louis Philippe's is a strong government, and undoubtedly France is prosperous, so far as prosperity consists in mere material things. But do these make up the *all* of human prosperity? To be sure, there is much wisdom in his administration with regard to the interests of agriculture, the arts, and commerce, though even in reference to these it has been greatly exaggerated; but granting it to its fullest extent, do these complete the circle of human happiness? And are commerce, agriculture, and the arts incompatible with free institutions? I blush for my countrymen when I hear such treason against liberty uttered by American lips. The arguments offered to justify the strong government of Louis Philippe would justify the King of Prussia in forgetting his sacred promises of 1815, would justify the despotism of the Emperor of Austria, would lead the world back to the *paternal* rule of Oriental tyrants.

* The regular army of France, in 1841, was composed of 425,909 men and 93,819 horses.

nies. But in the just sense of the words, it is not true that the government of Louis Philippe, or any other which violates the rights of humanity, is strong. *"The strongest of all governments is that which is most free."* whatever strength is incompatible with rational freedom is oppression, and contains the seeds of its own destruction."

On sentiment and opinion we should style Dr. Durbin a conservative. He is not ultra in his notions, or sweeping in his conclusions. He regards subjects with fairness and candor, and comprehends all the opposing facts within his pen. Take the following paragraph for an example :

"The morning service of the Church of England is read in most of the chapels in London, and generally in the principal chapel in the chief towns, and in those chapels where a wealthy and intelligent family has the almost sole influence. But it is not in general use, nor are the mass of the people in favor of it. Perhaps the preachers are ; certainly the older and more influential. It is not adapted to the conversion of sinners, but is well calculated to cherish piety where it already exists in an intelligent mind. It gives dignity and respectability to worship, but does not alarm the conscience or quicken the multitude. It is a beautiful and edifying service, truly acceptable to God when devoutly performed, and might well occupy a place in any mature congregations as an introduction to the sermon ; but it now occupies far too much space in the public worship and confidence of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is gradually encroaching on the dominion of the Bible and the pulpit. This is their error. Perhaps the error of other Protestant churches is, that the people depend too much on the pulpit and preacher, and do not themselves worship God as they ought in the public service. The preacher should instruct the people, but the whole congregation should publicly worship God ; and in this view a stated service is not unreasonable, perhaps desirable.

"The style of preaching among them is more methodical than ours, and perhaps their sermons are in general more elaborate. They are more calm and staid ; neither so discursive in their matter, nor so free and energetic in their manner as we. We have less uniformity of manner and more naturalness ; they more mannerism, both in gesture and voice.* Their general pitch of voice is low, and their modulation solemn ; we not only use a higher pitch, but a more varied and sprightly modulation, imparting greater vivacity to the expression. They have been influenced somewhat by the tone of the Established Church ; we by the spirit of our Republican institutions.

"The general topics of pulpit discourse must, of course, be the same in both countries ; but I think it may be said with truth that they preach the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, repentance,

justification, and sanctification, with more frequency and power than we do. With them there is more instruction and less excitement. What we call revivals are scarcely known among them ; and, perhaps, for this reason, while their numbers do not increase so rapidly, their societies, as a whole, sustain their profession better, and exclusions from membership are not so frequent, in proportion to the relative numbers in church-fellowship."

In preaching, Dr. Durbin is always interesting, for he succeeds in keeping out of the beaten track both of thought and of expression. He always avoids those phrases which have become so familiar as to savor of cant. Hence some unreflecting people have considered him as visionary, (because his views were simply novel,) when no man is less so. Practical—is his chosen adjective.

His memory of facts and of thoughts is very tenacious, but of words it is most slippery. He cannot commit sentences to memory, and hence the hearer may never be alarmed lest his extempore eloquence has been all "cut and dried."

Dr. Durbin has done much to elevate and establish the Methodist church in this country. Perhaps he has done no more than some others, but he has fulfilled his proportion. In almost every department of labor he has been stationed and has shown himself a profitable servant. He has written considerably for the religious papers and for the Methodist Quarterly Review. In this latter admirable publication will be found able reviews of "Guizot's History of Civilization," and of "Butler's Analogy." We cannot but remark, with pride and pleasure, the advance made by the Methodist church within the last few years. It has come to be one of the most respectable and influential denominations in the country. Its colleges are flourishing, its publications are extensive, its newspapers and reviews are most ably edited, its clergy number some of the finest minds and truest hearts in our land. The Northern division of the church alone numbers 9000 ministers and 640,000 members. To such men as Durbin, McClintock, Bangs and Bascomb, and others of a like stamp, is this denomination deeply indebted.

Thus have we hastily and imperfectly outlined the life and character of Dr. Durbin. No one can fail to observe that his life experience has been one of uncommon interest. Its variety alone imparts to it a peculiar charm. An agency for a college, a professorship, a chaplaincy, a presidency, an editorship, and a pastorate, all worthily filled by a man, the sun of whose life has not as yet mounted to its meridian, furnish themes of peculiar interest to the observer, and must afford many points of joyful retrospection to him who has lived the life and held the posts. But, more than its variety and the fullness of its experience, does the peculiarity of its commencement prove its special attractiveness. This is the focus to which the thoughts involuntarily converge. The greatness of the result is enhanced by the minuteness of the beginning. Dr. Durbin is a *self-made* man. This is the cause of our special interest. Other men have been presidents of colleges and chaplains of the Senate, but all these have not begun

* There are exceptions to this remark : Dr. Newton, Dr. Bunting, and Dr. Dixon may be mentioned. I referred to this matter of mannerism once in a social circle, with the remark that I believed they were improving. "Yes," was the reply. "Perhaps," said I, "Dr. Fisk's book has aided in causing the improvement." This was only answered by a smile.

by being artisans at a work-bench. It is the obstacles overcome that give grandeur to the achievement. It is the deepness of the shadow on the canvass that gives intensity to the light. But as we learn the results of such a life, how few of us can estimate the toil of its upbuilding or the solicitude of its progress! We scan it in its completeness, admire, pass on, and forget, unmindful that sighs were the mementoes treasured beneath its corner-stone, and that tears cemented its foundation.

Who of us, that has been in Wall street, has not stopped to gaze, in silent admiration, at the grand edifice of Trinity church, which stands at its head? There, in its quiet magnificence, consecrated to the service of Heaven, it rears itself above the bustle of commerce, majestic in its studied proportions, and beautiful in its chaste simplicity, a monument of architectural excellence, and a monitor of eternal realities. Who is not solemnized by the contemplation? But of all those who admire its grandeur, enjoy its perfectness, and are subdued by its sacredness, how few thoroughly appreciate it! Perhaps there is only one. How few could describe it in its manifold parts—its arches, its columns, its pilasters, its architraves. Perhaps there is only one. How few can estimate the labor of its erection, the skill of its design, or the talent requisite to its completion. Perhaps there is only one. And that one is the architect. He could tell of difficulties surmounted and embarrassments met for the attainment of some slight purpose, which we deemed almost a chance beauty. He could tell of days, and months, and years of perplexing study and harassing anxiety and pressing toil, when we, in our ignorance, deemed that all was easy and agreeable in the upbuilding of such simple archi-

ture. So is it with a great and finished character. As it stands in its harmonious proportions and its beautiful completeness, who does not admire it? As we consider its strength, its integrity, its earnestness, who is not solemnized by the contemplation? But how few appreciate the labor bestowed, the care endured, the watchings maintained for its upbuilding? Perhaps no one but the architect himself. There are all the secret struggles, the analyzing, the balancing; all the doubts, the fears, the forebodings; all the hopes, the aspirations, the enthusiasms; all the disciplinings, the developings, the maturings; all the fittings, the harmonisings, the finishings—all, all to be maintained for years and years, unceasingly, till, at last, the character stands revealed in its architectural proportions, beautiful, complete, "a house not made with hands," which shall be "eternal in the heavens!"

But though the architect alone can appreciate his work, to all is given the faculty of enjoying and admiring completeness, whether seen with the eye of sense in the magnificent temple or discerned by the mind in the higher magnificence of a well-built character. It is not as an architect, but as one of the class which includes everybody, that we have ventured to describe the characters presented in these pages. But who is not inspired by the contemplation to become an *architect himself*? Let each one of us follow the examples here set forth, taking for our motto the words "I'll try," which constitute the heading of a simple and beautiful tract written by Dr. Durbin, which we presume, in view of its wide diffusion and universal popularity, many of our readers have seen, and for the insertion of which we shall have room in the volume of the Sketches.



HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Border Warfare of New York, during the Revolution; or, the Annals of Tryon County. By William W. Campbell. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

WE have here a new edition with many important notes and corrections of a work which was published some years since, and was most favorably received at the time; the author modestly professes to have aimed only to gather materials for future historians to employ; but he has done something better than this, and has given us a history of the romantic incidents in the settlement of our State, which may be read alike by the annalist and the mere literary *faineant* in search of an excitement. He has given a large amount of authentic anecdotes, which the romancer and the historian will avail themselves of hereafter in seeking for materials to illustrate the early history of New York. The following account of the origin of Cherry Valley and Tryon County will afford a favorable idea of the author's manner:

"In 1738 a patent for 8000 acres of land, lying about ten miles south of the Mohawk River, and fifty-two west from Albany, was granted by George Clark, then lieutenant governor, with the consent of the council of the then province of New York, to John Lindsay, Jacob Roseboom, Loniert Gansevoort, and Sybrant Van Schaick. This patent is situated in the extreme north-eastern part of the now county of Otsego, embracing a part of the town and village of Cherry Valley. The face of the country generally, in this county, is uneven; a great number of valleys run nearly north and south, in which are Otsego and Schulyer Lakes, and through which flow several streams, forming the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. These valleys are bounded on the north by a ridge of table land, in which many of the smaller streams take their rise, and from whose northern declivity flow several unimportant tributaries of the Mohawk; there are indentations or passes at the northern extremities of all these valleys; differing, however, in their elevations and in the distances between the sources of the tributary waters of the two rivers. None of these valleys are very extensive, but the soil is fertile, and the rolling land between them produces all kinds of grain, and furnishes excellent pasturage in great abundance. The valley, through which runs Cherry Valley Creek, is about sixteen miles in length, and varies from one quarter to a mile in breadth; at the village it is 1335 feet, and where it terminates in its pass about a mile north, 1418 feet, above tide water. Chains of highland stretch along both sides of this valley; that on the east may properly be considered a spur of the Catskill. It terminates abruptly about three miles north-east of the village, in Mount Independence, from whose top the land slopes gradually to the north; its summit is more than 2000 feet above tide water, and 1700 above the valley of the Mohawk; from hence a beautiful prospect opens in some directions nearly one hundred miles in extent. The Mohawk valley, with a large portion of the northern part of the State, is spread out as a map; while far in the north-east are dimly seen the tops of the Green Mountains, as they mingle with the horizon.

"Early in the eighteenth century, nearly three thousand German Palatinates emigrated to this country under the patronage of Queen Anne; most of them settled in Pennsylvania; a few made their way, in 1713, from Albany, over the Helleberg, to Schoharie Creek, and under the most discouraging circumstances succeeded in effecting a settlement upon the rich alluvial lands bordering upon that stream. Small colonies from here, and from Albany and Schenectady, established themselves in various places along the Mohawk; and in 1722 had extended as far up as the German Flats, near where stands the village of Herkimer; but all the inhabitants were found in the neighborhood of these streams; none had ventured out in that unbroken wilderness which lay to the south and west of these settlements.

"Mr. Lindsay, having obtained an assignment from the three other patentees to himself and Governor Clark, in 1739 caused the patent to be surveyed and subdivided into lots, and chose for himself the farm afterwards successively owned by Mr. John Wells and Judge Hudson, and gave to it the name of Lindsay's Bush. In the following summer he left New York with his family, consisting of his wife, and father-in-law, Mr. Congreve, a lieutenant in the British army, and a few domestics, and settled upon his farm. He

was a Scotch gentleman of some fortune and distinction, having held several offices under government, and anticipated much pleasure from a residence in this high and rolling country, whose valleys, and hills, and lakes, would constantly remind him of the wild and romantic scenery of his native land. A luxuriant growth of beech and maple, interspersed with the wild cherry, covered the valley, and extended along up the sides of the hills, whose tops were crowned with clusters of evergreen; elk and deer were found here in great numbers, as were bears, wolves, beavers, and foxes; it was a favorite hunting-ground of the Mohawks, who erected their cabins near some little spring, and hunted their game upon the mountains. Mr. Lindsay, as well as all the early settlers, found it important to cultivate their friendship; he received them into his house, and treated them with such hospitality as circumstances would permit; this kindness was not lost upon the high-minded savages, one of whom gave proof of no ordinary friendship during the first winter after his removal to Lindsay's Bush. Whatever of happiness and independence Mr. Lindsay may have looked forward to, he knew little of the privations of the settlers of a new country, especially such a country as he had selected; his farm was fifteen miles from any settlement, difficult of access from that settlement which was on the Mohawk River, by reason of its elevation above it; and the intervening country was traversed only by an Indian footpath.

"In the winter of 1740, the snow fell to a great depth; the paths were filled up; all communication with the settlers upon the Mohawk was stopped; Mr. Lindsay had not made sufficient preparation for such a winter; he had but a scanty supply of provisions; these were almost consumed long before spring; a wretched and lingering death was in prospect for him and his family. At this critical time an Indian came to his house, having travelled upon the snow with snow-shoes; when informed of their situation, he readily undertook to relieve them; he went to the settlements upon the Mohawk, and having procured provisions, returned with them upon his back, and during the remainder of the winter, this faithful child of the forest thus continued to relieve them, and thus preserved the lives of the first inhabitants of our town and county.

"In New York, Mr. Lindsay became acquainted with the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, and prevailed upon him to visit his patent, offering him a tract of land of several hundred acres, on condition that he would settle upon it, and would use his influence with his friends, and persuade them to accompany him. Pleased with the situation, and the generous proprietor of the patent, he accepted of the proposal. He was an Irishman by birth, but had been educated in Edinburgh; had spent several years in the provinces, having travelled over most of those at the south; and at the time of his first acquaintance with Mr. Lindsay, was on a tour through those at the north. He went to Londonderry in New Hampshire, where several of his countrymen were settled, whom he persuaded to remove, and in 1741 David Ramsay, William Galt, James Campbell, William Dickson, and one or two others, with their families, in all about thirty persons, came and purchased farms, and immediately commenced making improvements upon them. They had emigrated from the north of Ireland several years anterior to their removal here; some of them were originally from Scotland; they were called Scotch Irish—a general name given to the inhabitants of the north of Ireland, many of whom are of Scotch descent; hardy and industrious, inured to toil from their infancy, they were well calculated to sustain the labors necessary in clearing the forest, and fitting it for the abode of civilized man.

"The following circumstances gave rise to its name: Mr. Dunlop, engaged in writing some letters, inquired of Mr. Lindsay where he should date them, who proposed the name of a town in Scotland; Mr. Dunlop, pointing to some fine wild cherry-trees, and to the valley, replied, "let us give our place an appropriate name, and call it Cherry Valley," which was readily agreed to; it was for a long time the distinguishing name of a large section of country, south and west. Soon after the arrival of these settlers, measures were taken for the erection of a grist-mill and saw-mill, and a building for the erection of a school-house and church. Mr. Dunlop left Ireland under an engagement of marriage with a young lady of that country; and having made the necessary arrangements for his future residence in Cherry Valley, returned to fulfill it. This engagement was conditional; if he did not return in seven years from the time of his departure, it should be optional with her to abide by or put an end to the con-

tract; the time had almost expired; she had heard nothing from him for some time, and supposed him either dead or unfaithful; another offered, was accepted, and the day appointed for the marriage. In the mean time Mr. Dunlop had been driven off the coast of Scotland by a storm: after a detention of several days, he finally made port in Ireland, and hastening on his journey, arrived the day previous: his arrival was as joyful as it was unexpected; he was married, and returned immediately with his wife to Cherry Valley, and entered upon his duties as the first pastor of its little church. A log house had been erected to the north of Mr. Lindsay's, on the declivity of the little hill upon which his house was situated; where, though possessing little of this world's wealth, they offered up the homage of devout and grateful hearts. Most of the adult inhabitants were members of the church; the clergyman was to receive ten shillings on the hundred acres of land; a mere pittance, by reason of the small number of inhabitants; but he lived frugally; they made presents to him of the productions of their farms, which, with the avails of his own, afforded him a competent support. In these early days, an excellent state of feeling towards each other prevailed; common danger and common interest united them. In their worship and observances they were very strict. During the ten subsequent years, not more than three or four families had come into the settlement. Among them was Mr. John Wells, grandfather of the late John Wells of New York City. He also was an Irishman, and became a resident in 1743, and in '44 purchased the farm which Mr. Lindsay had selected for himself, and upon which he resided.

"Mr. Lindsay was unacquainted with practical farming, and his property had been expended to little advantage; after struggling several years, he was compelled to abandon his enterprise. The war between France and Great Britain had been, in part, transferred to America, and in 1744 our northern frontier was threatened with an attack by the French and Indians. Reinforcements were ordered to Oswego, and among them, the company of Independent Greens, in which Mr. Congreve was a lieutenant; he resigned his commission in favor of his son-in-law, Mr. Lindsay, who, having spent several years in the service, died in New York, leaving no children. Mr. Wells, a man of amiable disposition, and of great integrity, before there was any officer of justice, was frequently appealed to as the arbiter of any little difference; he was afterwards appointed the first justice of the peace for the town, and one of the judges of Tryon county, which offices he continued to exercise until the time of his death, a little before the breaking out of the Revolution.

"Mr. Dunlop, having received a classical education, opened a school for the instruction of boys, who came from the settlements upon the Mohawk, and from Schoenectady and Albany. It is worthy of remark, that this was the first grammar-school in the State west of Albany. The boys were received into his house, and constituted a part of his family. The extreme simplicity of the times may be learned from the fact, that they often went into the fields, and there recited their lessons as they followed their instructor about, while engaged in his usual avocations upon his farm; several individuals along the Mohawk, who were afterwards conspicuous in the Revolution, thus received the first rudiments of their education.

"The tranquility which had hitherto prevailed in the settlement was not always to continue; the French, by their intrigues, had succeeded in alienating the affections of the Indians, who instead of regarding the inhabitants as friends, in many cases looked upon them as intruders. A war colony had been sent out by the Six Nations, which had settled at a place called Oquago, in the new county of Broome, situated on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. During the Revolution this was a place of general rendezvous for the Six Nations. In the French wars it was composed principally of Mohawks, who remained attached to the English, and who paid their annual visits to Sir William Johnson, to receive their presents. Those who violated the laws were not permitted to share with the others; a few such, fearing to present themselves before Sir William, staved behind and concerted a plan for destroying this infant settlement. They were to make an attack upon it while the inhabitants were at church on the Sabbath. They were discovered one Sabbath morning, before their arrival at the settlement. The inhabitants, fearing some hostile intention, prepared themselves for defence, taking care to exhibit their arms to the Indians as they approached, who, not wishing to hazard an attack upon them armed, withdrew. But during the last French war, the danger of Indian incursions having become great from the defection of the four western of the Six Nations, and from threatenings of the more distant tribes, a body of eight hundred rangers (so called from their being chiefly employed in ranging the woods) was ordered to be raised for

the defence of the county of Tryon, and a company of them, under the command of Capt. M'Kean, stationed at Cherry Valley; some rude fortifications were erected, and during their continuance the settlement was comparatively secure. But previous, and indeed during all the French wars, the inhabitants of this, as of all the other settlements, were frequently called out to repel the French and Indians upon our northern frontier. This service was not only extremely hazardous but burdensome, as they were obliged oftentimes to furnish in addition means of transportation for their own baggage, and also for that of the English. In accordance with the will of the government, they entered upon this service cheerfully. The militia from the northern and western part of the province, lay under Sir William Johnson at Fort Edward, when Fort William Henry was besieged by the French General Montcalm in 1757. The whole force of General Webb, who was commander at Fort Edward, was about 4000; 3000 were in Fort William Henry under Col. Monro, while the force of Montcalm was little over 8000 French and Indians. The troops of the former were more efficient, and better disciplined than the French and Indians under Montcalm. During the siege and bombardment of Fort William Henry, the provincials at Fort Edward, a distance of only fifteen miles, earnestly demanded to be led to its relief. Gen. Webb, after having given permission to Sir William Johnson to lead the men in case they would volunteer, on seeing them all express their willingness and ready to march, broke his promise and ordered them to return to the fort. Indignation was depicted upon every countenance, but indignation and remonstrance were alike unavailing.—Fort William Henry, after a vigorous defence by Col. Monro, was surrendered, he having in vain expected that some movement would be made in his favor by Gen. Webb. The terms of surrender were, that the garrison should march out with their arms, but without ammunition, and that a body of the French should guard them to Fort Edward. Montcalm, contrary to stipulation, neglected to send the guard, and thus suffered the Indians to fall upon the garrison, many of whom were barbarously killed, while others, stripped of their arms and cloths, fled to Fort Edward. Their sufferings deepened that feeling of indignation which the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Webb had created. The interest excited by the subsequent revolution absorbed for a time their thoughts and feelings; but there were individuals in that army under Sir William Johnson, from the little settlement of Cherry Valley, who, when age had furrowed their cheeks and whitened their locks, could scarcely repress their feelings as they recounted the events of that siege."

The American Bee Keeper's Manual; Being a Practical Treatise on the History and Domestic Economy of the Honey-Bee, embracing a full illustration of the whole subject, with the most approved methods of managing this insect through every branch of its culture, the result of many years' experience. By T. B. Minor. Embellished by thirty-five beautiful Engravings. New York: C. M. Saxton, 121 Fulton street. 1849.

ALTHOUGH there are already dozens of well known and popular treatises on the management of bees, their habits, and the best manner of availing ourselves of the products of their history, Mr. Miner takes up the subject *ab ovo*, and gives as the result of his own experiences without reference to the writings of authors on the subject, except in a few cases to condemn what has been written. He says in his preface:

"What I have written in the following pages, is mostly the result of my own practical experience, during many years of close application to the management, and the study of the honey-bee. On some points I have taken an entirely new course, in my own management of bees. For instance, I treat them differently in the winter season especially, from the ordinary custom, keeping them much cooler, &c.; and my general course of management is peculiar to myself, with a full knowledge of all systems, yet based upon the true principles of the nature and economy of the bee. My success in the culture of this insect, has been beyond precedent, and having the test of a long series of years to support me, I offer this work as one worthy of the confidence of the public."

The stories which have been told by many apianian writers sound more like the ingenious romancings of some poetical naturalist than the words of truth. But Mr. Miner, while he does not appear to be destitute of a keen perception of the curiosities of the history of the bee, is but a plain

narrative of facts which have come under his own observation, and which will require no very violent stretch of faith to receive as veritable truths. The book abounds in a great number of anecdotes, and is filled with valuable information on the subject treated of. The following extracts will sufficiently exhibit the manner of the author and the scope of his work:

PASTURAGE.

"The success attending the keeping of bees depends, in a great measure, upon the character of the pasturage in the vicinity of the apiary.

"Of all the resources of bees, nothing can equal the white, or Dutch clover, that abounds to a greater or less extent throughout the whole country; I may almost say, that without the existence of this flower, it would be useless to establish an apiary; yet there is no section of the country where it does not exist; consequently, there is nothing to fear on that point. In any place where this clover is found growing in spontaneous profusion, there will bees thrive beyond a doubt. It blooms in the latter part of May, and continues in blossom to some extent, all summer; but the height of the honey-harvest from it, is during the month of June. It is from white clover that the purest and most delicious honey is procured. No other pasturage can compare with this, so far as the purity and flavor of the honey is concerned.

"Next to the above clover, stands the various blossoming trees of orchards and gardens, that are spread over every fertile landscape. In the spring, the cherry, peach and nectarine trees, first invite the bee; then the apple and pear trees spread their flowery canopies over the green fields, and afford a short but rich harvest of honey.

"But first of all in the catalogue of sources, whence the bee derives a spring supply of honey, is the *willow*. When all nature wears a sombre hue, with scarcely a flower upon her bosom, the willow sends forth its tiny shoots, from which the bee obtains her first gatherings. Let one but pass beneath some stately willow at this period, and his ears will be greeted as with the music of some sweet-toned æolian harp, that seems hid among its branches; but let him cast his eye above, and there a cloud of bees may be seen flying to and fro, chanting a merry song, as they lightly dance from shoot to shoot,

Primeval bliss, without alloy,
Where cares can ne'er their peace destroy.

"Among the earliest resources of the bee, besides the willow, are the osier, the poplar, the sycamore, the plane, the snow-drop, the crocus, white alyssum, laurustinus, &c. To these may be added, the gooseberry, raspberry, and currant bushes, with sweet marjoram, winter savory and peppermint.

"Alder buds and flowers afford honey during several months. The flowers of the bean, cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins and melons of all kinds, afford a large supply of pollen.

"To the above may be added the sunflower, the dandelion, the hollyhock, and Spanish broom; but above all, as a source of pollen, is the sunflower. In its golden heads, may constantly be seen the industrious workers, covered with the yellow farina of this flower, and busily engaged in kneading it upon the cavities of their legs. Every bee-keeper should plant a few dozen seeds of this flower around the border of his garden, or among his potatoes. Should an occasional seed be dropped in the potato field, when planting that vegetable, say at every sixth hill, the crop of sunflowers would be valuable for the seed to feed poultry, and be of great advantage to the bees, and not lessen the potato crop in the least.

"The blossoms of mustard, turnips, and cabbage, the privet, the holly, phillyrea, bramble, sweet fennel, nasturtium, asparagus, crowfoot, dead nettle, vegetable marrow, white hilly, coltsfoot, borage, viper's bugloss, mignonette, lemon thyme, teasel, furze, heath, sainfoin, &c., are much frequented by bees.

"Among the forest resources of the bee in this country, the most conspicuous are the *basswood* and *maple*. From the basswood in particular, a great supply of honey is obtained; and where this tree abounds, in connection with a profusion of white clover, there is the apiarian's true *El Dorado*.

"Common red clover, that seems so very inviting, is perfectly useless to the honey-bee, as so many thistle heads; for the reason, that the proboscis of the bee cannot penetrate the nectaries of this flower, owing to their great length.

"As a fall source of honey, nothing can equal *buck-*

wheat; the honey, however, is not of so fine a flavor, as that made from white clover, let who will assert to the contrary. It is much darker than that gathered in June or July, from other sources, and it will not command so high a price, as that obtained from other flowers. Buckwheat affords a supply of honey for about four weeks, and every bee-keeper who is a farmer, should sow plentifully of this article, for the twofold purpose of the grain, and its advantage to the bees.

"Some people imagine that the vicinity of extensive flower gardens, is highly beneficial to bees; such as the gardens of gentlemen residing in the immediate vicinity of large cities, where almost every flowering plant and shrub that adorns both hemispheres may be seen. This is a mistake. Bees do not frequent such places at all, unless it be to visit a few of the common order of flowers. *Roses, pinks, tulips, carnations, dahlias, &c.*, have no attractions for this insect; but where these things exist, may generally be found, a rich harvest for them. As I have already said, the blossoms of *cherry, nectarine, peach, apple, and pear trees*, are their first resource; then comes the mantle of white clover, from which a speedy harvest is reapt.

"I recommend no especial crop to be sown for bees, as a source of honey, except *buckwheat*; and this is profitable of itself, to say nothing of the honey that it yields."

SWARMING, ETC.

"The primary causes of swarming may be said to be an instinct natural to the bee, which teaches her to extend and propagate her species. This is a wise and universal influence of nature, that pervades all animate creation.

"In order to insure this desired result, nature has had recourse to harmonious causes and effects, that produce the ends desired. The only way in which the honey-bee can increase and propagate her species by multiplying families or colonies, is by sending off families as pioneers, to find shelter and protection for themselves; and to insure this, there must be certain causes that operate to force out swarms, even against their wishes.

"In order that the reader may arrive at a proper insight of this subject, I will make a few remarks on the general features of breeding, and the particular influences brought to bear on the queen of every family, in the spring of the year, when all measures tending to produce emigration are put in operation.

"In the first place the queen commences her great laying in March or April, according to the state of the weather.—If the weather be very mild, she may sometimes commence as early as February; but subsequent cold weather generally intervenes and puts a stop to further laying for a while. She continues to lay eggs in moderate numbers, until about the first of May, when she produces from 100 to 200 eggs per day, for a few weeks. It is at this period that she decides, or, perhaps, her workers decide, whether any emigrant families shall be sent off. They reason thus: can all the tenants of this hive that now exist, or those to exist hereafter, find room to labor here to advantage? Whether it be the queen that decides this important question, or her subjects, we can never know; but this we do know, that if the space within the hive be such as to afford room for all the family to labor to advantage, it is decided positively and irrevocably, not to send forth any swarms, and no royal cells are constructed! If, on the other hand, the increase of the family will be such as to be unable to find suitable accommodation at home, it is as positively decided, that one or more swarms shall emigrate; and the royal cells are constructed, in which to rear the queens that are to go forth with them, or with all except the first. Thus it will be seen, that the *size* of the hive settles this question entirely.

"If it be decided that a family or two can be safely spared, and still leave a populous stock behind, it becomes necessary to create a large number of drones, to ensure the impregnation of the young queens, as has already been fully illustrated. Coeval with the laying of drone-eggs, which generally takes place from the 1st to the 10th of May, is the construction of queen-cells. From five to ten royal cells are usually commenced, and the same kind of eggs that produce ordinary workers, are laid in these royal cells, from which queens are produced, by a different treatment and food, as I before illustrated. The eggs are not all deposited in the royal cells at once, but on different occasions, so as to mature about the time that they will be wanted to go off with swarms. There is generally a superabundance of young queens matured, so as to be on the safe side, and guard against any casualties that may ensue. This is exactly according to human reasoning and human judgment, to provide a few over the exact number of any particular thing desired, where the least risk of loss may appear.

"A young queen is never suffered to leave the cell until the first swarm has departed with the old queen at their

head. If any of these young scions of royalty should be ready to emerge from the cells before the swarm is ready to issue, they are kept prisoners therein by the workers until the swarm has departed! Here is one of the most wonderful features of the economy of the bee. Nature has implanted so deadly a hatred of rivalry in the queen bee, that she seizes her own offspring, as soon as a young queen emerges from her cell, and thrusts a deadly sting into her, without the least compunction. Again, nature has ordained that the old queen should go off with the first emigrating family. This is just as it should be. The old queen's impregnation being effectual from the season previous, she is ready at once to go on with the increase of her family; whereas, a young one would suffer the casualties of delay in her impregnation, and thus endanger the existence of the colony; and the issue of more than one swarm being a precarious matter, it is a wise dispensation in the nature of this insect, that the old queen is compelled to leave the hive with the first swarm. I say *compelled*, yes, actually compelled to go forth! Never was there an instance known, where she remained behind, and a young queen took her place. The reason lies here; the moment a young queen is matured and commences *peeping*, that is, says *peep, peep*, which may often be heard, it is because she is in distress, or, in other words, she is held in confinement, and fed by the workers. When this takes place, the old queen is aroused, and, in her anger, she attempts to get at the royal cells to destroy the young queens that are ready to emerge, and she is restrained by the workers. In her desperation and agitation that seems to dematinate her, finding that she is not permitted to immolate her young, she rushes out of the hive, calling in her train a portion of the family, being resolved to remain no longer, where her authority is rendered nugatory. It is not wholly the loss of her absolute authority that causes her to depart, but it is also a fear and dread of encountering her rivals to the throne, that also has an influence in causing her to rush from her tenement. When the time arrives for her departure, she commences a sudden vibration of the wings, and rushes over every part of the combs with the utmost speed, and her subjects, in her trail, catch the impulse, and a commotion ensues within, that beggars all description. When the notice is fairly given to the whole family, the queen rushes towards the outlet, and if, in her passage, she happen to pass near the royal cells, the workers mistaking her intention to leave the hive, for a rush at a young queen, seize and hold her a prisoner. In the meantime the word has been given out to swarm, and away go the workers, as if ten thousand of their deadliest enemies were on the chase. They cluster as usual, but in a few minutes they miss their queen, and all is confusion again. They return to the hive. This is the reason of swarms sometimes issuing without a queen.

"If the queen pass near no royal cells, containing young queens ready to emerge, she goes off, and then all is peaceable again.

"Now, we will follow the condition of things in the hive after the old queen is departed. The workers at once go to the oldest of the young queens that is kept in durance, if there be more than one, and say, 'madam, you are at liberty to come out.' She comes forth, strong and full of fire and energy, and at once assumes the helm. She, in turn, also sends out her sisters in royalty, and, if permitted by the workers, she would fall upon them and slay them while yet in their cells."

Ninveh and its Remains. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezidis, or Devil-Worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. In two volumes, with Numerous Illustrations. With Introductory Note, by Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D., author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, 1849

THE traveller who finds a new spot on the globe where materials may be collected for a new book is a made man; when Bruce returned from Abyssinia, bringing with him the beautiful drawings which he had made of interesting objects seen in his travels, and published the marvellous accounts of what he had seen in the interior of Africa, the world was not so much accustomed to wonders as it now is, and he was denounced as a quack and an impostor; but now the more marvellous the stories told by a traveller, the more greedily is he read and the more readily trusted. Ferdinand Meulez Pinto, and Sir John Mandeville, were born out of

time, they should have bided their time and come out now, when the blaze of light, which scientific investigators has thrown upon all sublunary things, has prepared the world to believe in everything. Our countryman, Stephens, made his fortune and his reputation by stumbling upon the long neglected City of Petra, and Mr. Melville had equal luck in dropping upon the Valley of Typee, where he narrowly escaped being served up as a *bonne bouche* at a savage barbecue. Mr. Layard's book is more wonderful, better written, more concise and reliable, and introduces us to an older antiquity than any other book of travels which has recently been published. As to doubt in respect to his narration there is none, some of the wonderful remains of ancient art which he discovered have been transported to England, and are now safe in the halls of the British Museum. Our countryman, Kellogg, the painter, accompanied Mr. Layard in some of his journeyings, and we have been shown by Mr. K. some of the drawings which he made at the City of Nimrod, now *deterre* after centuries of forgetfulness and oblivion. The work has excited great interest in England, and been universally commended by all the leading literary journals of that country. It has been re-published by Mr. Putnam in a very handsome manner, and quite equal to the original edition. The engravings are well executed and well printed. The specimens which we present do not give a just impression of their excellence from the quality of the ink and paper, which are much inferior to those used in the edition of Mr. Putnam. To the student of sacred literature, the archaeologist and the antiquarian, the work is of the highest value, while, to the general reader, it will be found to possess as great attractions as any gossiping book of travels recently published.

An idea of the hoary antiquity of the remains discovered by Mr. Layard, of which this book contains a graphic account, may be known from the following extract of a letter written by Professor Robinson, of the Union Theological Seminary:

"For very many centuries the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language; the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writing of a former people; whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls and palaces of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enroll the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns; but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the nineteenth century, the keys of these locked up treasures have been found; and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out; and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered; but the meagre contents leave us still in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The cuneiform or arrowheaded inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the Scriptures and other ancient writings.—Of all the works, in which the progress and results of these discoveries have been made known, not one has been reproduced or made generally accessible in this country. The scholar who would become acquainted with them and

make them his own, must still have recourse to the old world.

"The work of Mr. Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have to do, not with hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disintombing of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city 'of three days' journey,' that was 'laid waste and there was none to bemoan her,' whose greatness sunk when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again to testify to her own splendor, and to the civilization, and power, and magnificence of the Assyrian empire. This may be said, therefore, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century. But the century as yet is only half elapsed.

"Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ; less than 150 years after Rome was founded. Her latest monuments, therefore, date back not less than five and twenty centuries; while the foundation of her earliest is lost in an unknown antiquity. When the ten thousand Greeks marched over this plain in their celebrated retreat (400 B.C.) they found in one part a ruined city called Larissa: and in connexion with it, Xenophon, their leader and historian, describes what is now the pyramid of Nimrod. But he heard not the name of Nineveh; it was already forgotten on its site; though it appears again in later Greek and Roman writers. Even at that time the widely extended walls and ramparts of Nineveh had perished; and mounds covering magnificent palaces alone remained at the extremities of the ancient city, or in its vicinity, much as at the present day.

"Of the site of Nineveh there is scarcely a further mention, beyond the brief notices of Benjamin of Tudela and Abulfeda, until Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds nearly a century ago. In 1820 Mr. Rich visited the spot; he obtained a few square sun-dried bricks with inscriptions, and some other slight remains; and we can all remember the profound impression made upon the public mind even by these cursory memorials of Nineveh and Babylon."

We make the following extract from Mr. Layard's description of his excavations at Nimrod:

"We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the reader would probably be the same, particularly if accompanied by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed: that even the patriarch Abraham himself may possibly have looked upon them.

"In the subterranean labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldeans of Tivari, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins; and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war cry, and labor with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but

they have been so much injured that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Further on there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively we can detect the marks of masonry; and we soon find that it is a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same color as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it.

"The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath.

"Having walked about one hundred feet amongst these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway, formed by gigantic-winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken in several pieces: the great human head is at our feet.

"We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull.—Adjoining this sculpture we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king hunting, and triumphing over the lion and wild bull; and the siege of the castle, with the battering-ram.—We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, when he received his captive enemies or his courtiers.

"To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tridate—ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys—may be seen on walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures, above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge.

"As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures. At one end of it is a doorway guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colors. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—there lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of Eastern romance.

"In the centre of the mound [at Nimrod,] says Mr. Layard, "I had in vain endeavored to find traces of building. Except the obelisk, two winged figures, and a few fragments of yellow limestone, which appeared to have formed part of a gigantic bull or lion, no remains of sculpture had yet been discovered. On excavating to the south, I found a well-formed tomb, built of bricks, and covered with a slab of alabaster. It was about five feet in length, and scarcely more than eighteen inches in breadth in the interior. On removing the lid, parts of a skeleton were exposed to view; the skull and some of the larger bones were still entire: but on an attempt being made to move them, they crumbled into dust. With them were three earthen vessels. A vase of reddish clay, with a long, narrow neck,

stood in a dish of such delicate fabric, that I had great difficulty in removing it entire. Over the mouth of the vase was placed a bowl or cup, also, of red clay. This pottery appears to have stood near the right shoulder of the body.—In the dust which had accumulated round the skeleton, were found beads and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. The beads are of opaque-colored glass, agate, cornelian, and amethyst. A small crouching lion of lapis-lazuli, pierced on the back, had been attached to the end of the necklace. The vases and ornaments are Egyptian in their character, being identical with similar remains found in the

tombs of Egypt, and preserved in collections of antiquities from that country. With the beads was a cylinder, on which is represented the king in his chariot, hunting the wild bull, as in the bas-relief from the north-west palace.—The surface of the cylinder has been so much worn and injured, that it is difficult to distinguish the figures upon it. A copper ornament resembling a modern seal, two bracelets of silver, and a pin for the hair, were also discovered. I carefully collected and preserved these interesting remains, which seemed to prove that the body had been that of a female.



"On digging beyond this tomb, I found a second, similarly constructed, and of the same size. In it were two vases of highly-glazed green pottery, elegant in shape, and in perfect preservation. Near them was a copper mirror and a copper lustral spoon, all Egyptian in form.

"Many other tombs were opened, containing vases, plates,

mirrors, spoons, beads, and ornaments. Some of them were built of baked bricks, carefully joined, but without mortar; others were formed by large earthen sarcophagi, covered with an entire alabaster slab, similar to those discovered in the south-east corner of the mound, and already described.



"Having carefully collected and packed the contents of the tombs, I removed them, and dug deeper into the mound. I was surprised to find, about *five feet beneath them*, the remains of a building. Walls of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs with which they had been cased were no longer in their places, being scattered about without order, and lying mostly with their faces on the flooring of baked bricks. Upon them were both sculptures and inscriptions. Slab succeeded to slab; and when I had removed nearly twenty tombs, and cleared away the earth from a space about fifty feet square, the ruins which had been thus uncovered presented a very singular appearance. Above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as the leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved in the order in which they stood, from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried brick, and had been left as found preparatory to their removal elsewhere. That they were not thus arranged before being used in the building for which they had been originally sculptured, was evident from the fact, proved beyond a doubt by repeated observation, that the Assyrians carved their slabs after, and not before, they were placed. Subjects were continued on adjoining slabs, figures and chariots being divided in the centre. There were places for the iron brackets, or dovetails. They had evidently been once filled, for I could still trace marks and stains left by the metal. To the south of the centre bulls were two gigantic figures, similar to those discovered to the north.



"These sculptures resembled in many respects some of the bas-reliefs found in the south-west palace, in which the sculptured face of the slab was turned, it will be remembered, towards the walls of unbaked bricks. It appeared, therefore, that the centre building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of this edifice. But here were tombs over the ruins. The edifice had perished; and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funeral vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them. These are questions which I am yet unable to answer, and which must be left undecided until the origin and age of the contents of the tombs can be satisfactorily determined."

Hints on Public Architecture, containing, among other illustrations, Views and Plans of the Smithsonian Institution: together with an Appendix relative to Building Materials. Prepared, on behalf of the Building Committee of the Smithsonian Institution, by Robert Dale Owen, Chairman of the Committee. Containing one hundred and thirteen engravings. New York: Geo. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

We have been permitted by the publishers of this very beautiful work to make an extract from its pages in advance of its publication, which will serve to show the style in which

the text is written. It will be seen that Mr. Owen is a veritable Goth in his admiration of the so-called Gothic style of architecture, in which, we must confess, we have but little sympathy. The Gothic has had its day; it was once the expression of an earnest but rude nature seeking to develop its aspirations of the beautiful in external forms. But, at the present day, Gothic architecture is a sham and a deceit; a piece of costly and solemn frippery, without sincerity or devotion. But we will allow Mr. Owen to say his say:

"A little habit not only reconciles the eye to the irregular variety of Gothic, but causes it to be sought for and esteemed far beyond the rigidly formal. Even in street architecture, its effects are happy and striking. Take an example from the ancient provincial city of Bourges, the same in which the celebrated Conde spent his early school-days; the mansion of Jacques Cœur, on the old Gothic balustrade, of which, as a modern essayist has suggested, the great captain may have read, and adopted as his own, the inspiring motto.

'A vaillants Cœurs, rien impossible.'

"But it is not the attractive exterior, striking as it is; not the picturesque beauty, which characterizes alike its boldest outlines and its most delicate details; nor yet the pictorial effects, varying with every change of aspect, which the rich variety of its irregular masses successively present; it is not these, which chiefly influence my preference for arch architecture. That preference is mainly founded on considerations more prosaic and practical. That same picturesque irregularity which pleases the eye and charms the fancy, is an important feature in an architecture that is to satisfy modern wants. The flexibility which the Norman and Gothic manners possess; the facility with which they assume whatever external forms may be suggested by interior purpose; the easy freedom with which they lend themselves, as occasion arises, to amendment or addition; all these are essential conditions, in an architecture that is to secure lasting favor among us: all these are essential characteristics in an architecture that is to attain, in our utilitarian age and in our matter-of-fact country, to the character of national.

"For the minor irregularities of enrichment which characterize the arch architecture of the middle ages, as the endless variety of detail often presented by a series of corbels, or capitals, or bosses, having the same general shape and size and appearance at a distance, and of which the variations are detected only by closer inspection, there is not the same substantial reason to be offered. Yet these encroachments on the settled uniformity of classical examples, give, I think, to the arch manner, additional interest and attraction. If, at Athens in the days of her splendor, we had visited that temple of Jupiter Olympius, upon which generation after generation had expended labor and treasure, before it stood, at last, the sumptuous monument of art it was, its first aspect must have seemed to us impressive and imposing in the highest degree. Yet, after we had inspected one of the fluted shafts, of which a hundred and twenty-four rose from its marble stylobate; after we had examined one of the rich capitals that crowned that forest of columns; we had inspected and examined them all. Each of these magnificent capitals, even down to the minutest line of an acanthus leaf or the slightest curve of a volute, was a copy, exact, unvarying, scrupulously reproduced, of its neighbor. And so of the next, and the next, and the next, throughout all that gorgeous peristyle. A hundred and twenty-four times the same identical conception was repeated.

"Not thus is it that nature labors. No leaf in the forest that is a servile copy of its fellow. And though man, in his works, can never attain her infinite variety, he need not, at vast pains and cost, task his ingenuity to depart, as widely as possible, from her example. 'Is it less tautology,' asks a modern writer, 'to describe a thing over and over again with lines, than it is with words?' The remark was applied to painting; but has it not its application to architecture also?

"Other considerations recommend this school of architecture for public edifices. Its economy, in materials and in workmanship; the facilities it affords, beyond the temple model, for warming and ventilating; and, yet more especially, the advantages it possesses over older styles, whether Grecian or Roman, in its system of fenestration."

The work is "got up" in a style to correspond with the other publication of the Smithsonian Institute, but in respect to the artistic merit of the illustrations it is much superior to them, and, excepting the lithographs, which are but indifferently executed, the volume is one of the handsomest that has issued from the American press.

History of England. From the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris. By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed. 2 vols., octavo. Appleton & Co. New York. 1849.

THE unusual excitement created by the appearance of Macaulay's History of England, which covers very nearly the ground occupied by Lord Mahon, will not be likely to lessen the interest which historical students will feel in this most able work. The style of Lord Mahon is not so seductive as that of Macaulay, and is not so likely to render the history a favorite book with novel readers, but it has a calm and impressive dignity that will render his work more readable with a class of grave literary students. We regret having received this book at so late an hour that we have no more space left than just enough to acknowledge its receipt, and to bestow a word of praise upon the very handsome manner in which it has been got up by the publishers. But a work which has been so often and extensively praised by the English press, ought, by this time, to be sufficiently well known to pass into circulation without further notice.

The Caxtons; a Family Picture. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

THE MESSRS. Harper have published the first volume of this philosophical novel, which attracted the attention of the literary world even before it was known to be the work of Bulwer, as it appeared in the pages of Blackwood's Magazine. The first chapters bear a palpable resemblance to Tristram Shandy, without containing anything of the witty obscenity of that eccentric work; but, as the story advances, the likeness disappears, and the Shandean family are forgotten. Certainly no two writers have so little in common as Bulwer and Sterne, and it would be impossible for the author of *The Caxtons* to imitate successfully the author of *Tristram Shandy*.

Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. By Henry Wikoff. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

There is not much novelty in this lively little volume to recommend it, but it contains a great deal of personal gossip and not a little valuable political information, which would appear to advantage in a book of greater pretensions. The author's egotism is rather prominent but by no means offensive, he is very chatty, intelligent and communicative, and as he tells us a good many amusing things about a man who has been unexpectedly raised to the post of executive of the first French Republic, he will be listened to with interest. The book is printed in the elegant style which distinguishes all the publications of Mr. Putnam, and is illustrated with a portrait.

The Midnight Sun. Translated from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer by Mary Howitt. Harper and Brothers. New York. 1849.

WE were surprised at seeing in the Christian Remembrancer, a literary and religious periodical of a high character, a remark to the effect that Miss Bremer manifested an utter lack of religious principles in her novels. To our own perceptions the domestic tales of the Swedish novelist are full of the tenderest and most impressive religious sentiments. It is true that she does not inculcate any particular form of theology as has been done by Hannah More, Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Ellis, but, like Miss Edgeworth, her writings abound in evidences of a religious enthusiasm which makes itself felt by her readers. The *Midnight Sun* contains an introductory chapter on the early history of Sweden, with a glance at her illustrious men and women, that will not be the least interesting part of this very delightful novel.

The California and Oregon Trail. By Francis Parkman, Jr. New York: Putnam. 1849.

This is one of the most elegant volumes that has recently been issued from the American press, and, apart from the lively sketches of Rocky Mountain Life which it contains, has claims to attention from the merit of its illustrations, which are but two in number, but they are of great beauty. They are the finest specimens of wood engravings that we have seen, and are printed in two tints. They are engraved by Childs from drawings by Darley, who now stands at the head of our artists. The *California and Oregon Trail* contains a good many picturesque and amusing sketches of wild adventure in the far West, but the author did not go so far as California and Oregon, although he travelled in the trail of the caravans that proceed there.

Irving's Works. Putnam's Edition.

WE are indebted to Mr. Putnam for two more volumes of his very elegant edition of the Works of Washington Irving, being the third volume of the *Life and Voyages of Columbus and his Companions*, and *The Tales of a Traveller*. The other volumes will be issued in due course, and the *Life of Mohammed*, we understand, will be ready in the fall. Mr. Putnam has recently published a very elegant edition of the poems of Rev. Ralph Hoyt, under the title of "Sketches of Life and Landscape," a title peculiarly expressive of the qualities of the poems.

History of Queen Elizabeth. By Jacob Abbott. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

THIS is another of the popularly written histories which Mr. Abbott has published within the past year. They are prettily illustrated and of a form and style admirably calculated for juvenile readers, and the use of schools.

The Messrs. Harper have also issued the 5th and 6th numbers of their new illustrated edition of Franklin's Life, and a cheap edition of Macaulay's popular history, in which the English orthography is preserved.

The Gold Mines of Gila. By C. W. Webber. New York: Dewitt and Davenport, 2 vols.

THESE are two very pleasant and lively volumes of adventures in Texas, forming a supplement to the author's work called *Old Hicks the Guide*. Mr. Webber intends forming an expedition to the Gila, for the purpose of discovering the gold mines supposed to lie in the vicinity of that river. The following brief preface will, perhaps, best explain the author's design:

"When a man is in earnest he never has time to make many 'Prefatory Remarks.' I wish it to be perfectly understood that I *am* in earnest in this book; and furthermore, that to the best of my knowledge, every syllable of it, bearing directly or indirectly (of which last there is a great deal) upon the general subject, is true, *literally*. It will be perceived that as a narrator, I have spoken through much of the way strictly from the stand-point of personal experience—which I give for what it is worth exactly—in connexion with all the Antiquarian, Legendary, and Official information that I have been able to collect from every quarter; and which bears in any way upon our curious subject. I must be indulged in telling my story after my own fashion, and if I have chosen to mix it up with a great many other things relating to the wild, stern life in Texas, and to my own adventures—why you are not obliged to read of them—that's all! The most important material is collected in the last of the book, where those who are in a hurry can look for it. I put it forward without more words as the basis of the 'Centralia Exploring Expedition to California, via the valleys of the Pecos, the Gila, and Colorado of the West.'"

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



PRING weather has brought with it all the elements of delight which the imagination loves to treasure up and poets love to weave into their verses. Summer is warm and lazy, autumn is mellow and hazy, winter is cold and melancholy, * but spring is bright, joyous, cheering and invigorating. Everything in nature bursts out with new life in the spring, it is the leap season; the time for aspiration, when the instincts of all organic matter seem to have an upward tendency; it is a singular

fact that in all parts of the earth, save in the tropics where there is no change of seasons, boys fly kites in the spring, but never in the fall, thus showing that they obey the universal law of aspiration, of looking upwards, at this carnival time of the year. In one of the papers of the Spectator young maids are cautioned not to go out of doors in the month of May, lest their tender hearts yield to the influence of the season; but May is not, in our northern States, a month for out-door dalliances; the flowers of this month are all pale, yellow, white and blue, the earth is too damp and uncomfortable for star-light or moon-light walks; it is not until June that the warm and melting influences of the season fairly begins, when roses are plenty and the fields are brightened by blossoms of red. June is the month of months in the New England States; Lowell the poet says,

"There is nothing so bright as a day in June."

The same poet has recently published, in the Anti Slavery Standard, a delightful poem on a day in June, which deserves a place by the side of the *L'Allegro* of Milton, and as few of our readers have, probably, seen it, we will copy it for their gratification; and if any should have read it before, they will not be displeased at an opportunity to read it again:

A DAY IN JUNE.

Snap, chord of manhood's tenser strain!
To-day I will be a boy again;
The mind's pursuing element,
Like a bow slackened and unbent,
In some dark corner shall be leant;
The robin sings, as of old, from the limb,
The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush,
Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,
Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
The withered leaves keep dumb for him;

The irreverent buccaneering bee
Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery
Of the lily, and scattered the sacred floor
With haste-dropt gold from shrine to door;
There, as of yore,
The rich, milk-tinging buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge;
And our tall elm, this hundredth year
Doge of our leafy Venice here,
Who, with an annual ring, doth wed
The blue Adriatic overhead,
Shadows with his palatial mass
The deep canals of flowing grass,
Where glow the dandelions sparse
For shadows of Italian stars.

O, unestranged birds and bees!
O, face of nature always true!
O, never unsympathising trees!
O, never-rejecting roof of blue,
Whose rash disherison never falls
On us unthinking prodigals,
Yet who convictest all our ill,
So grand and unappeasable!
Methinks my heart from each of these
Plucks part of childhood back again,
Long there imprisoned, as the breeze
Doth every hidden odor seize
Of wood and water, hill and plain;
And I will store the secret wise
For days less generously bright,
As Cereus hoards from noontide skies
The fiery forces to bloom at night.
In this June cell will I abide,
Warmwoven through the livelong year;
Into this inlet will I glide,
Sandzoned and paved with pebbly cheer,
When the heart is at its deadlow tide
And the weedy, perilous shoals appear.

The good old time, close hidden here,
Persists, a loyal cavalier,
While Roundheads prime, with point of fox,
Probe wainscot-chink and empty box;
Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast
Insults thy statues, royal Past;
Myself too prone the axe to wield,
I touch the silver side of the shield
With lance reversed, and challenge peace,
A willing convert of the trees.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
No hum of neighbor toil intrudes;
The only hammer that I hear
Is wielded by the woodpecker,
The single noise calling his
In all our leafed Sybaris;
The perfect peace of this June sky,
Makes earth one closet of devotion,
One sweet and solemn privacy;
Ah, sure not long, too happy lot,
This paper-nautilus calm can find
Upon our treacherous summer ocean.

How chanced it that so long I tost
A cable's length from this rich coast,
With foolish anchors hugging close
The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,
Nor had he wit to wreck before
Upon this fortunate island's shore
Whither the current of the sea
With wider drift persuaded me?

Oh, might we but of such rare days
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place,
A temple of so Parian stone
Would brook a marble god alone,
The statue of a perfect life;
Far shrined from earth's bestaining strife!
Alas! though such felicity
In our vex world here may not be,
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut
Shows stones which nice forethought cut
With text inspired, or mystic sign
Of the Eternal and Divine.
Torn from the consecration deep
Of some fallen nunnery's mossy sleep,
So, from the ruins of this day
Crumbling in golden dust away,
The soul one gracious block may draw,
Carved with some fragment of the law,
Which, set in life's uneven wall,
Old benedictions may recall,
And lure some nunlike thoughts to take
Their dwelling here for memory's sake.

Such poetry as this is not found floating about in the weekly papers, and when it is found we feel bound to appropriate it for the behoof of our readers. The paper from which we extract this choice morceau often contains similar things, and an amount of good writing and literary criticisms that we should look for in vain in any other weekly periodical published in the country. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of this paper, the politics and designs of the work are such that its circulation is limited to that proscribed class who are called abolitionists, and even among abolitionists it is proscribed by all but the Simon Pures of the party. The editor of the paper, Mr. Gay, like the majority of his assistants, is a gentleman of good education, of cultivated tastes and a refined intellect, who is willing to abandon the profitable and honorable pursuits which are open to men of his character, and in which he would be sure of success, to serve what he honestly believes to be the great cause of humanity. Let men differ as they may respecting the wisdom of such philanthropists as Mr. Gay, no one can call in question their high-hearted honesty and sincere devotion to Truth.

A DEFENCE OF THE PURITANS.—The embodiment of a Puritan, in the popular belief, is a crabbed, sour-visaged, hard-headed, disputatious theologian, who whines out his words, hates everything that is sunshiny, generous and agreeable, and greatly affects short hair, old-fashioned clothes and plain diet. Dr. Bacon, the editor of the Day-Book, who is himself a descendant from a Puritan stock, has written a vigorous and vehement defence of the Puritans, from which we copy the following passages, which are certainly as full of truth and correct feeling as they are of indignant earnestness. These remarks were called out by the representation of the beautiful opera of the Puritan at the Italian Opera House, Astor Place. Dr. Bacon, we believe, is a brother of the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven:

" 'The Puritans' were sober and earnest men; but they were not austere and sour men, though romancers have delighted to represent them as such; and it is hard to say whether novelists and poets, (whose trade it has been to lie) or priests and preachers (who ought to find it desirable to tell the truth whether for or against themselves) have worse belied them. Cromwell was a patron of art; and so were his chosen associates. Whether his secretary—the author of 'Comus,' 'Il Penseroso,' and other 'fugitive pieces,' not yet wholly forgotten—ever was an enemy of the drama or of music—let his most discerning readers decide. Yet, Cromwell and his secretary were pure Puritans 'of the most straitest sect'—as no ecclesiastical historian will deny. Of all the arts that please, without corrupting or demoralizing influences or consequences, there were both alike cultivators and factors. They were 'wise as serpents' in this; and who can name the Puritan of that age that was 'otherwise.' 'The author of 'Comus' drew his deepest human inspiration from those Italian sources at which his poetic youth 'drew its first and sweetest nurture.' Who, that has followed John Milton through his early studies and travels, can doubt the influence of pure Italian poetry and music upon his 'delicately impressive mind? Imagine his disgust on being informed, by some one of rare prophetic gifts, that in a late sequent age, his religious faith and exemplary practice would be deemed incompatible with the cultivation of a rational taste, and admiration for those treasures of art from which his eye (until it was literally blinded by political controversy,) and ear (when it was his sole faculty for the perception of beauty in art,) had furnished to him his highest perceptions of physical perfection! If he had been completely assured that his religious faith, or abhorrence of unmeaning forms and 'vain repetitions,' was in direct conflict with his love of dramatic music—he would have been strongly tempted to 'turn Episcopalian.' He would have been fully justified in doing so, if he could have believed that none of those professing all his faith, and, claiming to be of his sect, would consider it 'consistent with their profession,' to witness a performance of his opera at an Italian Opera-house, or of any similar music anywhere but in a Congregational 'Tabernacle.'

" If the true Puritans, of 1620-60, had known that their descendants (or those claiming to be such,) were to be so much purer than they, (such 'Puritani purissimi,')—they would have been likely to 'take the back-track,' and would have quietly 'conformed' to the Anglican branch of the Romish sect, instead of running away into 'a howling wilderness,' to obtain 'freedom to worship God,' and freedom from humbug of every kind. It must be confessed, that they lived and suffered to very little good purpose, in making a place for a spurious posterity, with no substantial resemblance to them, their boasted ancestry. They would have been sadly loth to 'father' (by anticipation) a professedly, exclusively Puritan generation with so little resemblance to them, or sympathy with them, that no contemporaneous eye could distinguish these Yankee Puritans of the nineteenth century from the mulish offspring of some 'crossing of the breed' between the Quakers of that century and the Methodists of the next, (without the martyr-like spirit of George Fox, or the pure devotion of Fletcher, of Madely, and Whitfield,)—with a 'slight sprinkle' of the Scotch Presbyterian, and an all-pervading infusion of the Jew, in his most intensely developed characteristics; whether of the Pharisee of old, or the money-changers in the ancient Temple, or in the modern Wall street.

" In personal ornaments and dress, and in all the exterior graces of life, they were above the narrow vulgar formalism which embodies religion in the cut of the hair or coat. So their portraits show.

" In serious truth, they are represented with far greater historical accuracy, in externals, by Taffanelli, Novelli and Borghese, at the Opera-house, than by any of the absurd people who attempt to personate 'I Puritani,' or speak for 'the Puritans,' in real life. And Bellini's music with the accompanying libretto, (barring some Italian freedoms in the light use of 'O Dio!' 'O Ciel!' and the like,) much better represents them, than the malignant fictions of the prejudiced Walter Scott—to saying nothing of the avowed caricature of Butler's immortal burlesque."

MALE AND FEMALE.—A Reviewer of Mrs. Heman's, in Blackwood's Magazine, who holds that woman in the field of thought may do all that man can, thus draws the line between the sexes as they are:

" There may be less tendency to ratiocination in woman; there is certainly more of feeling, a quicker and more sensitive nature. One sees this especially in children. Mark them in their play-hours, in their holiday freedom, when

they are left to themselves to find matter of enjoyment—how much more pleasure does the girl evidently derive from any beautiful or living thing that comes before it than the boy! We have an instance of it almost as we write. There is a group of children on the beach. The little girl is in perfect ecstasies, as she looks at the sparkling waves that come bounding to her feet; she shouts, she leaps, she herself bounds towards them; then springs back as they approach, half-frightened and half-pleased—she knows not how to express her delight at this great playfellow she has found. Meanwhile the boy, her brother, does nothing but throw stones at it—of that he seems never wearied. The beach is a perfect annoyance to him, and he pelts the graceful waves remorselessly. What is their grace to him? So, too, in an inland scene, a garden or a lawn, we have often noticed what exquisite pleasure a little girl will feel, as she watches a sparrow alight near her upon the ground, in search of crumbs or other food. Her little frame quite thrills at this other little piece of life comes hopping and pecking about her. She loads it, but with suppressed voice, with all the endearing epithets her vocabulary supplies. She is evidently embarrassed that they are so few; she makes up by their frequent repetition. She absolutely *loves* the little creature, with all whose movements she seems to have the keenest sympathy. Her brother, the boy, he has nothing for it but his unflinching stone, or he flings his hat at it. Unflinching, fortunately, the stone is not; for if his skill as a marksman responded to his destructive zeal, there is nothing that a stone would kill that would be left alive, or that a stone would break that would be left whole. A mere blind animal-activity seems, at that very interesting age, to distinguish the future lord of the creation.

“At an after period of life, when thought has educated the youth into feeling, the picture is often entirely reversed. Then, unless the man be bred up a mere pleasure-hunter, seeking what he calls amusement in town or country, the superior education he has received makes him the more feeling, the more imaginative, because the more reflective of the two. That brother who once shocked his little sister by his staid and cruel amusements, now looks with something like contempt at the frivolous tastes and occupations—at the system of poor artificial enjoyments—to which that sister has betaken herself. Now, if they are at the sea-side together, it is he who finds companionship in the waves, who finds thought grow more expanded, freer and bolder, in the presence of the boundless ocean. She, too, doats upon the sea, and sits down beside it—to read her novel. Now, if they ride or walk through the country together, it is his eye that sees the bird upon the bough—hers is on the distant dust that some equipage is making.”

AMONG the many anniversary exhibitions and meetings of the Spring, in New York, there is none that creates a greater degree of interest among all classes of educated people than the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It usually commences on the first of April and continues open until the 4th of July, during which, notwithstanding that it is held in the fourth story of a tall building, it is visited by crowds of all classes. For many years the exhibition has contained about 400 works of art, the greater part of which are oil paintings, and a large proportion of these are portraits. The exhibition of this year is not so extensive, nor equal in point of merit to some of the preceding years, owing to the fact of the Art-Union having opened a rival exhibition of pictures at their free gallery. Among the paintings at the Academy this year is one of a strange and startling character, to which a peculiar interest attaches from the melancholy circumstance in which it was produced. It is the work of Charles Deas, a young artist of superior talents, whose pictures of Western life and manners a few years since attracted the attention of artists and the lovers of art. Among his pictures was “Long Jake,” the portrait of a Western hunter on horseback, which has been often engraved and is almost universally known. This promising artist, it may not be generally known, has been an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Bloomingdale nearly a year, and during his confinement there the picture of which we speak was painted. It is a vision of Hell, and no one who sees it will doubt its being the production of an insane mind;

no mind to which the realities of the world did not present themselves in a distorted and confused shape could have conceived such terrific and unearthly forms. It makes the blood chill and the brain ache to gaze upon the unnatural horrors depicted upon the canvass when it is remembered that they are but the reflections of a diseased mind, which carries about with it such dire impressions. Some of the countenances in this wild and terrific picture are fearfully expressive of hopeless despair, and it is filled with those dim and half-revealed shapes of horror which afflict the feverish minds of the insane. The most remarkable thing about the work is that it is finished in a style of art that the painter has never approached in any of his other works, and for beauty of coloring and nicety of touch has rarely been equalled. There are no indications of feebleness or indecision about the strange composition, but every part of it is made out with the extreme nicety and seems to be more like a portraiture of still life, than the representation of a wild and feverish dream. It is this which makes the painting so dreadful to gaze upon, because it shows how fearfully impressed the mind of the unfortunate artist must have been with the realities of the frightful distortions which he represented. The principal figure in the picture is the body of a naked youth which is apparently falling into the bottomless pit and is clenched by indescribable monsters that are striving to pull it in opposite directions; the composition, if it may be so called, is altogether indescribable, and we gladly turn from it to the other works of art nearby, which are full of the sweet and refreshing graces of a healthy mind, and a cultivated taste. Among these pictures is a portrait of Mrs. Little, the beautiful wife of the famous broker millionaire of Wall street, by Ingham. It is one of his loveliest portraits. Among the portraits in the exhibition is one of Dr. Chilton, the chemist, by William Page, which, for richness of color and dignity of expression, has never been excelled by any painter in the United States. Mr. Page is a great artist, and his portraits all have that dignity of expression which characterizes the portraits of Titian and Van Dyke.

.....SEALSFIELD.—Some eight or ten years since the reading world in the United States was startled to learn from a German Review that there was an American novelist of remarkable powers, who had written innumerable volumes, descriptive of American society, scenery, manners and politics, which not a soul in the United States had ever read or even heard of. On making search for the phenomenon it was discovered that the unknown author of unknown works was a gentleman named Sealsfield, or Seatsfield, who lived in Switzerland, and that his writings, although well-known in Germany, had never been seen or heard of here. The curiosity to examine his most wonderful productions was intense, and several of them were hunted up, translated into English, published and extensively circulated and read.—They were found to be wearisome rignarole, and Sealsfield was pronounced a bore and a humbug without a dissenting voice. His pictures of American society showed him to be grossly ignorant of the subject, and his characters were found to be all stited caricatures. He had been pretty generally forgotten, but some French writer, in the celebrated Paris review of *de Deux Mondes*, has recently unearthed Sealsfield again and written a long review entitled “The Romance Writer of the American Democracy,” as a review of the works of Sealsfield, which have just been published at Stuttgart, in 15 volumes. The French reviewer manifests a perfectly astounding degree of ignorance concerning our literary history, and discovers a most marvellous incapacity for forming right judgments in his remarks upon Sealsfield’s American novels, which, to Americans, are pure trash. We

make the following extracts from this very queer article for the amusement of our readers :

"But here is a writer who has had the ambition of giving to American society this proud knowledge of itself. The muse who has inspired him, is a profound love, a masculine and respectful tenderness for the free institutions of that country. His subjects give his writings a great originality. I add that his mind is full of boldness, and that his imagination reaches without effort a real grandeur. His romances are more than a living picture of society in the United States; they have a sort of epic majesty. The author, in fact, pursues a serious object, and when he confronts the New World with the old European monarchies, it is to mark out the path of his country in the drama of history. Thence comes a certain gravity, an austerity, a manly understanding of history mingled with his poetical creations. Thence also an unbounded faith in the supremacy of America and a sincere ardor of proselytism.

"Who is then this poet whose name is to be pronounced in France for the first time? Whence that happy and powerful imagination which suddenly reveals itself by such beautiful and such unexpected creations? Observe here the mingling which every day takes place between the different races of men, and see the products of these fruitful alliances. I have remarked that this poet has a marvellous sentiment of history and that his romances borrow from the sentiment of universal life a sort of epic grandeur, but does it not seem as if the condition in which his talent has formed itself may have favored this result. Born of German parents, we are assured, although his name attests an English origin, M. Sealsfield has two countries, America and Germany. The country of his heart and his ideas is very certainly America; meantime he has not forgotten the country of his fathers, and thrown by the chance of birth into the bosom of a society whose grandeur fills him with enthusiasm, it is for his other country, for Germany especially, that he has traced these poetical pictures of a great people. The devoted citizen of a democracy, his mind has been incessantly directed towards that Germany from whence his ancestors came, and to which he is still attached by so many ties. He sends her good news. He tells her what sights he is seeing, what an ideal is every day before him on the republican soil of the New World. Is not this, for a masculine mind, a brilliant source of inspiration, and does not this original situation explain naturally the elevation of his ideas. Yes, all these fine narratives, some of which, I venture to say, are the epics of new America, all these admirable recitals were written in Germany, in the country of Washington. In vain are they translated with an unprecedented haste, in vain does the American press make them the object of its enthusiastic eulogiums or its passionate criticisms, the author does not suffer himself to be diverted by this unheard of success. It was for Germany he had written, it was from Germany that he patiently awaited his reward. No name on his books, nothing which could command attention, nothing to protect these messengers from distant countries. The author had trusted only to the grandeur of that democracy whose dramatic history he is recounting.

"Thus when these romances made their way, little by little, what astonishment did they produce? How were imaginations dazzled; how many inquiries with respect to this mysterious writer, who, separated from his brethren by half a world, sent to them across the ocean these living paintings of free society. The enthusiasm went even farther. Germany, for the last fifteen years, has been aspiring to a democratic party. The romances of Sealsfield perfectly

realize this ideal, and we ought not to be astonished that the admiration of a young and ardent criticism may have sometimes passed the limits of truth. People were impatient to know the name of the poet. Hypotheses contradicted each other every where, some called him Follen, others Rivinus; the name of Sealsfield was also pronounced, but there was no serious reason to fix on either of these. Finally the Great Unknown, thus did all the critics in their simple enthusiasm designate him, the Great Unknown was put in the rank of the supreme masters, he was of the family of Homer and Shakspeare, he was the poet so long expected, the true poet of the nineteenth century. A German critic of some celebrity, Dr. Alexander Yung, passes this judgment upon him :

"Many poets have been, up to the present time, the brilliant literary expression of the development of our age, but modern sentiment has now reached its highest and broadest, its most elevated and comprehensive form in a writer whose works are the epics, not of one nation but of the world. He is unknown, however, unknown as the future to which the society of to day is tending. It is only very recently that the name of Sealsfield has been pronounced among us. It is in him, without any doubt, that the modern mind has found its grandest form, he rises, in fact, not only over the divisions but over the nations who divide the earth."

"It is known that seven cities disputed for that poet of the primitive ages, who seemed to unite in himself the most diverse nationalities, and whose songs were a bond between Europe and Asia; it is also known that his name was only an epithet, and that the perfection of his work was too grand to be attributed to a single man. The same phenomenon is reproduced to-day. Much more, it is not only cities, quarters of the world, whole nations dispute for our poet, the modern poet par excellence, and it may be that the name of Sealsfield conceals from us the true name of this unknown glory. Yes, while they are contending, English and Germans, Americans and Europeans, to know on what land he was born, some critics already, by a bold hypothesis, have not feared to attribute his works to a school of German writers disseminated over the surface of the globe, and to believe that these romances of Sealsfield, which have dazzled the world, were composed by the *Germanides* in the same manner as the *Homerides* made the poems of Homer. This explanation (taken only as a symbol) is very exact, at least on one side; the Germans, in fact, know best how to appropriate to themselves in an ideal manner the spirit of other nations to comprehend it by philosophy, to re-produce it in poetry and art.

"Whoever he may be, what strikes us with admiration in Sealsfield, as also in Shakspeare, is his omniscience, if I may dare to call it so. He knows every thing. His creations have a real life. Whether his personages are ugly or graceful, disgusting or amiable, terrible or charming, whether he treats of nature or man, whether it is the earth, the sea, the sky, the dark pioneer of the immense forests, or the rich *élegant* of New York, all his creations are complete, not a fibre of life is wanting to them."

If it is a curiosity of literature to hear an author landed in the manner above quoted, who is pronounced unbearable where he should be best appreciated, it is no less curious to hear a universally lauded author plucked of his fine feathers of reputation in the manner of which we quote a specimen from Theodore Parker's criticisms, in the Massachusetts Quarterly Review, on Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.—Mr. Parker says of this much lauded work :

"The style of the work is plain, unambitious, and easily

intelligible. The language, the figures of speech, the logic, and the rhetoric are commonplace; like the judgment of the author they indicate no originality, and do not bear the stamp of his character. There is a certain mannerism about them, but it is not the mannerism of Mr. Prescott—only of the class of well-bred men. His metaphors, which usually mark the man, are commonplace and poor; rarely original or beautiful. Here are some examples: To 'spread like wild-fire;' to act 'like desperate gamblers;' to run 'like so many frightened deer;' to extend 'like an army of locusts;' to be 'like a garden.' He calls womankind 'the sex;' not a very elegant or agreeable title. There is a slight tendency to excess in his use of epithets; sometimes he insinuates an opinion which he does not broadly assert, rhetorically understanding the truth. In his style there is little to attract, nothing to repel, nothing even to offend; he is never tawdry, seldom extravagant; never ill-natured. If he finds an author in error, he takes no pleasure in pointing out the mistake. Everywhere he displays the marks of a well-bred gentleman of letters; this is more than can be said of the reviewer we have alluded to before. After long study of this work, we take leave of the author, with an abiding impression of a careful scholar, diligent and laborious; an amiable man, who respects the feelings of his fellows, and would pass gently over their failings; a courteous and accomplished gentleman, who, after long toil, has unexpectedly found toil repaid with money and with honors—and wears the honors with the same modesty in which they have been won."

THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—It is not improbable that ere many centuries elapse the only living language will be the English, which is now a kind of conglomerate of tongues. The following curious statements show how wonderfully the Anglo Saxon language has spread during the past century over the whole earth:

"FUTURE PREVALENCE OF OUR LANGUAGE.—The history of the future is clearly foreshadowed by the prevalence of our race and language, both at present and in coming time. The English is already spoken by a more numerous population than any other one language. Look at the table:

British Islands.....	28,800,000
Canada and Northern Provinces.....	2,100,000
West Indies, Guiana, and Bermuda.....	1,000,000
Australian Colonies and New Zealand.....	250,000
India.....	250,000
Africa—Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, and Liberia.....	22,300,000
Total.....	55,000,000

The French is spoken by about.....	35,000,000
The German.....	40,000,000
The Russian.....	45,000,000

"Hindustan is divided into several distinct languages, though all derived from a common stock—the Sanscrit.

"The Chinese are divided into a number of provinces, the people of which do not comprehend each other, though their written language is the same, and the Mandarin dialect is generally employed by the high officers of government.

"From this tabular statement of the present, let us turn to the future. We know, by mathematical certainty, that, unless some unusual dispensation of Providence occur, our own race in America, in 80 years, will number 240,000,000; and that there is nothing in human view to prevent their peaceable spread through the whole American continent.—As the French, Dutch, Swedish and Spanish have disappeared as far as the Rio Grande, so all others will vanish as far as Cape Horn.

"Australia, the Sandwich and other numerous Islands of the Pacific, a landed territory more extensive than the whole of Europe, will soon speak no other language than our own. There are eight distinct colonies upon New Holland, New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land, and the emigration thither from the British Islands has reached as high as 19,000 in a single year.

"Africa spreads out her wide fields, and the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as fine a country as our globe contains, already numbers a quarter of a million of Europeans, and the prospect of their extending through the rich territories on the north, is almost indefinite—very much in fact like our prospects on our own continent. In this connection we must not overlook the present and future emigration to Africa by the blacks of America. These numbers are more than eight millions! distributed as follows:

United States—free.....	380,000
slaves.....	3,000,000
West Indies.....	2,600,000
Brazil and South America.....	2,500,000
Total.....	8,480,000

"The majority of these speak English. But a few days since the public was gratified with a letter from President Roberts, of Liberia, written in a highly commendable style, stating that his now adopted country has been recognized as an independent nation by England, France and Prussia.—Liberia has already received 100,000 natives of the adjoining tribes, under the protection of her laws. In connection with Sierra Leone, it extends 400 miles along the coast. And if at this early day colonization to Africa has begun among the colored class, how much will the stream enlarge under the pressure of the dense population which another century will witness in our land. They will be as glad to return to their original country as we are now to remove to the West, or as Europeans are to cross the Atlantic.

"Egypt, though nominally free, is fast becoming a British dependency—being necessary as a thoroughfare to India.—A numerous English society is collecting at Cairo, and an English church is erected. Although France may extend her power over the Barbary States, it is plain, especially in view of the great colony of the Cape of Good Hope, that four-fifths of Africa will speak the English language. According to this calculation the proportion of the whole area of the globe over which our language will extend, is the following:

North and South America—square miles.....	15,000,000
Australia and Pacific Islands.....	3,500,000
Africa.....	8,500,000
Total.....	27,000,000

"The earth contains fifty millions of square miles, and by the above estimate the English will be used over much more than one-half of it—to say nothing of its prevalence in Europe and Asia. In Asia the British possess Hindostan, containing a million of square miles, and one hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants. They have large possessions in Farther India between Burmah and Siam; they hold most of the Peninsula of Malacca; a part of Borneo; an island on the coast of China; and Aden in Arabia. The latter guards the entrance to the Red Sea as Gibraltar watches the Mediterranean.

"Not only does it seem likely that our language will extend over more than half the globe, but over by far the most fertile and productive half. And it is not generally known how immensely fruitful are the tropical countries and what a numerous population they can support.

"Belgium has 338 inhabitants to the square mile. Holland has 222, and exports provisions largely. If this can be done in a cold climate, where one-half of the year lives on the products of the other half, what may we not expect of the rich tropical regions which are fruitful the whole year? Probably the entire landed surface of our globe, when science shall be applied to agriculture, and when the principle of order and industry shall be everywhere prevalent, will support on an average 200 to the square mile. This would swell the amount of population more than a hundred times greater than it now is—and according to these speculations our own expressive language will daily be spoken by more than one-half of the entire number."

POVERTY.—The following concise and telling remarks on the dread subject of poverty, which everybody is discussing, but few know how to avoid, is from a "Sermon on Poverty" preached by Theodore Parker, Jr., in Boston.

"It is no hard thing to reason with reasoning men, and be intelligible to the intelligent; to talk acceptably and even movingly to scholars and men well read is no hard thing if you are but yourself well read and a scholar. But to be intelligible to the ignorant, to reason with men who reason not, to speak acceptably and movingly with such men—to inspire them with wisdom, with goodness and with piety—that is the task only for some man of rare genius who can stride over the great gulf between the thrones of creative

power and the humble positions of men ignorant, poor and forgot! Yet such men there are, and here is their work.

"Something can be done for the children of the poor—to promote their education; to find them employment; to snatch their little ones from underneath the feet of that grim Poverty. It is not less than awful to think while there are more children born in Boston of Catholic parents than of Protestant—that yet more than three-fifths thereof die before the sun of their fifth year shines on their luckless heads. I thank God that thus they die. If there be not wisdom enough in society, not enough of justice there to save them from their future long protracted suffering—then I thank God that death comes down beimes, and moistens his sickle while his crop is green. I pity not the miserable babes who fall early before that merciful arm of death. They are at rest. Poverty cannot touch them. Let the mothers who bear them rejoice—but weep only for those that are left—left to ignorance, to misery, to intemperance, to vices that I shall not name; left to the mercies of the jail, and perhaps the gallows at the last. Yet Boston is a Christian City—and it is 1800 years since one great son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"I see not what more can be done directly, and I see not why these things should be done. Still some will suffer—the idle, the lazy, the proud who will not work—the careless who will voluntarily waste their time, their strength, or their goods—they must suffer, they ought to suffer. Want is the only schoolmaster to teach them industry and thrift.—Such as are merely unable: who are poor not by their fault—we do wrong to let them suffer, we do wickedly to leave them to perish. The little children who survive—are they to be left to become Barbarians in the midst of our civilization?

"Want is not an absolutely needful thing: very needful for the present distress, to teach us industry, economy, thrift and its creative arts. There is Nature—the whole material world—waiting to serve. What would you have thereof? says God. 'Pay for it and take it—as you will—only pay as you go.' There are hands to work, heads to think; strong hands, hard heads. God is an economist—he economizes suffering; there is never too much of it in the world for the purpose it is to serve—though it often falls where it should not fall. It is here to teach us industry, thrift, justice. It will be here no more when we have learned its lesson. Want is here on sufferance; misery on sufferance; and mankind can eject them if we will. Poverty, like all evils, is amenable to suppression.

"Can we not end this poverty—the misery and crime it brings? No, not to-day. Can we not lessen it? Soon as we will. Think how much ability there is in this town—cool, far-sighted talent, what if some of the ablest men directed their thoughts to the reform of this evil, how much might be done in a single generation; and in a century—what could not they do in a hundred years? What better work is there for able men? I would have it written on my tombstone—'This man had but little wit, and less fame, yet he helped remove the causes of Poverty, making men better off and better,' rather by far than this: 'Here lies a great man. He had a great place in the world, and great power, and great fame—and made nothing of it—leaving the world no better for his stay therein, and no man better off.'

"After all the special efforts to remove Poverty—the great work is to be done by the *general advance of mankind*.—We shall outgrow this as Cannibalism, butchery of captives, war for plunder, and other kindred miseries have been outgrown. God has general remedies in abundance—but few specifics. Something will be done by diffusing throughout the community principles and habits of economy, industry, temperance; by diffusing ideas of justice, sentiments of brotherly love, sentiments and ideas of religion. I hope every thing from that—the noiseless and steady progress of Christianity; that the snow melts, not by sunlight, or that alone, but as the whole air becomes warm. You may in cold weather melt away a little before your own door, but that makes little difference till the general temperature rises. Still while the air is getting warm you facilitate the process by breaking up the obdurate masses of ice and putting them where the sun shines with direct and unimpeded light. So must we do with Poverty.

"It is only a little that any of us can do—for any thing. Still we can do a little, we can each do something towards raising the general tone of society; 1st, by each man raising himself—by industry, economy, charity, justice, piety—by a noble life. So doing we raise the moral temperature of the whole world, and just in proportion thereto; next, by helping those who come in our way, nay, by going out of our way to help them. In each of these modes, it is our duty to work. To a certain extent each man is his brother's keeper. Of the powers we possess we are but trustees under Providence, to answer for the benefit of men, and render

continually an account of our stewardship to God. Each man can do a little directly to help prune the world of wrong—a little in the way of temporizing charity, a little in the way of remedial justice, so doing, he works with God, and God works with him."

Is there one person among our twenty-five thousand readers who did not, when at that tender age when the lips first begin to lisped words of affectionate meaning, in lying down at night repeat that infantile prayer—now I lay me down to sleep? We do not believe there is. If there be one such, the following remarks, which we extract from a Boston paper, will not be read by him with the interest the remainder of our readers will feel in them:

"There are probably no four lines in the English language that are repeated so many times daily as the following:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"And it is not only children and youth that repeat them. Many whose heads are 'silvered over with age,' have been accustomed to repeat them as their last prayer before closing their eyes in sleep, every night since they were taught them in infancy. The late ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was among that number. A bishop of the Methodist church, in addressing a Sabbath school, told the children that he had been accustomed to say that little prayer every night since his mother taught it to him when he was a little boy.

"In conversing recently with a ship master, over seventy years of age, and who has been for many years a deacon in the church, he said that when he followed the seas, and even before he indulged a hope that he was a Christian, he never lay down in his berth at night without saying, with great seriousness, and he thought sincerely,

'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

He felt so strongly his need of religion, and his danger without it, that he used always to read his Bible, and place that precious book under his pillow at night, and often to kiss the sacred volume, trusting, no doubt, in this reverence for the word of God, instead of trusting alone in the Saviour.

"Let every reader learn, and every night repeat that little prayer

'Now I lay me down to sleep,' &c.

ANECDOTE OF TWO POETS.—Thomas Campbell (says Dr. Beattie) went to Paisley races; got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse to the amount of £50 with Professor Wilson. At the end of the race he thought he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson, "I owe you £50; but really, when I reflect that you are a professor of moral philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling only fit for blacklegs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet." "Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve of your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race; and, but for conscience, I ought to pay you the £50, but you will excuse me."

We find the following good political anecdote in the Portsmouth Journal, where it is well called "A Good Story, With a Better Illustration:

"The Louisville Journal says that a democrat named Barnum, went to Washington City to get an office from Mr. Polk, just before the Presidential election. Mr. Polk designated an indifferent office which he could give the applicant then, but told him, that if he could wait till after the 4th of March, Gen. Cass, who would then undoubtedly be President, could give him something better. The poor fellow, as ill luck would have it, chose to wait till after the 4th of March.

"This reminds us of Pat's dream, continues the editor of that sprightly little journal. 'I once dreamed,' said Pat. 'I was with the Pope, and he ax'd me wud I drink? Thinks I, wud a duck swim, and seeing the Irish owen and the lemons and the sugar on the sideboard, I told him I didn't

care if I tuk a dhrap of punch! *Could or not?* ax'd the Pope. *Hot, yer holiness,* I replied, and be that he stepped down to the kitchen for the bling wather, but before he got back I woke straight up, and now its distressing me that I *didn't take it could!*"

A LIVING ANIMAL IN THE EYE.—A Canadian paper recently published the following most singular case of ocular disease:

"A singular case occurred last week at the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. A girl of sixteen years of age, having applied on account of loss of sight of her left eye, the cause was ascertained to be the presence of a living worm hydatid (the *cystercus* of scientific naturalists) in the eye, close before the pupil, which it completely obstructed. The species of animal consists of a round bag about the size of a small pea, from which on one side springs its body, which is a filament, consisting of numerous rings, and capable of being elongated and retracted at the creature's will. The body ends in the neck and head, and the latter is supplied with four lateral suckers. All this was plain to the naked eye in this instance, but appeared still more so when the animal was viewed through the microscope. As the existence of such a creature in the interior of the eye not only prevents vision, but ultimately destroys the whole textures of the organ, it was resolved to remove it by operation. This was successfully effected on Saturday last. The patient behaved with perfect steadiness, and found her vision immediately restored. The hydatid continued to live for more than half an hour after being extracted. As only four similar cases are on record, the worm excited much curiosity, and was examined by numerous visitors, both lay and medical."

A letter writer in California thus describes the mode of catching wild horses and cattle:

"Imagine a drove of fifteen hundred or two thousand cattle roving over the plain. The *boccarra* or lasso thrower on a horse trained for the purpose, rides into the midst of them, selects a fine fat bullock, steers for him through the crowd, driving the cattle right and left before him; the doomed animal may turn and turn as he may, but the *boccarra* when within twenty yards of him, commences to swing his *lasso* (a long strip of hide with a noose at the end) around his head, and presently it whizzes through the air and the animal selected is noozed as certainly as the lasso is thrown. The moment the well bred horse of the *boccarra* hears the lasso whiz he stops perfectly still and bracing himself sideways waits for the shock. The other end of the lasso being fastened to the front peak of the saddle the bullock is brought up suddenly and tumbles to the ground. The horse being perfectly prepared, his equilibrium is not disturbed. The animal is either killed on the spot, (after two more *lassos* are attached to his feet to prevent his rising) or led to the *corral* (enclosure for cattle surrounded with a high *adobe* wall.) Wild horses are caught in the same way. The horses that are caught and broken and kept for riding, being staked out in the plain and brought in when wanted.

ART-UNIONS.—It is but a few years since the first Art-Union in this country was organized in New York, with but a slender look of future success, and now there are similar institutions in Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, and a new one in New York. The American Art-Union, under capable management, has now arrived at a height of prosperity never dreamed of by its original founders, and its operations have become matters of national importance. It is the best managed institution in the world, and in the magnitude of its transactions, far exceeds any other society of the kind. In addition to the distribution of paintings and engravings, and the establishment of a free gallery of art, they now issue a half monthly journal or bulletin, containing the transactions of the institution and a considerable amount of interesting reading matter in relation to art and artists. The importance of this bulletin may be judged of from the following extract from the last annual report of the Art-Union:

"Early in the year the committee thought it advisable to transform their semi-monthly catalogue into a semi-monthly bulletin, containing, (besides the matter usual in the catalogues,) a list of the names of such as, from time to time,

have subscribed, with their numbers. This change has been one of great importance, and has accomplished for the institution unexpected benefits. While proving an economical vehicle of communication with our distant subscribers, it has served as an important check, guide and stimulus. More than eighty thousand copies of the different numbers have been issued, a large proportion by mail pre-paid, while they have been gratuitously furnished to the members on application. Notwithstanding their almost free disposal in the gallery, nearly sufficient has been there realized from the sale to non-subscribers to meet the whole cost of this immense issue."

The Art Union is one of the happiest instances that could be adduced, of the benefits to society of combination to promote the interests of any cause which does not depend upon the common necessities of mankind for its support. Art, in olden times, was mainly indebted to princes for its encouragement, but, there being no princes in America, the invention of the Art-Union has happily supplied their place and afforded an amount of generous aid to artists without compromising their dignity, and causing them to debase their natures to gratify a patron. Art-Unions are essentially democratic, and the rankness with which they flourish here proves how well adapted they are to the exigencies of our political condition. The subscription prices to the Art Union is five dollars, and for that sum each subscriber obtains a large and beautiful line engraving, which could not be purchased for double that, and a series of outline drawings by Darly, which would, under the ordinary system of print publishing, have cost double the subscription price, and, in addition to these, 929 original works of art, some of which were worth thousands of dollars, were distributed among an equal number of the subscribers. Such results as these from so small an outlay of money are truly astounding, and should lead our people to enlarge the practice of Art Unions, and extend its benefits to other departments of social economy. The engravings of the Art-Union for 1848 are the best that have yet been published by the society, they consist of a line engraving of Huntington's painting of Queen Mary signing the death warrant of Lady Jane Grey, and a series of outline sketches illustrative of Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle, by Darley, one of the best artists in his line that the country has produced. As many of our subscribers may wish to become members of the Art-Union for the present year, we shall show a service by copying from the last "Bulletin" the following intimation:

"The postponement of subscriptions until the end of the year, produces an accumulation of business at that time, which is most embarrassing. The careful classification of so many thousands of names, crowded upon the books in the space of a few days, is of itself much more tedious and difficult than one who has never undertaken it would imagine. This circumstance alone will materially retard the publication of the 'Transaction' of 1848. The Committee, also, cannot express too strongly their sense of the great evils which result from the necessarily hasty appropriation, upon the eve of the drawing, of large sums which might be used so much more to the advantage of the members if contributed at an earlier day. For these reasons, and others, it will undoubtedly be determined to CLOSE THE BOOKS OF THE PRESENT YEAR WITHOUT PREVIOUS NOTICE, WHENEVER IN THE OPINION OF THE COMMITTEE THE SUBSCRIPTIONS SHALL AMOUNT TO THE LARGEST SUM WHICH CAN BE JUDICIOUSLY EXPENDED."

SHOPPING IN BROADWAY.—We had intended to say a word or two on shopping in Broadway, when we found that the fanciful writer who is "slicing" up New York for the amusement of the public in one of our city papers, had anticipated us, and we extract from his glowing sketch the following "dashes" at this butterfly subject:

"It is mid-day in the fashionable world. From the marble palace of my lord Stewart to the gothic gloom of St. Thomas, the Two Shilling Side of Broadway is thronged

with a procession of gaily-dressed ladies, interspersed now and then with a group of 'nice young men' who go peering impudently under the pink bonnets and disturbing the light folds of pale green mantillas. Here and there a beggar solicits charity in vain, or a house-painter marches along swinging a pot of white-lead in either hand and opening a path for himself through the shrinking crowd. In front of the accredited temples of fashion stand long lines of luxurious carriages, attended by lazy footmen whose gold-banded hats and many-caped coats mark them out as the voluntary slaves of their kind, and whose servility to their masters avenges itself in an air of indescribable humility and insolence only to be seen upon the face of the man turned lacquey. Leaving for a moment the dust and glitter and crash of the street, we enter the great emporium and inner temple of fashionable shopping, presided over by Seaman & Muir, those unquestioned high priests of this luxurious religion. The counters are heaped in wild profusion with every imaginable dainty that loom and fingers and rich dyes and the exhausted skill of human invention have succeeded in producing—drawn together by the magic power of taste and capital.—Before the gorgeous piles sit the empresses and sultanas of our republican metropolis, whose husbands and fathers and brothers and lovers—slaves of the dirty mines and dingy laboratories of Wall street and 'down town'—are delving their lives out to wring from the accidents, the mistakes and the necessities of society the yellow dust that invests their ambitious household divinities with these magnificent adornments. The faded mother, with her false teeth and painted cheeks, her Juno-like bust carefully rounded by the mantua-maker from docile cotton bats, sits between her two daughters whom she deludes herself into the belief are merely her younger sisters—and tosses over with scornful air the exquisite and lustrous fabrics spread before her by the obsequious clerk, declaring that everything is quite too common and old-fashioned for her purposes. She has been toying for half an hour with a box of *mouchoirs*, so delicate and slight in texture that they seem to have been woven from spiders' webs and embroidered with the wings of butterflies; and when at last she is told that they are only seventy-five dollars apiece, she makes a motion of disdain, echoed faintly by her daughters, and condescends to say that they are 'quite too low.'"

But amid all this tinsel, sunshine and satin, there is a stalwart figure to be seen, which, like the skeleton of the Egyptian feasts, cast a gloom upon the bright show and reminds us of our frailties and fallen natures. The slicer shall tell his calling:

"We will close this slight but suggestive sketch of an important class of our population by a statement which, however startling it may appear, we are assured upon the best authority, is strictly true. The inveterate habit of pilfering is not uncommon amongst the females of our most respectable circles; and where a lady indulging in it is known to have a wealthy husband, she is permitted to depart and the bill is regularly sent in for the article taken—or, more frequently, the proprietors choose to submit to the loss and say nothing about it. Such events as these are but too significant of the corruption and immorality engendered by the attempt to carry on an aristocracy of wealth and show, with every one of whose members the sole passion and aspiration must be to outvie and outshine, by whatever means, her neighbors and rivals. The same looseness of principle which lies at the bottom of so many fraudulent bankruptcies, dishonest 'operations,' and gambling speculations of Wall street and the Exchange, leads our fashionable women to ruin their husbands by their foolish extravagance in living, and to eke out their large but still insufficient pin-money by absolute theft. The prelogists and other tender-hearted philanthropists call this habit—which is too notorious to be denied—insanity, or 'a morbid excitement of the organ of acquisitiveness.' It is, no doubt, the consequence of a species of insanity—for what else shall we call the fierce spirit of pride and vanity which pervades fashionable life and induces its men and women to lose both body and soul in a continual round of unnatural excitements? But it is precisely such insanities as this that most require the stringent punishment of law. Let one of the 'high-minded' swindlers of 'the street' be sent to the State prison, or one of our fashionable lady thieves be indicted by a grand jury and punished for larceny, and we cannot help thinking that at least one form of insanity would rapidly decrease."

A NEW PANORAMA.—In one of the earlier numbers of our Magazine we expressed a hope that some competent

artist would undertake to give the public a panoramic representation of the Hudson River. Since then the thing has been done, and in a masterly manner, too, by a band of artists under the direction of Mr. J. W. Orr, the celebrated wood engraver. It is the design to make the panorama a representation of the Hudson from its sources to its entrance into the Atlantic, and when completed it will, beyond a question, be the most magnificent panoramic picture ever painted. The parts now exhibited give a view of the Bay and Harbor of New York, and every point of interest on the river from the Battery to West Point. That portion of this great moving picture which represents West Point, is, in itself, a large and splendid panoramic exhibition, and gives the spectator a better view of the most romantic and interesting spot, than could be obtained by wandering over the grounds for many hours. In point of artistic execution and scenic effect, this panorama of the Hudson, the proprietors of which are Messrs. Orr and Townsend, has never been approached by any exhibition of the kind that we have seen.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statutory, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1849.

NO. VI.

OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.



VIEW OF THE OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.

OUR principal engraving for this month is, we think, (and we are not given to boasting,) a perfect gem. The pencil and the burin rarely achieve a more admirable result than this same view of Lake George. How admirably is the choice made by the artist! Could any man, however deeply his soul might be imbued with taste and love for the poetry of nature, make a better selection from among all the lovely spots the beautiful earth affords? Let him take the romantic purlieus of Switzerland—let him sail over the Loire, (as superb a stream as any in the world excepting our own Hudson,)—let him journey over both Hemispheres, and he will not find a spot better calculated to make a picture. It is romance itself—the very essence of natural beauty—the concentration of the creed and liturgy of nature's God. Any one with a soul above the merely-mechanical attributes of social life could become either a poet or a painter by residing upon such a spot as this. If not, there is no inspiration in landscape. "Confound the moon," Byron used to say, "I write well about it, but it always gives me the rheumatism to go out and view it." But all geniuses are not matter of fact, and if Lake George, by sunlight or lunar rays, could not *make* a poet, then have human nature, truth and poetry no affinity with each other.

But what is a picture, to those who never saw the original, without a description? Verily, nothing. Brief as our description of this must be, it shall embrace every necessary phase of information.

Lake George lies a little south and west of Lake Champlain, its outlet (as pictured) being about four miles from the head of its larger companion. It was discovered in July, 1669, (nearly two centuries ago,) by Samuel D. Champlain, about eleven years before the sturdy and conscience-strengthened Puritans placed their toil-worn feet from the Mayflower upon the rock at Plymouth. The discoverer named it Lake St. Sacrament or Holy Lake, because of the purity of its waters and the apparently mysterious character of its origin. It has no inlets, its sources being entirely *its own springs*. It is famous for having been the scene of the first battle ever fought upon this continent with the aid of gunpowder. This was fought, (exactly where our plate was drawn,) by Mr. Champlain, the discoverer, against the Indians, on the 29th of July, in the year 1669. In this battle he killed, with his own blunderbuss, three Iroquois chiefs. The contest was disputed by whites, under the command of Champlain, and by the Algonquin tribe of red men, led and directed by the Iroquois.

Lake George is, or ought to be, noted for being the spot in the immediate vicinity of which Abercrombie fought his memorable battle against the French in 1758—pursuing the fight from the mar-

gin of the outlet to Fort Ticonderoga, where the outlet enters Lake Champlain. Abercrombie, as is well known to the student of domestic history, attacked the fort and did not retire from pursuing his assaults thereupon until compelled by the loss of twenty hundred men. A loss, we should imagine, calculated to cause any prudent commander with less than a Waterloo army at his beck and call to admit that "discretion's the better part of valor."

Having spoken of what *was* connected with the lake, let us make a note of what *is*. At its head is the town of Caldwell, where is situated "The Lake House," the most superior hotel situated at the most fashionable and most delicious watering place in the United States. We have not quite exhausted the superlative in its praise, although we might do so and then not afford the reader a just idea of its excellencies. The "Lake House" is kept by Honorable J. F. Sherrill, a member of our State Legislature. It was of late enlarged and improved to meet the increasing visitations of the public, and is now a summer resort that has no equal in this country. It commands a splendid view of the point where Abercrombie embarked 16,000 men, (July 4, 1758,)—of French Mountain, and of the relics of Fort William Henry and Fort George.

It will be recollected that the first-mentioned of these forts is endowed with a melancholy interest as having formed the scene of the never-forgotten surrender and shocking butchery of the English by the French and Indians under the infamous General Montcalm in 1747—an event vividly and ably commemorated in James Fenimore Cooper's novel entitled "The Last of the Mohicans."

These are not the only thrilling associations, either of the past or the present time, belonging to this place. To learn and enjoy them the reader must visit Lake George, and if he does not pronounce it one of the sublimest spots upon the globe's surface, and commend us for our taste in selecting it for the subject of our illustration, we will frankly confess that either he or ourself is egregiously mistaken.

Of Lake George we can properly say, supposing that to be nature in its most attractive form—

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."—BRYANT.

Remember

"The groves were God's first temples."

You will find them—as you *wish* to find them—in the vicinity of Lake George.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

No age of the world has produced more marked characters than that usually termed the French Revolution. All things tended strongly to exaggeration. Vice became more and more hideous, bravery more reckless, eloquence more impassioned, selfishness more exorbitant, corruption more venal, and cruelty more blood-thirsty than elsewhere or at any other time. All things were in a whirl, and the tumultuous waters constantly brought up the basest as well as the brightest prodigies. Among these hideous exaggerations of which we have spoken, such may be mentioned as Robespierre, Carvier, Couthon, and above as well as beneath them all, Marat. In him the inward ugliness of spirit was matched by the outward ugliness of body. He was a fanatic always, but disappointment maddened his fanaticism into fiendishness. Thwarted in his ambition, loathed for his bad disposition and his unsightly appearance, spurned for his meanness, and hated for his malignity, he owed mankind, especially the favored portions, a grudge, which could only be paid in blood. Burrowing in the filthiest dens of Paris, this creature spent his time in publishing the basest things ever conceived of, and, by paying court to the rabble by maligning the higher classes, he gradually acquired a mastery of them, which at one time threatened to overtop Robespierre himself. His cry was for blood, and he never seemed to indulge even a ghastly smile, except when he saw the blood of the aristocrats flowing like water. He was the demon of blood, who had but to speak, and gangs of desperados hurried to execute his cruel words. To such an extent had he carried his atrocity that all France trembled at his name, and all the world coupled his name with infamy.

Holy Writ has the words of an infinitely wise being recorded thus: "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword." Vengeance does not always wait for another world, and not unfrequently it comes in the strangest ways, so that simply a fly sometimes rides the world of a monster. In the north of France the angel of death was nursing a feeble weapon with which to destroy Marat. In a family of great intelligence was to be seen, when the French Revolution began, a stately girl, who had fed the heroism of her heart by the frequent perusal of the tragedies of Corneille, her grandfather. She came of a resolute stock, and she loved liberty. Her eye comprehended the miseries of France, and her heart bled for them. She had suffered much herself from the poverty of her father, and knew that much of his misery sprung from the enormous exactions of the government. The dreamy speculations of the neighboring convent had added the element of religion to her enthusiasm, which was blown into a bright blaze by the current philosophy of the day, teaching men to look for a political millennium which should banish all suffering from the world. It must have been "a sight to see" that

young and beautiful girl, at the age of nineteen, ripening into glorious womanhood, seated by the fountain in her aunt's yard, beneath the shade of some grand old tree, and there pondering on the present misery of France and her coming deliverance. At such times, her large dreamy eyes would kindle with the emotions which throbbed in her heart, and her friends looked on her as one inspired.

Such an one could not mingle in the trivial sports and employments usual to those of her own age. She stood aloof, and yet not in such way as to excite the displeasure of others. She was not one of them. She was above them, and while they shrunk back awed by her dignity, that awe did not suffer alloy from jealousy. To such a disposition, and such aspirations, the impassioned words of Rousseau were electric. All the enthusiastic words of the plebeian philosopher she drank in with avidity, and from them she hastened to others, the philosophers, who, at that time, were springing up like mushrooms over France. She drank at these fountains of impure inspiration, until her enthusiasm became a mania. She no longer lived in a real world, but surrounded herself with unreal circumstances. Let us in charity take this view of an unfortunate and otherwise highly criminal woman, who was preparing to act a part in that tragedy which would cause a wail of anguished madness to go up from millions, and at the same time would suffer mankind everywhere to breathe more freely, now that it was accomplished.

To this we must add one more fact. Woman, even when endowed with the most splendid qualities, is still a woman, whose heart has adaptations to love some congenial spirit. The gifted Madame Roland, with all her genius, had a heart which yearned after affection. Charlotte Corday was not an exception. Previous to the revolution she had formed a passionate attachment to a young military officer, said, in every respect, to have been worthy of her. Had they been united, the anxieties, the comforts, and the sober realities of the married life might have chastened her political enthusiasm into proper bounds, and thus her name at the same time have missed the stain of murder and a place in history. But that was not to be. Her lover was in Paris when the revolution in 1789 began to heave society like an earthquake. By some means he fell under the notice and the displeasure of Marat, who denounced him to the populace as an enemy to their liberty. He did this repeatedly before he sufficiently maddened them for his base purpose. At length their fury broke bounds, and Charlotte's lover perished the victim of Marat. She knew it, and in her soul she hated the fiend that did it. It was a cruel and uncalled for wrong, and when inflicted on such a stern and feeling woman as she, it could not be atoned for easily. The agony of grief swept like a storm over her, prostrating her, but

when that passed away she arose with a soul in which was but one purpose, to avenge *his* death and save France from the monster who caused it.

If politics had turned her brain, what will enraged love not do, adding its magazine of combustible fuel to the fire already kindled? From that time we have reason to suppose Charlotte meditated on the deed, and the means to accomplish it, until she became a monomaniac. Time rolled on and brought to light newer and baser deeds of the Revolutionists. Robespierre was gradually reaching after the scepter, Marat was howling for blood like a hungry tiger, and the people, maddened by hunger and despair, were daily perpetrating deeds too shocking to defile the pages of history. All these but fanned into a fiercer heat the passion for vengeance, which reigned in the young enthusiast's breast. It is not at all improbable that the wrongs committed by Marat had so wrought on her mind, that she at last made her own injury an object secondary to those inflicted on her unhappy country. She did not hesitate to attend public meetings when the condition of France was discussed by the citizens of Caen, who sided with the Girondists against the Jacobins. Petion, Barbaroux, Louvet and Buzot, fled to Caen, and she nursed her passion to slay Marat by listening to their glowing descriptions of the incarnate fiend, who had already made Paris and France weep blood. It was on one of these occasions, when she was waiting for an audience with Barbaroux, that Petion, uncouth as a bear, made an insinuation highly offensive to her modesty. She restrained her anger, and simply replied, "Citizen Petion, you judge me to day, without knowing me, one day you will know who I am!" And she amply verified her words.

Her resolution was taken, and from these deputies she obtained letters to certain individuals in Paris. As yet she had not revealed her intention to a single person, and we have not the slightest reason to suppose she ever breathed it to any one, until the deed was done. What iron heroism it must have required in that beautiful girl to lock an intention so bathed in the blood of murder in her own bosom. To speak it to any one might frustrate it, and that must not be. She carried her resolution, unspoken, and not dreamed of, to the bath of Marat, and its first announcement was in the shriek of the wretch for help, as she drove the dagger home to his heart.

It is recorded in history, that about the time she was maturing her plans to go to Paris, her aunt found her weeping and asked her the cause, "My dear aunt," she replied, "I vent my grief over the wrongs of France, of my relatives and over your wrongs. As long as Marat lives, life is not sure a day to any one!" What wonder was it that she should, with such a desperate resolve working in her heart, ponder frequently over the history of Judith, as foreshadowing her own future history! "Judith went forth from the city, adorned with a marvellous beauty which the Lord had bestowed on her to deliver Israel!" The modern Judith had underscored those very words. And what wonder was it, that she, so keenly alive to the situation of her beloved France, should so

sharply rebuke some Frenchmen carelessly playing cards! "You play and the country is dying!" It was only a short time before she left Caen for ever that she uttered those words.

No one fact in her history more clearly indicates the intolerable sufferings and anticipations of many of her countrymen, than the ready assent which her father gave to her request that she might be permitted to find an asylum in England. She carefully veiled her real destination under this specious pretext, and on the 7th of July, 1793, she visited her father's house for the last time.—Her emotions gave way as she embraced her father and sister, for she felt sure that her hazardous enterprise would end fatally to herself. If she were deranged, there is a self-devotion about her acts which is sublime. Her heart was filled with tenderness for those at home, and yet she did not shrink to part with them for ever, in order to accomplish a murder which she believed justifiable, and not only so, but a vengeance which she knew to be just. Let her but kill Marat, for the rest she cared not a straw. She resembled Samson bending his strength at the pillars of the Philistine temple

"————— Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroyed."

With this resolution, kindled into a fanaticism no less unyielding even than Marat's, she still was mindful of those affectionate ties which united her to her relatives. To them she was all tenderness during her last hours with them, and even her early companions were not forgotten. Her last tear was shed over the child of a poor laborer who resided in her aunt's house, and on the 9th of July she took her seat in the coach for Paris.

The struggle was over, and her resolution being so settled that she had not the misgivings of one who still vacillates, she accomplished the journey, yielding often to the plesantries of her companions. Not one of them knew her, and in spite of the great curiosity to learn something of so gifted and beautiful a stranger, she kept her own secret. As they rode along she entertained a little girl, by playing with her, perhaps not so much because she strove to keep off disagreeable thoughts, as because the mind, stretched to its utmost exertion by the farewell scenes with her friends, naturally went to another extreme. Unknown, beautiful, and alone, she was exposed to insinuations and advances, equally shocking to her virtuous heart, and yet always silenced both by the dignity and modesty of her entire demeanor. The monotony of a long ride is said to have been chequered with romance. One young man was smitten with her beauty, and the propriety of her manners, and though he knew nothing of her, not even her name, he offered her his hand, and besought the privilege of asking her hand of her guardians, whoever they might be. This seems to have excited her mirth not a little, but she concluded the matter at length by promising to give him an answer at another time. And thus this strange young woman rode on to her fate, the object of romantic attachment "at first sight," amusing infancy with her attentions, and at last proving to all her companions that she was one

of the most charming women they had ever met. What a mysterious thing is the human heart, which could thus cherish, like life, such a bloody purpose, and hasten eagerly on to fulfill it, and yet radiate all around itself the most cheerful sunshine of friendship and love! Strange woman, we cannot but admire thee, much as we abominate thy vengeful mission, albeit it was to destroy the foulest creature that ever called himself a man!

The mystery of her character deepens the farther she proceeds. About noon, two days after leaving Caen, she entered Paris, so soon to become the theatre of a tragedy, altogether unlike any recorded in history, unless we except that in which Judith was principal actor. She retired to rest early in the evening and slept calmly, for all that appears, until next morning. The letter of introduction, on which she most relied, was one to Dupervet, a deputy of the Girondist party. It was to him a fatal letter, and the splendid woman who presented it, having hatred to but one being, no doubt would have suffered death rather than knowingly implicate an innocent man by such an inconsiderate act. She could not see the deputy until six o'clock in the evening, at which time she called at his house and asked him to introduce her to one of the ministers. It is supposed she wished this to obtain covertly more correct information to guide her in the plan before her. And then the danger of Dupervet flashed over her mind for the first time, and she urged him to fly to Caen. He refused, and she, in tones all tremulous with anxiety, replied, "Believe me, citizen Dupervet; fly, fly, before to-morrow night!" Instantly she left him as a prophet having delivered his message might be supposed to do, without waiting an answer. And then she slept another night.

Without detailing the hindrances she met in having an interview with Garat, the minister, let us follow her on her eventful business. The next morning she sought a cutler's shop. What a sight that must have been, a beautiful woman coolly examining the various styles of poignards, dirks and knives, that she might select a choice and certain instrument of death. The cutler must have stood astonished, and perhaps concluded she was sent by some brother or lover to do what might be in him a suspicious deed. At last she chose a knife with a long keen blade fixed in a handle of ebony, and, having paid for it, she returned to her room to determine when and how she should accomplish her purpose. She moves calmly as a Fate, and resolute as a decree, and not one soul in all Paris knows or suspects the fatal thought which is impelling this comparatively feeble instrument forward. At one time she wished to strike the greedy of blood in the convention surrounded by the Jacobins, and at another she had almost resolved to wait to the magnificent fete, soon to take place in the Champ-de-Mars, in order to immolate her victim in the presence of the confederates from all parts of France. These she abandoned as too likely to fail, and now she turned her eyes to the very den of the tiger himself. He must be slain somewhere. It were grander to do it before all France, but if that might not be, then slay when and where opportunity offers. Such was her determination.

At this time Marat was writing and publishing the most outrageous appeals to the rabble, with the most incredible rapidity and volume. Not a day passed without some foul libel, or fouler call for blood, being vomited from that den. He had become the idol of the people, and probably no man in France, not excepting Robespierre, at that exerted such an influence as the self-styled "friend of man." All trembled before him, and none knew how soon this fiend might hiss his bloodhounds on himself. Marat's *silence* would have brought him millions had he put it in the market, or equally profitable would his purchase, by any particular party, have been. He had unbounded power, and, in market, the price of that power would have been the fortune of a prince. And yet he was poor, having barely enough to publish the bitter effusions of his fiery heart. While other demagogues were revelling in wealth, he ate the scanty bread of poverty, and whilst they were living in princely palaces, he was to be found occupying the first floor of a miserable old house.—Everything was got up in the scantiest style. The furniture was mean, the apartments were small and badly lighted, and nothing indicated the character and power of the occupant, save the piles of publications strewn about the rooms. A hag of a woman presided over this uncomfortable place, and gave the finishing touch of wretchedness to the abode of Marat. As for him, his passions pouring like molten fire through him, were consuming him. It was already a fierce wrestle for life, and a few months more would probably have terminated the conflict, without the interference of Charlotte's ebony huffed knife. Such was the abode and such the man, so soon to be visited by the death angel in form like "an angel of light." Let us now return to Charlotte and follow her to the consummation of her idea.

It was on the evening of the 12th of July, 1793. Twice had she been at Marat's door, and twice had the portress repulsed her. The same evening she thus wrote to Marat: "Citizen, I have just come from Caen. Your love for your country no doubt makes you desirous of being informed of the unhappy transactions in that part of the republic. Grant me an interview for a moment. I have important discoveries to make to you." Such was her ambiguous missile. Again she slept, and the next day repaired to Marat's house. She was attired in the most elegant yet simple manner.—"Her white gown was covered over the shoulders with a silk scarf, which, falling over her bosom, fastened behind. Her hair was confined by a Normandy cap, the long lace of which played against her cheeks. A wide green silk ribbon was bound round her brows and fastened her cap. Her hair fell loose down her back." Fair apparition that as ever had stood at the door of so foul an abode.

Marat's portress again refused to admit her, but Charlotte now pushed by her and ascended the steps of the house, where she was met with a storm of imprecations from his mistress. Marat was in his bath, across which lay a board on which he continued his writing. Hearing the altercation, Marat inferred her to be the person who had written to him, and instantly ordered her to be

admitted. The ugliest being in all the world could scarce believe his senses, as he saw so fair a being standing majestically before him. Did the world ever before see such a contrast? Certain not since Ithuriel and his companions searched Eden for the intruder from hell;

"——— him there they found
Squat like a *toad* close at the ear of *Eve*."

Deformity was there confronted by beauty, filthiness by elegant neatness, and blood thirstiness by one who desired only the blood of the brutish creature before her. She desired to be alone with him, and at his command his companion unwillingly withdrew. She was now interrogated as to her business, and with the utmost coolness she detailed passing events at Caen, what the Girondists were doing to thwart the Jacobins and take vengeance on them. She even gave their names, all of which the "friend of the people" rapidly committed to paper. Those names were the deputies of the Gironde, whom she supposed out of his power, and therefore she did not scruple to name them in order to secure one moment to strike her victim. It must have required a resolution like iron for her to stand there so long, hearing such words from the very man who had caused her lover's death, and whose eyes seemed now protruding with a horrible joy from their sockets as she named some of her own friends to him, and he exclaimed, with a tiger-like glee, "Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine before they are a week older!"

The moment marked out in his destiny had come. The pent up feelings of Charlotte could be restrained no more. They broke bounds like waters long accumulating, and as his bloody words came to her ear she replied with frightful emphasis "to the guillotine!" Already her eye had marked the spot, and her hand, snatching the concealed knife, had plunged it into his heart.— With one cry of agony, "Help me, my friend," he expired. Before the attendant could reach him he was dead, and his blood, mingling with the water, made it seem a bath of blood, so that he who loved blood so well living, was found immersed in it dead. The enraged attendant struck Charlotte down with a chair, and the shrieking mistress trampled on her, while, in a twinkling, a crowd rushed to the spot. Shrieks of rage and grief rent the air, and the cause of it expected every moment to be torn in pieces by the mob.— The officers and soldiers prevented this, thinking she must have accomplices, whom they must find out by her. In all this confusion and rage directed at her, Charlotte "was only affected by the piercing cries of Marat's mistress." Mortal man perhaps never gazed on a stranger scene than that. A queenly woman, dressed elegantly, and standing there, composed as an angel of innocence, while a fanatic follower of the murdered man brandished the bloody knife as though he would drive it into her heart. And there lay the body of Marat bathed in blood, and more hideous for that reason now that life was fled than it was when living. And to judge from the flowing tears, the piercing cries, the gathering populace hurrying thither as if to snatch from Providence

itself proof that a great calamity had not fallen on them, these things all proved that even Marat had not perished without a friend!

Charlotte was now conducted to prison. All Paris was convulsed with grief, at least such was the outward appearance, for not to mourn would be to excite suspicion, although multitudes rejoiced in secret that Marat was dead. The hall of the convention rang with eloquent eulogies on the virtues of Marat. Every corner of the street had its crowd of populace listening in mournful silence to the praises of Marat. All acted as if a great calamity had indeed fallen on them. As for the principal cause of this grief, she remained calm as a statue, and to the many and gross insults heaped on her, she had no unkind return. The bitterness of her heart had expended itself in that one drive into the heart of the plebeian tyrant.— The deed she acknowledged and by her open confession precluded all defence. Once alone she yielded to fear. As the officers conducted her from Marat's house, the enraged rabble closed around the hackney coach, like storm-tost waves, greedy to swallow her up. Then she fainted, but soon recovered, and from that time seemed above all fear.

The revolutionary tribunal was surprised to see the criminal, but forthwith proceeded to try her. An advocate was assigned her, who was obliged to cease attempts to save his client because she both avowed and gloried in the deed. "These formalities are unnecessary," she said, calmly, "I killed Marat." "What tempted you to commit the murder?" "His own crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The misfortunes which he has inflicted on France since the Revolution, and which he was preparing to increase." "Mention the associates who urged you to commit this monstrous crime." "I have no associates. The idea and its execution are mine alone. I deceived my aunt and father concerning my journey, and admitted no one into my confidence." "Do you recognize this knife?" said the judges, showing her the instrument she had used to accomplish the murder. "Yes, it is mine." "Where did you procure it?" And she told them, and to more questions of the same kind she gave similar answers. "But what did you expect to accomplish by the death of Marat?" inquired the judges. "To put an end to the misrule of France. I have killed one to save a hundred thousand; I have destroyed a wretch to save the innocent, a monster to give my country rest. Before the Revolution I was a republican, and I have never failed in courage to do my duty." Lamartine adds to this singular inquisition these questions and answers: "Did you not attempt to escape after the murder?" "I should have gone out at the door had I not been prevented." "Are you a single woman?" "Yes." "Have you never had a lover?" "Never." The last reply may seem to conflict with a fact recorded in the previous part of the article, but is easily explained. French morality in that day associated criminal ideas with the term "lover," and such Charlotte Corday had never had. Throughout her journey insulted by the advances of strangers, and during her examination by the tribunal, when Chabot, seeing a

paper in her bosom, reached out his hand to get it, which action she mistook for an indecent familiarity, she manifested a virtue which shrunk in horror from any thought or action which might compromise her character. And a late historian says that, mistaking the intention of Chabot, she sprang suddenly back, and the fastening of her dress unloosed, exposing her greatly. She bent nearly double to hide herself from the public gaze, and entreated them to untie her hands that she might arrange her dress. This was granted, and she turned herself to the wall for that purpose.—Many wept as they listened to her heroic replies and saw her affecting conduct.

The paper alluded to is still in existence, and is a spirited address to the people exhorting them to free themselves from the tyrants. Its closing words were, "If I do not succeed in my enterprise, Frenchmen, I have shown you the way.—You know your enemies. Arise—march! strike them!"

Of course she was condemned. A more notable trial did not appear during that age of heroic trials, not excepting even those of Madame Roland and Queen Marie Antoinette. While the deed which brought her there was unwomanly and in plain terms was murder, yet if such a deed could ever be palliated, this was the case. And then her magnanimity, her modesty, her genius, her courage, all combining to make her heroism splendid, excite pity and admiration in spite of the blood she shed.

She received the sentence of death with joy.—That night she was confined in a cell under the care of two armed soldiers. During her trial, a

young artist, Adam Lux, conceived a passionate attachment for her, and so associated himself with her crime by publishing "an apology of Charlotte Corday," after her death, as soon to be sent to the scaffold. In the prison a priest was sent to aid her in preparing for death, but she declined his offices by saying, "I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal!" When the red garment, worn by criminals to the scaffold, was brought, and the officer cut off her hair, she said, tremulously, "This is the toilette of death, made by rough hands, but it leads to immortality!"

On the way to the scaffold base women displayed their brutality, to which she showed no anger, but rather pity. Without a fear she mounted the scaffold, and the knife of the guillotine almost ended the scene, but not quite, for one of the attendants seized her head, and, holding it up, smote it on the cheek. And some fancied they perceived the crimson of indignation mount her cheek at the gratuitous insult.

Such was Charlotte Corday in her life, her patriotism, her bloody resolution, and her death.—We will not apologize for her deed, but we will pity her infatuation, and, while we pity, call it heroic. Her crime was that of the age, when religious obligation was badly conceived, and fitted all loosely, when oppression and blood served to kindle the fires of vengeance, and when all things conspired to drive enthusiasm into a blind fanaticism which could dare any danger, even death, to accomplish a darling purpose.

ALL, ALL ARE GONE.

BY J. E. S.

WHERE are the forms that clung around—

The hearts that beat with ours,
When childhood's laughing spirit found
Too slow the passing hours—

Who roamed with us—a merry band—
When gentle-footed Spring
Shook flowers from her lavish hand,
And perfume from her wing?

All, all are gone.

Oh, no! not all; some linger yet,
Those olden haunts among;

But when I view them I forget
Together we were young.

The dancing tread—the laughing eye,
That shone upon us then—

The merry shout that echoed by—
The wish that we were men—

All, all are gone.

We have grown old since then, my friends,

Our brows are wrinkled o'er;
But mem'ry still her magic lends,
Reviving thoughts of yore.

Whene'er that joyous time I ken,
My heart beats wild and high,
'Till other thoughts creep in, and then
A tear stands in my eye,

For those who're gone.

We that are left—O let us hold
Their mem'ry round us yet,

And never, though we have grown old,
Our early friends forget.

And as we one by one go down,
Let those remaining still,
Whene'er the goblet passes round,
Unto their memory fill,

Till all are gone.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;
OR THE
VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

THE hour of departure at length arrived when my revenge was to be consummated,—and the journey was sweetened in its anticipation. Such is the nature of poor humanity. It was a long way, and the fires within my bosom, that had been long smothered, again re-kindled to light the torch, illuminating the irreparable injuries which had been inflicted upon me. I wept, but the tears had no power to wipe away the hidden grief! To chase away the dark cloud that obscured my moral and mental atmosphere was not within the province of man. Blindly as the mole *burrows* in the furrows of the soft earth,—or the bat flits around the ruins of the temple, instinctively, with but one impulse, I followed its bent to the dire consummation of its end.

* * * * *

My journey was finished. It was night, and the hour was twelve o'clock, and my vicum was in the arms of sleep, perhaps dreaming of long life and future joys. I gazed upon his bosom as it lay heaving between the folds of the curtains, and the respiration seemed too calm for one of blood, and I looked upon his brow, by the dim light of the dark lantern which I carried, and there was nothing there to tell me that conscience was at work with the strange misdeeds of a misspent life. A small sabre was in my hand—it had been the gift of my father, and the first use that was *now* to be made of it, was in drinking the blood of a fellow creature. It was a fearful moment! Had I but for one moment parleyed with the consequences, the deed had not been done,—and the young, the rich, and the gifted Leneau might have lived for repentance; and I would not have been a murderer. My hand was raised above his bosom, and the dagger gleamed as I grasped it convulsively, and as it descended and pierced the tender chords that entwined his heart, one long and fearful shriek was heard, and again all was still.

* * * * *

Stealthily as the thief invades the sanctuary of God's house, to steal the golden chalices from the altar, I left the haunted room, never more again to re-visit the dreadful spot. As memory was busy at work, my way was along the dark avenue that led from his princely mansion, shaded on either side by large live-oaks, whose branches had so interlaced themselves as to curtain the air above with the deep foliage of its dark green leaves.—Remorse was not in my heart, for I had only revenged an injured maiden. There is a fearful retribution on him who re-visits with his sins and

taints with his iniquities the pure and spotless heart of a brother. He may escape the scorns of a virtuous community, and the arrows of a guilty conscience, but an offended Deity, as he sits enthroned in the great omnipotence of his anger, will as surely bring him to judgment as that he reigns above. There is no escaping from his wrath. As of old he smote the Edomites, the scathing vengeance of his almighty power will crush into nothing the feeble arm of him who teaches a brother the way of transgression. How much more guilty then is he, who, in his power, teaches the young heart of the maiden, just dawning in her maidenhood, the way of sin—and with his charming voice fascinates the passions with the vitality of its burning but hitherto dormant faculties. It is to such that man should be generous, for her feeble and fragile nature is so confiding and so yielding that ere she can think of harm, she falls never to rise again. For a wrong committed against a woman, even in thought, there is no vengeance too heavy for the culprit.—Believing in such principles as these, and actuated by no ulterior motives, I committed a deed that was to brand me as a murderer. Surely there is no power above that will hold me guilty for redressing the wrongs of injured woman? Heaven will not do it—man cannot!

* * * * *

I was in the gay City of Charleston—and breathed the moral atmosphere of its intelligent and hospitable people. Memory had forgotten the past, and, among the heart's recollections, nothing was pregnant in it but the delightful scenes around it. On either side as I turned, the joyous face of youth met my gaze, and the delicious odors of flowers, in every breeze, wafted their perfumes to fan my cheek. I was not alone, for there was one eye that gazed tenderly into mine, and there was one heart that beat responsive to mine. I could hear the footfalls of the busy multitude tapping on the pavement below, but what were all these bustling scenes to me, their joyous hallucinations, when within my presence, as a soft rose-bud bursting into life, stood the beautiful and surpassing lovely Sulma Wiloughby. It was by the merest accident that I had met her. She had been spending the season in the city, with one of her relations, and were on the eve of leaving it, when, as good fortune would it, I went to the theatre, and almost the first person I discovered was the very one I most desired to see! During the whole of the performance she did not seem to notice me, which so *piqued* my pride, that I had determined not to approach her, or in any way to direct her attention to where

I was sitting. This resolution for some time I kept, but on the breaking up of the performance, and seeing her take her father's arm to leave the house, I no longer had the firmness to withstand the temptation of speaking to her. Pushing my way through the crowd, I reached the door of the theatre just in time to make myself known to her, as she was getting in her carriage to leave for her home. She received me kindly, as her father did cordially. She invited me to call and see her at her residence on Archdale street, the ensuing day, which I did not fail to do. She informed me that in two days more she would leave the city for her home in Alabama. Since I had last seen her, if any changes had taken place in her looks, they were all for the better. I was at once so deeply captivated with her charms, and so pleased with her intelligence, that every thing else, as the rainbow stript of its radiance, faded in my view. All others were forgotten in her presence, or were only remembered as some shadow that had momentarily started me in the dusky eve. I loved her because she was beautiful—and a memory reached my heart, that a long time ago, in my sickness, she had administered to my afflictions—and for this I worshipped her.

She reminded me of the promise I had made to visit her at her own home at a period that had long passed, but in doing it, she did not upbraid me for my delinquency. With some poor excuses for not fulfilling the promise then made, I obtained her forgiveness. It was indeed more than I deserved, yet, when was woman in her native simplicity, ere art had intervened to stifle the generous impulses of her soul, even less than an angel? My own heart upbraided me, but she did not. She was too pure to believe man was false, and too honest to believe that he would deceive. Never in her life having an occasion for any duplicity, she had not learned, through any stern lessons from the world, the art of deception.

During the two days which she remained in the city, I was almost constantly by her side, proffering, in my own way, those little attentions which made up, in the aggregate, the sum total of individual happiness. Old promises were renewed, and new vows made. The moments as they flew were full of happiness, and every thing seemed radiant with joy and happiness. It seemed to me that I had something now to live for—and that the future had in store many golden hours. The hours, as they pressed their swift-fledged wings on the arch of time, as the span of the rainbow from the waters to the earth, promised now a glorious to-morrow. I was not now the creature of some strange destiny, on the shores of time, tossed by the tempestuous billows, without a will to avert some unknown danger that threatened to engulf me in its bosom. Strange as it may seem, a few short hours had wiped the blood from my hands, and chased the hidden sorrow from my heart.

The day at length arrived on which she was to leave the city. I repaired early to her house and found her bathed in tears. I know not how it was, but I soon found myself shedding tears in great profusion, the first that I had shed for

years. Such is the power of sympathy. Our interview was short but sweet.

When she was gone I repaired to my room, and did not leave it once for two whole days. My grief was poignant and I believe real, but, like every thing of the kind, new scenes and other associations soon wiped it away. My purposes were never fixed in their nature—nor have I at any time been able to direct my future conduct so that it would be consistent with its own design. In two months I promised to be with her at her own house, and, verily, I was sincere in the promise, but, oh! the sequel will show whether or not I was faithful in keeping the engagement. My purposes have always been honest, but strange to say, and deeply to my own mortification, in very few instances, have they ever been fulfilled. This disorder is a constitutional one, and it was ever a useless task in me to undertake its correction.

I determined to make the City of Charleston my future home, and never again to re-visit the deep solitudes of that western wilderness where I had so long dwelt. In this resolution I was upheld by the association of so kindly friends, whose generous dispositions had entwined the sweets of their nature around my own bosom. It is a pleasant thing to have the disinterested and noble friendship of a generous and magnanimous heart. It was the wish also (which was another strong and, perhaps, most potent reason for my living in the city) of the dear woman to whom I had pledged my love that we should live in Charleston. Among the hospitable people of the place I had found a ready welcome, and in their intelligence and virtue I had found a pleasure not easily obliterated. These were some of the considerations that induced me to remain. There were others, also, and among them I will mention that it was the place of my birth. There stood the noble Ashley as it washed the southern base of the city, and on the other side the majestic Cooper laved its northern base—two noble rivers, on whose bosom my tiny barque had often floated in my boyhood days. Memory in her association had hallowed the spot—for the ashes of many of my kindred lay entombed in her earth.

It was not long after my arrival in Charleston before I received the following letter from Miss Todhunter, of Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. ———.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the inclination to write you once more; as it will in all probability be the last time, I hope it will meet at least a reply.

I have a desire to know *why*, when you were in our city, you did not visit me. To me it is unaccountable. That one professing as a great wish to see another, as you have ever expressed to behold me, it is very strange that you should come where I were and never even call.

A year ago, and what wishes, what desires you were expressing to behold me—for even a moment! And though I did not feel that I was situated pleasantly enough to grant a wish, to which my own heart so loudly responded, I did not believe it could be possible that, when there

did a time arrive, in which I felt I could behold you, you would turn around careless and forgetful that such a being as myself existed.

I heard a month ago that you had again returned to your home. I wrote you, telling you that I would send you my miniature—a favor you once asked with much apparent sincerity—and I did not know but you might have some little curiosity to behold the miniature of one to whom you once so blindly bowed—at whose shrine you once so madly worshipped—but to even that you would not reply. It is a privilege you have to be silent, do not think I am questioning that privilege—far from it.

How little did I think when I first traced a line for thy eye, that the time would ever come when that eye would turn coldly from the sheet this hand had sent thee; or that my miniature would not even be accepted. But the offer to send you my miniature was one of pure disinterestedness. To me the act would bring no particular gratification—but I thought you might have still a lingering wish to gaze upon the miniature of one whom you had loved without seeing, and one too, whom, you will allow me to add, you have wronged without justice.

Though my name may be forgotten, or remembered with unkindness, yet do not think I would wish to awaken the one, or prove the other—no, I would not do either. For the kind words which you once spoke, I will try and forgive the unkind ones.

When, in the evening of life, you shall read the names that affection once traced upon the tablet of thy heart, sorry indeed would I be to know that memory found a single name to dim the bright picture that love once sketched—and deep would be my regret, could I believe that name would be my own. I have no more to say than farewell.

TODHUNTER.

Very deeply did I regret the pain I had unconsciously caused Miss Todhunter—and I promised myself that I would not again trifle with the affections of any one—but, oh! how uncertain are our resolutions, when made even in the best of faith.

CHAPTER X.

THE subject of autobiography became now a painful one to me. Indeed it was a passion with me—one that I could not overcome, or in any way avoid. My whole soul became so completely absorbed in it, that it dwelt alone on the subject. Even woman, that beautiful one with whom I had just parted, even she became an object of indifference to me, compared to the other. By day, my mind dwelt upon nothing else, and throughout the night it became food for dreams. Every mail that arrived—and to each arrival I looked with a most intense anxiety—brought me letters of momentous interest—at least they seemed such to me on their arrival.

The following letter from J. K. Tefft, Esq., of Savannah, Georgia, proves that others beside my-

self had become infected with the disease called the *Autograph*. This gentleman is Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society—and has done more in aid of the institution than any other individual in the State. It is said he has the largest collection of autographs in the United States:

SAVANNAH, GA., 4th Sept. 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure to receive your very kind letter of the 18th ult., and for which I cordially thank you.

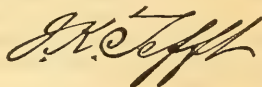
The autographs you so generously offer to contribute to my collection of original papers, will be thankfully received and gratefully appreciated.

Your own familiar correspondence for many years with many of the eminent literary men of both hemispheres, must have crowded your files with many communications, which, though perhaps of no special value to yourself to preserve, would be highly valuable in my collection. Any letters or notes, therefore, from the pens of individuals who have been distinguished in the civic, military, literary, or religious history of the world, which you may be enabled and pleased to spare me, will be highly acceptable. In return, if you desire it, I will send you autographs of revolutionary officers, &c.

I am indebted to our excellent friend Dr. Simms, for your note to him of the 26th June, in which you speak of sonnets inscribed with his name, and which you designed for the *Magnolia*. That periodical having been discontinued, the sonnets may not have been published—can you spare me a copy from the original?

I send for your perusal some notices of my collection, and remain, dear sir, with great regard,

Very truly yours.



The letter below, from Mr. Cist, of Cincinnati, shows also that he had become, to use a provincialism, a little *cracked* on the subject of Autography. As a statistical reporter, this individual has done signal service to the people of his own city—and withal, he is in the possession of much curious knowledge, which if he ever gives to the public will be treasured, as they do things that are very curious, without being very useful. He is also a poet of some celebrity, having had a volume of his poems published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia. He is now engaged in the newspaper trade, being editor of a weekly paper in the Queen City of the West:

CINCINNATI, June 30, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though in the greatest haste, I can no longer delay to acknowledge the receipt by me some time since of your esteemed favor of the 26th ult., and to thank you for the same.

I thank you for your offer of a letter of W. G. Simms, but as I have one already of his, I will not trouble you for it. As you suggest a want of knowledge of the relatives of some of your public men now deceased, whose autographs I wish to

procure, I venture the liberty of giving you annexed to this the names and address of two or three such, thinking it may be barely possible that you know one or perchance more of them. Any favors of that kind you may at any time be able to procure me, will always be thankfully acknowledged, and you must do me the kindness to point out some mode by which I may be enabled in return to show my appreciation of the courtesy.

I have ever been a warm admirer of the genius and writings of Mr. Poe, and shall hail with pleasure his return to the editorial tripod. I would I could aid him in his projected enterprise, but

such is at this time the stagnation of business here, and the real dearth of money, that I fear few if any subscribers could be obtained in our city at present. If he, however, will send his prospectus to Mr. C. W. James, or any other periodical agent here, and desire him to acquaint me with the fact, I will with pleasure call the attention of our public to it, through the medium of our papers here, both editorially and by communication.

Thanking you for the friendly tenor of your communications, believe me to be, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

Lewis J. Ciss

The letter which I insert below is from Grace Greenwood, a celebrated poetess, which a few years ago arose like a star in the East, to eclipse with its splendor the radiance of all others that had gone before her. Her rays, however have been too erratic to scintillate steadily—and what has given so much of promise in the beginning, of superior excellence in its wayward course, will be devoid of light at its end. She has powers of mind in a very extraordinary degree—and they are full ripe now, although she is but nineteen years of age—but being a spoilt child of the public, like all spoilt children, she will become less and less in the world's affections, as the years grow apace. Such is her destiny, and there is no fate that can arrest it.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I must beg leave to dissent from Mr. Toddlebar's opinion of this illustrious lady. There is certainly no evidence as yet in her writings of *waning powers*, but on the contrary the best of proof, to those familiar with her effusions, that she is daily improving in comprehensiveness of outline, and in vigor of thought. The capriciousness of the public may cast her aside for a new favorite, but the sterling merits of her works will long remain as the genuine offsprings of genius.)

NEW BRIGHTON, Oct. 25th, 1845.

MR. JAS. TODDLEBAR,—Well sir, you see that I have not taken such serious offence at the little piece of pleasantry you would play off upon me, as to refuse a reply to your letter—a letter somewhat unseasonable, inasmuch as it should have borne date of April 1st.

You doubtless presumed, from the fact that I was a young lady of literary pursuits and reputed genius, that I must be inexperienced, romantic, and, to use a very expressive though somewhat unrefined word, *gullible*. Ah, there you mistook

me—I am, from some rather stern lessons taught me by the world, suspicious, rather than credulous, common place, rather than romantic.

Allow me to compliment you on the ingenuousness of your letter. The "impetuosity" and earnestness of a real passion were very well counterfeited. I really believe that I might have given it full credence had I been other than I am in my position and relations. But I well know that man is the "natural enemy" of literary or distinguished women—that we are the last to be loved spontaneously and irresistibly. There was also one other circumstance, which it is not necessary should be mentioned here, slight, very slight in itself, but sufficient to show that you were not in earnest in your expression of regard—that your "declaration" was in short but a practical joke, concocted in your brain—not the true language of your heart.

Let me assure you that I write in the utmost good humor. I find it quite easy to laugh at a joke *intended* to be at my expense, but from which I do not put myself in a position to suffer in the least. Yet as it is not in *my* nature to make a jest of any deep and serious feeling, I do not precisely approve of your attempt to do so. Had your letter been addressed to a woman girlishly confiding, unlearned in the ways of the world and in the ways of man, it might have caused great and lasting unhappiness.

As it is, though it has not answered your purpose, it has done no harm, and certainly has roused no unfriendly feeling toward the writer, whom I regard as at the worst, thoughtless and a little over fond of that sort of a jest which may possibly recoil upon one's self.

Yours in all kindness,

Grace Greenwood.

The letter of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz is in full keeping with her amenity of manners, and her benevolent nature. Everything contained within it, is in full keeping with the public estimation of her character. She is at once as generous as Heaven, and as beautiful as Venus. It is no wonder then that she is such a favorite with her countrymen—and long may she remain the idol of their affections. The chirography of Mrs. Hentz is plain and uniform, evincing in its outline very little of that force of character which is seen in the manuscript of Grace Greenwood. This difference is also seen in their writings, while one blazes as a comet, the other shines with the pure radiance of a star. Her "De Lara," a prize Tragedy, for which Mr. Pelby of Boston allowed her five hundred dollars, was pronounced by Dr. Bird, the author of Calavar, the best tragedy ever written by an American.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The distinctive features of Mrs. Hentz's writings are not so much in their standing out boldly, as in the under current of thought which pervades them. There is also a quiet humor in all her writings, that at once pleases the mind and interests the heart.)

LOCUST DELL, Florence, Ala., Dec. 15th, 1842.

J. TOTTLEBAR, Esq.—There may be those who receive with coldness or indifference the tribute of a stranger's admiration or respect, but I have no ambition to be enrolled in that number. Your name is familiar to my eye, for I have recognised in you a brother worshiper of the Muses, and a fellow laborer in the cause of literature. It is a pleasing reflection, to think that we have power to touch some chords in a stranger's heart, that may respond the music of sympathy and to inspire an interest in those whom we have never met in personal communion. I am not ungrateful for the flattering opinion you are pleased to express. There is no dearer reward for intellectual exertion, than the approbation of kindred minds.

At the commencement of the year we remove to Tuscaloosa, where it will give me pleasure to hear from you again. That you may find the paths of literature, those of happiness honor and distinction, is the prayer of one who trusts that the kind wishes you have breathed for her may return doubled in your own heart.

Caroline Lee Hentz

LINES.

BY LOUISE.

THERE's beauty in death,
Says the fading leaf,
When frost has pencilled decay,
The destroyers' breath
Has shaded the wreath,
For shortly it passes away.
There's beauty in death,
Frosty winter cries,
As burying the earth in snow

He sends forth his breath—
A requiem sighs—
Then whistles to valleys below,
There's beauty in death,
The aged man sighs,
With piety ripe for the grave,
On pinions of faith,
He mounts to the skies,
Hope bears him o'er Jordan's dark wave.

DOCTORS DISSECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

No. III.

FAR better than private teaching is the public schools. Establish for yourself—a little money is the only requisite—a medical college, attached to some literary university. You will find no objection on the part of the Governors or Trustees, for to them comes the graduation fee. Then by advertisements—for a school may advertise to practice surgery gratuitously, though individuals are debarred—in the daily city and country newspapers, puff the school. If some of the breath does not fill your own sails, you must surely want tact. With it establish a *clinique*. If it has no other effect, it will deprive the younger portion of the city practitioners, and all the country ones, of their patients—thus either starving them out, or depriving them of opportunities for improvement and eclat.

Any one can get along with the lectures. Read over a page or two of some work on the subject upon which it is to be founded and then amplify it. Be sure, by your manner, not to let any one imagine that you are ignorant of anything further. If an introductory is to be delivered—there have been plenty delivered and published long ago in London and England. It is not considered improper in the profession to be a body-stealer or resurrectionist!

It is sometimes desirable to have the reputation of a practice among the upper ten thousand, though really having none. This is acquired by spending the summer at some fashionable watering place. The popular belief is that his patients all leave the city during the heat of July and August, and he of course has nothing left to do, and therefore necessarily follows them. The doctor's private logic is, that possibly he may make some new business acquaintance there, for in a strange place one may speak to a person to whom he would not venture to nod in Broadway.

A great deal may be obtained by an adroit use of consultations. Never acknowledge yourself to be ignorant or in doubt, far less, astonished. Some there are, who having great command of feature, are enabled to produce great effect upon the bystanders. On a recent occasion one of these astute individuals proclaimed himself perfectly conversant with a peculiar form of disease, of which but three solitary instances only are recorded. Some always find fault with the previous treatment, and if an opportunity occurs for private conversation with the family, assert that if they had had the care from the commencement no ill-results would have occurred, but now it has run so long that they cannot say how much they can accomplish.

But by far the most fashionable mode at present, is to obtain a reputation for ability in some particular branch of the profession "to which your principal attention has been devoted for many years," being equal to every one else in the general branches of the science, and vastly superior in some particular "specialty," as it is termed. The diseases of the chest, eyes, womb, skin, &c., &c., surgical treatment of club-feet, strabismus,

furnish numerous opportunities for display. If, in addition to this, we can invent a new treatment, such as cauterizing, heretofore inaccessible parts of the throat with nitrate of silver, or cure all the diseases of woman with a nameless green ointment, success is sure. It is curious, indeed, to see that almost every patient, if the speciality doctor is to be trusted, has that disease, in the treatment of which he is so peculiarly successful. Sensible women with the vapors, and young girls, with dyspepsia, confiding, virtuous and unsuspecting, are deluded into a belief that they are afflicted with most peculiar diseases, which require the titillating application of the far famed "Long Island green ointment," and hundreds upon hundreds flock from all parts of the country to submit to an unnecessary treatment, the mention of which first shocked them.

But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
They first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Immorality, glaring and unpardonable, is committed under the aegis of the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, and its practice upheld, sanctioned and rewarded, by divines, christians, mothers, husbands, fathers and brothers! Such wantonness of action cannot be reprobated in too strong terms. Some cures may be performed, we allow, but how many find not only that nothing is, or was, the matter with them, save the consequence of idleness and indolent habits—dyspepsia, ennui and the like—but who find their moral sentiments deadened, lascivious ideas engendered, and the whole tenor of their thoughts rendered wanton and brutish. Diseases requiring such treatment are not unfrequent among elderly women, and the staid matron will rarely be morally affected to the extent I have mentioned; but the young girl of the present day, educated as she is in a species of hot bed, which forces the imagination at the expense of the judgment, who fortunately very rarely is afflicted with diseases of this nature, cannot but be seriously injured in more than one point of view by the indiscriminate treatment of the "green ointment," specialist, and others of this same class.

It is very remarkable, that while New York furnishes the Doctors, New England, and especially Boston, furnishes the gulls. The spectacle vendors turned oculist physicians—barbers turned hair-doctors—find their believers solely in the "emporium of learning." May not it be a Knickerbocker trick? thus paying off our Yankee friends the charge due for those nutmegs? However may be the fact, they are too well known here, and their physic don't go down, though we think that it is a good business speculation to fill a dozen large boarding houses in the country with patients—receiving a dollar a day from them and, owning the houses, an exorbitant rent in addition. The Bostonians will have to "acknowledge the corn" this time.

But these are the stratagems of the older practitioners, whose gray hairs are supposed to

have brought wisdom with their silvery hue. But they are not allowed to have a monopoly, the tyro and the neophyte just emerged from the college nursery and still in his swaddling clothes, must also come into the sport and have their pull at the soaped neck of the public gander. As a matter of course their tactics must differ from those before mentioned, not less ingenious perhaps, but more apparent. An old man may hem and haw, look wise and hold his tongue and pass for a profound thinker, though scarce an idea ever traversed his sensorium. The young man must rely upon the impression that he can make by his own tongue, which ever ready, must flippantly descant upon every topic which is brought upon the carpet. The art of turning every subject in a professional course is a great one. One must see analogies where one was never dreamt of before. If he walks in the fields or the forest, and the beauty of the foliage is admired, he can wonder if there be more leaves on a certain tree than in Velpeau's Surgery, or Watson's Theory and Practice. If his sentimental companion talks of love and marriage, he can doubt whether hearts exist—that in all his numerous dissections, that organ, reputed so necessary to excite such feelings and actions, could never be found. This not only betrays great knowledge of his profession, but proves unequivocally that his heart must be upon it, for “he cannot think of any thing else,” say the grannies. Accordingly as he is educated, does he speak of office study, hospital practice, and European education, upholding and lauding the method he followed, and treating as vastly inferior all other modes.

The young man when he receives an invitation for a future day, always accepts with the proviso, “that if not engaged he will be happy, &c. He really is so pressed.” If he goes to make a visit he is sure to be sent for by some one who “will have nobody else but him, for he cured my daughter when she was gin up by the best doctors in the city.” Not only are his meals and his night's rest interrupted, but the poor fellow can never get to church till the services are half over.

That his neighbors may think him of some years standing, his tin sign must not glisten with the freshness of new paint and gold. It ought therefore to be painted some time before wanted, and left in the back yard nailed on an outbuilding to grow venerable. If this has not been attended to in season, a coat or two of common varnish will give it a dingy appearance quite delightful. A little mud thrown at it judiciously is not amiss. As he hurries through the street he has the appearance of one sent for, his hurried track outstrips almost the march of time. If wealthy parents enable him to keep a horse and wagon, it is constantly on the go. Starting from the office, he drives off at a furious speed for some little distance, and makes a morning call at the house of some blooming damsel. Passers by will recognise his team before the door and will suppose his visit to be a professional one, though it may remain there for hours. Again he returns, and looking on his empty slate hurries off, even faster than before, in an opposite direction. Sure now he is sent for in great haste, but he goes up town

bathing. Sometime since, returning from a trip of pleasure to Greenwood Cemetery, an acquaintance says, ah! doctor, have you patients in Brooklyn? Yes, said he, I've just visited several.

A physician must have a wife, says everybody, and the reasons they give are, if intelligible, quite absurd. Does a wife bring him wisdom? I am not aware that even common sense was necessarily included in the dowry. Or, perhaps, that being accustomed at home to the fretfulness and flurries of one woman, he may be better able to bear with composure the peevish complaints and grumbling humors of his fair patients? Is he necessarily, or probably, a more moral man? Unfortunately for the argument, if not for any other reason, it is a fact, that more immorality is practised by the married than the single men in this city! Not indeed in so open and barefaced a manner that he may be suspected and shunned, but sufficiently to not unfrequently carry the seeds of disease and death to a blooming wife, and to render miserable the days of the unborn. Away then with the silly prattle that a doctor unmarried, is inferior, in any respect, to he who wears the panniers of domestic cares; at least hold your tongue till you can give better reasons.

But see the absurdity of the statement. I presume, in this land where there is said to be no aristocracy; none will pretend to say that a rich physician is superior to a poor one, provided their means of study and acquiring information have been equal. The contrary would appear to be most probable. But as one can afford to be married and the other not—the former has superior talents. The young practitioner is truly in a dilemma—he cannot marry without a practice sufficient to support a wife, and he cannot obtain a practice unless he is married! How shall the poor fellow do? Why, like a very intimate friend of mine own, pass off a sister as his wife. His wife is a curious woman, sometimes tall and sometimes short, according as one or the other of his sisters is engaged. This does excellently well out of his own circle. I beg that none will expose the poor fellow, if any chance to know him.

The world is familiar with the common method of gaining a notoriety. The partizan politician, the devotee, the ultraist in slavery, temperance, or any other current ism, have, now-a-days, their motives suspected. The tricks of being called from church during service, advertising a large reward for a dog never lost, leaving medicine at the wrong house, and such like, are well known to everybody. These are nevertheless even now occasionally practised with success. The son of a clergyman is not unfrequently called from the service in church. On every such occasion his father never fails to stop in the midst of his services, and “pray that the Lord, in his great goodness, would aid the efforts of his son, and soon restore to health the unfortunate sufferer that he has just gone to see.” It might have been the same divine who said, “My son, you must get money. Honestly if you can, but at any rate get money.” “The prayer of the righteous man availeth much.” Some of these people adopt the plan of making a prayer at each bedside that they visit—a species of hypocritical humbug which has been known to

succeed in some cases. It is believed to be practised at the present day by some who, perhaps, "profess better than they practice" both as men and as physicians.

NO. IV.

THE personal appearance of the physician contributes not a little to his success. In France, where women are frail and immoralities not uncommon, or in Turkey, where eunuchs alone are tolerated, an ugly man is in the most demand. With us an intelligent countenance is the most regarded. An over sized man seems to have mistaken his profession, and a small one seems to belittle it. The respect for the faculty is diminished on seeing him. What a pity it is that small men always feel so smart. The man of pretension, whether he really does possess talent or not, is almost invariably an undersized man. A small white hand is approved, and a decent encouragement of the beard (though Hippocrates and Galen both wore them) are considered evidences of little medical skill. Some pay great attention to the minutiae of the toilet and others as studiously affect a complete disregard of dress. Both these methods succeed among different classes and in different places. There are some who think themselves smart, and who endeavor to show their abilities upon every occasion, remembering the first half of the old adage of "knowing a little of everything, or Jack of all trades," but forgetting the final clause. There is some truth in the following scrap which I recommend to their attention. "Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you are trying for fame in a lottier area; the world can only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend. Upon the whole it would be wiser even to affect the opposite extreme, and to seem so bent upon business as to have little time for the occupations of the idle."

And, after the successful strife—after the desired practice is attained—what then? The expense of the education, the time spent in attaining it bid fair to be remunerated, but disease and death may come, and principal and interest be alike taken away, and indigence may befall the survivors. But suppose a long life and good health, what is there but constant toil? Not like the merchant whose business in the hands of clerks prospers, and requires but a few hours of daily supervision during certain seasons, while at others, the cool breath of the sea or the green fields of the country woo not in vain his attention; he, like the mill horse, has but one beaten circuit from whence his feet cannot stray, and the care-disturbed thoughts are restrained within the narrow limits of a few sick chambers. Happy is he whose halter ties him where pleasant scenes are ever returning and novelties lie in his path.

And what is the recompense for all this toil and privation, which he bears in a proportion larger than other men? Not ease surely. Is it wealth? Look around among the physicians of a city, you may find many possessing a competence, none a fortune, many who support their families handsomely while living, but dying leave them in in-

digence. Is it gratitude, or respect, or honor? A foreign writer says, "Now that I am talking of doctors, what a strange set they are, and what a singular position they hold in society! Admitted to the fullest confidence of the world, yet by a strange perversion, while they are the depositories of secrets that hold together the whole fabric of society, their influence is neither fully recognised, nor their power acknowledged. The doctor is now what the monk once was, with this additional advantage, that from the nature of his study and the research of his art he reads more deeply in the human heart, and penetrates into its inmost recesses. For him life has little romance; the grosser agency of the body reacting ever on the operations of the mind, destroys many a poetic day-dream and many a high-wrought illusion. To him does a man alone speak *son dernier mot*; while to the lawyer, the leanings of self-respect will make him always impart a favorable view of his case. To the physician he will be candid, and even more than candid. Yes these are the men who, watching the secret workings of human passion, can trace the progress of mankind in virtue and in vice; while ministering to the body, they are exploring the mind, and yet scarcely is the hour of danger past, scarcely the shadow of fear dissipated, when they fall back to their humble position in life, bearing with them but little gratitude, and strange to say, no fear!

The world expects them to be learned, well-bred, kind, considerate and attentive, patient to their querulousness, and enduring under their caprice; and after all this, the humbug homeopathy, the preposterous absurdity of the water-cure, or the more reprehensible mischief of mesmerism, will find more favor in their sight than the highest order of ability, accompanied by great natural advantages.

Every man—and still more, every woman—imagines himself to be a doctor. The taste for physic, like that for politics, is born with us, and nothing seems easier than to repair the injuries of the constitution, whether of the state or the individual. Who has not seen over and over again, physicians of the first eminence put aside, that the nostrum of some ignorant pretender, or the suggestive, twaddling, old-woman should be, as it is termed, tried. (We saw a few days since a new pill with the biblical quotation affixed to it, "Prove all things.") No one is too stupid, no one too old, no one too ignorant, too obstinate, or too silly, not to be superior to Brodie and Chambers, Crampton and Marsh; and where science, with anxious eye and cautious hand, would scarcely venture to interfere, heroic ignorance would dash boldly forward and cut the Gordian difficulty by snapping the thread of life. How comes it that these old ladies, of either sex, never meddle with the law? Is the game beneath them, when the stake is only property not life? or is there less difficulty in the knowledge of an art, whose principles rest on so many branches of science, than in a study founded on the basis of precedent? Would to heaven, the "Ladies Bountiful" would take to the Court of Sessions and the Tombs, in lieu of the Infirmaries and Dispensaries, and make Blackstone their *aid-de-camp*, vice Buchan retired.



VIEW ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi has, of late, acquired new interest from the panoramas of the immense river which have been exhibited both in this country and in Europe, and every part of the great "Father of Rivers" has become classic ground. The Queen of England and her Court, as we learn from the English papers, lately had the privilege of making a voyage down the Mississippi without being at the trouble of stirring from Windsor Castle. Mr. Banvard took his three miles of canvas out to Windsor, and treated her majesty to a sight of the majestic river, which is so fruitful of romantic stories, wild boatmen, steamboat explosions, snags, crevasses, flat boats, allegators, and cotton plantations. But the queen could gather only an indistinct idea of the grandeur, magnificence and solemn beauty of our great river from seeing the panorama, although it no doubt seemed to give her a general feeling of its stupenduousness, and the immensity of its ever-rolling flood.

We shall never forget the awe with which the first sight of the Mississippi inspired us, as we entered its muddy waters while yet too far out in the Gulf of Mexico to discover the delta at its mouth. So rapid is the current and so great the

volume of water poured out into the sea that it produces a discoloration of the water long before you can discover the low banks of the river as you enter the river.

"There is the Mississippi!" exclaimed the captain of the ship in which we made our first entrance into this wondrous stream.

"Where?" we asked, in astonishment, and looking in the direction of the captain's outstretched hand we perceived the yellow waters of the great river mingling with the blue waves of the Atlantic.

The above sketch was made by one of the artists employed in making drawings for "Smith's Panorama of the Mississippi," and it gives a very accurate representation of the stream during a freshet, at a point some distance above steamboat navigation. The snags, which thrust their black looking heads out of the water, are those dangerous objects which, when carried down by the force of the current into deeper parts of the river, are so much dreaded by navigators, and so often cause the destruction of life and property, so that the word snag has become, in the American vocabulary, a synonym for everything that is obstinate and difficult to be avoided.

FRANCE UNDER HER FIRST REPUBLIC.

BY JAMES CARRUTHERS.

THE phases which the new formed Republic of France—a Republic begun in alarm, founded on terror, and subjected, notwithstanding glorious promises, to a rule as arbitrary and ignoble as that which it cast off, has assumed and is assuming, enable us to institute between it and the Republic, styled the First, a ready and progressively instructive comparison.

Then, as now, the day of wonder soon passed by, yet followed by motions so untrue to any previous calculation, that philosophy shrank from noting more than their supposed extent and certain tendencies. With discernment of the powers striving to sap or to amalgamate, to save or to transform all that now to France is valuable, all that to her is worthless, in their purposes or conspiracies, their demerits or necessities, interest would not so have departed with our wonder. Myriads of minds are at this moment interfering in her fate. The crowd, though it never more guide, may so obstruct as to force on a disastrously circuitous route that stream which else would minister its privileges at every door.

Neither did the most extreme contrarieties in her political state or social condition fail. No nation had been so remarkable as the French for loyalty; now respect to monarchical government was either wholly suppressed, or so diminished as never since to have been formidable to the successors of revolutionary government. The constitution of France from this time has been undefinable and itself kept together by individual address or shifting influences.

Every evening the gardens of the Tuilleries, which had been improved by fountains, sculpture, and clusters of orange trees, were filled by myriads of the Parisians seeking enjoyment in forgetfulness of care and communion of thought. On them was the gaze of a man whose features, illumined with warm vivacity of expression, were indicative of superior mental energy. While he gazed he toiled. He would open up new paths of glory to all Frenchmen indiscriminately! He saw how they could be beguiled, and forget the soul's sufferings in outward glitter. He would change admiration into worship, and of all nations, as well as of his own, be first.

We will here quote the words that Mercier wrote at this time, intended to mark the distinguishing traits of either, and indicating as well the spirit in which the watcher was regarded.—“Serious as Cato; from him the French will learn to be sedate, to respect their magistrates, to despise that light, airy behavior for which they have been characterised. Since they respect him, both as a wise man and a warrior, let them imitate his reserve and demeanor, let them assume his simple and sober dignity. Fewer words will evince more affection and less nobility of feature, more of greatness and reason.” So little had the French people of greatness or reason—so much was preferred the fame to the prosperity of France, that a

Frenchman, who had received from the first consul a sabre or carbine manufactured at Versailles, was thenceforth one of the proudest beings on the earth's crust. The age of chivalry was *not* gone by, every month invoked honor, drafts on glory were seldom dishonored, and though for a small and pitiable amount they would generally suffice to pay for the most arduous and zealous services. Thus the battalion which had distinguished itself for valor in Italy, was rewarded by appointment to the post of the greatest danger. Changed wholly were the moral qualities of the people. The lower classes were noted for being neither honest, obliging, or humane. This was not all; late enormities were not only to be read in outward lineaments; they had struck deeper and scathed and furrowed the soul. Hospitality, always in company with refined sentiment, and which the humblest Greek peasant would blush to be found wanting in, was no longer known in France. Suffering in its worst forms had become so familiar, that wretchedness the most agonizing was passed by without a sigh, or, perchance, so much as recognition. Gallantry assuredly was in vogue, though reduced to grimaces or compliments, the offspring not of respect or affection, but incorrigible vanity, which deceived themselves and duped foreigners, one of whom remarks in wonder, and as a fact, in the picture of their manners, that twice, on foot, taking hold of a person's arm, and being by chance on the outside of the pavement, it was remarked with scandal, and hinted to a companion, “that the same thing happened in a boat in which the best place was left to a man of consequence.” This was of the same order of vanity which begot for France such a horrid aversion of unhid poverty, an aversion which in unmitigated force still continues, as belying the idea of the perfection or apparent happiness of her state. Every beggar considered in law a blot in the escutcheon, to be rascal out; whilst no benevolence dictates an asylum! When we ourselves visited the City of Rouen, the chief gossip at the dinner table of hotels concerned a man who had been committed for several months to prison through inability to pay for a meal, which in a starving condition he had had the effrontery to order—value 3 sous! Nor, in the blood-bought dream of the first French Republic, could any passions be thoroughly excited by other than violent exhibitions; the people could be better moved by the supernatural than the real. This was especially beheld in those ready and never failing indicators of public morals and manners, the theatres. The masterly productions which had dignified these, were uncalled for and unoffered. The elegant Corneille, the pathetic Racine, the laughing Moliere, were absentees. There came, in place of what had been prepared by elegant and philosophic minds, dismal tragedies and stupid comedies, that had the merit of not having been penned by royalists and being withal very

patriotic. The authors and the public were both to blame; but it is not for the landlord of an inn to dispute the taste of his worshipful guests. The audience was changed. A pure taste and solid judgement, with their attendant refinements, were displaced, enjoyments requiring no exercise of mind got vogue. The boxes were filled by people of no character, insulting the poor by their shameful luxury. The *vicissitudes*, too, of this Revolution were as extreme as the imagination can picture. While receiving from the dust men without character and talents, it pressed to suffering and beneath general view thousands who had triumphed in the highest gifts of fortune. In a large suspension of trade the major portion of all classes were ruined. Then might be seen rich and poor, the young and old, *privately gabbling*. The circulation of money became unprecedentedly rapid, for people bought and sold, and rebought what they had sold in order to sell it again. It was, we mean, a good time for usurers—those bland civilized caterpillars. With fair security they yet asked unblushingly five or six per cent. per month. But everywhere was the absence of principle, the removal of moral restraint. Proficiency, murder and suicide, were common. They, who before had come but at the approach of winter to Paris to flout their gay equipages, now came to reside permanently for the better security of person and property. The mingling of fortunes might be shown at the *cafes*, which began to present visitants with more substantial meals than formerly, where every absurdity, every fancy, mad or tasteful, might be observed. Enter and gaze on the motely guests! There sits a man who courts notoriety, for such a one has features, manners and language, indicative of the propensity; before the revolution he was quiet and unoffensive, and believed himself to be a most ordinary man. Powder awoke him.

Yonder is a man who alighted at the door from a gay chariot; the revolution has wonderfully sharpened his appetite with his wits. He has been taught to regard the whole creation as cooked; or at least created for himself, and has already emptied four dishes. By him is one whose appetite for business is paramount, an excellent speculator, and rich, although twice a bankrupt. Yon young man, measuring the mirrors with his eye, now balancing, with the utmost exactitude, his fork upon his spoon, now microscopically examining the promiscuous company, and now peeping and re-peeping at a sparkling watch, is a *thief*.—His mind is becoming acquainted with the principle of valuation. A woman enters in company with several young men—themselves most spruce-ly attired—she, negligent of dress, haughty in bearing, and with a careless confronting air. She is a cidevant marchionness; the gamblers who, a few weeks ago, were without a sou, are now the almoners of her wealth. What that of late pertained to France is now truth, and what is fiction? In almost every mind she takes a varied position and relation. All know her destiny to be in progression, none what its essential principle shall be. All is action, though all attempted be not practicable. On one point, however, the world may agree. It is that France will never be as she has

been. Her philosophy, her sympathies, her utilitarian materialism proclaim this. Even the most erring of her patriots desire that humanity be henceforth measured by hearts and minds—that the waters which have gone forth find no way of return. Coarse and stern elements, discomfort and oppression spoil the pleasant vision, for there is no fanaticism which is or will not be developed; no passion more or less undisplayed. But whether zealots or desperadoes triumph, or a democratic system of government be imposed, in all aspects she will be altered. She is being new created in treaty and aims. A greater revolution than that which yet awaits her has probably never been recorded; facts minister to facts, and what to day thrives unnoticed may ere while present itself in gigantic form. Let us delay our judgement till the speculative theories of her majority be incorporated, and the plan at least of the structure, which is to be an available sanctuary from despotism, be presented. “*Republique Francaise!*” These words made up of golden letters, glared, during the period we are about to describe, from the highest dome of the palace of the Tuilleries, the delightful rooms of which so many blessed tyrants had rejoiced in, and which were now occupied by the three consuls. There was not sufficient change within to indicate the change without. *The furniture was yet to be used by kings.*

How much is in association! By its influence the appearance of the earth itself is new resolved. The same principle of thought that led Carlyle, on looking up at a gloriously studded formament of stars, to exclaim: “It is a sad sight!” may well change what is of human fashioning. It was so in Paris. They who had been absent from the years of trouble, on returning went through its streets like strangers. It was a city standing in a new and scarcely divined light, to some enchanting, to others ominous, just as the gleam of a volcanic fire over the bay of Naples might delight some wondering visitant, whilst predicating danger, and thrilling with horror the experienced dweller. Towers, stores, public buildings, private houses were, for the showing of political respect, with obtaining of trade, or promotion of occupants, covered with patriotic emblems, such as liberty signs, or national coloured paint.

Do you see that man who dips the remains of a roll in a glass of currant water? His old brown coat might tell you that his fortune is not large. He is a scribe, a writer, an unacknowledged lover of power. At this moment he is framing a thought which shall move thousands. The young and old, the handsome and the homely here mingle. Here is transacted the business of love, scandal and trade. We will take this opportunity to read the following gossip in the day newspapers. In Paris are 445 booksellers; 340 printers; 38 bookbinders; 41 sketchers of pamphlets; 327 engravers; 85 copper plate printers; 49 print sellers; 71 old book shops; 240 sellers of lemonade; 240 keepers of cook shops; 630 wine merchants; 146 perfumers; 154 lottery office keepers; 975 actors, actresses, singers and dancers.

Strange customs, stranger figures, presented

themselves in public halls, saloons, streets, private chambers, churches, places of general resort, at night and eve. The pompousness of show was carried to the utmost available extent, not alone by private citizens but public men. Deputies, directors and state messengers, had all new fashioned robes, worn on all occasions and at all times. Legislators put on the cap and toga of the Roman senators, and were so disguised that their most intimate friends, unassisted, were often at a loss to discover them. As a consequence the most singular recontres would take place. Suppose the following in the Chamber of Deputies:

"Pardon me, monsieur, the trouble by interruption; but I have for a long time been looking for my friend and can nowhere discover him. Yet I am assured that he is within these walls."

"Ah! monsieur," returns the benign accosted one, "ah! ah! it is I that should ask your pardon."

"How, monsieur? I have asked but a simple question!"

"True, but the right person."

"If so I am fortunate, and where may my friend be?"

"I shall ever be happy to be called such."

"Ah! I would be the same, monsieur. My friend has doubtless mentioned me to you."

"No, monsieur, Roland never mentioned you to me. I however know you though you may doubt my name."

"This will give me no clue, monsieur. I know a thousand names—but I am forgetful. Where is M. Roland to be found?"

"Here."

"I am aware of that. You are surely in a vein of jesting, monsieur."

"You are right."

The wiry inquirer about to leap from the bench is arrested by the puzzler.

The denouement is complete. With a significant wink and strut he makes known who he is to the unsuspecting searcher.

This *en pasa unt*. Paris itself was wholly disguised. Even sincerity took up a foreign demeanor.

It was now that a Parisian citizen was heard to say to an amazed though philosophic beholder:

"Must not the people always have their masquerades, whether it be a tunic or a harlequin's jacket, the morgnia of Punch, or the garb of a Turkish nobleman, with a hat *a la* Henry the Fourth?"

What could he answer? The people struck with the wish to see no farther than the exterior—to be dazzled that they might be deceived, to drain for a time the intoxicating cup of folly, and remember their miseries no more in place of working out redemption by a consolation of those elements which were present to save them. They who governed saw that all the reason of the people resided in their ages. Excitement and nothing more was needed to propel their aggrandizing schemes.

Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;

Though grave yet trifling; zealous yet untrue,

All evils here contaminate the mind

That opulence departed leaves behind.

Liberty was personified without being identified,

love without being revered—like an oracle, the importunity and heedlessness of whose notaries suffer it not to give responses. Accordingly, while altars were built to her in the most retired and in the most public places, by rivers and in woods, in squares and in gardens, and statues of enchanting beauty and graceful mood, she was in a true sense unknown. Yet the people seemed afraid of forgetting that they had received the name of freemen; and, as though there were at active and malignant work with some corroding principle or vibrating influence, their vengeance wakened against carved wood and cold dull stone, which they defaced by axe blows or destroyed by flames that ascended as a memorial of their lost allegiance. Amidst the records of this period, are declarations to the effect that the people were happy, that peace had become the inhabitant of every house, notwithstanding general national prosperity was retarded by the revulsion of affairs. The success of Napoleon was so great, that the most zealous member of the royal confederacy became the friend and ally of republicanism. The time is about arriving for the discovery of all those secret springs, that operated that wonderful change in the political system. It was now that Ireland imitated the example of France, establishing secret confederacies, whose members were under the obligation of what was deemed an unlawful oath, in which toasts were given to Bonaparte, and the following sentiments received with cheers:

May the last of kings be strangled in the hands of the last of priests.

Religion without priests and government without kings.

A dish of fish for the English, and may they always relish an Irish pike.

Honest men at the head of affairs, and those at the head of affairs without heads at all.

With this shrinking from what was real, this heartless pantomime of life, was conjoined an aversion to consider the end of man. Medical science sought to discover a specific to prolong human life, if not to endow it with immortality. One philosopher succeeded, according to his own account, in obtaining the means of prolonging the same to that of a patriarch. Death arrested him while preparing a system of medicine, involving those which needed for success adoption in infancy. "I have lived but four and fifty years," cried he, "the great art of life is to preserve our days which are numbered even and cheerful to the last." No science at this period was disregarded. The Institute shone in all its glory. How interesting was the appearance of that assemblage of celebrated and distinguished men, among them Buonaparte! "It was then," says a French writer, "that a calm reigned over the features of the conqueror of Italy, making men almost afraid to interrupt his meditations and the repose of his soul."

Notwithstanding this devotion to science, literature was marked by an enfeebled style and a corrupt taste.

Religion, too, had decayed with sensibility, and no institution encouraged its reward. The solitary coffin was born by hirelings, who uttered

coarse jests as they carried it along. Though the churches were crowded, and most of the women bore crosses, hardly a virtue was acknowledged.

In the second year of the Republic two young men, whose appearance even at that time when most inappropriate dresses and manners were not unusual (the peasant striving to illustrate his equality with the grandee) entered a diligence which would convey them to Paris. The inhabitants of a town, which borders on the Pydedome, had commissioned them to apply for means to erect a granary in which the corn, there collected by requisition, might be deposited. A foreigner, who was their fellow traveller, and to whom they had related their purpose, inquired whether in their commune they had no public building. None, they replied. We had a large and beautiful church, but we have demolished it. Why so? asked the traveller, hurriedly. We have already told you, said they, with violent expression of countenance—*it was a church!*

With taste for expense and wasteful profusion, love of society and passion for show, it could not be but that both the fortunes and character of the people sunk.

Entertainments at private houses were in the first style of expensive elegance. The ladies would remain in company with the gentlemen longer than is now usual, and on taking leave would probably be seen no more till evening. Cards would make for the ladies some amends for this sequestration; the mistress of the house took care to provide a female party above stairs, while her husband was engaged below. Tradespeople were more boastful than industrious, more spirited than brave. They loved well the bottle, and indulged themselves after the hours of business in the delirium it bestows.

The reserve and modest silence, so beautiful in the female character, had departed; consulting less the edification of those who listened to them, than the gratification of their own vanity. Dancing had become the staple art of France, and as necessary an accomplishment as reading and writing. Even the crew of a privateer, in Calais harbor, might be seen amusing themselves on board the ship in teaching each other to dance, and on holidays the Champs Elysees were filled with dancing groups, some of which would not have disgraced the opera. The ballet was filled up with the first dancers in the world, and the spectacle was both striking and magnificent. Vocal singing was as yet unpurified by any importation from the Italian school, but in instrumental music they were far advanced. The greatest variety was felt essential to social life. The most usual mode of living was at the restaurateurs, and the meeting so constantly in promiscuous assemblages abroad, diverted both men and women from the management of their families. The children of France had then no home. They were dragged when infants to exhibitions, insipid because not understood. On becoming conscious of all that was taking place around, they learnt artificial manners, and were no longer before their

parents what they were in reality or restricted by their presence. In want of information they were taught to make a display of it—spoiled by vain encomiums, and fostered in trivial inclinations, betraying that tone of confidence and giddy air which disfigure every grace.

Vast sums continued to be expended on the decoration of the capital. The Louvre was literally full of statues and paintings. A gallery 480 yards in length was covered with the choicest specimens of the Flemish, French and Dutch schools. Spacious rooms were filled with Italian paintings. Of statuary were the Apollo Belvedere, Laocoon and Venus de Medici. Different workmen might be seen polishing various massive columns of granite and porphyry, and piling up scattered fragments of stone and marble—*rudis indigestaque moles*—reserved for the fiat of the minister of the interior.

Gardens, spacious and kept in admirable order, were opened to the public, who readily availed themselves of the privilege. They presented charming views and were embellished with running water.

At Paris, as at present, few things were cheap, except bread, wine and meat, and the common necessities of life. Manufactures of all kinds, except china and silk, were dear, as was also house rent. Fuel was enormous.

All traces of paper money had so completely vanished that it was almost impossible, even as a matter of curiosity, to procure an assignat. Taxes were extremely light, notwithstanding that imposed for war. The vigor of police officers were continued. Both the inhabitants and strangers at Paris were obliged to carry their cards, and if found after twelve o'clock at night without that ægis by any of the police officers, would be likely to pass the night in the Bureau Centrale. Government, while effectually restraining the people, affected to seek but their greater security and indulgement. On the fifth of every decade Buonaparte, with his staff, would descend the grand staircase and employ half an hour in a review of troops, or, to speak more correctly, in granting a splendid parade. The gaiety and brilliancy of the scene was felt by all.

Again, there would be foot, horse and chariot races, where the victorious were rewarded with carbines, sabres and vases, from the manufactory at Sevres. This system of rewards dispensed with, solemnity by members of the government was applied to education. The merest trifle satisfied, and knowledge bid fair to discover itself, as that which Burke meant by a cheap defence of nations. As informing the human race of their rights, as instructing them in the principles of liberty, whatever may be the different forms of government, however tyranny may be allowed to overrule and despotism be successful, will in the end triumph by setting the contest fairly at issue, between the eternal principles of truth and the will of tyrants. Notwithstanding all the privileges that France at this time possessed and boasted of, so unenviable was its state that we can well forgive.

NOTES OF HAND.

DRAWN AT SIGHT, BY C. W. HOLDEN.

THE seventeenth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty nine, was to me one of the most momentous in the annals of diurnal revolutions; replete with more hopes and misgivings, sacred to more sorrows and fears, than any of its immediate predecessors; and yet, withal, there was mingled with my loneliness so much of the spirit of the ludicrous, such a combination of the grotesque and eccentric of real life, that I involuntarily found myself wondering whether it were better to adopt the principles of the laughing or crying philosopher from the outset. The long-lived theory triumphed, and I turned away contentedly.

At 3 o'clock, P.M., on the above mentioned day, a dense crowd of men, women, children, dogs, tobacco pipes, demijohns, white handkerchiefs, hand baskets, matches and cheap novels, to say nothing of sheriff's officers and suspicious creditors, in assumed spectacles and disguise, borrowed for the occasion, neither of which came under the above schedule, was collected at Pier No 7, N.R., for the ostensible purpose of witnessing the departure of the barque Harriet T. Bartlett, Captain B——, for Chagres. The Harriet being rather a working model of a vessel than a vessel itself, was so snugly ensconced under the bows of a large ship as to be nearly invisible to the naked eye, and, in consequence, the spectators waylaid the bulwarks and rigging of the ship and gazed vacantly into the depths below in search of some familiar face. Hats were touched and retouched, friendly advice and vague hints relative to sea air were given and received in dumb show—wet handkerchiefs were sympathetically flowing in the wind, like the streamers of a seventy-four on a gala day, and innumerable black bottles were mysteriously shook up by disconsolate young men, in over coats and fur gloves, and then quietly emptied as a species of pantomime relative to future success. The sheriff's officers and suspicious creditors were drawn up in solemn array on each side of the gangway, the young ladies were sobbing in all the intensity of accumulating grief, the match boys and the book venders were proclaiming in stentorian tones the aphorisms relating to the swiftness of old Time, interlarded with repetitions of the great fitness of their goods for the California market, for which they were expressly selected, the cur dogs were earnestly winning for lost masters, the hand baskets fast disappearing in rotation over the sides, the demijohns suddenly endowed with uncommon powers of locomotion, when suddenly the cry of "the steamer!" accelerated the motions and heightened the confusion of all, and the huge smoke pipe hove in sight. Then came the last look and word, the convulsive grasp of the hand and hurried "God bless you! God bless you!" the streaming tears and nervous ejaculations, the fervent and hearty kiss, which seemed almost a pleasurable solemnity, the lengthened embrace whose pressure told the emotions of the heart most emphatically, the short

but ardent protestations of eternal fidelity, the silent though expressive anguish whose wailings are unseen and unheard, the desponding cheer whose articulation died away with its utterance, the "last long lingering look," and, amidst an avalanche of cheers, which rose far above the din and tumult of the voices on our deck, the Harriet left Pier No. 7, N.R., for the port of Chagres, New Grenada. A few friends, who had remained on board to return with the steamer, bade us farewell off the Narrows, and when all hands were piped down to supper all that remained of New York could be summed up in its recollections.

There have been so many volumes devoted to descriptions of sea voyages, so many words bestowed upon the apparently unimportant minutia of the trackless ocean, that I shall hardly venture to attempt a transcript of the thousand and one tales of my illustrious predecessors. Still there is much in the huge rolling waves, and accessories of the vast deep, which furnish the traveller with food for reflection, and I cannot refrain from devoting a few lines to our passage.

After our berths were arranged, our baggage dispersed, our supper discussed, and our whole party made uncomfortable by the cold northerly wind, we "turned in" with the consciousness that our cabin was most uncomfortably crowded, and our stomachs preparing for the grand ordeal through which maritime adventurers must reach experience. Our cabin was a temporary affair erected on the forward deck, and adapted for the accommodation of about six persons; but our worthy captain, acting on the principle of a New England cheese press, had contrived to compress about three times that quantity into its limits, which of course added very little to our comfort. About 6 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, I was aroused by a succession of strange noises on the deck, which at first I attributed to the cackling of some unknown sea-fowl, and hastened out, when, from stem to stern, on both larboard and starboard sides, I found stationed the majority of my fellow passengers offering up, at the shrine of old ocean, that which but the night before had been generously furnished them at the cabin table. Involuntarily I laughed outright; unfortunate and ill-timed mirth, for, before my cachinations could be responded to by the indignation of the sufferers, my turn had come.

I had heard much and read more of this scourge of the ocean—had years before limned on the canvass of my fancy most grotesque figures and forebodings, and was now to behold a realization or contradiction of my fears. At first I smiled, but with a quaint, sinister, unbending of my nerves, and then there came across me a confusion of embodied visions of the horrible, a succession of interminable spasms, which, like the kaleidescope, resolved themselves into successive shapes and forms with most ingenious and inexplicable

celerity, then my eyes, which were fixed on vacancy before, saw in the dim perspective bodily demons, whose eager grasp but awaited my proximity, my hands convulsively trembled violently, the color of my cheeks waned as though touched by wasting disease, my stomach seemed converted into an immense reservoir where all the elements commingled to generate the intensity of confusion, and as I leaned my head against the bulwark, and gave to the ocean monarch my share of tribute, the world and all its pleasures seemed buried in the vast deep beneath. It was not the mere animal torture, the pain of each passing spasm, that inflicted upon me so much of suffering; but the complete prostration of the mental, as well as physical, faculties so bereft me of sense and reason temporarily, that when I recovered I could almost believe I had visited Pandemonium, and joined in a re-union of Milton's incarnate fiends. I can conceive of nothing in the catalogue of ills so decidedly terrific as sea-sickness, and if my experience is not verified by the observations of others, I can only say they are furnished with less sensitive stomachic organs than myself.

The second day out, having somewhat recovered my spirits, I was enabled to look around me and see my fellow passengers. We were, all told, sixty-five in number, and more dissimilarity in appearance and character could hardly be found at any country town meeting. Even our captain and crew were antagonistical to the generality of seaman, and the H. T. B. herself was endowed with that happy medium between the wash-tub and brig, which ensures all the good qualities of the former with the bad ones of the latter. Captain B—— was not what you would call a fine specimen of the sailor. He would not at first sight strike you as being in command of a seventy-four, or even a gun brig, and as he emerged from the cabin in the morning, his dilapidated dressing gown upon his back, his red slippers on his feet, his head covered with a cloth cap in miniature, and his legs encased in very common corduroy, you would possibly (if just from an agricultural district) call him a quiet old farmer, or, if from the Pennsylvania mining section, undoubtedly dub him a miner. In fact I was a long time concluding whether to set him down in this diary as an agricultural mariner, or a marine agriculturist. He so well supplies the vacancy in both these departments that I cannot resolve my doubts to certainties. But the most astonishing anomaly on board was our cabin boy. My first acquaintance with him was at the time I secured my passage on the bark. As I bowed my head to enter the cabin I encountered him, and enquiring casually about the vessel, was astonished to find so much talent and genius beneath the rough garb of a sailor boy of twelve. Precocity seemed his chief characteristic, and I could not but admire the assumption of nautical pedantry which my questions called forth. "Are your accommodations good?" said I, entering the door. "Excellent," said he slowly, "excellent. Our cabins are commodious and convenient, and our table furnished with the best the market affords. We shall endeavor to make you all as comfortable as circumstances will allow," and he leaned composedly

against the mast to await my next question. "How long shall we probably be to Chagres?" asked I. "The old man says fourteen days," answered he promptly, "but I shall call it a d—— good run if we make it in twenty. The trade winds though may take us in." I presume I might easily have informed myself upon nautical affairs generally had I stopped longer, but I wished to laugh heartily and so left. This boy wore earrings, a striped shirt, boasted an amplitude of trowsers, chewed tobacco and swore horribly; moreover he had been one trip to sea, and if his catalogue of accomplishments did not render him *au fait* in all nautical affairs nothing could ever hope to. I may as well mention that he suddenly disappeared the first day out, and nothing was heard of him for some time—to my astonishment I learned *he* was sea-sick. As I said before, our passengers were of all classes and conditions, and for the sake of curiosity I drew up a list of them. Seven were natives of Great Britain, twenty seven of N. Y. State, nine of Massachusetts, one of the Sandwich Islands, two of Vermont, three of Germany, one of Canada, five of Connecticut, one of Maine, four of France, one of Austria, two of Switzerland, one of Pennsylvania, and one of China. Their occupations varied as much as their ages. There were merchants, students, book-keepers, Tailors, gunsmiths, carpenters, artists, clerks, physicians, manufactures, cooks, hatters, watch makers, sailors and *gentlemen*. Of the latter I found but two, and as one was a red-haired Irish cockney, and the other a French boy of nineteen, remarkably seedy, I did not inquire their distinction between gentlemen and the *cannaille*. Among our passengers was one old gentleman named B——, from the ancient town of Litchfield, Ct. He was the father of a numerous progeny, owned considerable property in his native place, and was no less than sixty years old. For sprightliness and activity I never saw his superior, and as he, like most Yankees, was a man of discernment and education, I took great pleasure in conversing with him. He told me that his wife was living in Litchfield, where he owned a manufactory, and that the news from California had excited in his breast a strong desire to visit the latter region, and view the country before *he became too old!* When I asked him if he did not hesitate upon leaving his wife and family for such a journey, he replied "No! they are well enough off, and why do they need me with them? I want to see a little of what is going on in the world." Every morning at 4 o'clock he was on the fore-castle conversing with the watch, and eliciting all the information possible, at the expense of our sleep.

We had very little excitement to break "the even tenor of our way" on the voyage. We saw a few dolphins, a good many flying fish, and occasionally a porpoise. In the morning we ate our breakfast, at noon our dinner, at night our supper, and then joyously went to bed with the consciousness that to-morrow would bring a repetition of yesterday. We occasionally ventured up into the cross trees, and as our vessel boasted no lubbers hole, that was considered by us a feat of sufficient magnitude to suffice for one day. Had we as-

cended too often the novelty would have been lost to us. I also employed myself for a day or two in studying the sublimity of studding sails, top gallant sails, bowlines, earrings, &c., but was at last so completely lost in the immensity of spanker gaffs, jib booms, marling spikes, flying jibs, jewel blocks, and other nautical stumbling blocks, that I in despair gave up the idea of carrying away with me any knowledge of seamanship. Occasionally I ventured an observation on the probability of an approaching storm, (and unfortunately for my acumen always when the barometer indicated "fair weather" as plainly as need be,) and one day when it was nearly calm, hinted, vaguely, at the propriety of putting into requisition the extra umbrellas to assist our locomotion; but, with the exception of pointing out the bowsprit to a landsman as a bowline, enquiring of the captain why he did not hoist a studding sail on the gally, and suggesting to the mate that one of the larboard earrings needed cleaning, I passed for a very close student of Bowditch's Navigator. I have solemnly vowed never hereafter to express any nautical opinion on ship board, as it is a very easy thing to secure a reputation for knowledge by shaking the head very profoundly when asked a question, when, nine times in ten, it is lost by opening the mouth. Jack Bunsby passed for a profound seaman, merely from his unique manner of drinking a glass of grog, as we all know.

Strange to say we saw many things on the vessel which reminded us of home; but our emotions, perhaps from the contiguity of the associations, were not entirely pleasurable. Among the most prominent of the sweet reminders was the pig pen, which, being directly under my window, recalled to mind, very strongly, the days when I fed the swine, "long time ago." And yet, from a desire to avoid all recollections of a place as far distant as home, or perhaps from a wish to avoid the pen itself, I carefully closed the shutter when I turned in, and while consigning to oblivion all "the scenes of my childhood," consigned internally my brutish neighbors, to another though *not* a better land. The total absence of everything like good cooking and respectable provisions, also served to keep alive our thoughts of friends left behind, and as we spread something our captain denominated *butter* upon our hard bread, and vaguely questioned the steward's ability in selecting coffee, we could not but call up indistinct visions of hot rolls and fresh butter, with the accompaniment of Java coffee, somewhere in a pleasant parlor in the States.

Everything has an end, and we at last found our passage included in the catalogue. We made the Caycas group one fine morning quite early, and very strenuous exertions to see them also, and from that moment we were continually running among long low headlands and bluffs, which, from the absence of orange groves, and lemon trees, and grape vines, might as well have been the Isle of man as the West Indies, and in a few days came in sight of Chagres itself. When perhaps some twelve miles distant, I observed one of our passengers, who had been very fidgety during the whole passage, wrap himself closely in his pilot coat and encompass his face in a thick comforter,

the thermometer being only about 100. I could not at first understand his manœuvre, but he informed me privately that the air of Chagres was so exceedingly poisonous, that he dared not venture an inhalation of its deadly qualities save through his very primitive respiration. As he was a physician he had inoculated several with his belief, and I was much amused to observe the care taken by all to avoid the malaria, especially as we were just in sight of port and had a fine breeze blowing directly *in* shore.

We anchored off the Castle of Saint Antonio about 3 o'clock, P.M., and the next day were towed into port by the steamer Orus, just arrived from New York. Of course we were all anxious to see Chagres, as it had been called the most disagreeable spot in the world, not even excepting the black hole of Calcutta, and accordingly, as soon as we reached anchorage, a party seized the ships boat and went on shore. Instead of the dirty, filthy, disagreeable mud hole we had anticipated, we found ourselves in a very small but compact South American rancho, as pleasant and agreeable as many of our Southern villages.

The spot upon which Chagres is built very much resembles one of those uneven holes we frequently find scooped out of a sand bank by the side of a New England highway. It is surrounded on all sides by huge picturesque hills, covered with a variety of tropical trees, the ascent to which—the hills—would be deemed a matter of considerable trouble. The Chagres river empties into the ocean within a few rods of the village, and the huge underbrush and thick matted weeds, which, like immense mustaches encircle its mouth, leave you undecided at first sight as to its actual size. As we entered the village we found ourselves among a crowd of half Spanish negroes, who were endeavoring to bargain with us for canoes to Gorgona, but from our utter inability to understand each other no great progress was made. A few rods from the landing place we found, under cover of a roof of bamboo leaves, a most imposing restaurant and coffee house. It was kept by a Mr. Parks, formerly of New York, who, starting for California when the excitement first commenced, had stopped here to establish himself in business. He had a negro cook from New York, paying him three dollars per day, and was making money fast enough to suit his wishes. We found three other young Americans here, all of whom had stopped from want of funds, and had established themselves in some petty shops where they were doing well. I was never more satisfied of the true spirit of energy and accommodation to circumstances, than in conversing with these young men. They seemed perfectly contented with their prospects, and as confident of reaching California as though boasting a pocket full of gold.

A party of us ascended the hill which leads to the Castle of San Antonio, to view the fortifications which we were told were immense. Near the hill top we saw an old, dilapidated, crazy looking hut, on the side of which was painted "Dr. Colletus," in Roman text. Of course we hunted up the doctor, as he had an English name, and found him a very agreeable person. He had travelled much in Europe and America as he in-

formed us, was educated at Heidelberg, and spoke some half dozen languages to perfection. He was doing well in Chagres, as he invariably refused a fee when visiting a patient, (which of course secured him something like a double fee in presents) and as he was engaged to a *Senorita Ramos*, daughter of *Don Julian de Ramos*, the nabob of Chagres, was in receipt of something like expectations. *Don Julian*, who was *Alcalde* of Chagres by the way, was a perfect Yankee in his dealings with the people, seldom failed to get a good bargain, and was acknowledged by all as the wealthiest man in the vicinity.

But to return to the Castle. On the brow of the hill which overlooks Chagres, and from whence a person could easily look down the chimneys of the huts in the village, if they had any, stood the larger and most important fortification. It was built nearly in the form of a parallelogram, with a wide ditch and massive towers at each angle, and flanked on three sides by the most precipitous precipices imaginable. Contiguous to the path from the village, was the prettiest piece of green sward I expect to see till I reach the Battery, which had probably been used as a parade ground. Scattered upon the ground in every direction lay immense guns, (some of them evidently 42 pounders,) covered with rust and in the last stages of decay. They had once been mounted upon gigantic wheels of a single piece, sawed from some of the large trees of the country, and looked as though they had "done the state some service" years before. In another fort commanding the entrance to the harbor, were mounted some very fine brass pieces of large calibre, and on all sides was a sufficiency of munitions ammunition to sustain a vigorous defence for a long time. But with the negligence, which usually characterized the movements of the Spaniards in Central America, an upper fort had been constructed on an eminence overlooking the citadel, and, as it was not guarded by intrenchments, or in fact any unusual fortifications, easily accessible to a storming party, who once in possession had the main fort at their disposal.* But now there were no signs of war or warlike men. Everything was in ruins, and the massive walls fast crumbling to decay. As I gazed upon the grass and trees, which filled the ditches and towers and covered the battlements, I

could not but consider the scene an exemplification of the reign of Spanish dominion over the Western world, and read in the lesson conveyed the sure destiny of a people whose powers are relaxed by indolence, whose energies are sapped by ignorance and idleness.

Instead of riding about the streets of Chagres on the back of a negro, which, from the mud and filth, had been intimated by some of the papers, would be the case, we wandered around among its population with impunity and dry soles. The village contains 134 houses or huts, and a population of some 600. The men are mostly occupied upon the river to Gorgona and Cruces, while the women amuse themselves in smoking and trafficking during their absence. They are lazy, indolent and inactive, hardly capable of being aroused into action, and possess all the prominent characteristics of the Mexicans. A few pure old Castilians, men of education and refinement, control the destinies of a province, while the remainder, living in abject poverty, care or think for nothing but their daily bread. As regards society little can be said. With the exception of the Spaniards, before mentioned, there is no taste, no refinement, no general intelligence, and I saw in Chagres but three residents who could be named under the old geographical term of "civilized and enlightened."

Of course we found children in abundance. I have generally noticed that where an adult population exhibited signs of decay, children almost grew spontaneously, and the prettiest children in form and feature I ever saw. Nearly all boasted a fair or clear complexion, regular teeth, small hands and feet, and a most intelligent expression of countenance. But their eyes—large, full and luminous as the full moon just rising from a dark cloud—sparkled like diamonds by starlight, and as they gazed in all their expressive beauty into my own, I could not but confess the presence of some wondrous fascination beneath the beautiful lashes which protected their brilliancy, and I reflected with pain that future years of neglect would effectually smother the fires of intellectuality which such glowing orbs to me seemed to predicate. I am now speaking of the middling and better classes—those whose children revelled in the luxury of a garment. The juveniles of the lower order scamped about the streets entirely naked, with a protuberance of abdomen frightfully astonishing. I never saw anything in humanity to equal it; and could only compare them with a regiment of well-fed tadpoles under marching orders. I could not ascertain the cause of this peculiarity, but suppose it is attributable to their want of swathing when very young.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* A similar error in the construction of a fortification at Carthagena, a few miles farther down the coast, is worth recording. When the Spaniards had possession of the city they fortified it very strongly, building immense works upon a hill some 200 feet high. Of an eminence some 400 feet higher, and overlooking the foot, they took no notice, but allowed the construction of a monastery upon it, and their negligence led to the capture and re-capture of Carthagena several times. The monastery is still standing.

THE ATHEIST; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REVEREND JOB GURNEY.

"At seasons in the heart of man
The tempter holdeth power."—JULIAN.

"In fancy when it lies in the white arms of Virtue,
Sinketh oft the soul into the lap of Vice."

In a quiet old chamber of a house, in one of the out-of-the-way streets of the city, sat in an ancient arm-chair, a beautiful young maiden. Very lovely indeed was she, leaning back in the deep cushioned chair, her nimble fingers busily plying her needle, whilst to her blithesome voice her little feet kept music. Sunlight streamed through the curtain upon her forehead, and danced amid her golden tresses till they were wrapped in a mist of light.

All alone seemed the bright-faced girl in the antique room. But, nevertheless, she had many companions; her own innocent, happy thoughts, dancing before her soul's eyes in white robes, and mounting on the glittering sunbeam that slanted through the room, like angels on the ladder of faith.

But the young maiden's song was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, his forehead expansive, his eyes dark and expressive, and his hair of a glossy black. The girl's face lit up radiantly, as he appeared, and, leaving her chair, she ran forward to meet him. Gently taking her hand, the new-comer greeted her kindly, and took the chair that she had vacated, whilst the maiden stood beside him with her happy, truthful smile. "O, I am so glad you have come!" said she.

The visitor glanced benignly on the fair girl, and took her small white hand in his own.

The Reverend Job Gurney, which was the name and title of the individual we are now surveying, was the pastor of the church to which belonged our acquaintances of a former chapter, the two deacons. And Fanny, the young maiden, who now stood smiling at his knee, was a fair, fresh blossom grafted on the church-tree, who sang with her melodious voice in the choir, and who believed her pastor, Mr. Gurney, to be the incarnation of piety upon earth.

And truly a pattern of pastors was the revered gentleman; with a mildness of manner that was irresistible with the gentler sex, a tender tone to his voice, and a sweet smile upon his lips, which insensibly won upon their affections. Yet, as we have seen, the Reverend Job Gurney was no favorite with the deacons, and they neglected no opportunity of animadverting upon what they termed the hypocrisy of their smooth-faced pastor.

But still he was regarded by many as a saint, so lamb-like were his manners and appearance.

And Fanny, the fair child, looked up to him with all the trusting affection of her orphan heart, confided to him her bitter sorrows, and rested satisfied when he commended her guileless efforts to please. She thought not of evil, for she knew not sin.

"And why are you glad I have come, Fanny?" asked the minister, drawing the maiden to his chair.

"O, I—I wanted to ask you something. Must I always be obedient to my superiors?"

"Why do you ask that, Fanny? Do you not know when obedience is necessary?"

"Because—because," replied the young girl, hesitatingly, "Deacon Smith said I must always obey him in everything. He said I must not use my own judgment, for I might not know—"

"Ah, yes, my child—I understand—might not know what was always right. Yes, that is the reason superiors are appointed over the young—to direct them correctly. But, go on Fanny. What did Deacon Smith ask of you?"

As Job Gurney asked this, he gazed fixedly upon the girl's expressive face, and a light gleamed in his dark eye—a light which should not have been there. He drew her nearer yet to the arm-chair. "What was it, Fanny?"

The young maiden cast her eyes upon the floor, as she replied: "He asked me to kiss him."

"And did you obey him, Fanny?" asked the pastor, with his gaze resting on her blushing neck. She looked up into his face with a timid glance.

"Yes," she murmured. "Was it wrong, Mr. Gurney?"

"Do you think it was, Fanny?"

The girl was silent, and her eyes once more sought the floor.

"Would you think it wrong if I should tell you to kiss me?" asked the pastor, passing his arm around her waist, and bending his lips close to her cheek.

"O, no!" said Fanny, "for you—you—are the minister, and—"

She paused—she was confused. Yet had she unconsciously given the reason why she *should* fear the man who now embraced her. He was a minister of heaven's word at the altar. Alas! to the blind confidence which has led them to trust implicitly to priests, do many fallen ones owe their ruin.

"Kiss me, Fanny!"

Job Gurney's lips pressed those of the young girl, and he drew her form closely to his breast. Was that indeed a father's kiss, that flushed the maiden's brow and neck with crimson? Was that embrace pure which made her pulses for a moment like fire, and stayed her breath with a new and strange thrill? Fanny's form trembles now, and a coldness succeeds the fiery warmth which seemed inhaled from her pastor's lips. She lay almost powerless in Gurney's arms.

For a few moments after that kiss, the minister was silent. Then he whispered softly in Fanny's ear, "Where is your brother?"

"He has not been home for a week," answered the girl.

"And your grandmother?"

"She is sleeping now. Shall I go and call her? She will be glad to see you."

Fanny made a movement to disengage herself from Gurney's arms, but he gently detained her. "No matter!" said he. "Let us have a little conversation. I am in no haste, my child. Now, tell me, Fanny—why is it not wrong for me to kiss you?"

"O—sir—I do not know. Because—because—you would not do it if it were wrong. Isn't that it, Mr. Gurney? She looked up smilingly into her pastor's face.

"It is indeed, my dear," returned the minister. "Of course—of course, you know, Fanny, I do not think it wrong. You are a good girl."

He lifted her from the floor upon his knee, and twined his arm around her waist, her radiant head resting upon his breast. Again the maiden's cheek grew flushed beneath that strange kiss.

And while the guileless girl submitted to his caresses, unconscious of wrong, the man whispered in her ear of virtue and holiness. Whilst his veins were swelling with unholy passion, he approached the sanctuary of that pure maiden's thoughts with specious reasoning. He wrapped in a veil of glittering sophistry the spirit of his dark design, and whilst warning the child to beware of worldly snares, he was weaving around her a web of shining but poisoned threads. Was there none to step between him and his victim—none to dash from his hand the cup he was preparing for the innocent?

Was there none? Ay! He who beholds the hearts of all watched over the young girl in the hour of her peril.

The heart of Fanny was pure. She conceived not evil, and in her unknowing purity she was safe. Yet the man who presses her to his breast, urged on by the tyrant lash of his own passions, forgot at last the veil with which his purpose was at first concealed. Deluded by the passiveness with which she listened to his sophistry, he grew bolder; and while the maiden's eyes were fixed on his own, while her gentle heart beat against his bosom—he dared to speak to her of—crime.

As the wild beast is cowed by the bright eye of his keeper—as the human gaze shrinks from the fiery sun—so fell the glance of that libertine priest before the look of the innocent girl. Ere the dark whisper of sin had thrilled entirely upon her ears, she sprang from the false shepherd's embrace. She spoke no word—but her dazzling eyes rested unquaintly upon his guilty face. He shrank from their light—he dared not meet their reproachful purity—and, like a thief, he fled from the room.

Fanny stood a moment after he had gone and listened to his retreating footsteps. Then the young girl buried her face in her hands, and, sinking in the arm-chair, she wept long and bitterly.

CHAPTER X.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

"Make her a slave—
Steal from her rosy lip by needless jealousies;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion—all
That makes life's cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.—N. P. WILLIS.

WHEN the Reverend Job Gurney left the house where, with her aged grandmother, resided the orphan Fanny, his mind was in such a state that the despair of a condemned malefactor would have been a relief to it. He staggered along the street in the direction of his home, scarcely knowing whither his steps were leading; for his bosom was a furnace of torturing thoughts.

Job Gurney was but one of many. Endowed naturally with a warm and passionate temperament, he had in his youth been rather noted than otherwise for his lightness of disposition and the pleasure he found in the diversions of that period of life. But on the completion, after arduous application, of his collegiate course, he had selected the ministry for his profession in precisely the manner that thousands of others choose between the three liberal pursuits. "The law," said his advisers and his own reflections, "is fluctuating and uncertain. Medical ranks are crowded and the vocation of a physician is arduous in the extreme. But the pulpit is a life of quiet, perhaps elegant enjoyment. It affords, too, opportunities of gaining great oratorical reputation. It is in fact the *best of the three professions*."

Thus reason, and thus are influenced, more than a moiety of the clerical students of our universities. Thus is the service of the altar placed in the same worldly category with the trades and professions of business life; and the ministers of the most high are, in a vast majority of cases, men who would more fitly have trod the quarter-deck, or led on gold-diggers to the treasures of El-Dorado.

And thus Job Gurney, with unschooled passions, with sanguine temperament, and bad principles, had entered upon the duties of the sacerdotal office. Was he a hypocrite and dissembler? Was he a "wolf in sheep's clothing," entering the fold of the good? Was he a deliberately bad man, intent only on the gratification of his own unholy impulses?

Job Gurney was neither. He had adopted the profession of a clergyman, it is true, from the motives we have mentioned above; yet it was in entire ignorance of the difficulties he would be called on to encounter through his own unruled passions. He well knew what the service of the altar required—a spotless conscience, a pure heart, a devout purpose; but he felt within himself that these requisites were not his; and from this feeling, the man's whole life had been a terrible struggle between desire and duty.

Job Gurney would have died a martyr to the religion he professed; he would have suffered torture rather than that his church should be scandalized; he would have starved, scourged, maimed himself, like the ancient anchorites, in order to subdue his passions. But Job Gurney

was but a man—with human weakness and failings, and, though he struggled against the evil of his nature, he could never wholly master it.

Thus had the temptings of evil led him on in his interview with the artless Fanny, until, unknowing what he did, he had torn off the veil of his priestly character, and disclosed the hideous lineaments of impure desire to the shrinking soul of virtue. And as he fled, like a scared criminal, from the clear-eyed girl, he covered his flushed face, and moaned in anguish. Job Gurney, the pastor, would have given worlds, would have laid down his life to recall the terrible experience of the last moment; he would have submitted to the stake, could he but restore his sanctity in the eyes of that innocent child.

But Job Gurney had allowed himself to be conquered by evil, and now he fled from the face of good. He gained his home, and sought the quiet of his study, with his brain throbbing with pain and shame. His wife was there; and as the pastor threw himself upon a chair, and leaned his forehead on his hand, her arm was placed proudly around his neck, and her voice tenderly inquired what *ailed* him. Alas! he could not, dared not answer.

Mrs. Gurney was that jewel of man's heart, a virtuous woman. Not the virtue of the canting conventicle—not the missionary, and tract, and prison-discipline virtue, was that which gave lustre to the mild woman who now sat by her husband's side, but the patient, the uncomplaining, the *home* virtue, which sheds a halo around the hearth, and an atmosphere of beauty and benevolence abroad.

Mrs. Gurney was no favorite with the vinegar-faced female hypocrites and devotees of the church, as her husband was no idol of his deacons. Such shining examples of the whole duty of woman as Mrs. Brother Oily, looked with ineffable pity upon one who made not known to the world the good she performed in secret. They could perceive no holiness in "hiding one's light under a bushel"—and therefore Mrs. Gurney was not their favorite.

An energetic knock rattled the door of the room, in which the husband and wife were now seated, and the lank form of Deacon Smith presented itself, with peculiarly unbending gravity, at the threshold.

Mr. Gurney raised his flushed face, and replied to the salutation of the worthy church-pillar, with as calm a voice as he could command. But no smile appeared on the lips of Deacon Smith. He advanced towards the pastor, and, in an elevated and C. sharp voice, broke forth:

"I owe you a debt, sir."

At this information, which was apparently quite unexpected on the part of the minister, that gentleman commenced the exhibition of sundry tokens of surprise. The acknowledgment of a debt due to oneself, in this world of dollars and cents, is generally productive of an agreeable feeling; but in this case the very violent demeanor of the venerable elder, abstracted in a great measure from the satisfaction with which the pastor might otherwise have received the admission of indebtedness.

"Explain yourself, Deacon Smith," said Mr. Gurney, rising from his seat, and confronting the

excited limb of religion, while his wife glanced, with a misgiving anxiety, at the parties.

"You know what I mean," muttered the belligerent deacon. "O, you—you unrighteous shepherd!"

"Deacon Smith!" said the minister, in a tone of extreme gravity, and a holy-smile trembling on his lip—though his wife, with the quick instinct of an affectionate heart, noticed that the deacon's behavior had stirred her husband's soul deeper than could be seen from the surface—"Deacon Smith, I beg you will explain your meaning."

The elder's thin lips met in a malicious sneer, as though he strove to suppress the inward hate which he felt. "You're a bad man!" he muttered in a hissing tone, casting a malignant look at the minister.

"I know not what you mean," repeated Mr. Gurney, his countenance turning pale, and his frame trembling with the recollection of his late criminal intentions with regard to the orphan Fanny; so true is the guilty conscience its own accuser, its own judge.

"You know—you do know," cried Deacon Smith, assuming the whining tone of his common conversation, "we have grieved much for you! The church is greatly scandalized by the reports concerning you, Mr. Gurney."

"For heaven's sake, speak out!" cried the pastor in a faint voice.

"Nay, nay, my husband—let him not excite you!" said Mrs. Gurney, approaching the clergyman, and looking up earnestly into his face.—"Mr. Smith—I pray you, say no more. He is ill, and—"

"I'll speak out," interrupted the elder. "We are commanded to exhort backsliders."

"But is it my husband to whom you now speak?" returned Mrs. Gurney, mildly. "You would not surely accuse him of backsliding."

"Wouldn't I?" muttered Deacon Smith. "Perhaps I'll accuse him of something worse. Yes, and prove it too, Mrs. Gurney. He knows what I mean. O, what a sinful wretch is man!"

"I will not hear more," cried Mrs. Gurney.—"Deacon Smith, this is unchristian, and—"

"Let him deny it—let him deny it. Oh, Mrs. G., Mrs. G., I pity you, indeed I do—poor deceived woman."

"For heaven's sake, my husband, tell me what this man means!" exclaimed the wife, with an alarmed look at the pastor.

"I can tell you," cried Deacon Smith. "He'll no doubt deny it, but it must come out. Yes, indeed, the church must know that he has another wife—another wife, Mrs. Gurney. Poor woman, to be so deceived!"

Mrs. Gurney, as this terrible charge fell from the elder's lips, felt her strength almost forsake her, and she would have fallen had not her husband's outstretched arms supported her. Her eyes met his, and beheld the expression of his face.—One glance was enough for the wife's heart—and with a calm voice, she said, "Deacon Smith, you may reserve your pity. Your charge is false—I know my husband is innocent."

"It's true—it's true," cried the deacon, with his malicious laugh. "Why don't he deny it? It's

because he *knows* it, and I know it, and if he don't resign his charge of our church, he'll be exposed. That's the long and short of the matter."

"If you have any mercy, leave us," cried Mrs. Gurney. "See how you have agitated my husband. I know not what is your motive in asserting this falsehood—but now, for heaven's sake, say no more."

"He'll hear from me," muttered the deacon, casting another look of hypocritical pity on the wife, and a glance of ill-concealed malice upon Gurney. "The chaff must be thrashed out of the wheat—verily, it is written."

The lank figure of the malevolent elder disappeared, and Gurney, uttering a low moan, sank into the arms of his wife.

His head rested upon her bosom—that bosom which beat with pure affection for him. Her eyes, beautifully trustful, were fixed on his own. "My wife," murmured he, in a broken voice, "my true wife!"

The heart of the strong man gushed forth at his eyes; and the tears of husband and wife were mingled.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FALSE WITNESS.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."
[DECALOGUE]

BURNYCOAT led his companion, Morrell, away from the low bar-room in which he had hinted to him of a proposed plot, and arm in arm the two proceeded along the streets.

It is a remarkable feature about the city of Boston, that a good deal of outward piety is everywhere visible. The stranger, as he strolls, after nightfall, through the most frequented thoroughfares, hears the solemn tones of the church-bell, and beholds throngs of well-dressed people, turning from the sidewalk into various brilliantly lighted and elegantly ornamented churches, whence the sound of a popular clergyman's mellifluous voice, or the soul-raising harmony of the organ, invites the attention of the passer-by. "It is beautiful—it is good," says the stranger, beholding this evidence of piety.

And now, as Burnycoat and the Freethinker took their way through the streets, they threaded the throngs of people who were crowding to their favorite churches. And in the chapels, and vestries, and halls of the good city of Boston, at this hour, were met together multitudes of long-breathed and devout brethren and sisters, offering up studied prayers to the ear of heaven, while their hearts were full of deceit, and treachery, and all uncleanness. Ay, in truth, while the lips of hundreds of these church-goers poured forth prayers for pardon and mercy, their secret thoughts were shaping out plots of cruelty and wrong. In the temple of a pure God were met this night many whose souls were leprous with hypocrisy.

And, O! avenging justice, what else takes place this night? What other places are thronged besides the churches and vestries?

Verily, while the hypocrites and dissemblers mock the Searcher of Hearts at his very altar, their sons and their brothers are rioting in the brilliant gambling hells, the glittering drinking saloons, and the thousand other gilded cages that throw out their traps to lure the unsuspecting. Whilst the fathers are hypocrites, the sons are dupes; and the curse of premature age, of disease, and death, is hanging over the generation of the wicked. The sins of the parents are visited woefully upon the children.

But Burnycoat and Morrell troubled themselves not with moralizings like these. They pursued their path until they reached a substantial, well-built house, in a retired street, on the door of which was a brass plate bearing the euphonious and unique letters—"S-m-i-t-h." Burnycoat rang the bell, and, with his companion, was soon in the presence of a tall, thin man, who, in fact, was no other than our acquaintance, the deacon.

When the two visitors had entered the apartment, the elder carefully closed the door. Then, motioning Burnycoat and his companion to be seated, he remarked—"I was expecting you, Robert."

"Always punctual is my motto, deacon," returned the man addressed. "My friend here knows all about the affair we spoke of. But he'll not speak out without a fee. You understand, deacon."

"O, that shall be taken care of," said Deacon Smith. "If your friend is certain enough in regard to the matter to *swear* to the fact," continued he, with a twinkle of his malicious eyes, "there'll be no difficulty about the fees."

"You hear that, Jim," said Burnycoat, sinking his voice, and addressing his companion, who had listened half bewildered to the deacon's remarks. Morrell returned an inquiring look.

"What am I to do?" muttered he.

"Only to *swear*—don't you hear?"

"To what?"

"Why, that the Reverend Job Gurney has two wives, which you know to be the case, and which he has paid you to keep secret. Of course, you can *swear* to that, Jim."

"Knowing the fact," remarked Deacon Smith, quietly.

"And having seen the wife often," pursued Burnycoat. "Of course, you can swear, Jim."

Morrell glanced from one to another of the two schemers, with an idiotic stare. Then, with an oath, he cried—"Yes—I'll swear."

"You see, it's all right, deacon," said Burnycoat.

"Perfectly satisfactory."

"And all that will be necessary is for him to see the *lady*," continued the man in a low voice.

"Supposing we all visit her—eh, deacon?"

"Perhaps it will be as well," answered Smith.

"But, this man can be trusted—can he?"

"I'll answer for him."

"Let us go then: I will follow you shortly, and you can conduct your friend to Rachel."

"Precisely, deacon. Come, Morrell—let us be moving. Good night, Deacon Smith."

With these words, Burnycoat took Morrell's arm, and led him once more into the street. They

walked quickly away from the house, and it was not till they had proceeded some squares that the former addressed his comrade.

"Jim—are you sober?"

"I'm not drunk," returned the other.

"Do you understand what you are to do?"

"No."

"I will tell you. We go from here to the residence of a young lady, who is the wife of Rev. Job Gurney, but deserted by him, and unable to prove her marriage. You will see her, and be required to swear that you witnessed the ceremony and signed the marriage certificate. Do you understand?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LATE OF SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THAT moral sun has set! but its reflected
Light beams on us still, and though the calmer
Rays of its pale glory ceases to dazzle
Or arouse to life, yet from the records
Of this mind there beams a radiance
Borrowed from the skies—

In him we saw the
Moral grandeur of a giant intellect
With all its great capacities enlarged—
Refined—and warmed with love divine, making
The world its mission field.

Oh had that soul been
Left, bound only to the sordid actualities
Of life's low aims, and raised no higher from
The dust of earth than a mere selfish love
Has power to raise it, or had he filled his
Heart with dreams of earthly good, made up a
Bed of roses for itself to rest upon, dreaming
Of beauty and delight, drinking the pleasures
Of this life from golden *Chalice*, when others
Lie on thorns, or walk the paths of life pierced
With its poisonous stings: death and a dark
Oblivion would have claimed that *name* whose
Very accent now fills up the mind with high
And noble thoughts.

Oh blessed Power! that
New creates, and warms to newer life, that
Kindles up a flame that e'en the tyrant's
Breath cannot put out, nor the grave quench!
It is its kindly force that draws the spirit
Upward, and stays it up with promises
And hopes that have their hold on Heaven!
It is its voice of Mercy that the wretched
Hear soothing their woe, it gives the cup
Of water, lifts the fallen up, visits the
Captive in his chains, goes down and finds the
Vicious and degraded and brings them out
To a pure atmosphere of love—of hope—
Of happiness.

May, 1849.

It was Religion—its
Heavenly zeal, its kindly charities
That set all o'er with *gems and pearls* the daily
Life of Chalmers. It was its holy love
That moved the secret springs swaying a world
Of mind, in favor of the cross—

To do his Master's will,
With all his beating heart, his earnest thinking
Mind—to pour out Truth, till eyes blinded by
Sin and error should behold the light, and
Feel its glowing warmth—this was his labor
Here—and this his highest honor—

Go ask at Morningside
Why kings and nobles followed there his dust,
And thousands in the train wept tears of grief;
A voice will answer thy inquiring spirit
Soft as an angel whisper, "It is the
Homage paid to consecrated genius
And exalted worth."

No hired mourning here—
No booming guns or hollow pageant in
This scene of gloom—but better far—the great
Good man was followed to his rest by hearts
That loved him—

That lonely spot holds
But his dust—his noble spirit *lives*, and
Takes its higher lessons now from Him who
Made all things! From that high point the
Planetary world is there spread out for
His enraptured gaze. 'Tis there he feels the
Full great value of the soul! No sin to
Mar his peace—no sorrow there—and Love the
Wonderous theme—*God's love to man* fills up all
Heaven with joy!

His name on earth will
Never perish, but like a "*regal gem*"
It will go down to distant years—his
Teaching mind recorded on the *world* will
Give out Truth till Time's last stroke shall
Cease on Earth.



ASTONISHMENT.

TALKS WITH YOU—HEAD WORSHIP AND HEART WORSHIP.

BY CAROLINE C——.

“Little children (and ye of larger growth) keep yourselves from idols.”

ARE we heathens and pagans that you speak such words to us? And I answer, inasmuch as ye are worshippers of idols, *ye are heathenish!*

God, the Almighty, the Omnipresent, is a spirit; is he therefore less a God, and less a Redeemer, because unseen, unheard? And ye, I say it knowing but too well the mournful *truth* on which my words are based, (for my own human heart attests it,) are worshippers of gold, of pleasure, of fashion, of honor, of applause. Is not this the real difference then, I ask, between you and those heathen—they *embody* their idolatrous thought, and bend the body down, whereas you make a fuller sacrifice to your gods even than they—bending your cultivated intellect, your enlightened spirit too?

Very few who have heard the Saviour's command, “Go ye into all nations, preaching and baptizing in my name,” will question that it is well, that it is good and right to send off missionaries to India, and the far-off islands of the ocean, that the ignorant may learn of Him who has created, who alone can save. But, question of yourselves, in the tabernacles of your heart, even in its “holy of holies,” have you set up no image—have you not bowed down to the lust of the eye, and the lust of the heart, and the pride of life? Answer to your consciences—(it is as well to do so now as ever, and answer you *must*, and if you think well now some good may come of it)—have you laid no mighty sacrifice, what you acknowledge to be a sacrifice, ay, perchance, it is your soul! before some god of this world? have you not labored and striven with almost superhuman effort to secure some worldly good, some personal advancement? have ye not oftentimes, I will not say always, set your affections on things of earth? From my own conscious, self-condemning spirit cometh a reply, I need not seek it elsewhere.

And yet if we will suffer ourselves to think of this head-worship and heart-worship, we will be forced to ask ourselves, what are they if not united? and, alas, how very seldom are they to be found offered at one shrine? Let us consider of this further.

Peleg Ottley had two children, Jonas and Rebecca, they were called.

The man was a farmer in moderate circumstances—that is he owned a good wife, and a well stocked farm; but some how what he accomplished had ever fallen far short of what he hoped, and intended, and so in middle age he found himself about as far from the realization of his boyhood's dreams, as when first he had set about accomplishing them.

No one would ever have taken the rough, coarse-featured, “scrubby” farmer for a dreamer, (a poet he certainly was not,)—no one could have fancied, without indulging in the seemingly *wild-est* fancy, that Peleg ever cherished any very exalted aspirations—yet—the truth must be told—

he did once think very queer things about himself and his destiny, and was the entertainer of divers and sundry very strange hopes for his own and his children's future—(in *this* world be it understood.) When the farmer found his castles proving, one after another, of the most unsubstantial, unsatisfactory air, leaving himself and wife the same hard-working, pains-taking, comfortable farmers, his hopes and desires naturally turned towards his children, and his great wish became, as they grew older, that they might be prosperous and happy, and more honored and sought after in the world than their parents had been. And so, after all, he should find a triumph over his hard fortune, through his children!

Rebecca should be a lady, an educated lady, and Jonas should be a scholar and a gentleman. Yes, that was it—people should have occasion to know something about *his* children! and Peleg, as that “thought struck him,” buried his hard hands in the thick locks, where the gray was fast conquering the ebon, and dreamed away.

To this end (progress) Jonas and Rebecca went regularly to school in the winters, and at an early age the boy was sent to the village academy, from which Peleg's farm was but a few miles distant, and when he was sufficiently advanced in his studies, Jonas went to college.

And the daughter Rebecca had a six month's schooling in a neighboring seminary, at the end of which time she returned home to the old farm house, quite unspoiled and unwon by the glimpse of village gaiety she had caught, ready to labor, and to aid in all manner of labors. A good, reasonable young creature she was—and, as with “Selma,” it was always “thou” with her, and never “I.”

Jonas was, from his childhood, what is commonly termed, a “smart boy”—quick at learning; and of great promise, so the school-master said, “taking to his book” amazingly, and exploring, with astonishing zeal, the mysteries of all dead and living languages.

How proud the old folks were of him when he went home to spend his last vacation, after having graduated honorably at college, previous to his departure for a neighboring city, where he was to study the law!—for Jonas must be a professional man. His mind had not been instructed and educated so highly that he might merely subside into a common farmer, a feeder of cattle, and a sower and reaper of grain; no indeed!

The old grand parents said Jonas would be an honor to the name of Ottley, and hesitated not to proclaim in the boy's ear their firm belief that he would at least be president some day, and the neighbors, they said they were sure that if he would he could be anything—as for little Lucy Smith, she seemed to think him about the most wonderful youth in the world as he was, and from

her innocent heart she wondered why Jonas should want to go away from all his friends, to strive till he was nearly gray-headed, merely that people should hear of his name, and pay to him the same respectful homage which all the country folks around did even then!

There were a great many tears shed in farmer Ottley's house when the day for Jonas' departure finally came round—for in three long years the boy was not to return home, and the thoughts which naturally arise, or sorrowfully intrude in such parting moments, of death, and the power of temptation, of sickness and disappointment, troubled all minds excepting that of the eager youth.

"You must write to us every week, my boy," said the father, "we shall think of you so very often; and try and be steady; try, and you'll *have* to try—and don't be led away by every breeze—whoever prospers in this world must work hard, and must keep steady at his business."

"You'll be a man when you come back, Jonas," said the mother, trying to smile; "it will seem a great while—be sure you don't let us hear anything bad of you, and, as grandpa' says, you'll be a great person yet!"

But Rebecca, the young sister, the quiet, loving girl, was the only one who had bidden the boy remember that there was something besides honor to win and respectability to maintain. She had said to him, when walking alone with him the evening before his leaving home, when he had disclosed to her his high hopes and great intentions, "I dread your going away this time, dear Joe, more than I ever did before. You will be *free* to what you ever have been, and I know there is so much danger when one goes into the city to live among wild young men. I know you are not wild, or worse than others, and I believe from my heart you are a great deal better than the most of men, but it has always seemed a dreadful thought to me, a young man starting out to seek his fortune in the world. And, dear Joe, do listen with patience just while I say this—study; but don't study too hard, thinking you are going to be famous, and all that. It is a good deal better to have a *good* name than a *great* one. Grandpa' calls you president, and I've seen your eyes flash while you heard it—it seemed to me as though you were saying to yourself, 'I will be great.' Just think how old and worn a man must be before he can have power and great worldly honor. Don't forget yourself, and strive for fame more than anything else—if you make *that* your idol I shall fear for you, because it is not right to seek first and always the good things of earth!"

And Jonas had listened attentively to the words of the young girl—and had kissed her while he said, "Never fear, Beckey, I'm not going to make a slave of myself to ambition or anything else—if fame *comes* to me, well and good—but if not!"—and the sentence was ended with a careless snatch of a merry tune that quieted the sister's fears.

* * * * *

Jonas went to the city, and was articulated clerk in the office of two distinguished practitioners. It was very fortunate for the young man that there was a vacancy at the time of his application; and

it was well, too, that they who were to be his office companions were gentlemen, who set him the example of diligent unvarying activity.

The great and important business entrusted to "the firm," the deserved celebrity they had acquired, and the wealth and honorable station they had gained solely by their own exertions, (for both the lawyers had been poor and friendless when they first entered the profession,) aroused the ambition of the youth, and the hopes which all the parents advice had helped to foster.

Therefore, perhaps, it was not any way remarkable that Jonas Ottley should have resolved, before he had lived a month in the bustling city, that he would, ere he was as old as his employers, be as honored and as well known as were they.

Very few were the acquaintances he made, and they were among the studious, respectable and moral class. To make a sensation in society, or to win the admiration and love of women, was not his desire, and there was no danger that Jonas would ruin himself by dissipation, for temptation to all indulgence was unheeded by him. Ambition, instead of love of selfish gratifications, was aroused; there was far more need for fear that *that* spirit would prove the destroyer!

* * * * *

The three years of study passed rapidly away, and how cheering were the tidings which, from time to time, reached his home in the country, and the loving hearts assembled there, of the studious habits and respectable progress of "dear Jonas!" Some of the country or village people had been to the city; they had seen how handsome and tall the young man had grown, how gentlemanly his address was—kindly he had greeted them, seeming so glad to see his rustic, homely friends, and the old folks' eyes glistened while the returned travellers went on to say how tenderly Jonas had asked after his father, and mother, and little Beckey, and the old grandparents—though the youth, by his frequent letters, had sufficiently proven to them all that he was far from forgetting them. But the best of all—yes, it was better to old Peleg and Nancy, his wife, than the thought of his beauty or affectionate remembrance, the knowledge that the son was coming up to their expectations in point of talent and—progress! Approving words the lawyers had spoken of him—the high repute in which he was held by the young men of business and steady habits—all this fell like balm on the dreaming old soul, Peleg; and he dreamed the faster, and he wished from his heart that he had now some better, or more serviceable homage or offering, to lay before his son Jonas than mere love; and while the father dreamed, the mother blessed her boy, and thought of his fine prospects, and prayed they might not be blasted; and the old "grandpa" hurra'd for the president; and Beckey—hoped that Jonas might be always happy, and not aspire too high.

There was a family altar in Mr. Ottley's house. There every morning the parents and the daughter met to yield their homage and best love to God! Stay, should I say that? Could He who will not receive homage that is not of the heart and undivided, could He have been satisfied with

the homage which they offered up? Why, they had no *idols*! Those smoke-stained images, which ever since Rebecca's childhood had stood on the little parlor-mantel, were not images of worship and gods! they did not bow down to senseless forms of wood or gold—they made no sacrifices to "stocks and stones!" they did not pretend to Boodhism, Samaism, or any other *such* ism—their minds were clear of superstition, they bent to and acknowledged but one Lord; the Head Homage most assuredly they gave, and the father, and grandfather, were deacons in the church, and had, for years, and always, acknowledged the eternal truth, "there is no God but God!" People, without any hesitation, called them good, consistent christians—and far be it from me to say that they were not—still I do wish I could say that they obeyed more implicitly, even than they did, that first commandment—they may have kept it to the letter, but as to the spirit, did they in truth have, and adore, "no God but God!"

Rebecca Ottley was a fair young girl, of pleasant countenance, amiable and loving, who lived more for others than herself, or rather found her highest enjoyment, her perfect happiness in living for others, and in exerting herself to secure their comfort and welfare—and such natures never fail to find even in their exertions an abundant reward.

Her education, though by no means so finished as was that of her brother, was good, and her mind had been improved, and refined, and enriched, by much reading. Vigorous, active, independant in the popular sense of the word, or strong-willed, Rebecca certainly was not—but she was a quiet, affectionate girl, who honored her parents, loved nature, and thought her Jonas a very king among men. Unsuspecting, cordial in her attachments, impressed with a firm belief that all people do to the very best of their ability—and, also, confident in the thought that there is much more of good in the world than people are for the most part disposed to acknowledge. Rebecca Ottley was as guileless, and estimable, and loveable a maiden, as one in this world of sin, and abundant corruption, will often chance to see.

It was no very great marvel then certainly, that a youth so susceptible as was William Mason, should think upon her with a little more than ordinary interest. And what of William Mason?

A very rich old gentleman, heartily sick and tired of the

"Unceasing toil and endeavor"

of a city life, had purchased a splendid farm adjoining Peleg Ottley's, and there with his wife and only child, the aforesaid William, had come to pass the remainder of his life.

An acquaintance was ere long formed between the practised and the amateur farmer, and of course between their children also, and before the first winter of their acquaintance was nearly ended, it became quite evident that a very intense kind of friendship had been contracted between Rebecca and William. But it must sure have been the attraction of dissimilarity which united these two, for William Mason was neither handsome, nor graceful, nor particularly amiable,

neither was the amount of his book learning by any means amazing—and one listening to the common places, which he usually made the vehicles for expressing his thoughts, would not have supposed the young man astonishingly eloquent. Nevertheless, (and all lovers, of the present or past tense, will understand what *that* means,) Rebecca Ottley loved her "chosen" sincerely and devotedly. Yes, in as full, ay, in a more full degree than scripture commandeth—better than father, or mother, or even brother—better, or even *as* she loved life, for through him existence was made to her a thousand times more beautiful. I would not by any means say that Rebecca on that account was a *weak* woman! but this I aver, that she, forgetful that she had eyes of her own, saw not, save through his visual organs—heard only with his ears, lived in his life—and the lover was just that sort of personage to whom such adoration is most acceptable.

In his estimation, "the beauty of wedded life is the dependance of the wife upon the husband," dependance, not only for the supply of all physical wants, but dependance also for the spiritual sustenance!

Oh, misery! if the wife find in a time of dire necessity, when wearied with a long march through the desert of life, that she has depended for refreshment and sustaining power on a broken cistern that holds no water!—oh, sorrow that "hath no name," if after long-continued hope she is constrained to lie down of exhaustion, and perish a very beggar, when she is forced to feel that the only source from whence she ever sought aid, proves to her utterly inadequate!

* * * *

William Mason and Rebecca Ottley were married.

Peleg and his wife remained at home alone—but, though both the lights had now gone from the old farm house, darkness was not there. The prosperity of their children was a great soother for the parents and a goodly comfort in their loneliness—for very much pleased were they with their young son-in-law; and the bright prospects each year improving and developing to their son, filled them with intense satisfaction.

Jonas Ottley also married. Not the little Lucy Smith whom he had always called his wife, in the days when he went with her and Rebecca to the district school, though Lucy was still unmarried, and working like a slave in the farm house where she lived with the childless people (who by the way, had quite forgotten that *they* were ever children,) who had adopted her in her infancy, when she was orphaned and homeless.

A city lady of high connexions, poor but beautiful, high-spirited, witty, wilful and brilliant, was the woman the young lawyer chose to share his rising fortunes. The course of Jonas was a *naturally* upward one—one that had few impediments. Already he had a name in the city he had made his home, for being studious, careful, and attentive in business habits—he had the confidence of the clients who employed him, and it was well placed—they had never occasion to regret it.

But with his success the young man's desire increased. The demands of fashion he paid little

heed to—yet he would fain have a fine establishment—a dazzling wife, and be able to give as noble entertainments as others. To do this, money, more than he had to lavish on such things, must be procured. Wealth of itself he set little value on; wealth as a means of advancement was quite another thing—and the labors of his profession began to have a two fold interest in the young man's eyes. Fame and riches! ah, talk not of Moloch! Gold to buy the homage of fools! Fame to purchase the honor of the world—and for these

"To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that he had, and was, for these—for naught!"

Oh, indeed, "*for naught!*"

Jonas was much changed since that day when he left his country home to study in the city. Constant endeavor, unceasing exertion, had chilled his heart and contracted its generous impulses—he had learned to look scornfully on the little humble joys of life. Week in and week out, he was constantly in his office plodding, or in the court room stirring all hearts by his eloquence, and influencing and swaying the opinions of men in cases where life and death were at issue. He had it in his power to mould the wills of determined men—to convince the stubborn, to subdue all who opposed themselves to him. Power by degrees usurped the place of love, strength gained the mastery over tenderness, and Jonas, the great advocate, became an ungenial husband and a stern (I had almost said tyrannical—cold, or forgetful, would be a better word here) father.

Agnes Outley was proud of her husband's reputation and great talents—but she did not make him the *idol* of her heart. Yet was she not saved from this sin because of her conviction of the moral wrong attending such kind of worship? Not because she would acknowledge no earthly god; but simply that he had cheated her heart in its freshness of being, of its rightful possession—and chilled her love, and stifled her devotional impulses towards him by his coldness—because he would not be the sunshine and glory of her spirit's life—because he had forced upon her the conviction there were things he sought after more than happiness—things that had no life and no worth indeed, save that the false imagination has given them.

The children of Jonas Outley never approached him with that confidence which constitutes the beauty and abiding strength of the union between parent and child.

As they grew up, they learned to seek in their mother a protector and shield when they had incensed their stern father, and she, as sadly wanting as they in the confidence which springs from mutual trust and affection, at last came to appear in their eyes as a shield and protector—a defender and also a hider of their faults and misdoings.

When they were suffering from their father's displeasure, the boys were furnished by her with money and consolation, for she commiserated them, and thought their punishment oftentimes heavier than was necessary or right. And when her son's demands became too frequent, or too great, as it is needless to say they speedily did,

there was a way in which they might speedily be silenced—by threatening an exposure of their extravagance to their father! And thus between fear for one parent, and almost disrespect for the leniency of the other, which were the natural consequences of such domestic government, the misery of that household was not far from its completion, for when such seeds are sown it needs no very far-seeing eye to tell what fruits will be borne of them!

When confidence, "the key-stone of the arch," is gone—when love, the sustaining pillar, is broken,—what ruin of domestic peace and happiness may not be looked for?

"May the Lord God have mercy" on all such households!

In his childhood the heart-affections of Jonas Outley had been as tender, and as free from all that tend to corrode or harden the heart, as had been his sister Rebecca's. But the parents had never thought to incite her to ambitious exertion—they had never thought of bidding her, as to all intents they had bidden him, to labor above all things for honor, and for wealth. She had been suffered to live chiefly for love—as a cherisher of the spirit's best affection—her heart had never been closed with unseemly haste against all that keeps alive in the soul that which is lofty, good, and true.

Mahometanism is preferable, perhaps, to Boodhism. The worship Rebecca gave her husband was not, it may be, so soul destroying as that her brother yielded up to his idols, and yet methinks—no matter what!

In the early part of his wedded life Jonas Outley had lost one son, the youngest of the three which had been born to him. The child was of uncommon mental and personal beauty—and his innocence and affectionateness of disposition, and quietness of manner, made the child the pet and delight of the whole household. When his spirits were unnerved by long and intense application to study and business, the father had been particularly gracious and attentive to this child, and had evinced for him more of paternal affection than for either of his elder children. This boy sickened and died. Jonas did not mourn over him with any extravagance of grief—nor deeply, as a poorer parent would have been apt to mourn the death of one among many. Some few tears he did shed, but he was ashamed of them, and no one ever heard him naming the little one with regret after his funeral day.

In the hour of bereavement, when the little fellow lay in his coffin, and the stately father, with face so composed and stern, gazed on him for the last time, the weeping mother would have gladly exchanged all the honors clinging to her husband's name for a sympathizing breast, a loving heart, from which to find comfort in her great affliction.

The two remaining children grew up to manhood talented, but with no idea of cultivating or improving their talents—dissolute and unprincipled. The mother became a leader of fashion, for she had never learned the meaning of domestic affection and happiness—and by the prominent position held by her husband she was forced into the gay world, where her womanly vanity, and an

innate love of display, were all aroused, and as it came to pass, that in her prime of life, there was not a woman in the great city so brilliant and charming as was the wife of Jonas Otley—and in spite of this (think of it ye who look with envious eyes upon “the idol of a crowd!”) Agnes, the admiration, the love, and the life of a polished circle, felt in her heart how that less than nothing worth was the homage paid her—and bitter, bitter, tears were those the lady wept over her children’s folly, and her husband’s coldness. On, it had been well for her then had she made *God* her god!

As they grew older, the young men set utterly at naught the counsel of their mother—they did not need it, they thought, for they had discovered other ways by which to obtain money than by begging of her. And her entreaties, and the brief rebuking words their father sometimes addressed to them, came to be alike disregarded.

But, in the midst of those parent’s honor, and of fashionable publicity, a woe, that had for many years been gathering its strength, fell upon them, and the fame that Jonas had acquired could not avert it, nor could the spirit, or grace, or beauty of Agnes Otley turn it aside. It did not come in the shape of death—that being the “common lot” of all born into the world, they could have endured, either coldly or patiently—it did not come in the shape of loss of fortune, that had not so deeply afflicted them, nor dismayed them, for neither the husband or wife were mercenary beings. They could have borne death or poverty better than dishonor, and it was dishonor that was in store for them, given through their eldest son!

He had rushed headlong into every dissipation and folly, and at last forged bills to a great amount on his father—not to pay his debts which were contracted every where, but to secure him the means to elope with a wife and a mother—an opera dancer, who, destitute of all refinement, or mental beauty, had won the fassinate admiration of the infatuated youth! It is said that “love is blind,” and that profound truth helps us amazingly in quieting our wonderment, on beholding the earthly consummation of *matches made in Heaven*—and it is a very useful truth in this instance also, for now having stated it in reference to Jonas Otley’s unfortunate eldest, you will not expect me to stop longer to tell you all about how the opera woman won him.

There was a sad scene in Mr. Otley’s beautiful dwelling, the night when the father, having discovered whose was the forgery upon him, and having ascertained beyond a doubt the shameful departure of his son, returned home to break the intelligence of the boy’s dishonor to his wife.

He found Agnes alone. She was just returned from the opera, and never seemed she so dazzlingly beautiful to her husband as on that night, and he wondered how he could have for so long forgotten that she was a splendid woman. Astonished at his early return, for it was very rarely that Jonas left his office till near midnight, his wife gladly welcomed him, and to amuse him, he seemed so gloomy, she entered into a gay description of the brilliant scene of amusement from which she was returned. But speedily was she

silenced by the cold, sharp voice of the husband, who exclaimed:

“For God’s sake, madam, cease! I have not come home to hear about such trash and stuff as that! I wonder if any woman ever had a thought in her head beside of dress and gait?”

“Perhaps,” replied his wife coldly, “if you had chosen to find out that at an earlier day your curiosity might have been easier gratified. I am not aware that you ever attempted to find anything to care for, or *love* in a woman! our married life certainly has not proved it!”

“Tell me then for what should man and woman live?” exclaimed the husband, for, bewildered by the shame fallen on his name which all his pride and wealth could not keep at bay, he began to suspect that neither he or his wife had learned to properly understand and comprehend life.

“I will tell you if you wish to know,” answered Mrs. Otley, “though it seems to me you have wisdom enough to reply to the question yourself, if you would. Man should not marry that he may have a settled home, that he may so secure his comfort, and then desert a wife utterly in every way save that the world would call deserting. He should not dare vow to love, honor and cherish, and then give only a fortune and a name—if he does so he will soon enough find for what, and to what, a woman of any spirit, by the necessities of her nature, is compelled to live. If you have wedded yourself so unreservedly as you know, and as I know you have, to business and fame, what is left to me? Do you think it satisfies me that you have performed with me the ceremonial of marriage? Am I content to be known as the partner of your good fortune—the keeper of your house, and as bearing your name? Am I to glory in a life, the sunlight of which is to come so coldly and in such a meager way through you? It seems to me that *you* should be the last to wonder that I have become, at my time of life, a leader of fashion, virtually mocking at youth, and love, and womanly duty, by my careless, senseless way of living! *You* should not be the one to express astonishment, that I do not cling closer and more devotedly to our home, when heaven knows beyond its beauty, and *that* wealth has made, it has not for me one attraction!”

The wife spoke nervously, and bitterly, for she felt that she had indeed been cheated of love, and all that constancy of wedded devotion in which her young heart was a most fervent believer, when she became Jonas Otley’s wife.

“Agnes,” said the husband at length, and the words he spoke came forth reluctantly, as though for the first time in many years (so at least it seemed to her,) awakened to a real interest and feeling for his wife. “Agnes, I did not come home to night, I have not spoken so to you, to arouse your anger; nor to offer or listen to abuse—and I must consider your words somewhat abusive—I came to tell you of disgrace that has befallen us—to speak words, the thought of whose truth burns my brain—oh, God! oh, God!”

In a moment she was beside him, all anger vanished from her face, and tears were in her eyes: “Forgive me, forgive me, that I have spoken so, and at such a time,” she said.

"Our boy Herbert—he has gone," murmured the father, as though he feared to hear the sound of his own words, "he has married one of the opera corps—one of the dancers—and has gone I cannot find where, and, Agnes, that is"—but he was speaking to one who heard no more what he was speaking than the sculptured images upon the mantel. Pale as death, for a moment she stood looking in terrible amazement on her husband, and then with a loud cry fell to the floor.

In more than one home, at that very moment, people were marveling at and extolling the wonderful beauty and superb dignity of that woman—they did not see her—no one save her alarmed husband saw her in her time of agony and humiliation—for that oldest boy, despite his wild folly and want of all parental respect, had been to the heart of the mother an idol—in her inmost soul she had worshipped him, and it had been the highest joy that had ever fallen to her superficial life, the power to dream of what he might, and perhaps yet would be! Her first born, her darling! she had

"——— Smoothed

His couch and sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his first whisper, when his voice from hers
Had learned soft utterance; pressed her lip to his
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!"

She had trusted much to the fancy that he would soon weary of the ignoble pleasure he sought. She believed, and prayed, that the high talents with which he was gifted, would soon press so heavily upon him that he would be forced to arouse, and exert, and employ them. She had consoled herself with the thought that he was not vicious, that the temptations which beguiled him would soon lose their power—she had dreamed that, if wild and gay, he was not evil-minded; but now he was dishonored and fled—and with a guilty companion! Ah, indeed, Death is not the only Iconoclast!

* * * * *

But the parents lived on through their grief and shame, and the time that elapsed might not be counted by years, when they had, to all outward appearance, totally forgotten the dreadful hour, when they, for the first time in their lives, heartily sympathized in their sorrows.

With redoubled ardor, *that he might forget his trouble*, Jonas Outley plunged into the mysteries of business, and won more of the fame, and applause, and honor, that is awarded ever to such consummate ability and "unceasing endeavor," as was his.

Socially and politically what high station he had now, but you who have looked with attentive eyes on the Drama of Life, will not ask if he was content therewith. I never yet heard any say "I have enough," save one, whose deeds every day of his life belied his words!

And now tell me—how much better than a heathen was Jonas Outley? Rather I will tell you just how much.

He was not barbarous—not a cannibal—did not make reverence to fish, or the sun, or the stars! He had surrounded himself with all the luxuries of life, and he exercised his mind, and by so doing

gained the applause and admiration of his generation!

Certainly, he would have been amazed had any dared to call him an idol worshipper—a heathen! He would have thought it an insult had one said to him, "thou art no believer in God!" And yet if faith shows itself by works (and we are told that without works faith is dead and avails not) what had he ever done to prove his belief in God, save by partaking at stated times the sacrament, and by participating once a week in the services of holy worship?

Verily the heathen are truer to their faith, and are more sincerely and honestly worshippers, than was he! He gave money to the poor—pray what did he know of charity? He professed faith in Jehovah, but he knew Him not. He had a hope, it was bounded by the good things, and the pride, and pomp of a vain world—he was wise, and of subtle thought, and a great reasoner, but yet centered his all on things which bore upon their surface, visible to his seeing eye, graven by the hand of God, "passing away!"

Of the remaining son, who was rapidly following in the footsteps of his brother, but little remains to be said. His history was a brief, but an awful one.

That he might be far removed from the temptations and beguilements which surrounded him in his city home, the father procured for him a lieutenancy in the navy, and, in a vessel bound for China, the young man went abroad.

The parents never beheld him again; for long before the years that were to elapse before his return had passed, the stern heart and the proud head of Jonas Outley was again bent in shame and agony, and the face of Agnes was withdrawn from the gay crowd, for the tidings came to them that the boy who only remained to them, in whom latterly they had suffered much of hope to centre, had, for a fearful crime in a foreign land, paid the death penalty!

Among strangers, where the authority of his father's name would not avail to save, in a moment of passion he had shed blood—and "by man must his blood be shed!"

It would seem that the father had been suffered to win power and fame only that he might be punished a hundred fold in such humiliation! Indeed, indeed, he had paid dear for all that he had attained in the eyes of the world, giving up the best years of his life to the drudgeries of a laborious profession—suffering the love of his heart from coldness to languish into death—sacrificing his parental duties to secure the triumph of a day! How purely selfish seemed to him, ay even to him, in the hour of that last great affliction, all his life-labor! Not a child left who would, when he was in his grave, perpetuate on earth the fame he had won!—not one in whose exertions at a later day, when the time for his own labor had gone by, he could live over again his early trials, conflicts and victories! Yes, he had paid dear—and he knew that he had robbed himself of happiness—defrauded himself of peace—suffered with open eyes to become a bankrupt in a court higher than any he had ever ruled in yet!

Agnes Outley never appeared again in that gay

world of fashion, where she had reigned and administered laws arbitrary as those of the Medes and Persians. The last household joy the wretched woman had counted upon as hers was removed—and with its removal the last connecting link, as it seemed, between herself and her husband was severed. And it was not a sorrow that had fallen on them, which they could endure “and be silent,” feeling that for some wise purpose heaven had afflicted and chastened them. Such sorrows bring always with them a God-sent consolation. When Jonas and Agnes Otley reflected on their misfortunes the doubt would haunt them, and torment them almost to madness—had they, in their pursuit of other things besides their children’s spiritual good, been the direct causes of their ruin? Had they *ever* been the parents they should have been? Had they not indeed totally unfitted them for manhood, and tempted them to folly, and to sin, by their own example?

Alas, for the parents who are forced to ask of themselves such questions, when the condemning answer their conscience forces will not avail for ever!

Would you ask of the still later manhood of Jonas Otley?

I have seen an old man, very, very old, though not because of the lapse of years since his natal-hour. He has not yet seen three-score and ten; but there are furrows on his cheek, and deep lines on his forehead, and his hair is white as snow. And I have heard that in his early youth that aged man gave the brightest promise to the future, for that he was *ambitious*, and gifted with a strong and powerful intellect—and how that in his manhood, older men looked reverently to him, and wise men prized him—how that his voice was potent in the halls of legislation, and that his legal fame went abroad over all the land. And of his wealth, they did not tell of that, for I could see his broad possessions, and I knew that men held for him the title deeds of estates immense; and towns and villages had been named with his name. It seemed a mystery when I looked on the faded eyes, and saw their meaningless glare. His lips would move incessantly as the servants led him through his beautiful grounds, but when the passer by would pause, he heard no sounds intelligible issuing from them—and it seemed so strange, for the voice of that man was like a clarion once, ringing out truths, and principles, that startled, and

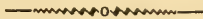
delighted, and amazed the multitude! And when I saw the childish look of terror, or of glee, aroused by the least occasion, and beheld again the almost brutish expression of indifference and dumbness, say, do you wonder that I found it hard to realize that he was yet scarcely past his prime of life, as that is reckoned by years? or that I almost doubted, when they told me, the glance of his eyes had been like fire falling on his adversaries, and that the bent figure had been noted for its majesty?

He was not near the age of that “old man eloquent,” who, when his hair was white, and his limbs grew weak, was still found laboring for the cause of civil freedom—who, while his voice was uplifted in the honored halls where its echoings had been so often heard, received even there his death summons—I say he was not nearly so old as that admirable, *great* old man, and yet one would have thought he had outlived a century!

And when I asked, seeing him always attended by menials, if the man had no wife or child, to care for him in his miserable condition, they told me that his lady had died of a broken heart—that she had been once beautiful as her husband was gifted—that she had been beloved by many, and by them who had but rarely looked on her lovely face, with a better love than her husband cherished for her—and when they spoke of her they wept over a life that proved so fearfully wretched, which might have been, but for the untowardness of *fate*, so gloriously happy. And of their children—alas! you need not to hear more of them—for you have heard it all, and you have seen what has been the doom of Jonas Otley!

Methinks it were a sight old Peleg might almost rouse from his grave to see—this miserable ending of the great hopes he dreamed, when his boy first started in life. At the time of his death, Jonas was in the height of his pride and prosperity, and the thought surely never entered his head, when with his dying breath he blessed his children, that ere many years should pass that son, in whom he gloried, would be reduced to a state of childish helplessness—his fine mind shattered—his race of honor to all intents fully run!

And of that other child Rebecca, she who made an idol of her love—have patience, and “another day” I’ll tell you what I heard, or—dreamed of her.



TO _____.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

THOUGH Absence fain would blunt the sharpened edge
Of Retrospection—vain and hopeless task !
And Distance rears 'twixt lovers hearts a hedge,
Whose lengthened leagues interminable bask
Upon the waters, seeming like the mask,
Whose hideous features hide bright Beauty's eye
Within the coarse grotesqueness of its casque,
Believe not that thy last, sad, farewell sigh
Is blotted from my thoughts by clouds of foreign sky.

Erstwhile there dwelt within my boyish heart,
A childish love which passing hours beguiled ;
Which daily seemed new pleasures to impart,
Taught me to smile where'er thy lip had smiled ;
Awoke stern 'manhood in the slender child,
And, when the fleeting years repose in night,
Sedately taming all that once grew wild,
My passion rose to that erratic height, [night.
That thou wert daylight's queen, and goddess of the

O glorious passion ! warmed and nursed to life,
Bringing man's heart thy joys and ills as dower,
Thy tenderest impulse ever crowned with strife,
Thy bliss exhuming deadliest hate each hour,
Thou combination of extremes in power,
Thou jewel set with gems of mental light,
They the bright leaves, and thou the priceless flower,
How glow thy beauties when the adverse night [site.
Leaves naught but thee and Hope to gild Misfortune's

Ye glowing hours that mark the trysting place
Of Youth and Manhood ! Ye are with me still !
Not years of deepest sorrow could efface
Thy tints Elysian though it were my will ;
In Love's climax, thy eminence the hill,
Where man, replete with architectural pride,
Erects his castles with consummate skill ;
When years the huge foundation stones have tried,
Joys, pleasures, sorrows, hopes, lay mingled side by side.

Oh ! could I hope one moment to recal
The shadows of the Past, and live once more
'Midst the routine of verdant feasts, and all
Those quiet walks by twilight on the shore,
And shady rides, whose loss I now deplore,
Could'st hear again the words I once did hear,
Or vie with thee in horticultural lore,
And pluck Clematis in the moonlight clear, [dear.
The hours would pass as swift as now the thought is

But no ! thy image lives save in the thought,
Thy form is mirrored now but in my dreams ;
Great ocean's dark concomitants have taught
My glimpse of thee must come when midnight gleams ;
And when, through latticed casement, moonlight streams

Athwart my couch, there glides a lovely face,
Whose lustrous eyes are lost in ambient beams,
Which, sparkling, play upon an earthly Grace,
Young Hebe with Diana joined in sweet embrace.

Luxurious South ! across resplendent fields
Incessant glides thy most voluptuous breeze ;
Thy every floweret sweetest perfume yields,
Then dallies gently with luxuriant trees,
Or, meandering swift 'mongst fragrant grasses, flees
Expiring 'neath the cocoa's spiral leaf ;
Thy youthful smiles would melt the hearts that freeze
In colder climes, and yet I own no grief
To bid farewell to friends with whom my joy was brief.

Where austere skies upraise a frigid front,
And dash their chilly winds on snowy ground,
Where ice-clad mountains bear the heaviest brunt
Of elemental warfare, which has crowned
Their summits with eternal snow, and bound
Their brows with wreaths of everlasting white ;
There seek I loving hearts wherein abound
Those pure exquisite tones of love whose light
Incarnates beauteous day, and bids me shun the night.

Once more I walk with thee the rocky strand
While 'neath us mighty ocean from repose
Lifts to and fro, as though to kiss thy hand,
Yet dar'st not soil the spot where Beauty grows ;
Thy radiant cheek in matchless color glows,
Thy lip the eloquence of love imparts,
Poesy thy eyes, thy voice the ardent prose,
Which to my soul as love impromptu darts,
And in my breast records the union of two hearts.

As wandering now beneath a sultry sun,
My thoughts tend homeward o'er the bounding main,
To thee whose youthful beauties early won
Chivalric hearts to worship in thy train,
Vouchsafe to grant my dedicatory strain
A welcome in thy breast, nor deem it wrong
That I should dare to soothe the pangs of pain,
Dissevered ties entail, and trusting long
To read thy sweet response to this my fervent song.

Farewell, farewell ! as yonder giant hill,
'Neath whose enormous shades I now indite,
May thy affection live secure, nor ill
Indoctrinate to mine precocious blight ;
When o'er thy couch depends serenest night,
Enshrouding hopes and joys in slumbers sweet,
May dreaming fancies teach thy curtailed sight,
That though no more midst flowery walks we meet,
Our souls may yet commune with purest love replete.

Panama, S. A., March, 1849.

A VISIT TO A MAN.

BY SIGMA.

READER—friend, we cannot furnish you a "Pulpit Sketch" this month. Circumstances which we could not control have prevented us. We struggled against the fates, but we struggled in vain. We know you will miss it, for we miss even an old post that has always stood faithfully in its place, but we trust that you will not gladly miss it, for we bear in mind the interest that attaches to the distinguished characters of whom we write. In lieu of the sketch we present an off-hand narrative of a visit to one who was graduated many years ago at Lane Theological Seminary, of which the distinguished and revered Dr. Lyman Beecher is the president. This keen scrutinizer of character has said of Theodore W., the hero of this story, that, without exception, he possessed more talent than any one who was ever graduated at Lane Seminary. We believe that he has never performed the professional duties of a clergyman, and of late he rarely addresses public audiences. When he does, his words are not forgotten. He is one of the few orators who entrance an audience; yet not so much by the charm of delivery as by the startling vigor and striking originality of the thoughts. He is now a farmer-recluse. The world has lost him. We are sorry for it, because, poor as the world is, it can ill afford to lose such noble integrity and such commanding talents. Perhaps he is one of those "of whom the world is not worthy;" and, perhaps, on the other hand, he has not borne with the frailties of mankind as becomes a reformer. We trust that the truthfulness of the description will atone for the tameness of the narration, and the "kernels of wheat," gathered from Mr. W.'s richly stored mind, for the "bushel of chaff."

"Are you aware that the once noted Theodore W. lives in this town?" asked a fair cousin, whom I was "cousining" a year or more since.

"Ah! is that true? I would like right well to see him," I replied.

"I wish you could. He is a strange, original, eccentric, genius. You doubtless know of his ultra, anti-slavery, opinions, but his mode of life is more ultra and *outré* than his opinions. It is said that he discards southern sugar and cotton cloth, and lives on bran bread and water, and, stranger than all, he never wears cap or hat, summer or winter, never attends church, and reads no book but the bible. So they say."

"Ah! that is the story which 'They say' is circulating. I feel a keener anxiety than ever to see him. I love to meet with these men whom the world ridicule. The world call them mad, but often times their madness is noble wisdom compared with the folly of the world. Oftentimes there is a grand independence, a high-toned integrity, a noble freedom of spirit—a grasp of intellect—which puts to the shame all worldly wisdom, and all this subserviency to the opinions of the mass. They are of that class of whom you

remember Longfellow speaks, as 'in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort and sickness, working right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes, toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much,' and at last have 'laid themselves down in the grave and slept the sleep of death—and the world *talks* of them while they sleep!' Yes, I must see Theodore W. I may gather much wisdom of him."

"But how are you to gain access to his castle? He lives in close seclusion—very few people see him."

"I think that can be accomplished. He is an intimate friend of my uncle, Professor M., and I feel confident will welcome me for his sake."

"But he lives two miles from here, and the horses and carriage are gone. How will you get there? Yes, I have it. If you will go, and report to me your visit, I will put on my hat and walk with you one mile."

"A capital proposal, and it's a bargain."

Hat, shawl, boots and overcoat, were in instant requisition, and in five minutes my fair escort and her protegee were under way.

Kind reader, are you in a critical mood? Are you saying, "A visit to a *man*! What a tame subject! As if men were such curiosities as to need description! I wonder at the admission of such trash in such an excellent magazine."

My criticising friend, bear with me a moment. Do not you enjoy, of a summer evening, when the "tea things" are removed, and the cool and fragrant air steals in at the open window along with the soft moonlight, to hear a gentle tap at the inside door, and have the cordial "come in" answered by the entrance of a sociable, good-looking, entertaining friend, who, with a bright face, buoyant step, and glad tone, says:

"Congratulate me on my rare good fortune. Mr. A. has been talking an hour with me. The generous man!"

"Excellent! I beg of you to sit by my side and tell me all about the conversation."

And your friend takes a seat, all so cozily, and the chat goes on so interestingly—on it goes till a sudden start is followed by—

"Tell me, what hour is it?"

"Only a little after ten."

"After ten! that is cruel—I ought not to have tarried over five minutes."

"I thank you for staying. How quickly the time has past! A delightful evening we have had."

Kind reader, imagine me such a friend, "sociable, good-looking, entertaining," or, if this is too great a stretch of fancy, please retain your hold of this good-looking, entertaining magazine, and read my simple story, which has no "moral" at the end, but, it may be, will suggest some good thoughts, and lead to a more comprehensive charity.

Where were we before this episode? Just starting out for our two miles walk. A splendid Newfoundland dog joined us at the door, in as high glee as ourselves; and as we trudged along on the frozen ground, he was jumping over fences and through hedges, scaring up any quantity of imaginary game. The promised mile was soon measured, and my entertaining guide, pointing far up the road to the place of my destination, said, "My part of the bargain is now done. Come, Rollo—my dog—beau me home."

But "Rollo" (ungallant dog!) declined any such thing. His curiosity was quite as excited as my own. He was evidently anxious to see a human being who eat bran bread, wore no caps, and read his bible—so close at my heels he kept till another mile was passed, and our desired haven loomed in sight. It was a fine old mansion, situated far back from the road, hid in a clump of evergreens—seeming quite hospitable, but rather exclusive. I confess to a little hesitation as I walked up the broad lawn; but I reasoned that a man who reads the Bible exclusively, cannot be very awful, even if he does discard caps and cotton cloth. So I ventured on, and knocked boldly at the door. A bright little fellow answered the summons.

"My boy, is Mr. W. at home?"

"Yes, sir, he is out in the yard, but you mustn't come in, sir."

"Why not, my little man?"

"Why sir—I'm sorry—but you have a large dog, and so have we, and I fear they will fight."

"Oh, very well, I will step around into the yard and find your father."

So, cruising on, I spied at last a man sitting down with his back towards me, and his face towards a cow, which was quietly chewing her cud. He was noble in his appearance, even when seated on a milking stool—the wind dallying with his whitened locks, as they clustered in natural ringlets over his large head and danced about his neck, for he "had no cap on," and it was a blustering winter's day. I knew it was Mr. W., and I said, "Mr. W., my name is Sigma. I am a nephew of Professor M., and I could not leave B. without seeing his friend, Theodore W."

He turned and displayed an open, noble, manly face, with a splendid forehead and a cordial hearty expression of feature.

"John M.—the most glorious fellow that ever lived! Mr. Sigma, I am very glad to see you—walk into the house. Prof. M.—a noble, whole-souled man. Come in, come in. You must see my wife and family. How lately have you heard from your uncle? He is one of the few men who won my whole heart, and my mind too—walk in, walk in—yes, sir, he stormed the citadel, and took it all—my esteem, love, admiration—the whole. I am glad to see you. How are you, sir?"

So he talked on, carrying his milk-pail in his hand to the house, and we went in. Was not that a greeting worth the while? I was ushered into the kitchen, which gradually developed into the nursery, dining-room, and finally into the parlor. My Newfoundland followed me, and was greeted by a low growl from under the table, the murmur that forebodes the storm. This my ani-

mal evidently considered an insult, and was about to challenge its author to a duel, when Mr. W. maintained the peace by ejecting the first party, leaving my Newfoundland undisputed possession of the house. This privilege he began instantly to improve by running under all the tables, plunging his head into all the door-ways, and finally making a bold push for the staircase, with the three children after him—all having a fine romp together. The animal, usually quiet and obedient, seemed to imbibe the very essence of freedom on coming into the house, and had evidently become an ultra abolitionist.

On entering, I was introduced to Mrs. W. and her sister. Belonging to one of the first families of South Carolina, receiving the severe and finished education which wealth, fashion, taste and talent united to bestow, they graced at one time the choicest, most polished society of the land.—And why have they left that brilliant circle, and turned away from their favored lot? Did fortune frown and poverty grow rampant? No. Did friends desert, or foul-mouthed slander injure? No. Did society and social excitement pall? No, none of these. Then why leave all, so bright and beautiful, for a position so humble and a life seemingly so undesirable? I answer, because of *principle*. They came to believe the form and fashion of society false; the laws of etiquette degrading; the demands of style oppressive; and so, with a noble honesty and independence, they resisted.—They declared their rights, and society excommunicated them. They preached high treason against her laws, and society banished them for life.—While we may smile at their eccentricities, and regret their exile and our loss, we cannot but honor their principle and perseverance. It is a great thing to break away from the fetters of fashion. If any one think not, let him try it. It is a great thing to follow on after the honest conviction of right and the dictates of untrammelled common sense, regardless of the outward appearance or the criticism of the world. If any one think not, let him try it. Ye who lounge on silk and damask, and whine about the trammels of society and the impositions of etiquette, try it. Break away from these trammels, and tread down these impositions, *if you dare*. These were the thoughts suggested by the portraits memory has just painted of those ladies, as they met me that afternoon. Fancy a female dressed in the severest simplicity that was even blended in imagination with the severest Puritan—a woolen frock, her garb—with plain waist and scanty skirt, swelled by no tournure, and graced by no artificial curves, with no rings on the hand, no bracelets on the wrist, no silver in the hair, no curls, or lace, or ribbons, utterly destitute of anything which might adorn or beautify—fancy such an one, and you will have the same picture before you which led me, a moment ago, to moralize. Yet they met me with a queenly grace and simplicity, nay, even with a slight *hauteur*, which "blood" alone makes natural, and education usually fails to imitate.

And when they spoke, their conversation made even a greater revelation than their manners. It possessed a finish, a delicacy, and an individuality as rare as it is attractive. Familiar with literature,

science and morals, they safely stand between pedantry and trash, the Scylla and Charybdis of conversation. They talked of books with the interest of authors, of politics with the familiarity of statesmen, of reformers with the earnestness of philanthropists, and of household matters with the practical tone of utilitarians. But to leave generals for particulars. We left the children romping with the dog, while Mr. W. was washing his hands; Mrs. W. forking up the potatoes for the evening meal; and her sister straining the milk—with it, and above it all, Mr. W. pouring out a crystal stream of thoughts, clear and sparkling, refreshing to the very soul. He was describing and analysing Prof. M.'s strong and complicated character. I listened in wonder at his nice and necessary distinctions, so clearly drawn; at his depth of scrutiny; at his command of language; at his genius in word painting. Let any one try to present the character of a friend, so that it shall be accurate and individual, and he will find what an Herculean task it is. And still that character he drew for me, so that it stood clear before me in its revealings and its contrasts, its light and shade, as a spire against the heavens.

In the meantime, while Mr. W. was enchanting me, and the children were riding on and romping with the dog, the ladies had completed the preparations for the evening meal. They had been few and brief—for there was no silver to set, no cake to bake, no tea to "draw." Their appearance of the table was, perhaps, in too fitting harmony with the appearance of the ladies.

But, if no plate glittered on it, bright faces beamed around it; genius sparkled instead of brilliants; and wit flowed in lieu of wine. Mr. W. cordially invited me to join them at the table, saying:

"We shall be very happy to have you sit at table with us, Mr. Sigma, if you can eat anything we have, for we live in true Graham style."

I replied that I had just dined, but I would join them in some fine apples I spied on the table. To this proposition the family politely responded, and I took the proffered seat. And verily they did live in "true Graham style." Not only was meat cashiered, but butter also. Yet, truly, I felt no pity when I saw fresh, thick yellow *cream* ladled out from a large bowl in the centre of the table. Slices of sweet brown bread received these luscious deposits, together with smoking mealy potatoes, nice Indian pudding, some preserved fruit, and superb cooked apples.

I wager their palates were tickled quite as bewitchingly as those of the epicures in sirloins, pastries and brandy peaches. They proceeded to describe their mode of life, and the influences which led them to adopt it. The leading motive was principle, if principle can be called a motive. They wished to obey the universal laws of nature rather than the evanescent laws of society—to follow nature rather than art—to be guided by the eternal principles of our being rather than by the caprices of fashion—to "obey God rather than man." This was their hope, their resolve, their honest purpose. Their sacrifices prove their sincerity; the result, *they* think, proves their wisdom. They have rigidly pursued this plan three years.

They have had perfect health and high sensitive enjoyment. They eat but two meals a day—deeming this the healthful course. I looked at the children with a woful expression, for I thought how the sports of childhood used to whet my appetite for many a lunch "between meals." Mr. W. guessed my thoughts, and quickly said:

"But these hearty rompers, who have been making such a noise, have their three and four meals a day, for they are *growing*." I was impressed with his liberal and charitable views.—"*We* live so, because we believe it and have found it to be the happiest, healthiest, truest way; but we would not compel others to our faith. But we *do* wish all would try it."

I introduced the name of Charles Stewart, the great English philanthropist, by saying:

"Mr. W., I want to know who Charles Stewart is?"

He replied, "It would take me a life time to tell you what Charles Stewart is, but I will tell you what Prof. M. said, when my wife asked him the same question—Who is Charles Stewart?" He paused a moment, and then reverently said: "Charles Stewart? Other men's virtues are human, Charles Stewart's are *divine*."

Mr. W. then went on to speak largely of Mr. Stewart, picturing graphically his perfect forgetfulness of self—his devotion to the good of others—and those the most humble and the most degraded. Worn out by his public life as a speaker, he is at present devoting himself to the most degraded and ignorant caste of the oppressed Irish, reading and explaining the Bible from hovel to hovel. The dialect spoken by the class on whom he is lavishing his noble powers is wholly unintelligible to the greater part of the Irish; and it was in view of the unequalled depth of their degradation, their isolation from humanity, and their utter destitution of all means of instruction, that Charles Stewart selected them as the objects of his devotion. The Bible has never been translated into their language, and hence he endured a most laborious study of its outlandish idioms, that he might impart to them the knowledge of salvation. Thus does he spend his time, day after day, in the humble, self-sacrificing toil of breaking the bread of life in mud cabins, and feeding with spiritual food these famished outcasts. He presents an example of Christian humility, of disregard of fame and fortune, of unreserved self-sacrifice, rarely equalled in its glorious excellence.

In the course of the conversation we came to speak of Coleridge. He said, "The secret of Mr. Coleridge's power is that he writes to his *own state of mind*." He proceeded to illustrate this thought by contrasting those who write from the irrepressible promptings of their own spirits, uttering to others the truth that is in them, because the richness of their own experience of it will not allow them to be silent, but they must share its good with others, and that other widely differing class, who always write with reference to the notions, or prejudices, of the recipient class, casting their thoughts in the mould of their audience, rather than letting it gush forth with the freedom of a strong and spontaneous nature. The truth should have "*free course to be glorified*."

"Let a man but look within," he said, "study the wants and necessities of his own inner being, and then let him think and write to meet these wants, and body forth these aspirations of his own, with no prudential reference to a supposed want of an audience, and, be sure, his words will tell. There will be minds in the same state, who will be fed by his thoughts, as by those of none other."

He was led by the subject to speak of different styles of writing of classes of men, of professions, going on and on, from one point to another, through the realm of thought, in the free unwearied style of a vigorous genius, as we may imagine a disembodied spirit to soar on untiring pinion from star to star in the boundlessness of space. We talked of education, and among the many good things he said, I recall these words: "A great many men go through what is called a liberal education; they find Greek, and find Latin, and find Mathematics, but they do not find themselves. It sometimes takes years to attain this, but, though it take years, persons had better wait, wait till they find themselves. It pains me to see so many men, as if on a Procrustes bed, cutting themselves off and stretching themselves out, to fit themselves for one of the 'three learned professions.' And above all it pains me, as I look over the country, to see so many ministers, of the profession but not in it."

I was led to say by his remarks, "Then you think that if a man will only be true to himself, faithful in cultivating his own individual mind and heart, God will give him a place to work in, without troublous searchings on his part."

He earnestly replied. "God, I believe to be a God of providence. You have seen carpenters frame a building on the ground, and sometimes, when they raise it and bring the parts together, the mortices and tenants do not match. But in God's great building, the universe, the *mortices and tenants all match*. Yes, if a man will only be really true to himself, find out what he truly is, work through to his living heart, and pick away the incrustations that ambition, and pride, and false society, have deposited about it; if he will only be willing to be where he ought to be, fill the place God made him for, and not be looking for some sunny corner, oh! he will find it! Providence will guide him to it—and it will be his 'sunny corner,' it will be to him the happiest spot, for it is his spot."

So he went on, pouring out the great thoughts, and clothing them in his luxuriant language. He surpassed any one in conversation I ever heard. There was a discriminating analysis, an overflowing of thought, a richness of illustration and aptness of words, that perfectly enchained the attention. I could have listened to him until morning. And he was so cordial, pleasant and unassuming in his manners—in his farmer's dress. He has a noble head and his eye flashes, and his open face beams with the fire of genius within. He gestures too quite a good deal—entering with his whole heart into the subject of conversation.

Alas! "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In the midst of this brilliant outpouring of his, the door was opened and in bounced his exiled dog. With one bound and a

deep bark he crossed the room, and in a moment the two animals had grappled in mortal combat. With breast to breast, and teeth to throat, in their furious plunges they swept the room. The children screamed and scampered, the ladies shrieked, chairs rolled in wild confusion, while the dogs bore down the united uproar by their outrageous howls. Mr. W. and I sprang for the animals, and succeeded, after some moments, in separating them. But it was a match for his strong arm to hold his dog, with his hand grasping his brass collar. And that dog lived on Graham diet! He had abstained from meat for one year and a half! When the uproar had ceased, we burst into a hearty laugh at the ludicrousness of the transaction, especially when we spied the cat, which had capped the climax by perching herself on the lofty pointed top of an old-fashioned clock, and was looking down in wild dismay.

Before I left he led me to his library, showing me books and portraits. Finally he took down "Festus," saying:

"There is a book I must lend you: with the exception of Shakspeare and Milton I think it the most wonderful book ever written in the English language. It is full of surpassing poetry."

By this time two hours had passed, and I was forced to leave. He shook my hand cordially, and said:

"Mr. Sigma, I am very happy to have seen you. When you write your uncle give him a deal of love from all of us. Come again and see us."

Reader—have you ever met with a man or with a book whose words flashed into your soul with a gleam of light, revealing your own spirit to yourself as it never was revealed before, disclosing deep recesses into which you had never gazed before, bringing up your past life dotted with imperfections and pouring over it a flood of penitence, and nerving you to a resolve for the future, which seemed to impart a strength to the will equal to conquering an un-Delilahed Samson, and a faith which "would remove mountains." Ah! yes you have, and you can sympathize with me as I wended my homeward way. I felt that I had been in the presence of a great man, and his shadow had sent healing and strength to my spirit as did the shadow of Peter, when it fell upon the sick of old, as he passed by. I felt that upon the "strength of that meat" I could go not "forty days" but forty years. Fresh vigor, strong faith, glad hope, bold resolve had taken hold of me. I had already done some work in this world, but there was more yet to do. I must gird up my loins for a longer march, and bind on my sword for a fiercer conflict. It was "heart within and God o'erhead" with me. I am not enthusiastic—some call me phlegmatic—and I am not writing extravagantly of the sensations inspired by that interview. I am talking to you, my friend, coolly and quietly. But those were strong words I heard that day—and though so long a time has passed since I heard them, the times are not "few and far between" that they ring in my ears. I think I shall always be a better, truer man for that visit. Trust in Providence will shed on me a warmer light, contempt of empty forms burn fiercer within

me, love of freedom grow stronger, zeal for the genuine and the real mount higher. There are few men in this world who so impel me onward. Perhaps Mr. W. would not have thus influenced another, but he did influence me. If he "provokes" others "to good works" as he did me, he is doing a great work in this world, a recluse though he be. For his Graham bread and two-meal system I care nothing; it is his earnestness, his conscientiousness, his independence, that I admire. People talk much of the responsibility which our influence brings upon us, and of our duty to maintain that influence unimpaired, and use it in an unbroken series; so they advise conformity to the world, that the world may esteem us, and cripple our independence by reminding us that we are to avoid all appearance of evil. But here is a man who goes right against all the fashions of the world, and sweeps away as gossamer every web with which society would entangle him; and yet it is not unlikely that few ministers in the land will have as large a reckoning of good

accomplished to show at the Judgment day as this isolated farmer. What shall we say to these things? The lesson taught is so plain that the wayfaring man need not err—do what you believe is right, and leave the consequences with God.

And more than this let us not be hasty in judging the eccentric. What we call folly *may* be wisdom, and what we call oddities may be the followings of nature. Remember that the laws of society are the "arts of man's devising," and they *may* be imperfect. Respect should be shown for the opinions of the world but not servility, regard but not subserviency, esteem but not adoration. Form your opinions with a scrutinizing analysis, and be sure that those who have formed different opinions with a like scrutiny, will no less respect yours and respect you. And above all let us cultivate that comprehensive charity, which "hopeth all things and thinketh no evil." There is sometimes much good in the reviled, and all perfections do not dwell with those who say, "stand by, I am holier than thou."

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOLLAR.

BY MRS. LUCIUS COOKE.

An eloquent young divine, in a thriving country village, had preached a beautiful and finished discourse from the words "Owe no man anything but to love one another." It was Monday, and he was leisurely walking up and down his pleasant parlor, and repeating now and then a favorite passage. His pretty young wife came into the room in her neat morning dress, and said, smilingly:

"You are a good preacher, but you do not always practice the doctrines you inculcate."

"Indeed, Helen," replied her husband, "I am not conscious of owing any man anything."

"That may be," returned the lady, playfully, "and yet you are in debt to a *woman*, even Mrs. Collins, who washes for us, and to whom I should be happy at this moment to take one dollar in payment of her demands."

The young husband cheerfully drew forth his silken purse, and placed in the hands of his lady, your humble servant, to command.

And truly I rejoiced to find myself clasped in the damp and shrivelled fingers of the laundress, for though I am cordially welcomed in all circles, I have met ever the warmest reception from the poor. Besides, Mrs. Collins was no ordinary woman. She had seen better days; that is to say, in her early life she had been pampered and petted, and amid the hot-house warmth of injudicious kindness the follies of her disposition sprang up like weeds, and almost choked the budding flowers of virtue. But then came reverses in long succession, losses and bereavement, and utter poverty, and these stern teachers, while they bowed

her to the dust of the earth, had also led her to look up with love and confidence to heaven. But they had almost taught her to distrust mankind. She loved her Creator, but she saw not his beautiful image in his creatures, and when she felt compelled to adopt her present humble occupation, it was with a feeling of stifled bitterness better imagined than described. Well saith the Book, "Is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man." With many kind words was I consigned to Mrs. Collins; no gift, indeed, but what is far more welcome to an upright nature, the just reward of honest toil.

"Ah, thou bright gleam of silver sunshine!" she warmly exclaimed; "full gladly would I keep thee to cheer my dark existence, but—" and her gushing poetry sank into very ordinary prose, as she looked downward at her tattered shoes, "I must guard against future head-aches in my long wet walks."

And, in accordance with her intentions, I was ere long shining in the hardened hand of the honest son of Crispin.

"Here, Mary," said he to his pretty niece, who sat patiently binding shoes by his side, "you have broken off one of your front teeth, and Dr. Forceps will replace it for a dollar, so away with you."

"Oh, thank you, uncle," said the dependant orphan, with a grateful smile, and she hastened to the dentist's office across the way. When she returned, her smile was sweeter and more natural, and, thanks to the operator's skill in anæsthetic

mysteries, the painful part of the process was entirely unperceived.

Dr. Forceps was a gentleman; that is, he wore broad-cloth and fine linen, and had plenty of money in his pockets. A dollar was of little consequence to him; so, after looking at me listlessly for some minutes, he sauntered into the parlor of his hostess, Mrs. Russell, and said:

"My dear madam, I had almost forgotten to pay for the china which poor Cæsar broke yesterday. The poor little fellow shall make not only apology but reparation."

And, placing me in the dog's mouth, he contrived to make him drop me at the lady's feet.—Mrs. Russell was a lady; *i. e.* she sported costly frivolities and affected to be indifferent to expense; so, though she did not quite refuse the money, she turned to her little daughter, and said:

"Cecilia, you were asking me for a birth-day gift. If you will stoop to pick up that piece of money, you can buy one for yourself."

"I shall not stoop mamma," said the fair child, and throwing herself with juvenile grace on the rich carpet, she began playing with the dog and dollar, in a way that argued no very exalted estimate of either. But little Cecilia had been reading in a book—not the broad volume of human life ever open before her, and which, in spite of its gilt edges and showy cover, would have taught her a far different lesson—but in some simple nursery rhyme of name untold—how good children are always kind and generous, and how they delighted to benefit their fellow creatures. Suddenly she started from her attitude of playful repose, and tying on her hat, ran off to bestow her treasure upon an object certainly needy, for she had often read in the newspapers that all his race were condemned to a living of ragged coats and empty pockets.

Tripping hastily through the narrow street, she soon knocked at the door of the printing office.

"Are you the editor?" she enquired of the man who opened the door.

"Yes, my little lady," he replied. "And what do you want with me?"

She put back the curls from her flushed cheeks, and looking at him with some misgivings, for his coat, though threadbare, was not ragged, (but then it might have been his Sunday one) she held out her little hand, and said timidly:

"I have often seen in the papers that you are in want of money; here is a dollar, which my mother gave me for my birth-day, it will buy playthings for your little boys and girls."

The editor smiled, and thanking her, hastily added: "I will pass it to your mother's credit on her account. It has been long unsettled."

Blushing and embarrassed, the poor girl slipped away, marvelling much that her childish enthusiasm had led her unwittingly to do an act more just than generous; when a fine boy came bounding up the street, and exclaimed, eagerly:

"Father, Mr. Crayon has just received some new books, and they are so beautiful! On Natural History, with colored plates, and only a dollar! Pray let me buy one before they are all sold."

The editor demurred.

"I have no m—" money he was about to say, but the quick eye of the boy detected the counter evidence just gliding into his pocket, and he failed not to remind his father that his last debt had just been paid.

"But, my boy, you soon tire of any book and throw it aside, you know."

"Yes, but I shall always remember what I have learned from it, and I can carry *that* with me wherever I go."

"Well, my son, remember when you grow tired of the book you must present it to little Cecilia Russell, for she denied herself to-day, to pay an old debt of her mother's."

This the boy readily promised, and hastened to the literary premises of Mr. Crayon.

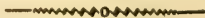
When he entered Mr. C. was saying: "I tell you, my dear, it is quite beyond my means. I have not taken a dollar to-day, and hardly expect to. Then here are these costly works just arrived. I shall not sell three of them in a month perhaps."

"Then you cannot spare me even a dollar for Holden's Magazine?"

"Not till I sell something equivalent, Fanny. You shall have the first dollar I take for any of these," glancing pettishly at the new arrivals.

Mrs. Crayon was no poet or artist, but she was one of those for whom artists and poets live—a being capable of appreciating the efforts of both. Her fine literary taste had been fostered by much early cultivation, but an humble marriage and its consequences had cramped her expanding powers. The narrow shop of her husband contained a meagre supply of cheap books and stationery, and no periodicals, and she was now pleading with her husband for at least *one* monthly gathering of literary manna; and, thanks to the prompt purchase of the printer's son, her wish was granted, and served to commence a series of agencies for standard works, which not only filled the pockets of Mr. Crayon, but gave him a far higher treasure in the cheerful contentment and ripening intellectual culture of his better half.

Reader, did you ever reflect on how much good a dollar may do? Only let it pass from hand to hand, here paying a debt, and there fulfilling a duty, and the course of the tiny silver stream is everywhere marked with refreshment and blessing.



BUSY THOUGHTS IN BROADWAY.

BY ENNA.

Now smile, ye initiated, as the title of my story strikes your eye; but let me tell you my home is in a quiet valley—where the sound of your bells and the rattle of your heavy carts are heard but once during the twelve turns of Time's wheel; what marvel, then, that a day spent in your busy city brings "busy thoughts."

The hour was early, but my friend determined that I should "make a day of it," and we sallied out upon our journey; a few rods brought us in front of a house of sadness—the mute symbol of grief, attached to the bell-knob, told its tale.—Death had stood upon the threshold, and was still in state, and there were the

"Pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony."

I have seen the muffled knocker and the soft tan bark spread before the home of the sick, and have felt instinctively the chill creep about my heart as it told me of the suffering patient, and the attenuated frame, the worn and weary nursing, and the still house; but *life* was there, and hope and her anchor rested by the sad couch; but here I beheld not the kindly expression of tender solicitude, but the dark token of despair. What loved form was laid in the cold embrace of death? Was it the reverend father? or the fond wife? or had the axe been laid to the tallest branch of that tree which emblemized the hopes of the happy family? What comfort can the passer give thee? May the hope which so kindly sustained thee have given place to the brighter sister of faith, and may her right arm be about thee and "her mouth speak wisdom unto thee."

Brief space must we give to the mourner. This surely is the house of feasting; the long array of dishes piled up, and choice fruits, and plate, and confectionary, show the master hath bidden guest; and the dodging of woolly heads, grown gray in the service of good living, reveals the truth; and yet, further, on the side table, in the basement, fairly exposed, a white smooth cape. Oh, it must be so; it is a wedding. Even now perchance the gay, happy creature is preparing those decorations which fit her for the bridal; even now her heart is swelling with that conflict which takes her from tried friends, to make her home among a new people; this day may see her severed from that protection which hath hung over her ever as a "banner of love;" and she is treading those rooms for the last time; the pleasant places will know her no more in her father's house, and she will place that hand in the hand of her lover, and her words will be, "Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people."

In my musing I had nearly stumbled over two squalid children, as they petitioned, "kind lady, my mother, and my father, and,—," but I could not catch the last word, for my companion, with a smile at my credulity, bade me withhold my

charity for worthier objects. Could it be then, that these little pale faces were growing up in those paths of wickedness and deceit, from which, when they grow old, they shall never depart? The fashionable ephemera had not at the early hour ventured forth to display their gaudy plumage, but men were hurrying to their daily cares, and house-maids were busy in drenching the steps and side walks—making the foot passenger uncomfortable, for a short moment's neatness—how different from those kindly dews, which nightly refreshen and brighten our green walks at home. Truly, New York is growing to be a city of churches—each year brings with it an additional architectural grace. Let us turn the eye inward and ask if the "living temple" of the great God is beautified with those columns of Faith, Justice and Charity? do we "learn to conform the order of our lives," in magnifying the grace of his perfections? hath the Son of God entered thy soul and "rebuked the unclean spirit?" If not, vain the boasted pageantry and "long drawn aisles," the pillared dome and pointed spire, they stand the monument of thy pride, and not thy glory.

We are nearing the room of the Art Union; shall we enter? Here there is a motley throng, nurses and little children, and groups of idlers, gazing, without price, upon fine specimens of art: the influence of this institution *must* exert a moral healthfulness upon our larger population. It pleases me to see the children, some of them too small to leave the arms of their nurses, attracted by the gay colors. Blair tells us, that the first rudiments of taste are discoverable in a child by its fondness for pictures, &c. Here, too, were the spirit pieces of the poet painter, the "Course of Life." Infancy dallying with the flowers on the unruffled stream of life, while the gentle hand directs the bark. Time has not, with his "cold wing," withered one little flowret on the velvet bank beside the stream, but, the straits of Infancy passed, the vessel is launched fully among the rapids, and the bold bearing of Youth bravely breasts the torrent, until rocks, and swollen waves, and torn limbs, proclaim his danger. Where, oh, where, is the guardian spirit—take courage tempest tossed and despairing mariner, thy life boat will brave the storm, and the good angel, with benign countenance, sees the port, and more carefully than the night sentinel she lists thy bidding, and draws thee onward towards light and love. My slight pen can feebly mirror the "painter's pencil." Gifted, but lost *Cole*, thou art, we hope, enjoying in brighter tints the grand original of thy beautiful conceptions.

In one of those huge leviathan land carriages we will roll through noise, and racket, and confusion, until we arrive at the Merchant's Palace, and enter at Stewart's. The large hall, and the upper galleries, are filled with fair faces—and bills are soon run up, involving half the year's support

of some salaried clerk, whose *ambitious wife* aims at the higher round of folly's ladder. No pen ever has, and none ever can, faithfully portray "the world we live in;" here, on these loaded shelves and broad counters, heavy with gorgeous drapery, and purple and fine linen, one side bearing the bridal vestment, and next to it the "mourner's covering," in one casement the lover's token, and in another the chilly ceremonies of the grave; colors, stolen from the earth, have dyed the fabric of the worm, and arrayed them in beauty greater than even the glory of Solomon; this superbly embroidered cape tells not the tale of the rush-light, and aching head, and weary fingers, which toiled while others slept, to earn the scanty food for famished nature; and this rich brocade bears not among its folds the sigh of the short-breathed consumptive laborer, as he plied the heavy machine to furnish the garment of pride, happy if it furnish the means to put a scanty covering to his own motherless babes—it were well *sometimes* to pause at the altar of worldliness, and feel that

"While the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade."

We are again on the favored side of Broad-

way, and countless throngs of forms and faces meet our view: a vast sea of troubled waves—some are happy—the young are always so—some might "awake our envy,"—but that we know—that there be those who smile and wear the arrow. Here, then, is the babe and the young maiden, the youth and the old man, the prince and beggar, all come like the spray of the ocean which covers the darker sea.

Bear with me yet a little, courteous reader. I will but speak of those hours now that are shrouded by darkness; but there is no darkness here, save that which shadows the heart from the sinfulness of man; and can it be that he who stands erect, bearing before God the impress of his image, can defile his fairest work? My soul was shocked by that tale which spoke, and yet words were not meretricious—apparel spoke louder than trumpet sounds the "living lost."

"Ah turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies,
She once perhaps in village plenty dressed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed,
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near the betrayer's door she lays her head."

TO ———, WITH A ROSARY.

BY CAROLINE C——.

I SEND thee love a sacred gift,
Of numbering o'er and o'er,
These beads, I've linked with thy dear name
Fond prayers that heavenward soar.
For thoughts of thee unseal my heart,
Its secret founts unlock,
And for Hope's bright flood leaps, as erst,
The stream from Horeb's rock!

I've pray'd o'er them long life to thee!
Long life my bright-eyed one—
Ay, though dark clouds may oftentimes flirt
Between thee and the sun.
And still I did not crave for thee,
Freedom from grief and care,
Though sorrows must perfect thy faith,
And faith forbids despair.

I have not asked thy sunlit dreams
May all prove brightly true,
I have not prayed, my love, that wealth,
And pride, may circle you!
Nor that the glorious promise given
Of beauty, true may be,
Such common gifts are all too poor,
Too poor my love for thee!

I know there's danger to the heart
Bound to the flashing eye,
I know that wealth brings in her hand
Dread woes that pass not by;

So when I thought upon thy youth,
Thy truth, and purity,
I cried, great God preserve her thus
Through time, for Heaven, for thee!

I ask not for the leaves of Fame,
To twine them in thy hair,
They could not make thy life more calm,
Thy brow more free from care.
Forgive! I prayed man ne'er might bend
In mad idolatry,
To kindle earth's fierce fires between
Heaven's holier light, and thee!

O'er every bead my heart besought—
"Give her, oh gracious Lord,
A soul-harp set apart to Thee,
With not one tuneless chord.
God! let thy perfect love be hers,
When from youth's dream she wakes,
Be Thou her guide through time's dark hours,
Till the glad morning breaks!"

Dear friend no superstition prompts
These prayers, this gift to thee;
To God alone I've raised my voice,
To Him bent down my knee!
Oft let thy gentle eyes glance o'er
These beads, this laden cross,
Remember love, thy picture that
Without which, life were loss!

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Sea Lions; or, The Lost Sealers. By J. Fenimore Cooper. 2 vols. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1849.

It is a long while since Mr. Cooper produced anything new; indeed, his first Indian Romance and his first Naval Story contain all that he has since put into his novels, which he produces alternately; now a tale of the ocean and now a tale of the forest; as his last novel was a tale of forest life, the present is, of course, a story of sea life. But, he has latterly so interwoven into his tales, whether of the ocean or the prairie, his moral theories in respect to religion and politics that they are, in this particular, very distinguishable from his earlier productions. The *Sea Lions* is more of a sermon than a romance. The preface is an old fashioned essay, like those of the last century on the unconsciousness of Divine favors, which would be creditable to a school boy, but, as the introduction to a romance, it is as much out of place as an imitation of one of Doctor Watt's hymns would be for an epilogue to a melo-drama. Mr. Cooper is a high tory in politics and a high churchman in religion, and he means that whoever reads his romances shall know it. We think that he would please his readers better and promote his own interests by serving up his theology and his fictions under separate covers. It is one of the strongest proofs of the charms of his narrative style that he can induce anybody to read one of his romances who has had warning of the doses of theology and politics which must necessarily be swallowed in the process of unravelling the thread of his story. Mr. Cooper is not one of the progressive school of thinkers, but belongs, on the contrary, to that extensive class of philosophers who maintain that the world had reached its ultimate of excellence just at that precise time when they first became acquainted with it. With Mr. Cooper's decided *penchant* for preaching it is really surprising that he does not give up novel writing and go into the pulpit. He has long since renounced his countrymen as hopelessly given over to radicalism in politics, and since he cannot hope to do them any good politically, there is nothing left for him but to preach to them on the more momentous subject of the future condition of their souls. As an instructor Mr. Cooper has been singularly unfortunate. On his return home from Europe he wrote a series of novels for the express purpose of drilling them in good manners, but as that attempt only gained him the ridicule of the whole country, and involved him in libel suits with half of the editors in the State, whom he prosecuted for not agreeing in his theories of social politeness; he then tried to make them conservatives in politics, and failing in that he has now undertaken to draw them all within the enclosures of the church of which he is himself a member, and which is, of course, the only true church. The particular theological motive of the *Sea Lions* appears to be to controvert the doctrines of Unitarianism.

From the preface we extract the following, which relates to that intrepid navigator, Sir John Franklin, whose fate has excited such a lively interest in all parts of the Christian world. We really don't comprehend what Mr. Cooper can be driving at in making a mystery of so common a physiological fact as that of descendants from the same stock bearing a family likeness. But, if Sir John Franklin bears a resemblance in features to our great philosopher, his namesake, the fact is very curious, for Doctor Franklin's features were those of his mother, and we knew dozens of his rela-

tives by the maternal side whose physiognomical resemblance to the portraits of Dr. Franklin is very marked. As for the Franklins, of whom there are at least four distinct families in New York, we have never yet known an instance in which one of them bore any likeness to the philosopher.—Mr. Cooper says:

"Such names as those of Parry, Sabine, Ross, Franklin, Wilkes, Hudson, Ringgold, &c., &c., with those of divers gallant Frenchmen and Russians, command our most profound respect; for no battles or victories can redound more to the credit of seamen than the dangers they all encountered, and the conquests they have all achieved. One of those named, a resolute and experienced seaman, it is thought must, at this moment, be locked in the frosts of the arctic circle, after having passed half a life in the endeavor to push his discoveries into those remote and frozen regions. He bears the name of the most distinguished of the philosophers of this country; and nature has stamped on his features—by one of those secret laws which just as much baffle our means of comprehension, as the greatest of all our mysteries, the incarnation of the Son of God—a resemblance that, of itself, would go to show that they are of the same race. Any one who has ever seen this imprisoned navigator, and who is familiar with the countenances of the men of the same name who are to be found in numbers amongst ourselves, must be struck with a likeness that lies as much beyond the grasp of that reason of which we are so proud, as the sublimest facts taught by induction, science, or revelation.—Parties are, at this moment, out in search of him and his followers; and it is to be hoped that the Providence which has so singularly tempered the different circles and zones of our globe, placing this under a burning sun, and that beneath enduring frosts, will have included in its divine forethought a sufficient care for these bold wanderers to restore them, unharmed, to their friends and country. In a contrary event, their names must be transmitted to posterity as the victims to a laudable desire to enlarge the circle of human knowledge, and with it, we trust, to increase the glory due to God."

The first chapter of the *Sea Lions* is Cooperish to an amusing degree; although but a short one, he contrives to cram those peculiar Cooperisms, to which we have long been accustomed by reading the first and concluding chapters of his romances; it contains, besides a brief history of Long Island, a particular description of Suffolk county, a growl at the railroad, because it is a modern improvement, a disquisition on Yankee pronunciation; a thrust at lay deacons, and a good hearty kick, full of blunt bitterness and sectional prejudice, at the New England character. The New Englanders are an innocent source of trouble to Mr. Cooper, who has no need of nursing his wrath against them to keep it warm, for it appears to be always at boiling point. The first chapter introduces us, besides, to three of the characters of the new story, namely, the schooner, *Deacon Pratt*, the mean Yankee, and Mary Pratt, of whom the author says, and he ought to know, "a less interested, or less selfish being never existed." There is one remarkable peculiarity in Mr. Cooper's stories—let the local habitation of his personages be where it may, he always bestows upon them the indigenous family names that belong to the spot; thus his hero now is Roswell Garner, a native of Suffolk, and tainted with Unitarianism, and the old sailor is Tom Daggett of Martha's Vineyard, the only place in the whole Union where that name flourishes.

The *Sea Lions*, let us premise, are not animals, but two schooners of that name, one of them hailing from Oyster Pond Point and the other from Holmes' Hole. Who but Mr. Cooper would have the courage to make two such craft the principal objects of interest in a two volume romance?

We extract the following passage, descriptive of a chase

after a whale, and also a comparison of the three finest harbors or bays in the world, viz : Naples, Constantinople and Rio Janeiro. We are exactly of Mr. Cooper's opinion that the Bay of Rio surpasses, in beauty and magnificence, all other ports of the earth :

"Roswell Gardiner felt as if he could breathe more freely when they had run the Summers Group fairly out of sight, and the last hummock had sunk into the waves of the west. He was now fairly quit of America, and hoped to see no more of it, until he made the well-known rock that points the way into that most magnificent of all the havens of the earth, the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Travellers dispute whether the palm ought to be given to this port, or to those of Naples and Constantinople. Each, certainly, has its particular claims to surpassing beauty, which ought to be kept in view in coming to a decision. Seen from its outside, with its minarets, and Golden Horn, and Bosphorus, Constantinople is, probably, the most glorious spot on earth. Ascend its mountains, and overlook the gulfs of Salerno and Gaeta, as well as its own waters, the *Campagna Felice* and the memorials of the past, all seen in the witchery of an Italian atmosphere, and the mind becomes perfectly satisfied that nothing equal is to be found elsewhere ; but enter the bay of Rio, and take the whole of the noble panorama in at a glance, and even the experienced traveller is staggered with the stupendous as well as bewitching character of the loveliness that meets his eye. Witchery is a charm that peculiarly belongs to Italy, as all must feel who have ever been brought within its influence ; but it is a witchery that is more or less shared by all regions of low latitudes.

"Our two Sea Lions met with no adventures worthy of record, until they got well to the southward of the equator. They had been unusually successful in getting through the calm latitudes ; and forty-six days from Montauk, they spoke a Sag Harbor whaler, homeward bound, that had come out from Rio only the preceding week, where she had been to dispose of her oil. By this ship, letters were sent home ; and as Gardiner could now tell the deacon that he should touch at Rio even before the time first anticipated, he believed that he should set the old man's heart at peace. A little occurrence that took place the very day they parted with the whaler, added to the pleasure this opportunity of communicating with the owner had afforded. As the schooners were moving on in company, about a cable's length asunder, Hazard saw a sudden and extraordinary movement on board the Vineyard Lion, as the men now named that vessel, to distinguish her from her consort.

"'Look out for a spout !' shouted the mate to Stimson, who happened to be on the foretopsail-yard at work, when this unexpected interruption to the quiet of the passage occurred. 'There is a man overboard from the other schooner, or they see a spout.'

"'A spout ! a spout !' shouted Stimson, in return ; 'and a spalm (sperm, or spermaceti, was meant) whale, in the bargain ! Here he is, sir, two pints on our weather beam.'

"This was enough. If any one has had the misfortune to be in a coach drawn by four horses, when a sudden fright starts them off at speed, he can form a pretty accurate notion of the movement that now took place on board of Deacon Pratt's craft. Every one seemed to spring into activity, as if a single will directed a common set of muscles. Those who were below literally 'tumbled up,' as seamen express it, and those who were aloft slid down to the deck like flashes of lightning. Captain Gardiner sprang out of his cabin, seemingly at a single bound ; at another, he was in the whale-boat that Hazard was in the very act of lowering into the water, as the schooner rounded-to. Perceiving himself anticipated here, the mate turned to the boat on the other quarter, and was in her, and in the water, almost as soon as his commanding officer.

"Although neither of the schooners was thoroughly fitted for a whaler, each had lines, lances, harpoons, &c., in readiness in their quarter-boats, prepared for any turn of luck like this which now offered. The process of paddling up to whales, which is now so common in the American ships, was then very little or not at all resorted to. It is said that the animals have got to be so shy, in consequence of being so much pursued, that the old mode of approaching them will not suffice, and that it now requires much more care and far more art to take one of these creatures, than it did thirty years since. On this part of the subject, we merely repeat what we hear, though we think we can see an advantage in the use of the paddle that is altogether independent of that of the greater quiet of that mode of forcing a boat ahead. He that paddles looks ahead, and the approach is more easily regulated, when the whole of the boat's crew are apprised, by means of their own senses, of the actual state of things, than when they attain their ideas of them

through the orders of an officer. The last must govern in all cases, but the men are prepared for them, when they can see what is going on, and will be more likely to act with promptitude and intelligence, and will be less liable to make mistakes.

"The four boats, two from each schooner, dropped into the water nearly about the same time. Daggett was at the steering-oar of one, as was Roswell at that of another. Hazard, and Macy, the chief mate of the Vineyard craft, were at the steering-oars of the two remaining boats. All pulled in the direction of the spot on the ocean where the spouts had been seen. It was the opinion of those who had been aloft, that there were several fish ; and it was certain that they were of the most valuable species, or the spermaceti, one barrel of the oil of which was worth about as much as the oil of three of the ordinary sort, or that of the right whale, supposing them all to yield the same quantity in number of barrels. The nature or species of the fish was easily enough determined by the spouts ; the right whale throwing up two high arched jets of water, while the spermaceti throws but a single, low, bushy one.

"It was not long ere the boats of the two captains came abreast of each other, and within speaking distance. A stern rivalry was now apparent in every countenance, the men pulling might and main, and without even a smile among them all. Every face was grave, earnest, and determined ; every arm strung to its utmost powers of exertion. The men rowed beautifully, being accustomed to the use of their long oars in rough water, and in ten minutes they were all fully a mile dead to windward of the two schooners.

"Few things give a more exalted idea of the courage and ingenuity of the human race than to see adventurers set forth, in a mere shell, on the troubled waters of the open ocean, to contend with and capture an animal of the size of the whale. The simple circumstance that the last is in its own element, while its assailants are compelled to approach it in such light and fragile conveyances, that, to the unpractised eye, it is sufficiently difficult to manage them amid the rolling waters, without seeking so powerful an enemy to contend with. But, little of all this did the crews of our four boats now think. They had before them the objects, or one of the objects, rather, of their adventure, and so long as that was the case, no other view but that of prevailing could rise before their eyes."

Mardi : and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville, 2 vols. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

If the author of Typee had not been a poet, he could never have worked up the exceedingly slight and common-place materials of which that work, and its companion Omoo were composed, in such a manner as to create the impression that they were purely works of the imagination. There is nothing in either volume which had not been many a time told before Mr. Melville put pen to paper, yet he has so imbued the matter of fact narrative of his Polynesian adventures with the charms of a poetic imagination, that they have the appearance of a romance. It was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the author's genius to doubt the truthfulness of his narrative, for the doubts did not arise from anything monstrous or improbable in his facts, but from the richness of his style, and the poetic beauty with which he invested every object that he described. *Mardi*, he says, was written to try the effect of a fiction on the minds of the incredulous public, and we have no doubt that they will be more ready to believe in its verity than in that of his simple story of Typee. The readers of the other volumes of Mr. Melville will discover a marked difference in the style of *Mardi*, which has evidently been written with more care and ambition ; but it abounds in the same traits of a generous and frolicsome nature, and is as graceful, pure and glowing. *Mardi* is a purely imaginary record of adventures in the Pacific, such as might well happen to a careless rover who cared only for freedom from restraint, and was disposed to make the best of the world. We make the following extracts from these elegant and most entertaining volumes, which will afford a favorable idea of the style in which they are written. It would be quite impossible, in the space

which we have allowed us, to make anything like an analysis of their contents:

ROVINGS ALOW AND ALOFT.

"Every one knows what a fascination there is in wandering up and down in a deserted old tenement in some warm, dreamy country; where the vacant halls seem echoing of silence, and the doors creak open like the footsteps of strangers; and into every window the old garden trees thrust their dark boughs, like the arms of night-burglars; and ever and anon the nails start from the wainscot; while behind it the mice rattle like dice. Up and down in such old spectre houses one loves to wander; and so much the more, if the place be haunted by some marvelous story.

"And during the drowsy stillness of the tropical sea-day, very much such a fancy had I, for prying about our little brigantine, whose tragic hall was haunted by the memory of the massacre, of which it still bore innumerable traces.

"And so far as the indulgence of quiet strolling and reverie was concerned, it was well nigh the same as if I were all by myself. For Samoa, for a time, was rather reserved, being occupied with thoughts of his own. And Annatoo seldom troubled me with her presence. She was taken up with her calicoes and jewelry; which I had permitted her to retain, to keep her in good humor if possible. And as for my royal old Viking, he was one of those individuals who seldom speak, unless personally addressed.

"Besides, all that by day was necessary to navigating the Parki was, that somebody should stand at the helm; the craft being so small, and the grating, whereon the steersman stood, so elevated, that he commanded a view far beyond the bowsprit; thus keeping Argus eyes on the sea, as he steered us along. In all other respects we left the brigantine to the guardianship of the gentle winds.

"My own turn at the helm—for, though commander, I felt constrained to do duty with the rest—came but once in the twenty-four hours. And not only did Jarl and Samoa, officiate as helmsmen, but also Dame Annatoo, who had become quite expert at the business. Though Jarl always maintained that there was a slight drawback upon her usefulness in this vocation. Too much taken up by her lovely image partially reflected in the glass of the lunette before her, Annatoo now and then neglected her duty, and led us some devious dances. Nor was she, I ween, the first woman that ever led men into zigzags.

"For the reasons above stated, I had many spare hours to myself. At times, I mounted aloft, and lounging in the slings of the topsail-yard—one of the many snug nooks in a ship's rigging—I gazed broad off upon the blue boundless sea, and wondered what they were doing in that unknown land, toward which we were fated to be borne. Or feeling less meditative, I roved about hither and thither: slipping over, by the stays, from one mast to the other; climbing up to the truck; or lounging out to the ends of the yards; exploring wherever there was a foothold. It was like climbing about in some mighty old oak, and resting in the crotches.

"To a sailor, a ship's ropes are a study. And to me, every rope-yarn of the Parki's was invested with interest.—The outlandish fashion of her shrouds, the collars of her stays, the stirrups, seizings, Flemish-horses, gaskets,—all the wilderness of her rigging, bore unequivocal traces of her origin.

"But, perhaps, my pleasantest hours were those which I spent, stretched out on a pile of old sails, in the fore-top; lazily dozing to the craft's light roll.

"Frequently, I descended to the cabin: for the fiftieth time, exploring the lockers and state rooms for some new object of curiosity. And often, with a glimmering light, I went into the midnight hold, as into old vaults and catacombs; and creeping between damp ranges of casks, penetrated into its farthest recesses.

"Sometimes, in these under-ground burrowings, I lighted upon sundry out-of-the-way hiding places of Annatoo's; where were snugly secreted divers articles, with which she had been smitten. In truth, no small portion of the hull seemed a mine of stolen goods, stolen out of its own bowels. I found a jauntily shore-cap of the captain's, hidden away in the hollow heart of a coil of rigging; covered over in a manner most touchingly natural, with a heap of old ropes; and near by, in a breaker, discovered several entire pieces of calico, heroically tied together with cords almost strong enough to sustain the mainmast.

"Near the stray light, which, when the hatch was removed, gleamed down into this part of the hold, was a huge ground-iron butt, headless as Charles the First. And herein was a mat nicely spread for repose; a discovery which accounted for what had often proved an enigma. Not seldom Annatoo had been among the missing; and though, from

stem to stern, loudly invoked to come forth and relieve the poignant distress of her anxious friends, the dame remained perdu; silent and invisible as a spirit. But in her own good time, she would mysteriously emerge; or be suddenly espied lounging quietly in the forecabin, as if she had been there from all eternity.

"Useless to inquire, 'Where hast thou been, sweet Annatoo?' For no sweet rejoinder would she give.

"But now the problem was solved. Here, in this silent cask in the hold, Annatoo was wont to coil herself away, like a garter-snake under a stone.

"Whether she thus stood sentry over her goods secreted round about; whether she here performed penance like a nun in her cell; or was moved to this unaccountable freak by the powers of the air; no one could tell. Can you?

"Verily, her ways were as the ways of the inscrutable penguins in building their inscrutable nests, which baffle all science, and make a fool of a sage.

"Marvelous Annatoo! who shall expound thee?"

XIPHUS PLATYPTERUS.

"About this time, the loneliness of our voyage was relieved by an event worth relating.

"Ever since leaving the Pearl Shell Islands, the Parki had been followed by shoals of small fish, pleasantly enlivening the sea, and socially swimming by her side. But in vain did Jarl and I search among their ranks for the little, steel-blue Pilot fish, so long outriders of the Chamois. But perhaps since the Chamois was now high and dry on the Parki's deck, our bright little avant-couriers were lurking out of sight, far down in the brine; racing along close to the keel.

"But it is not with the Pilot fish that we now have to do.

"One morning our attention was attracted to a mighty commotion in the water. The shoals of fish were darting hither and thither, and leaping into the air in the utmost affright. Samoa declared that their deadly foe, the Sword fish, must be after them.

"And here let me say, that, since of all the bullies, and braggarts, and bravos, and free-boaters, and Hectors, and fish-at-arms, and knight-errants, and moss-troopers, and assassins, and foot-pads, and gallant soldiers, and immortal heroes that swim the seas, the Indian Sword fish is by far the most remarkable, I propose to dedicate this chapter to a special description of the warrior. In doing which, I but follow the example of all chroniclers and historians, my Peloponnesian friend Thucydides and others, who are ever mindful of devoting much space to accounts of eminent destroyers; for the purpose, no doubt, of holding them up as examples to the world.

"Now, the fish here treated of is a very different creature from the Sword fish frequenting the Northern Atlantic; being much larger every way, and a more dashing varlet to boot. Furthermore, he is denominated the Indian Sword fish, in contradistinction from his namesake above mentioned. But by seamen in the Pacific, he is more commonly known as the Bill fish; while for those who love science and hard names, be it known, that among the erudite naturalists he goeth by the outlandish appellation of '*Xiphus Platypterus*.'

"But I waive for my hero all these his cognomens, and substitute a much better one of my own: namely, the Chevalier. And a Chevalier he is, by good right and title. A true gentleman of Black Prince Edward's bright day, when all gentlemen were known by their swords; whereas, in times present, the Sword fish excepted, they are mostly known by their high polished boots and rattans.

"A right valiant and jaunty Chevalier is our hero; going about with his long Toledo perpetually drawn. Rely upon it, he will fight you to the hilt, for his bony blade has never a scabbard. He himself sprang from it at birth; yea, at the very moment he leaped into the Battle of Life; as we mortals ourselves spring all naked and scabbardless into the world. Yet, rather, are we scabbards to our souls. And the drawn soul of genius is more glittering than the drawn cimeter of Saladin. But how many let their steel sleep, till it eat up the scabbard itself, and both corrode to rust-chips. Saw you ever the hillocks of old Spanish anchors, and anchor-stocks of ancient galleons, at the bottom of Callao Bay? The world is full of old Tower armoines, and dilapidated Venetian arsenals, and rusty old rapiers. But true warriors polish their good blades by the bright beams of the morning; and gird them on to their brave sirloins; and watch for rust spots as for foes; and by many stout thrusts and stoccados keep their metal-lustrous and keen, as the spears of the Northern Lights charging over Greenland.

"Fire from the flint is our Chevalier enraging. He takes umbrage at the cut of some ship's keel crossing his road; and straightway runs a tilt at it; with one mad lounge

thrusting his Andrea Ferrara clean through and through; not seldom breaking it short off at the haft, like a bravo leaving his poignard in the vitals of his foe.

"In the case of the English ship Foxhound, the blade penetrated through the most solid part of her hull, the bow; going completely through the copper plates and timbers, and showing for several inches in the hold. On the return of the ship to London, it was carefully sawn out; and, imbedded in the original wood, like a fossil, is still preserved. But this was a comparatively harmless onslaught of the valiant Chevalier. With the Rousseau, of Nantucket, it fared worse. She was almost mortally stabbed; her assailant withdrawing his blade. And it was only by keeping the pumps clanging, that she managed to swim into a Tahitian harbor, 'heave down,' and have her wound dressed by a ship-surgeon with tar and oakum. This ship I met with at sea, shortly after the disaster.

"At what armory our Chevalier equips himself after one of his spiteful tilting matches, it would not be easy to say. But very hard for him, if ever after he goes about in the lists, swordless and disarmed, at the mercy of any catfish shark he may meet.

"Now, seeing that our fellow-voyagers, the little fish alongside, were sorely tormented and thinned out by the incursions of a pertinacious Chevalier, bent upon making a hearty breakfast out of them, I determined to interfere in their behalf, and capture the enemy.

"With shark-hook and line I succeeded, and brought my brave gentleman to the deck. He made an emphatic landing; lashing the planks with his sinewy tail; while a yard and a half in advance of his eyes, reached forth his terrible blade.

"As victor, I was entitled to the arms of the vanquished; so, quickly dispatching him, and sawing off his Toledo, I bore it away for a trophy. It was three-sided, slightly concave on each, like a bayonet; and some three inches through at the base, it tapered from thence to a point.

"And though tempered not in Tagus or Gaudalquivir, it yet revealed upon its surface that wavy grain and watery fleckiness peculiar to tried blades of Spain. It was an aromatic sword; like the ancient caliph's, giving out a peculiar musky odor by friction. But far different from steel of Tagus or Damascus, it was inflexible as Crockett's rifle tube; no doubt, as deadly.

"Long hung that rapier over the head of my hammock. Was it not storied as the good trenchant blade of brave Bayard, that other chevalier? The knight's may have slain its scores, or fifties; but the weapon I preserved had, doubtless, run through and riddled its thousands."

The great defect of *Mardi* is the apparent want of motive in the composition; it is a difficult matter to guess at the aims of the author; if he had any satirical intentions, they are so cunningly covered up that we cannot discover them; there is no story to interest, but a dreamy kind of voluptuousness, and an ecstatic outbreak of abandoned animal impulse, seem to be the pervading peculiarities of the volumes; there are, also, affectations of style, and rhapsodical episodes, which puzzle the reader, and, after going all through the volumes, he at last lays them down with a wonder as to the author's meaning, and a bewildered feeling of having been in a dream. Perhaps this was the very object aimed at by Mr. Melville, and if so, he has been very successful. The following extract, from a long scene in which there is a drinking bout with five and twenty outlandish kings, is an instance of the wild hubbub which the author makes without any other apparent motive than merely to create a hallabaloo in the imagination of his reader:

"All hail, Marzilla! King's Own Royal Particular! A vinous Percy! Dating back to the Conquest! Distilled of yore from purple berries growing in the purple valley of Ar-dair! Thrice hail!

"But the imperial Marzilla was not for all; gods only could partake; the kings and demi-gods of the isles; excluding left-handed descendants of sad rakes of immortals, in old times breaking heads and hearts in *Mardi*, bequeathing bars-insister to many mortals, who now in vain might urge a claim to a cup full of right regal Marzilla.

"The Royal Particular was pressed upon me by the now jovial Donjalolo. With his own sceptred hand charging my flagon to the brim, he declared his despotic pleasure that I should quaff it off to the last lingering globule. No hard calamity, truly; for the drinking of this wine was as the singing of a mighty ode, or phrenicid lyric to the soul.

"'Drink, Taji,' cried Donjalolo 'drink deep. In this wine a king's heart is dissolved. Drink long; in this wine lurk the seeds of the life everlasting. Drink deep; drink long; thou drinkest wisdom and valor at every draught.—Drink for ever, oh Taji, for thou drinkest that which will enable thee to stand up and speak out before mighty Oro himself.

"'Borabolla,' he added, turning round upon a domed old king at his left, 'was it the god Xipho, who begged of my great-great-grandire a draught of this same wine, saying he was about to beget a hero?

"'Even so. Thy glorious Marzilla produced thrice valiant Ononna, who slew the giants of the reef.'

"'Ha, ha, hearst that, oh Taji?' And Donjalolo drained another cup.

"'Amazing! the flexibility of the royal elbow, and the rigidity of the royal spine! More especially as we had been impressed with a notion of their debility. But, sometimes, these seemingly enervated young blades approve themselves steadier of limb than veteran revellers of very long standing.

"'Discharge the basin, and refill it with wine,' cried Donjalolo. 'Break all empty gourds! Drink, kings, and dash your cups at every draught.'

"So saying, he started from his purple mat; and with one foot planted unknowingly upon the skull of Marjora; while all the skeletons grinned at him from the pavement; Donjalolo, holding on high his blood-red goblet, burst forth with the following invocation:

"Ha, ha, gods and kings; fill high, one and all;
Drink, drink! shout and drink! mad respond to the call!
Fill fast, and fill full; 'gainst the goblet ne'er sin;
Quaff, there, at high tide, to the uttermost rim:
Flood-tide and soul tide to the brim!

"Who with wine in him fears? who thinks of his cares?
Who sighs to be wise, when wine in him flares?
Water sinks down below, in currents full slow;
But wine mounts on high with its genial glow:
Welling up, till the brain overflow!

"As the spheres with a roll, some fiery of soul,
Others golden, with music, revolve round the pole
So let our cups, radiant with many-hued wines,
Round and round in groups circle, our Zodiac's signs:
Round reeling, and ringing their chimes!

"Then drink, gods and kings; wine merriment brings;
It bounds through the veins; there, jubilant sings.
Let it ebb, then, and flow; wine never grows dim;
Drain down that bright tide at the foam-beaded rim:
Fill up, every cup, to the brim!

"Caught by all present, the chorus resounded again and again. The beaded wine danced on many a beard; the cataract lifted higher its voice; the grotto sent back a shout; the ghosts of the coral monarchs seemed starting from their insulted bones. But ha, ha, ha, roared forth the five-and-twenty kings—alive, not dead—holding both hands to their girdles, and baying out their laughter from abysses; like Nimrod's hounds over some fallen elk.

"Mad and crazy revellers, how ye drank and roared! but kings no more: vestures loosed; and sceptres rolling on the ground.

"Glorious agrarian, thou wine! bringing all hearts on a level, and at last all legs to the earth; even those of kings, who, to do them justice, have been much maligned for imputed qualities not theirs. For whose has touched flagons with monarchs, bear they their back bones never so stiffly on the throne, well know the rascals to be at bottom royal good fellows; capable of a vinous frankness exceeding that of base-born men. Was not Alexander a boon companion? And daft Cambyzes? and what of old Rowley, as good a judge of wine and other matters, as ever sipped claret or kisses.

"If ever Taji joins a club, be it a beef-steak club of kings.

"Donjalolo emptied yet another cup.

"The mirth now blew a gale; like a ship's shrouds in the Typhoon, every tendon vibrated; the breezes of Omi came forth with a rush; the hangings shook; the goblets danced fandangos; and Donjalolo, clapping his hands, calling before him his dancing women.

"Forth came from the grotto a reed-like burst of song, making all start and look that way to behold such enchanting strains. Sounds heralding sights! Swimming in the air, emerged the nymphs, lustrous arms interlocked like Indian jugglers' glittering snakes. Round the cascade they thronged; then paused in its spray. Of a sudden, seemed to spring from its midst a young form of foam, that danced

into the soul like a thought. At last, snows floating off, it subsided into a grotto, a wave. Evening drawing on apace, the crimson draperies were lifted, and festooned to the arms of the idol-pillars, admitting the rosy light of the even.

"Yielding to the reaction of the banquet, the kings now reclined; and two mute damsels entered: one with a gourd of scented waters; the other with napkins. Bending over Donjalolo's steaming head, the first let fall a shower of aromatic drops, slowly absorbed by her companion. Thus, in turn, all were served; nothing heard but deep breathing.

"In a marble vase they now kindled some incense: a handful of spices.

"Shortly after, came three of the king's beautiful smokers; who, lighting their tubes at this odorous fire, blew over the company the sedative fumes of the Aina.

"Steeped in languor, I strove against it long; essayed to struggle out of the enchanted mist. But a syren hand seemed ever upon me, pressing me back.

"Half revealed, as in a dream, and the last sight that I saw, was Donjalolo—eyes closed, face pale, locks moist, borne slowly to his sedan, to cross the hollow, and wake in the seclusion of his harem."

A Book of the Hudson. By Geoffrey Crayon. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1849.

THIS is the Book of the Hudson, the one whose contents have already made that glorious river a classic stream and rendered thousands familiar with its majesty and beauty who would otherwise have never heard of its unmatched natural charms. Geoffrey Crayon is the good genius of the river, who has thrown a rich and mellow light into its woody gorges and quiet coves, and added a romantic interest to the lofty Kaatskills. It was a happy thought in the author to collect together all the legends he has written in connection with the Hudson, and put them in a volume by themselves. The publisher has done his part well by putting them in a very neat volume which can be slipped into the pocket by the traveller by land or water, and read in any possible position which leisure may bestow. The author exclaims, in an honest outburst of enthusiasm, rather unusual with him:

"I thank God that I was born on the banks of the Hudson. I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of youthful enthusiasm I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and, as it were, give it a soul. I delighted in its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity, and perfect truth. Here was no spacious, smiling surface, covering the shifting sand-bar and perfidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straight forward, or, if forced aside for once by opposing mountains, struggling bravely through them, and resuming its onward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open, and direct, or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon resumes his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

"The foregoing rhapsody formed part of a paper addressed, some years since, to the editor of a periodical work, introducing certain legends and traditions concerning the Hudson river, found among the papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker. That worthy and truthful historian was one of my earliest and most revered friends, and I owe many of the pleasant associations in my mind with this river to information derived in my youth from that venerable sage. The legends and traditions in existence have hitherto been published in a scattered state, in various miscellaneous works, and mixed up with other writings. It has recently occurred to me that it would be an acceptable homage to his venerated shade, to collect in one volume all that he has written

concerning the river which he loved so well. It occurred to me also that such a volume might form an agreeable and instructive handbook to all intelligent and inquiring travellers about to explore the wonders and beauties of the Hudson. To all such I heartily recommend it, with my best wishes for a pleasant voyage, whether by steamboat or railroad.

Human Life: Illustrated in my Individual Experience as a Child, a Youth, and a Man. By Henry Clarke Wright. Boston. 1849.

MR. WRIGHT is a remarkable man, but there is little that can be called remarkable in the record of his life as given by himself; and it strikes us that he has been rather premature in taking Time by the forelock to publish his autobiography. He is but fifty years of age, and being a progressive of the most active order, he may yet live another life, which will read oddly compared with the past. But it is not for us to look a gift horse in the mouth. When a man voluntarily gives his secret history to the world, it is the part of the world to receive it gratefully. Every man should be allowed to know best whether there is anything in him, or concerning him, which the world will be the wiser or better for knowing; and as Mr. Wright is one of those sincere persons who act up to the dictates of their consciences, it is to be presumed that he was induced by honest convictions of duty to publish his individual experiences. There is much that is profitable, and not a little that is merely amusing, while there is hardly anything that is positively objectionable, except on the score of good taste, in these personal gossipings. Mr. Wright informs us that he was born, or rather that he "began to be," in Sharon, County of Litchfield, State of Connecticut, August 29, 1797. When he was four years of age his father moved into the wilderness of Western New York and lived on a farm; here Henry worked as most lads do under similar circumstances, he tended babies, helped to do the work of the family, milked cows, took care of the cattle, and performed his part in cultivating the farm. The record of his boyish life is written in a style of easy simplicity and frankness which reminds us strongly of Cobbet; it is the pleasantest and most profitable part of the volume and forms as characteristic a picture of American country life as we have ever read. Our author worked on the farm until he was old enough to learn a trade, when he was apprenticed to a hatter; at the age of seventeen he experienced religion, and afterwards studied Latin and Greek with a view to becoming a minister; in due time he entered the Theological Seminary at Andova, was ordained a minister, and preached to a congregation in Massachusetts seven years. But he was not a man to remain long in the bonds of the regular ministry, and soon became a "come outer," and a reformer of the extremest school. He is an advocate of the largest conceivable liberty and a non-resistant of the meekest order. Mr. Wright has travelled much in England and is well known to the reformers of Great Britain, not only from his personal labors among them, but by a memoir of him which was written by one of the Howitts and published in their Journal. Interspersed through his volume in a promiscuous manner are divers letters written to William Lloyd Garrison, which are a blemish upon the book, although well enough in themselves, because they violently interrupt the flow of the narrative. Mr. Wright is, undoubtedly, a very zealous reformer and a man of strict integrity, but he has been guilty of some extravagances, such as his pamphlet attempting to prove that General Taylor was no better than a mercenary assassin, which we can hardly understand how a sane and honest man could commit. The following extract from his book, which shows how he was converted to tee

totalism, might serve to remind him that men may innocently do wrong, and should, therefore, teach him to have charity for the ignorant sins of others, as it will serve as an example of the style in which his autobiography is written:

"In this state of mind, the temperance movement first became a subject of attention. I had heard of it before I was ordained, but had given little attention to it, being confined to study in my cloister, rather than in society. Study, rather than practical reform, I had considered my duty and calling. About 1828, strenuous efforts were making to do away drunkenness. I had heard and read of these efforts; and they were often topics of remark in our Association—Rev. G. B. P., of Bradford, being one of the first and foremost leaders in the cause, and a leading man in the Association. About that time, Rev. Dr. Hewitt was lecturing on the subject, with great effect. Newspapers, religious and political, commended the movement. I thought well of it, but did not think it to be my calling, as a minister, to give attention to it, and take part in any public agitation of the question. I felt, as most ministers did then and do now feel, that my great business was to perform divine service on Sunday. I now see this to be an erroneous impression. But the temperance movement was unexpectedly thrust upon my attention.

"The Ministerial Association met at my house in West Newbury. We spent the forenoon reading and commenting on our Hebrew and Greek lesson—most of the members of the Association being present. Mrs. W. prepared a dinner in her usual way for company, considering brandy and wine a necessary part of hospitality, as they were then generally considered. She had been trained to this from childhood in her father's family, and had no idea of setting a dinner table for company without spirits of some kind; and she kept on her sideboard a large supply of decanters and wine-glasses.

"The Association dinner was ready, and we were called to eat it; Rev. G. B. P. being the Moderator on that occasion. We all entered the dining room. There was the table, covered with good and wholesome food; and on one end was a decanter of brandy, and on the other, a decanter of wine. A blessing was asked; for in those days a divine blessing was asked on brandy, wine and rum, as well as upon wholesome food. We sat down to table, the Moderator, G. B. P., at my left hand. As I was carving, he said, according to our customary mode of address—'Brother Wright, the Association has voted not to have ardent spirit on the table at our dinners, when we meet together. I would like you to take it off.' The others joined in the same request. I thought the Moderator of the Association had no right to interfere with the setting of my dinner table, and that the interference savored a little of impertinent dictation in matters which, I then thought, in no way concerned them. It was optional with them to drink or let it alone; but I did not see that they, as an Association, had any right to say what I should or should not have on my table. I answered accordingly, and said—'I know not what the Association has voted, nor should I heed it if I did, unless I saw reasons aside from their mere vote for complying. I do not see reasons for complying now. The brandy and wine are on the table, and there they will remain; though, of course, those who do not wish, will not be expected to partake of them.' This settled the matter at once; the brandy and wine remained, but not one partook of either.

"As the Association broke up and separated, G. B. P. called me one side, and in his mild, kind, but plain and direct manner, said—'Brother Wright, you will think better of our vote to exclude ardent spirits from our dinners, when you better understand the reasons for it.' 'And what are they?' I asked. 'Inquire,' said he, 'into the state of our churches and towns in reference to drunkenness; look into the condition of your own town and parish; and I am sure you will find a justification of our vote, and a good reason for abiding by it, in all our future meetings.' I said, 'I will examine the subject, and if I find reason for it, I will heartily help to carry out the vote, and to promote the temperance cause. I already feel quite dissatisfied with my conduct at the table.'

"I kept my promise, and the result was, the formation of a total abstinence society in the place. A change came over the people; the drinking custom, to a good extent, was abandoned, and the labor of farmers and mechanics was performed without intoxicating drinks."

Layard's Nineveh and its Remains. 2d vol. G. P. Putnam. New York.

THE second volume of this great work has been published by Mr. Putnam in a style to correspond with the first, of

which we have already given a notice in our Review of last month. The second volume is even more interesting than the first, and it is illustrated with a great number of cuts and diagrams. We extract the following interesting observation on

ASSYRIAN PALACES.

"The interior of the Assyrian palaces must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have let the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings.—He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colors.—Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in colored borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colors.

"The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

"The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures were seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted vivid colors, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

"These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served, at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.

"It would appear that the events recorded in the buildings hitherto examined, apply only to the kings who founded them. Thus, in the earliest palace of Nimrod, we find one name constantly repeated; the same at Kouyanjik and Khorsabad. In some edifices, as at Kouyanjik, each chamber is reserved for some particular historical incident; thus, on the walls of one, we find the conquest of a people residing on the banks of two rivers, clothed with groves of palms, the trees and rivers being repeated in almost every bas-relief. On those of a second is represented a country watered by one river, and thickly wooded with the oak or some other tree. In the bas-reliefs of a third we have lofty mountains, their summits covered with firs, and their sides with oaks and vines. In every chamber the scene appears to be different.

"It was customary in the later Assyrian monuments to write, over the sculptured representation of a captured city, its name, always preceded by a determinative letter or sign.

Short inscriptions were also generally placed above the head of the king in the palace at Kouyunjik, preceded by some words apparently signifying "this is," and followed by others giving his name and title. "The whole legend probably ran, 'This is such an one (the name,) the king of the country of Assyria.' At Khorsabad similar short inscriptions are frequently found above less important figures, or upon their robes; a practice which, it has been seen, prevailed afterwards among the Persians. I may observe, that in the earliest palace of Nimrod, such descriptive notices have never been found introduced into the bas-reliefs.

"Were these magnificent mansions, palaces, or temples? or, whilst the king combined the character of a temporal ruler with that of a high priest or type of the religion of the people, did his residence unite the palace, the temple, and a national monument raised to perpetuate the triumphs and conquests of the nation? These are questions which cannot yet be satisfactorily answered. We can only judge by analogy. The religious character of the king is evident from a very casual examination of the sculptures. The priests or presiding deities (whichever the winged figures so frequently found on the Assyrian monuments may be) are represented as waiting upon, or ministering to him; above his head are the emblems of the divinity—the winged figure within the circle, the sun, the moon, and the planets. As in Egypt, he may have been regarded as the representative, on earth, of the deity; receiving his power directly from the gods, and the organ of communication between them and his subjects. All the edifices hitherto discovered in Assyria, have precisely the same character; so that we have most probably the palace and temple combined; for in them the deeds of the king, and of the nation, are united with religious symbols, and with the statues of the gods.

"Of the exterior architecture of these edifices, no traces remain. I examined as carefully as I was able the sides of the great mound at Nimrod, and of other ruins in Assyria; but there were no fragments of sculptured blocks, cornices, columns, or other architectural ornaments, to afford any clue to the nature of the façade. It is probable that as the building was raised on a lofty platform, and was conspicuous from all parts of the surrounding country, its exterior walls were either cased with sculptured slabs or painted. This mode of decorating public buildings appears to have prevailed in Assyria. On the outside of the principal palace of Babylon, built by Semiramis, were painted, on bricks, men and animals; even on the towers were hunting scenes, in which were distinguished Semiramis herself on horseback, throwing a javelin at a panther, and Ninus slaying a lion with his lance. The walls of Ecbatana, according to Herodotus, were also painted in different colors. The largest of these walls (there were seven round the city) was white, the next was black, the third purple, the fourth blue, the fifth orange. The two inner walls were differently ornamented, one having its battlements plated with silver, the other with gold. At Khorsabad a series of alabaster slabs, on which were represented gigantic figures bearing tribute, appeared to M. Porta to be an outer wall, as there were no remains of building beyond it. It is possible that the sculptures on the edge of the ravine in the north-west palace of Nimrod, also apparently captives bearing tribute, may have formed part of the north façade of the building, opening upon a flight of steps, or upon a road leading from the river to the great hall.

"We may conjecture, therefore, that the outer walls, like the inner, were cased with sculptured slabs below, and painted with figures of animals and other devices above; and thus ornamented, in the clear atmosphere of Assyria, their appearance would be far from unpleasing to the eye. They were probably protected by a projecting roof; and, in a dry climate, they would not quickly suffer injury from mere exposure to the air. The total disappearance of the alabaster slabs may be easily accounted for by their position. They would probably have remained outside the building, when the interior was buried; or they may have fallen to the foot of the mound, where they soon perished, or where they may perhaps still exist under the accumulated rubbish."

Astoria; or, Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1849.

WHEN this work was first published the world had not been flooded with volumes of Rocky Mountain adventure, and of Life in the Far West, as it has since been; but, even amid the many works of a similar character with which the American press teems, the *Astoria* of Irving is still fresh, instructive and entertaining, and the wild life of adventure and commercial enterprise, of which it is a record, is still

an exciting theme. *Astoria* forms Vol. VIII of the complete works of the author, published by Putnam, and is, in all external respects, like the volumes that have preceded it.

Confidential Disclosures; or, Memoirs of my Youth. By Alphonse De Lamartine. Translated from the French by Eugene Plunkett. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

Memoirs of my Youth. By A. De Lamartine. New York. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

We have here two versions of the same book published simultaneously but in different styles, the Harpers' edition being a cheap one, while that of the Appletons is published in the ordinarily neat style in which they issue works of this class. These "Notes," as the author calls them, were published in the *Fenilleton* of the *Presse*, a Paris newspaper, and the author apologizes for thus exposing the tender fibres of his heart, as he calls his confidential disclosures, to the touch of the rude world, on the score of poverty, and a desire to save his estate of Milley from being sold by the auctioneer. The motive would have been a sufficient apology even if the confidences had been of a more strictly private character than they are; but they contain nothing which the poet-statesman need fear to expose to the world, even in that "base coin of books," the *Fenilleton*. M. de Lamartine is the most poetical of prose writers, and the memoir of his youth appears like a sentimental romance when compared with the autobiographies of other authors. His whole history has been a romance, but the most startling portion of it has been passed since *Les Confidences* were written.—He will have a strange story to tell of his life if he should write a memoir of his mature years as he has done of his youth.

Guide to the Temple of Time and Universal History of Schools. By Emma Willard. New York. A. S. Barnes. 1849.

We have not been able to form an opinion as to the philosophical truth of the system of teaching history adopted by Mrs. Willard in this neatly printed book. She is an experienced teacher, and the success of her other school books should be a presumptive guarantee of the merits of this. So far as we have examined it, the principle upon which it is framed appears to us to be a good one.

Agnes Morris; or, the Heroine of Domestic Life. New York. Harper and Brothers. 1849.

It is a pleasure, among the multitude of re-publications of English, French and German books with which we are overrun, to come across a copy-right work which has an odor of originality about it; but the pleasure would be greatly enhanced if the work possessed some strong characteristic American points. *Agnes Morris* is a small novel of domestic American life, from the pen of a beginner in literature, we should judge from the style. It should be called the Hero of domestic life and not the Heroine, for the chief personage is one of those real heroes, a good man who patiently endures the curse of a petulant, selfish, exacting and jealous wife. There is no heroism to equal this, because it demands a spirit of forbearance and a willingness to endure suffering without hope, and all in obedience to a marriage vow. If there is a spectacle on earth to make angels weep it is that of a good man thus circumstanced. The author, whether man or woman, of *Agnes Morris* has felt the ills of such a state, for the imagination could form no such picture of "real distress" as this:

"Mr. Morris had no conception of his own sufferings.—He had no notion how much he endured with his wife. His sacrifices of his social feelings were really immense, but he

did not know it. He compensated himself for these million acts of Christian self-denial, by doing a great deal of work, and very wisely bestowing a great deal of charity. He held himself aloof from his most estimable female friends, simply because they were women. He always shook hands with a lady as if it were an act of doubtful morality, and once only had he taken Miss Abbott's hand, and then he dropped it quickly, as though it had been a piece of red hot iron; and yet they had been acquainted, some said very intimate friends, a good while since. But with all his care he could not satisfy Mrs. Morris. She seemed to have an ever-present consciousness that she had no business with her husband, and that he belonged to every body else, a good deal more than he did to her. But this fact never entered into his consciousness. It was enough for him that the law pronounced her his wife, and that she was the mother of his child, his darling Agnes, and he had a constant regret that all he did, and all he did not do, failed to make his wife happy. He even seemed to think, that if Mrs. M. could be happy, he should be very happy."

There are a good many well drawn domestic scenes in Agnes Morris, and the story is a pleasant one.

The Good and the Bad in the Roman Catholic Church: Is that Church to be Destroyed or Reformed? A Letter from Rome. By Rev. H. M. Field. 12mo. New York. G. P. Putnam.

THE motive of this address is very remarkable considering that it emanates from a Presbyterian preacher, who belongs to a religious sect that has denounced the Romish Church without stint, and in exposing its errors has never awarded it any virtues. Mr. Field is more catholic than his class generally are, and he has shown a praiseworthy degree of moral courage in attempting to tone the bitterness of feeling which has heretofore existed against the Romish church into a more generous and forgiving spirit. There is, undoubtedly, much that is good in the Romish church, but that is not the question to be decided by disinterested judges; the question for the world is, whether or not the good of that church is a sufficient compensation for the bad, which also, beyond denial, exists in it. Mr. Field says:

"I feel alternately admiration and disgust for the Roman Catholic Church. And if any man tells me that this is inconsistent, I answer that it is this very inconsistency which is alone consistent with truth. Human institutions are not wholly good or wholly bad. And he who praises or blames without discrimination is sure to be wrong.

"Protestants generally will not admit that there is any thing good in the Roman Church. They can never look at the Romish dogmas and worship as a Catholic does, even long enough to judge of them. To do so would almost require a transmigration of souls. I have tried to lay aside this prejudice as far as possible, and to look around with an impartial eye. I see enough of evil in this poor world to make me willing to recognize the least appearances of good.

"The Holy Week is just past. This is the season of the year at which the Catholic Church fixes the date of our Lord's death, and puts in requisition all the pomp of its ceremonies to celebrate his last week on earth, from his entry into Jerusalem to his death and resurrection. The idea is a beautiful one, of recalling at a fixed anniversary the closing scenes of our Saviour's life; and here, at least, thought I, I shall witness the spirit of Catholic devotion.

"I prepared myself, by reading the explanation by Catholic writers of the ceremonies of Holy Week, and when Palm Sunday came—on which the Pope blesses palm branches, in commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palms in the way—I set out for St. Peter's, trying to divest myself of every particle of bigotry, and in a mood to be edified with any thing that had the semblance of devotion.

"But what did I see? The Pope riding to church in a coach with six horses, and followed by a body of cavalry. He was carried out St. Peter's on men's shoulders, and after a while carried out again, and then brought in again, and then carried out again. The Cardinals advanced to the foot of the throne, arrayed in the most costly silks and furs, and knelt to kiss his robe, and receive the palm which he blessed. The whole had the air of a holiday show, and with the music, which kept up a constant blast, produced about the

same dramatic effect as a well-acted and well-sung opera. Not a single thing had on my mind a religious impression. The only thing at all impressive was the kneeling of the Swiss Guards on the pavement at a passage in the chant which described the Saviour expiring; and even this was done with such a flourish that it made nobody serious. It was from beginning to end a *show*, and so Catholics as well as Protestants seemed to regard it. None of that solemn stillness which reigns in our Protestant places of worship was there. I felt sad to think that this was the homage addressed to God.

"The other services of the week produced the same impression as the first. On Thursday the Pope washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims in imitation of Christ at the last supper. Yet this act of apparent humility was somewhat diminished by the dozen assistants who surrounded him. (I know there were so many, for I counted them.) The Pope afterwards waited on these pilgrims at dinner; that is, he placed on the table the dishes which the Bishops and other high dignitaries on their knees handed to him!

"On the whole, the impression of Holy Week was very unfavorable. I turned with pain from seeing the adoration of relics, and hearing the Miserere chanted by eunuchs. The experience of the week made me feel more than ever that Romanism was an empty shell, a form once, perhaps, animated by faith, but to-day a withered mummy, from which the soul had long since departed. It is a sublime architecture. It is a mighty tradition. But it is not a Religion. Such, said I, is Romanism at Rome, and all the efforts of Oxford men in England, or of Mr. Brownson in America, to galvanize this dead body, may produce some convulsive twitchings at those extremities, but can never send back life to the heart.

"Such was my first impression. Truth now compels me to say that I have attended other services of the Catholic Church less ostentatious, which have had upon me a very different effect. I go often to the Convent of Trinità dei Monti, to hear the nuns sing their evening hymn, and it would be quite impossible for me to describe the effect upon my feelings. I listen till my heart dissolves. It seems as if some choir of the blessed were chanting a celestial hymn; as if that tender and plaintive melody, which comes to bear up my soul from gloom, were the distant music of angels.

"Oftimes too, at such an hour, I see the most simple and earnest devotion kneeling on the pavement of the church. I ask no questions, but there is a *look* which tells me that the thoughts of the worshipper are fixed on something beyond this world. A look of sorrow and yet of peace. And often I say to myself, as I see men and women who have evidently led a life of extreme poverty and suffering, kneeling on the church floor, 'While we sneer at their worship, these poor beings are ascending to heaven.'

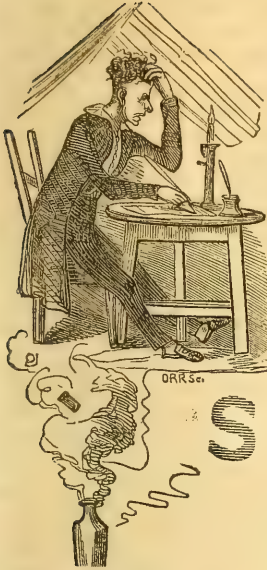
"The contrast of these different services produces in my mind a confused feeling in regard to the Roman Church. I see evil there, but I see good also. And if I denounce the one, I will not deny or disparage the other.

"Besides the fact stares me in the face that this Church has produced innumerable Saints—some of an order of saintliness which has hardly a parallel in the world's history. If she has had a Cesar Borgia, she has had also a Charles Borromeo, a Francis Xavier, a Pascal and Fenelon. I often go to the church of Jesus in this city to muse at the tomb of Ignatius Loyola. This simple inscription is written over his body, AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM. Was ever epitaph more simple or just? And shall I deny that such a man was a Christian, when his heroic self-denial, his voluntary poverty and labors, put to shame the Protestant world?

"Farther observation has led me to modify still further my views of the Roman Catholic Church; to discover in it many things beautiful, of happy influence, and worthy of admiration. To these I am happy to bear a tribute of admiration. Our condemnation as Protestants of what is bad would come with a better grace, and produce more effect, if we showed a readiness to appreciate and acknowledge what is good. There are several pleasing aspects which I wish particularly to notice:

"First—The Catholic Church eminently cherishes the feeling of Reverence. Its history, its associations, its very architecture, contribute to this. Its age of itself makes it venerable, and supplies many touching associations which Protestantism wholly wants. It has been the faith of a large part of mankind for eighteen centuries. Millions have staked their eternal salvation upon its truth, and supported the agonies of life and of death upheld by its hope. They have found in its communion comfort, joy and peace. A cloud of witnesses seems to fill the arches of every cathedral, and stretch forward like a shining column into heaven."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



ITTING one rainy night in a rail-road car on the way between Philada. and Baltimore, while trying to coax ourself into a doze, we heard a passenger behind us say to his companion, "what a mighty deal of things can be jammed into twenty-four hours by the aid of steam and lightning;" and since we took up our pen, to finish the monthly topics for the June number of our Magazine, the observation of our railroad unknown has obtruded itself upon our mind, and looking back upon the last six months, we

involuntarily exclaimed, "what a deal of things we have crowded into this department of 'Holden' since the commencement of this volume." The price paid by each subscriber for this six month's entertainment, is most absurdly disproportioned to the labor bestowed in producing it. For the evanescent enjoyment of an evening's entertainment at a concert, fifty cents are freely given, and here, for the same sum, we give each month a handsomely printed book, in which many writers of varied talent have contributed their thoughts and imaginings, and various artists have contributed the embodiments of their fancies. But, we would sooner write for twenty thousand readers, at this rate of compensation, than sing to two or three hundred for the larger pay. It is no small satisfaction to know that you are addressing a large audience, which more than compensates for the reflection that the sum which each contributes to remunerate you for your trouble is so trifling; and we close up the 3d Volume of the Magazine with renewed satisfaction, in the results of our efforts towards the cheapening of the price and improving the quality of popular reading. The gradual increase in our subscription list, encourages us to make new efforts for the next volume, which will be commenced with the July number. We can hardly promise any increase of the material attractions of the work, but we can promise that they shall be fully maintained, and the new assistance which we have obtained in the contributions of new and vigorous writers, will hereafter render the reading matter of our pages of a fresher and more national character than it has hitherto been. There is an immense amount of available literary talent lying dormant, unemployed and unappreciated, which it is the mission of our magazines to develop; we have already had the good fortune to hit upon two or three veins of precious metal, which we hope to work to the triple advantage of ourselves, the public, and the proprietors of the ore, which, through the aid of our columns, shall become *deterre*. There is little danger of the old monarchs of

mind falling into neglect for the lack of notice, but the anxiety which our literary organ grinders show, to overtop each other in the bestowal of praises on those to whom praise is a useless commodity, would lead the world to believe that all the old notorieties in the literary world were in danger of being cast into the pit of oblivion. But, while there is this feverish anxiety to gild refined gold and throw perfumes upon a bed of violets, the new comers in the world of art and literature are either treated with cold disdain, or severely dealt with for trifling faults, which in old favorites would be wholly overlooked. The fulsome compliments, the lavish praises, and extended reviews, bestowed upon Macaulay's history by every paper, review, magazine, or other vehicle for literary opinions throughout the country, manifest a snobbish anxiety to beslobber great names with compliments, which is not very creditable to the character of our literary periodicals. We have no wish to detract from the merits of Macaulay's History, or to express an opinion contrary to the general suffrage regarding the beauties of that popular work, but there is no need for the whole country to erect itself into a point of admiration, and exclaim, with awe struck astonishment, "how beautiful!" There have been exceptions to this prevalent fever of literary puffery, but they have been very few. The only discriminating notice of the history which we have seen, that pointed out the blemishes of the work as well as its beauties, appeared in the Louisville Journal, a paper which often contains criticisms of a high character, and now and then an original poem of great beauty.

One of the prominent topics of the last month among literary people, was the report of the lunacy of those two distinguished New York authors, Charles F. Hoffman and Fitz Green Halleck. The reports went that they were both stark, staring and raving mad, and a vast amount of pathetic compassion was let off by the country papers, respecting the double catastrophe by which two such brilliant minds had become totally eclipsed. Mr. Hoffman, the reports stated, was confined in the lunatic asylum in Philadelphia, while Mr. Halleck was in a straight jacket at the Bloomingdale establishment. Yet Mr. Hoffman was in the enjoyment of remarkably good health, bodily and mentally, in the country, and Mr. Halleck was confined to his bed of a fever in his own house. While these reports were flying about we chanced to be in Washington, and were startled by the sudden appearance, at Willard's Hotel, of our friend Hoffman, looking remarkably bright and composed, in company with H. R. Schoolcraft the learned antiquarian, who is happily situated at the capital with a position to his liking in the Indian department. Speaking of Washington, reminds us of another New Yorker who has drawn a prize in the great whig lottery, of which General Taylor drew the highest. Mr. Charles Lanman, who is well known by his racy outdoor letters, which have been published in different quarters, has a remarkably pleasant situation as librarian of the War Department, one of the pleasantest posts that a literary man could have been placed in. The Whigs cannot be charged with neglecting the literary men in their party; the first diplomatic appointment made was that of Mr. E. G. Squier, the author of the first publication of the Smithsonian Institute, as Charge to Guatemala, where he will be able to finish the deeply interesting antiquarian explorations, commenced by our countryman Stephens in connection with the artist Catherwood. As Mr. Squier draws with his pencil as

well as with his pen, we may look for some important sketches of the remains of the Nineveh of the New World in Central America. Mr. Lanman's new employment will give him abundant leisure and opportunities for prosecuting his literary undertakings. We understand that his letters from the Alleghanies, which were published last year in the National Intelligencer, are to be reissued in handsome book form. They are descriptive of the most romantic and least visited portion of the country, the Southern parts of the Alleghany Mountains. The following sketch of a mighty hunter of that wild region, Adam Vandever, will give a favorable impression of the descriptive powers and habits of observation of Mr. Lanman:

"The subject of my present letter is *Adam Vandever*, 'the Hunter of Tallulah.' His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of the Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. *Vandever* is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular built weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Oostasee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But *Vandever* aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen goats, together with a number of dogs.

"On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called 'fire lightning' and 'still-hunting.' His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he pre-

sents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of '*The Devil and Tom Walker*.' When *Vandever* informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' as if I had paid him a compliment. Old *Vandever* is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: 'I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he come to this country some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him.'—Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

"On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. *Vandever* waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a 'clinch fight' ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

"At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the later got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assailed the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect phrenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

"On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprang to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until *Vandever* had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a summerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and *Vandever* was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet

wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

"But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottlish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself on the *very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

"While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

"Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow."

A RELIC OF THE LATE JOHN SANDERSON.—John Sanderson, of Philadelphia, was one of the most polished and delightful prose writers that America has produced; he was the author of a great number of essays and short stories, which were published in various periodicals, and of one book, *The American in Paris*, which is a model of graceful and elegant travel-writing. The celebrated *fenilletonist*, Jules Janin, made it the model of his "*Winter in Paris*," and fell far short of the original. There was a singular de-

fect in nearly all of Sanderson's writings which has caused them to be neglected, and less known than they would have been but for this unaccountable blemish. In nearly everything that he wrote there was a disposition shown to overstep that line of delicacy in alluding to subjects which were freely discussed by the writers of the last century, that can only be accounted for on the ground that his scholarly habits prevented him from appreciating the full meaning of the expressions he used. The following lines were written by him and sent to a literary periodical in this city, a few days previous to his death, for publication; in turning over some old papers the other day they were discovered, having been mislaid, at the time they were received. They do not possess much poetical merit, but as a relic of one of our finest prose writers they will doubtless be read with interest by many who knew him:

OUR OWN NATIVE COUNTRY.

A NATIONAL ODE, BY PROF. J. SANDERSON.

"Know ye the land" where a wide forest growing,
The Red Man late cours'd the deepshades in the chase;
Where the earth, in luxuriance, her bounties bestowing,
Gave her fruits to an untutor'd race?

'Tis the world of Columbus, the clime of the free,
That sphere, 'mong whose mountains came forth
Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the conscience-led stranger
A wand'ring bark moor'd, and 'mid snows rear'd his
cot; [ger,
Where the Red lord bid welcome the friend of the man-
And in peace with him shar'd his wild lot?
'Tis the coast of old Plymouth, the shore of the free,
That rock where the mayflow'r embrac'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the Puritan planted
His self-banish'd worthies, man's rights the great cause;
Where the free-school had birth, where the glad song is
And the people make rulers and laws? [chanted,
'Tis the land of the Pilgrims, the light of the free,
That nurse in whose cradle was rock'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where in civilization,
Like flow'rs of the tropics, sprang villas and towns;
Where "equality" foster'd the germ of a nation,
Till republicans smil'd upon crowns?
'Tis the land of the Yankees, the pride of the free,
That garden of green hills where grows Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where oppression did waken
A spirit that hom'd "independence" to seize;
Where the soul's high resolve, in its purpose unshaken,
Bid the "stripes" and the "stars" float the breeze?
'Tis the land of our Fathers, the boast of the free,
That field where the valiant proclaim'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where a Washington flourish'd,
Where titles and honors by merit they scan;
Where the patriot, the statesman, and heroes are nourish'd,
And 'tis talent with worth makes the man?
'Tis the land we inherit, the joy of the free,
That throneless asylum where dwells Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the heart with commotion
Ne'er trembles in awe of a potentate's rod;
Where, in faith, at the altar, with truth and devotion,
Each may worship in spirit his God?
'Tis our land of the Bible, the shield of the free,
That sacred palladium of all Liberty.

NEANDER.—This celebrated German philosopher whose church history is so well known in this country to theological students and general readers, is thus graphically described by "Sigma," one of the foreign correspondents of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in a letter from Berlin :

"I had the opportunity, the other day, of seeing the celebrated Professor Neander. I first went in the morning to the University to hear him deliver an exegetical lecture, upon a chapter in the New Testament. His personal appearance was singular as his mode of addressing his audience was extraordinary. His forehead, broad and high, was almost wholly covered by his long uncombed black hair, and its base was bounded by a massive ridge, jutting far outwards, and surrounded by thick shaggy eyebrows. His eyes were so deeply sunken, and concealed by his half-closed eye-lids, that neither their color nor their form were discernable. His nose and his mouth were rudely shaped, and his complexion was of that dark, dry, sallow cast, that mark years of intense study and reflection. His form was thin, bent, and loosely knit, and his carriage and attitude the most careless and graceless possible. He had on a white cravat, and a grayish frock coat reaching below his knees. Fancy such a man, standing on a slightly elevated platform, his left arm resting on the corner of a desk four feet high, his left hand shading his eyes from the light, his right hand holding within three or four inches of his face a large-typed Greek Testament, from which he never withdraws his intense look—and further, fancy him with the whole upper half of his person bent over in an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, balancing the desk upon its two back legs, and with his left foot kept constantly crossed over his right, except when occasionally, either through caprice, or to restore the equilibrium of the desk, he suddenly retracts it as if about to take a desperate leap, and as suddenly replaces it—and still further, fancy him perfectly absorbed in his subject, and speaking with a slow monotonous utterance, interrupted only by a pause when he has to ask from one of the students a word which he cannot recognize on account of imperfect sight—and you have a faithful picture of the most philosophical historian and perhaps most profound theologian living, in *rapporment* with his young disciples."

WALL STREET OPERATIONS.—As one-half the world don't know how the other half lives, so another half of the world don't know how the other makes money. What is usually called "making money," in nine cases out of ten is nothing more than legally stealing it. The following plain statement of one of the methods of making money in Wall street, is copied from the money article of a city paper. It will appear like a strange thing to many simple people who know that there are usury laws in our State which make it a penal offence to take more than 7 per cent. interest for the use of money :

"Many people not acquainted in Wall street, and with Wall street operations, doubt the statement that a large amount of money is loaned every day to merchants and speculators at 1-4 per cent. a day—7 1-2 per cent. a month—or ninety-one and a quarter per cent. per annum. Of course no one can afford to pay this interest, neither can they afford to pay 2 per cent. a month; and it is doubtful if they can pay 7 or even 6 per cent. per annum, on any considerable amount. But there are a great many that pay 1-4 per cent. a day on small amounts; and as the number who want money is large in proportion to the number that will be guilty of this species of robbery, (lending money at 1-4 per cent. a day,) there is almost always a demand for it. Woodward and Dusenbury, in connexion with their business

of buying and selling merchant's notes and reputation, have done a large business and made a good deal of money in this way. They are not the only ones (out of the brokers' line) that have doubled their capital within the last few years by lending money at 91 per cent. interest. Some, who claim to be respectable merchants, in Pine, Broad and William sts., have accumulated a good deal of property by usury at this rate.

"Lending money at a 'quarter a day,' however, has become too common among shavers and Shylocks, to be treated as a misdemeanor; and there is no more danger of being proceeded against for usury than there is for selling oysters. Once in a while an unfortunate fellow will plead usury to get rid of paying a debt, but he will plead as soon when the shave is 9 per cent. per annum as when it is 9 per cent. per month. Generally, the party lending and the party borrowing, are unknown to each other. The borrower applies to a broker, and the broker goes to the lender, and something like the following conversation takes place :

"Broker—"Anything you want to put out to-day?"

"Lender—"Don't know—what you got?"

"Broker—"Several things.' Shows a handful of notes and checks, which the lender takes and looks over carefully. After selecting such as he knows or thinks are good, asks—"What rate' they will stand? If the broker answers 'a 1-4,' the loan is made; if not, not. Before 3 o'clock the broker is pretty sure to be back with an answer, that his customer has concluded to 'come to terms.' In nearly every case of this kind, the lender of money learns who is the borrower, and 'marks him.' He knows he is a 'used up man,' and every time he sees his check, he looks upon it just as an old libertine looks upon the wretched female he meets in Broadway at 11 o'clock at night.

"The victim of the usurer may keep up for a while; but the day he borrows money at 'quarter a day,' he is gone; there is no salvation for him; he has fallen; and although he may be an honest merchant and a worthy man, his fate is sealed. Knowing that he has committed an act the knowledge of which will ruin his credit, he looks upon every man he meets as viewing him with suspicion; and in all his conduct there are visible signs of guilt—of something that the world is pretty sure to think is worse than borrowing money at a *quarter per cent. a day.*"

A PEPSYIAN LETTER.—Just as we had taken up our pen to go on with our topics, we received a letter from a Down East correspondent, so full of Pepsyian anecdote, provincial gossip, and humane satire, that we cannot resist the temptation to overstep all the bounds of delicacy and give it to the world entire. Why should we selfishly wrap in our napkin such a piece of enjoyable good nature as this? By the way, we might as well give warning to our several private correspondents that, if they will write us such capital letters, they must not think of falling out with us if we do put them in print. We have conscientious scruples about keeping for our own enjoyment anything which we know would give pleasure to others. We have taken the liberty to erase the names because they are those of people who are too well known to allow of any other kind of liberties being taken with them :

"The keeper of the station near us is a Mr. Safford, father of a wonderful boy of whom you may have seen notices. He is an excellent specimen of the Yankee, civil, intelligent, able to write a good account of Secretary C. in our village newspaper, nasal enough, has his own opinions on men and books—opinions on a far higher plane than common. He is from Vermont, knows P.'s family 'wal,' and

thus confuted to me one day a story ne had seen translated from the Italian, to the effect that P. was born 'in the little hamlet of Woodstock, inhabited altogether by herdsmen and shepherds.' 'Why,' said he, 'I lived within a stones chuck o' the haouse he wuz born in. Knew his uncle, Dr. P., wal. Still livin'.' There's five ministers o' the gospel, twelve doctors, and seventeen liars, (lawyer,) these I know certin, and I guess there's much 's forty piano fortes there, too.' Not a bad scale of civilization, this, though new to me. What I was going to tell though, was something that took place this morning. He is a reader of — especially *quoad* the —, which refresh him hugely, and always has something to say when he sees me. He is amazingly proud of his son, (a weakness you and I could pardon were it a daughter) and properly so, for the boy is not like other mathematical prodigies, but has great parts in other respects. This morning he showed me a calculation of the boy's, with regard to the orbit of some comet or other, covering many sheets o' paper wafered together—about eight feet of it in all.

"M.—He is fifteen years old?"

"S.—'No, ma'am, he ain't but *jest* gut into his fourteenth year.'

"M.—'When did he do this?"

"S.—(You see it is a matter of pride with the father to keep him young. Every year subtracts so much from his claims to prodigyship. Accordingly the '*jest*' in the last sentence was prolonged thus—'*je-e e-st*'—to express that he had barely reached fourteen, and that somehow he ought to have kept thirteen.) 'Wal, ma'am, he might 'a finished it in his thirteenth year. But he took a notion to read a book. I told him he better finish it up the night afore he come fourteen, and he might ez wal's nat. But he didn't—'*twuz* (answering a look of M.'s) a pity!"

"You understand that his finishing it that night (though it would in fact have been but the gain of an hour or two) would have made a difference of a whole year in favor of the father when he told the story. A pretty little touch of nature, isn't it?"

"You write me news from the great city, and I send you in return *our* metropolitanisms. While I am telling stories, here is another. Said my father the other day to an old widow, one of his parish-poor, 'God has not deserted you in your old age.' 'No, sir, *I have a very good appetite still*,' thus indicating clearly that she was one of those who make a god of their belly. Yet, if she had said 'digestion,' I could have gone along with her. The Jews were always a rebellious people, yet no rebellion of theirs was ever so mischievous as that of the gastric Jews. We owe to it ill-temper and Byronic poetry—two of the greatest pests of society.

"This letter is written diary-wise. When I left off, I was at the railway station. Imagine us now safely arrived in B—. When there, I always maintain punctiliously the character of a country gentleman. We trail along the side-walk, stopping at all the shop windows to look at prints, caricatures, rifles, silverware, muslins, books, goldfish, toys, and what not. Perhaps I go over all the shop windows again, or I walk down to the end of long wharf—the only part of the city that I loved when a boy—or I walk through Ann street, (sadly changed now, and invaded by granite blocks,) or round by Copp's Hill, where the primitive prærevolutionary B— still persists, and where old people live who think our Independence of Britain a mistake, or I go up to look at the new Athenæum, the library room in which is finished, and is the handsomest I ever saw. Through all these varied scenes I continue to represent 'the country interest,—my

pockets have, no doubt, been explored by the inquisitive fingers of professional gentlemen from New York over and over again. Probably they know me by this time, and look upon me as no better than a Sodom apple. Perhaps they continue their investigations from habit, as Jonathan Wild used to sound the pockets of Count La Ruse, though he knew there was nothing in them. Then I meet M., and loading myself with her various bundles we find our way to the station again, and 'so home,' as Pepys says.

"So much for Wednesday. Thursday morning I went after some pear trees I had bought, and set them out. During the rest of the morning I employed myself in scraping trees. After dinner scraped more. After tea set down to write my article for the S—. Got half through a prose one, when, just as the church-bells are ringing nine o'clock, the idea of a poem strikes me. Go to work on that at once. Finish it next morning all but the few last stanzas. In the afternoon (Friday) go to C—— to get one thing and another for our whist club, which meets with me to-night. Play whist till 12. J. H. (who is lame) spends the night with me. Next day finish and copy my verses. Got all done just in time to prevent the mail. After dinner drive J. home. Evening, read Swift, that hog of letters, who had wit enough to know the worth of pearls, though fonder of garbage and of rooting among ordure.

"Now it is Sunday morning and here I am with you.—Since I wrote to you, the 'Town and Country Club' has been got up. Our first regular meeting is next Wednesday, (2d May,) when E. is to read an address. The Club is a singular agglomeration. All the persons whom other folks think crazy, and who return the compliment, belong to it. It is as if all the eccentric particles which had refused to revolve in the regular routine of the world's orbit, and had flown off in different directions, had come together to make a planet of their own. Plenty of fine, luminous matter there is, though. One thing is certain, it fitly represents the extreme *gauche*. The discussions in regard to a name were rather dull. A., whose orbit never, even by chance, intersects the plane of the modern earth, proposed that we should call ourselves 'Olympians.' Upon this I suggested to W. H. C., who sat next me, (and who seemed unconscious that I was not perfectly serious,) that, as the Club was composed chiefly of Apostles of the Newness, and as we hoped to aid in crushing some monsters, we should call ourselves (if we must be antique) the Club of Hercules. A., meanwhile, finding that his Olympian tack met with a headwind, wore ship and proposed 'Pan' as perhaps simpler and more accessible to the ordinary intellect. Hereupon, I again modestly suggested that, as we were to have a *café* annexed, or to annex ourselves to a *café*, the name Coffee pot would be apter than Pan, unless we prefixed thereto the distinguishing christen name of Patty.

"E. has changed a good deal since his visit to England. He has become—not at all more worldly—but more of this world. The practical sense of John Bull seems to have impressed him, and he is resolved to be practical, too. His lecture on England was not good, for him. There was one thing in it that especially pleased me. He did not even allude to the people. His favorite theory (you know) is the highest culture of the individual. He would think a nation well wasted if it brought one man to perfection. Accordingly his whole view was of the upper class—their beauty, their pluck, their fine persons, their healthiness, &c. The people he clearly regarded as the dung for those fine plants. I was pleased with this, because it was natural to E., and because we have enough who profess to see nothing but the people. It was wholesome to have the other side also pre-

sented. Yet the lecture, as a whole, gave me limited satisfaction, and taught me nothing. E. dwells so habitually in a world of his own that when he comes down into the real and practical (everything being strange to him,) he notices *minutia* that would escape the habituated vision, and his remarks accordingly have wonderful freshness and point.— But in going to England, which was as unfamiliar to the eyes of other travellers as to his own, he has reported things which we had already heard many times. I heard the lecture at our Cambridge Lyceum, and, as his diction was sometimes peculiar, I was much amused by watching the audience. I saw one worthy joiner repeatedly and vigorously scratching the outside of his head in the hope of exciting a corresponding vivacity within—but he at last gave it up as useless. A new edition of E.'s works is to appear with a portrait. C. is to draw it, which I am sorry for. His heads are always graceful and spiritual, but they are wanting in that punctilious veracity which gives to a portrait its whole worth. Yet he gives the *expression* of the person quite wonderfully. I went to his room once, some half a dozen years ago, and saw, among other heads, one of a little boy. After looking at it, and feeling myself drawn to it in a peculiar and inexplicable manner, I said to C., 'I never saw the original of that drawing, but I am certain from the expression of the eyes, that that boy (whatever he is,) is of my kith and kin.' It turned out to be a son (whom I had never seen,) of a cousin of mine.

"L. has an excellent crayon drawing of E. by a down easter named J. It is the only tolerable head of him I ever saw. I am sorry it should not be engraved. L. has also a capital head of H., by the same artist.

"In regard to the proposed collection of my poems, the case stands thus. Two of my volumes are stereotyped and I own the plates. I intend to have such parts as I care to preserve stereotyped also and add them to the smaller volume, making two good sized ones. As for my portrait, let that come hereafter when I am older and wiser or dead.

"I copy below one of my latest poems. I have attempted to complete a fine old ballad-fragment, how successfully you must judge. It has been very popular with the small public for whom it was specially intended

"Lady Bird, lady bird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!
Send for the engines, and send for the men,
Perhaps we can put it out agen;
Send for the ladders, and send for the hose,
Perhaps we can put it out, nobody knows;
Sure, nobody's case was ever sadder,
To the nursery-window clap the ladder,
If they are there, and not done brown,
They'll open the window and hopple down!

"Thus far, you perceive, the material instinct gets the upper hand, but now the Lady Bird arrives at the scene of desolation, and the house-keeping qualities of mind are electrified into morbid activity. The word 'hopple' is finely local, being in the Mab dialect. It means to scramble down coarsely.

"Splish, splash! fizz and squirt!
All my 'things' ruined with water and dirt,
All my new carpets torn to flinders,
Trodden in with mud and cinders!
My mirrors smashed, my bedsteads racked,
My company tea-sett chipped and cracked!
Save my child—my carpets and chairs,
And I'll give you leave to burn my heirs,

They are little six-legged, spotted things,
If they have any sense, they'll use their wings;
If they have any sense, they'll use their legs,
Or, at worst, it is easy to lay more eggs.

"This, you observe, teaches children not to value themselves too highly, to respect crockery and varnish, and to cultivate self-reliance."

A SEA ROMANCE.—The following true story of a recent occurrence on board a British ship would make a fine base for a sea romance, or a nautical melo-drama:

"The Rainbow, from Southampton to Aden, arrived there about the 16th ult. Captain Arnold, her late commander, died ten days before the ship reached that port, and the chief mate was so habituated to drunkenness, that he had been confined to his cabin several times during the passage. The captain's daughter, about 16 years of age, was on board, and after her father's death the second mate, who had assumed the command, made a daring and insidious attempt to entice the young lady and run away with the ship. She indignantly and successfully repelled all his base and dastardly attempts, and although suffering under a painful bereavement, at once rushed on the quarter deck and made a public appeal to the ship's crew, as British seamen, and threw herself on their protection. This well-judged resolution had the desired effect; the seamen (except two of their number, who were led away by the second mate) declared, with that manly feeling which sailors so often display, that they would to a man protect her from all harm, and told the second mate and their misguided shipmates in very plain terms, that if he, the second mate, gave the slightest molestation to their late commander's daughter, they would pitch him overboard, and any one else who dared to follow his example should share the same fate.

"Miss Arnold then, with great presence of mind, begged the ship's company would grant her one especial favor. Her character, her manners, and the well-timed appeal which she had already made, induced the crew to declare their assent to any thing she might ask. Miss Arnold then said that the safety of the ship and her own security from insult could only be insured by throwing overboard that instant every drop of spirits in the ship. Without hesitation the seaman consented, and, leaving no time for reflection, they forthwith got the spirits on deck and threw every drop overboard. From that time Miss Arnold had her screened cot secured near the wheel, and slept alongside the binnacle, and three of the crew kept a faithful watch around her during the remainder of the voyage; and these faithful guardians of one of our beloved country-women never failed to evince the utmost respect, and preserved the most rigid decorum, honorable in every point of view to themselves, and to that charge which they had pledged themselves to undertake.

"Miss Arnold wrote a statement of all these occurrences, and forwarded it to Captain Haines, on the ship's arrival, when the second mate and disaffected men were immediately arrested and sent to prison. The chief officer had indulged himself to such an excess, that after the captain's death, and in the absence of all means of resort to his favorite stimulants, he was perfectly useless.

"Miss Arnold became the welcome guest of Captain Thomas at Aden, and every possible attention was shown to this noble-minded lady by the whole society there.

"Subsequent to Miss Arnold's charge against the second mate, Captain Haines applied to her for a circumstantial statement of what occurred on board the Rainbow after her

father's death. The lady complied with his request immediately, and her narrative was so well and ably written, that it excited admiration on all sides. At her solicitation, her father's remains were preserved in a cask of spirits, and were buried at Aden the day after the ship's arrival. She had always kept his accounts. The second mate navigated the ship, but several of the crew knew the proper course to Aden, and all his proceedings were narrowly watched."

WE commend the following fable by Carlyle to such of our readers as may be projecting some great scheme for reforming the world of its errors:

A FABLE.—Once upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the marketplace, "That the world was turned all topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and earth at large (if they did not mind it) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last, began objuring, foaming, imprecating; when a good natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting his position, set him down on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Ha! duce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet; then, but I, that was standing on my head!" Censor, *Castigator morum*, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called, have a care; especially if thou art getting loud!

MOTHERWELL, THE SCOTCH POET.—This tender young poet, whose ballads and songs are well known to American readers, a few months before his death wrote a poem in which the following stanzas occurred:

I grieve not, though a tear may fill
This glazed and vacant eye;
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,
But soon again they die;
An idle gush,
And all is hush,
The fount is soon run dry:
And cheerily now I meet my doom—
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

The editor of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, in a review of his poems, alludes to these lines, and says:

"In these verses Motherwell foretold what has hitherto been a truth. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, and the spot is undistinguished even by a head-stone bearing his initials! A considerable sum of money was raised by subscription among the friends of the deceased poet; but it was no more than enough to succor those whom Motherwell had been obliged to leave to the charity of his friends. It is high time that the reproach of the nameless tomb were wiped off, and we trust to see it immediately looked to."

WE shall be under the necessity of closing up our topical labors for this merry month of June with a slight allusion only to a few choice books that are books, which came to hand at too late a day for a regular notice in our monthly review. Let us name their titles first, and say what we can of them afterwards.

The Crayon Miscellany. By Washington Irving. 1 Vol. Published by Putnam: New York.

My Uncle, the Curate, a novel. By the Author of the *Bachelor of the Albany.* Harper and Brothers.

A Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Putnam.

Franklin's Bible Cartoon's, for the School and the Family. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

Last Leaves of American History. By Emma Willard. New York: Putnam.

Adventures in the Silyad Desert, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. New York: Putnam.

The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground. By J. Fennimore Cooper. New and revised edition uniform with Irving's works. Putnam: New York.

The first of these works certainly requires no commendation, it is almost as well known as the Bible, among English readers at least. The volume corresponds in external elegancies with the other volumes of this beautiful edition of Irving's works. It contains the Tour on the Prairies, and the account of the author's visits to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. The second, "My Uncle the Curate," is a very lively, good natured, and rather satirical novel of modern English life, with an insight into Irish manners and troubles; it contains a little satire within the satire, or episode by itself on Ireland, under the whimsical name of a history of Higglely Piggledy. The author of "My Uncle" comes as near being a genius as a man well could and miss it. But, if he is not a genius, he is a writer of talent and erudition, and his style is lively and his stories readable. The "Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant" is a most gentlemanly and unpretending, but, at the same time, an amusing and instructive volume; the author's sole apology for writing is that he had nothing else to do; it is a great pity that one so capable should be reduced to such an extremity for employment, and it is also a pity that many others similarly situated could not employ their time equally well. The volume is republished from the London edition, with illustrations from the original cuts, which are very neat authentic drawings in outlines, chiefly by the author. This volume, and that by Mr. St. John, are very properly published with the name of the London as well as that of the New York publishers. This is gentlemanly, honest, and equally just to the reader and the owner of the copyright, and we hope to see it imitated in every case of a republished work. We endeavored some years since to impress upon our publishers the necessity and propriety of such a course, and we are most happy to see the practice in vogue. We believe that Butler of Philadelphia set the fashion, in his edition of Macaulay's History, but Mr. Putnam is not the man to be backward in taking advantage of any hints that tend to benefit the public, or add dignity to his business. As an indication of the nature of Mr. Curzon's volume, we give a brief extract from his introductory chapter in relation to the Monasteries of the Levant:

"In these monasteries resided the early fathers of the Church, and within the precincts of their time-hallowed walls were composed those writings which have since been looked up to as the rules of Christian life; from thence also were promulgated the doctrines of the Heresiarchs, which, in the early ages of the Church, were the causes of so much dissension and confusion, rancor and persecution, in the disastrous days of the decline and fall of the Roman empire.

"The monasteries of the East are besides particularly interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, from the beautiful situations in which they are almost invariably placed. The monastery of Megaspelon, on the coast of the Gulf of Corinth, is built in the mouth of an enormous cave. The monasteries of Meteora, and some of those on Mount Athos, are remarkable for their positions on the tops of inaccessible rocks; many of the convents in Syria, the islands of Cyprus, Candia, the Archipelago, and the Prince's Islands in the sea of Marmora, are unrivalled for the beauty of the positions in which they stand; many others in Bulgaria, Asia Minor, Sinope, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea, are most curious monuments of ancient and romantic times.—

There is one on the road to Persia, about one day's journey inland from Trebizond, which is built half way up the side of a perpendicular precipice; it is ensconced in several fissures of the rock, and various little gardens adjoining the buildings display the industry of the monks; these are laid out on shelves or terraces wherever the nature of the spot affords a ledge of sufficient width to support the soil; the different parts of the monastery are approached by stairs and flights of steps cut in the face of the precipice, leading from one cranny to another; the whole has the appearance of a bas-relief stuck against a wall; this monastery partakes of the nature of a large swallow's nest. But it is for their architecture that the monasteries of the Levant are more particularly deserving of study; for, after the remains of the private houses of the Romans at Pompeii, they are the most ancient specimens extant of domestic architecture. The refectories, kitchens, and the cells of the monks, exceed in point of antiquity anything of the kind in Europe. The monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai has hardly been altered since the sixth century, and still contains ornaments presented to it by the Emperor Justinian. The White Monastery and the monastery at Old Cairo, both in Egypt, are still more ancient. The monastery of Kuzzul Vauk, near the sources of the Euphrates, is, I believe, as old as the fifth century. The greater number in all the countries where the Greek faith prevails, were built before the year 1000. Most monasteries possess crosses, candlesticks, and reliquaries, many of splendid workmanship, and of the era of the foundation of the buildings which contain them, while their mosaics and fresco paintings display the state of the arts from the most early periods."


The "Bible Cartoons" is not, properly, a book, although the Cartoons are presented in book form. They consist of four drawings in outline by John Franklin, in that severe style of art which the English have borrowed from the Germans of the Munich school. They are engraved on wood in a creditable manner, and are of a character calculated to produce a good effect on the minds of the masses who have not been familiarized to the achievements of the highest order of artistic effort. The subject of the Cartoons in the part now issued, are the four principal events in the life of Joseph. They are sold at a very cheap rate, only twelve and a half cents the set, and we hope they will have an extensive circulation. Often Cartoons of scriptural subjects are announced as in preparation. Mr. Putnam is doing a good work for American Literature, by his editions of the works of Irving and Cooper, which, we hope, will be followed by others. The new preface to the *Spy* gives us some interesting particulars in relation to the composition and publication of that famous novel. The author says:


"The style of the book has been revised by the author in this edition. In this respect, he has endeavored to make it more worthy of the favor with which it has been received; though he is compelled to admit there are faults so interwoven with the structure of the tale that, as in the case of a decayed edifice, it would cost perhaps less to re-construct than to repair. Five-and-twenty years have been as ages with most things connected with America. Among other advances, that of her literature has not been the least. So little was expected from the publication of an original work of this description, at the time it was written, that the first volume of '*The Spy*' was actually printed several months, before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. The efforts expended on a hopeless task are rarely worthy of him who makes them, however low it may be necessary to rate the standard of his general merit.

"One other anecdote connected with the history of this book, may give the reader some idea of the hopes of an American author, in the first quarter of the present century. As the second volume was slowly printing, from manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositor's hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed, and paged, several

weeks before the chapters which precede it were even thought of. This circumstance, while it cannot excuse, may serve to explain the manner in which the actors are hurried off the scene.

"A great change has come over the country since this book was originally written. The nation is passing from the gristle into the bone, and the common mind is beginning to keep even pace with the growth of the body politic. The march from Vera Cruz to Mexico was made under the orders of the gallant soldier, who, a quarter of a century before, was mentioned with honor in the last chapter of this very book. Glorious as was that march, and brilliant as were its results in a military point of view, a stride was then made by the nation, in a moral sense, that has hastened it, by an age, in its progress towards real independence and high political influence. The guns that filled the valley of the Aztecs with their thunder, have been heard in echoes on the other side of the Atlantic, producing equally hope or apprehension."

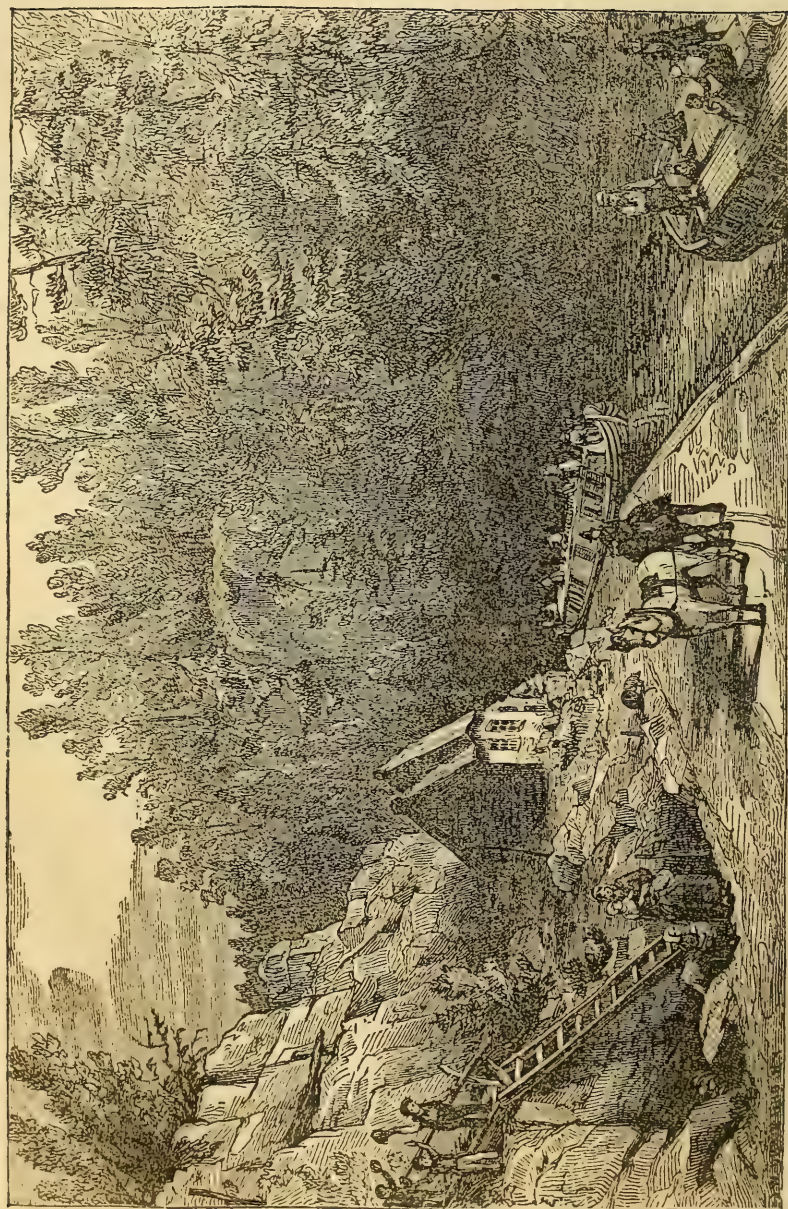
 NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

 TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the *Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent.* By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any boon in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered.* For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.





VIE'V ON THE ERIE CANAL, NEAR LITTLE FALLS.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1849.

NO. I.

VIEW ON THE ERIE CANAL NEAR LITTLE FALLS.

THE beautiful wood cut, which we give as a frontispiece of this number of our Magazine, has been engraved from an original drawing by Mr. Miller, made expressly for this work. The region near Little Falls, in Herkimer County, through which the Erie Canal passes, is the most romantic, wild, and interesting section which this immense artery of our State penetrates. The artist has given the striking features of the scene with admirable fidelity, and has yet so poetically rendered it as to make a highly effective picture. Before railroads were built this particular scene was very familiar to travellers from the West, who used to prefer the canal boat to the old stage coach, but now it is rarely visited except by the boatmen engaged in transporting goods upon the canal. But the boats introduced into the scene by the artist are passenger boats, as may be seen from the men women and children standing upon the cabin deck. The boys that are running down the rude steps on the left of the picture, and cheering the passengers, are probably some of those industrious little fellows who used to run after the boats to sell diamonds, as they call the beautiful crystals which are found in great abundance about the Falls. When the canal was first constructed we used to hear a good deal about the romantic scenes which it passed through, but of late years we hear no more of the Grand Canal, in connexion with pleasure travelling, than as though it were not in existence. Every year has developed its usefulness as an adjunct to the commerce of the country, but the railroads have taken travellers in an opposite direction.

The Erie Railroad is now the great rival of the Erie Canal, and when it shall be finished, so as to be travelled its entire length from the Hudson to the Lake, it will be not only the longest road in the world but the most magnificent, and in time the most profitable. It was opened to the hitherto remote and secluded Village of Owego on the first day of June, when the Oweggians honored us with an invitation to the festival which they gave on the occasion. Duties which we could not neglect unfortunately prevented us from going, but our friend of the Evening Mirror was there, who said, in his account of the excursion:

"Considering it economy of health as well as of pleasure, we chose to pass through the long picture gallery by daylight, and on every considera-

tion we shall reckon it a day well spent. The scenery through the whole route is wild and beautiful beyond description. On one side, for nearly a hundred miles, we have the everlasting hill, 'rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,' and on the other the river Delaware is our fellow traveller. The delighted passengers are constantly changing sides in the cars, to gaze at the wonders of the landscape, and every moment some new feature of the glorious panorama calls forth new expressions of admiration. From the hidden heights of the mountain, sparkling little streams come frolicking and foaming down, sprinkling the track with their spray.

"The beautiful river rolls along at our side, deepening and widening as it drinks up the tributary streams. Here and there the lonely cabin of the wood-chopper peeps out from among the trees, and now, a cultivated spot gladdens us with a thought of civilization.

"The scenery this side of Goshen is varied and beautiful, but we must let it slide by without attempting to describe it. In the neighborhood of Piermont our attention was called to a work of consummate Art in a place where we looked for nothing but the wonders and beauties of nature. The celebrated sculptor Thom, who has linked his immortality with Burns's Tam O'Shanter, has fixed his 'local habitation' in a neat cottage near the Railroad, and in his little garden has erected a monument worthy of the 'Father of his Country.' It is a life size statue of Washington, cut from brown free stone, and faithfully representing the costume of the period. From the hasty glance we had of it in passing, it struck us as by far the best likeness and the most impressive Monument of Washington we have ever seen. The sombre hue of the sandstone seemed to harmonize with the gravity of the stony features of the smileless man, far better than marble. Why the artist has placed this sublime statue of the modern Moses, in the wilderness, where, if seen at all, it is like the glimpse of glory caught by a flash of lightening, we know not; but there it stands in solitary grandeur, amid the wonders of creation, to startle and tantalize the passing traveller. When General Taylor visits New York, we hope the Directors of the Erie Railroad will invite him out to Piermont to see the finest statue ever chiselled, of the greatest and best of all the 'earlier Presidents.'"

NOTES OF HAND.

DRAWN AT SIGHT, BY C. W. HOLDEN.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 345.)

AFTER a delay of a day or two, we proceeded up the river in the steamer Orus. As we left behind the dusky village, whose attractions have been so villified, and gradually glided into the midst of wilder scenery, there suddenly burst upon us, in all the glory of perpetual foliage and eternal summer, some of the most magnificent and unapproachable mountain scenery I ever beheld. As far as the eye could reach rose a succession of hills and mountains, vales and passes, gleaming in all the luxuriance and fabulous splendor with which we, when children, were wont to invest the fairy landscapes of the imagination, and bending low on every side, as though to salute the soil to which they owed their rise and greatness, were huge trees, whose trunks, in magnitude, eclipsed the sturdiest oaks which graced the wilds of a more sterile clime. Groves of fragrant trees, whose branches furnished repasts for the appetite of kings, laden with fruit as luscious as ever ripened in Paradise, show through the branches of their monstrous neighbors in every direction; immense offshoots of wild corn, whose stalks were gigantic enough to serve as ladders to the luscious sweets of their yet more gigantic companions; running vines of tropical grapes, whose proportions would have encompassed in an arbor whole provinces of vine-clad peasants; cooling ambuscades of green bushes, with roofs of variegated leaves, wherein could rusticate all the pic-nics of the old world, bidding defiance to the rays of even a tropical sun; wild flowers, whose petals were at such a tremendous altitude that sober minded men could only think of some cottage flower-plat grafted upon vigorous saplings; these and a score of other vegetating realities which, were they pictured forth, would be stamped as illusions by the mass, towered around in such magical profusion that the eye was lost in the immensity of the magnificence which shrouded the earth, even to the point where verdure was lost in the embraces of the sky.—Never before, save when revelling in the beauties of Eastern gorgeousness as pictured in the tales of fabled times, had I conceived so much of earthly beauty, so much of vegetating magnificence, as was for a day spread before me, and when, as we ascended to a higher point, the glorious landscape was gradually lost in the more abrupt declivities and grosser foliage, I felt that we indeed were leaving fairy ground.

A description of our journey, after leaving the steamer for a canoe, would be too commonplace to intermix with the former portion of our journey. There was so little of romance and so much of reality in ascending the stream at the rate of a mile an hour, under one of the most burning suns imaginable, that I fear few but actual sufferers would appreciate the tale. If attacks of persevering insects, accompanied with repulses of most determined flies and ants, whose flag-ship was our

canoe, relieve the monotony of a tedious journey, they do so only that we might crave again the monotony; and when, on the second day, we reached Gorgona, tired and exhausted, we inwardly congratulated ourselves that our journey was nearly accomplished. A cup of coffee and some hard crackers, fare for which we, for a few days before, had longed, somewhat re-assured our courage, and we retired at night to do full justice to our couches.

Gorgona would be called Chagres were it not some forty-five miles from it, up the river. It has about the same number of huts, the same standard of population, and the same indolent, listless, congregated bipeds. It is as palpably a second edition of Chagres as though one architect had framed both to a distinct order. I shall not, therefore, waste much time upon its attractions, save to caution other travellers to beware of the Alcalde, who is a most treacherous old fellow, with a disposition, if not ability, to cheat every American with whom he deals. We stopped in Gorgona but two days, recruiting for the trip of twenty-four miles to Panama.

And here, *en passant*, let me offer a word or two of advice to those about crossing the Isthmus. When you reach Chagres merely take a look at the village, and then a canoe for Gorgona, if in the dry season. If in the wet, Cruces would probably be more favorable. At any rate do not stay longer than necessary in Chagres; at best it is not a healthy place, and, in the rainy season, may prove your burial ground. Be sure and take provision enough with you to last three or four days, for you will find absolutely nothing to eat on the river, and resolutely resolve to give the boatmen nothing in return for their constant beggary. The *lazaroni* of Naples are quiet and orderly in comparison with these fellows. When you arrive at Gorgona, (premising always it is in the dry season, and, if possible, don't go on to the Isthmus in any other,) hire your baggage transported across on a man instead of mules. You will find this plan much cheaper than any other, and preferable in every respect. Don't pay over one half the freight down; if you do, ten to one, your goods will be left on the road till you will sorely need them. After starting your goods start yourself on foot, taking two days for the journey, and it will prove less tiresome than if you ride. The road from Gorgona to Panama exceeds, in the horribly romantic and picturesque obscure, any sheep path of the Pyrennes, but with proper care you will leave its deep cuts behind in less than two days. When once in Panama your own judgment will best direct your movements. Remember these few things; take nothing but necessary baggage, including cooking utensils and what provisions you choose; do not delay on the road across, and provide yourself with dimes, half

dimes, francs, pistareens, or Mexican dollars.—Gold is worth but the face of it, and American quarters, halves and dollars are worth 20 per cent less than cost. With these few suggestions before you, you can traverse the Isthmus more easily than I did.

Any person reading the effusions signed, "Stephen H. Branch," in the New York Herald, might infer many curious things in relation to Panama, in fact, Mr. Branch himself must have inferred such, as more complete falsifications were never published. He, among many beautiful specimens of *bathos*, (I think this word better than *pathos*,) informs us that on the road to Gorgona he encountered some "cowardly assassins," who would probably have murdered himself and party, had they not, with remarkable presence of mind, drew their knives, whose glistening blades warned their adversaries of the folly of attempting an assault. As he informs us that this all passed in the dark, I am as yet in that state as to the manner in which the natives discovered the gleaming of those knives. He also, with great fluency, details the snapping of alligators, the hissing of snakes, and other metaphorical allusions, and concludes with informing us, that as you enter Panama you see before you the city, on the right the broad Pacific, and on the left gigantic mountains, whose tops are covered with eternal snow! Could Mr. Branch behold the mirth occasioned by these little Munchausen displays, he would be amply repaid for the trouble of concocting them; not even F. M. Pinto himself could vie with him in longitudinal assertions. If his California tour is as replete with discoveries as his trip across the Isthmus, his account of it, at least, will be interesting!

Panama was originally a place of some importance as a port of entry, but since the diversion of trade from Carthagera and Porto Bello, its magnitude has been yearly decreasing till the present time. The great influx of Americans, consequent upon the gold discoveries in California, will give it a new impetus, and should Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall's railroad terminate here, there will be a revivification of business which will eventually render it a port of hardly secondary importance on the Pacific coast. The town, or city, which was built during the old Spanish dominion, is situated upon an arm of land which projects slightly into the bay, and is walled on every side. It is flanked by high towers overlooking every available point of attack, and must have admitted of a very vigorous defence, though requiring a large force to man the walls. On the land side it is supported by a huge ditch, now filled with weeds and shrubbery, and the only road to the city was protected by two immense gates, now overthrown and useless. The only portion of the defences in a state of repair is the lower fort, situated at the lower part of the town, and overlooking the roadstead and harbor. Here are mounted a few fine guns of rather small calibre, and incapable of offering much resistance to a ship of war, while within the walls are congregated the whole available force of the city, amounting perhaps to 400 men. The commandant of the city, who is, I believe, a man of education and intelligence, and decidedly one of the most military looking

men I ever saw, resides in the barracks, and superintends the main reviews and smokes cigars. The soldiers are the most insignificant and despicable I ever saw; and, as they parade at morning or evening roll with rude muskets and shoeless feet, they seem the embodiment of military misery, endeavoring to impress beholders with the idea that they are veterans and used to "wars alarms." Their tactics almost led me to believe that a company of New York Fantastics were parading in the costume of Christy's Minstrels, and endeavoring to create as much merriment as possible.

As we entered the gate, we saw on the left a small chapel, attached to the Church of *St. Betsey*, where the muleteers, as they pass and repass, can, if they choose, drop a *mario* into the coffers of the church temporal. At the farthest extremity of the room hung a portrait of the Virgin Mary, enclosed in a glass case and encircled by diamonds, which, by their brilliancy, I suppose to be real. Though the doors are always open, and the lamp ever burning, I noticed no evidences of the outre enthusiasm in church matters, generally attributed to uneducated Catholics, and, save on festival days, the hall was generally deserted. There is a superabundance of priests observable, from the resident Bishop, with his scarlet umbrella and velvet trimmed cloak, down to the poor understrapper, who attends the confessional of the humblest calvier, and administers sixpenny forgiveness. The Cathedral, now almost in ruins, is one of the most magnificent specimens of decayed splendor imaginable, and worth all the other ruins of Panama. The front is decorated with various allegorical devices, conspicuous among which stands Christ and the Twelve Apostles in appropriate niches. The belfrys are ornamented with stucco work of oyster shells, fantastically arranged with here and there some enormous conchological specimen, entitled to such a consecration from its unusual size, while on the summit stands ancient crosses, which have there stood guard over the spiritual interests of the city for centuries. The interior resembles an old barn, whose rough beams and coarse appurtenances are hidden from the eye by a grotesque combination of inappropriate tapestry and silver finery, while its great capacity but serves to show the immensity of the desolation. Mass is said now as years ago, but the listeners are few, and the mitre and cowl are not seemingly endorsed with the miraculous powers with which ancient superstition invested them. A few years more and I fear "the places that knew them shall know them no more."

A mass of incongruities constitutes the chief attraction of Panama. Stone houses, tile roofs, spacious courts, open balconies, bare-footed soldiers, nude children, and a total absence of chimneys and window sashes would distinguish it from any American city. The streets are narrow, though well paved, and the houses of the rich and poor precisely similar. The custom-house differs in nothing from its less aristocratic neighbors, and the cathedral even is built in the same stiff mongrel style of architecture generally found in South American cities. There is no display of taste in public or private buildings, and when, at last, a building, through old age and feebleness, totters

and falls, another of similar proportions is erected in its stead; and so it will be, under New Grenadian dominion, till dooms-day. The state of society is no more to be commended than the state of morals; both are at as low an ebb as possible, and the vices of gambling, infidelity and intemperance are carried to a great extent. Cock-fighting, next to the bull-baiting of Spain, the most brutal of amusements, is tolerated to an almost incredible extent, and the same population that attends church on Sunday morning visits the cock-pit in the afternoon. Their bets range from a *marjo* to the extent of the owners funds, and the excitement of a fight as far exceeds that of a horse race on the Long Island course as does the mercurial temperament of the Spanish Indian excel that of our more cool-blooded Yankee. Fandangoes and serenades are excessively prominent among their amusements, and night processions, preceding a day of church penitence, numerous. Ladies of the higher classes, when attending mass, generally screen themselves from the sun with an umbrella, but bonnets are unknown; Panama hats of a fine texture are worn by most females, and in some cases their great beauty—the hats I am speaking—is deemed an ample apology for neglecting the other unimportant articles of dress. The *dishabille* of even the most fashionable belles cannot be commended very strongly; I have seen more appropriate morning gowns in the precincts of the Points; and personal beauty after childhood is invariably lost in the excessive voluptuousness which characterizes precocious maturity. There are exceptions of course to this general rule, but they are both “few and far between.” To the remarkable beauty of the children I have in another place done ample justice; to the absence of such in the sires and matrons many others with myself can testify.

We arrived at Panama on the 7th of February, and obtained rooms at the house of a Spanish lady formerly from Payta, Peru. She had just bid adieu to a son who left for California, and was consequently interested in our movements. A few days after my arrival I presented a letter of introduction to Mr. Nelson, (of the firm of Zachrisson, Nelson & Co.,) the American consul, and was most hospitably received. I found considerable feeling existing toward Mr. N. among the emigrants, or rather among those emigrants who had not procured steamer tickets in New York, and because he could not furnish them with a conveyance by steam to San Francisco, a sort of enmity was engendered which vented itself in sundry demonstrations of disrespect, evincing feelings not exactly creditable to many of them. I was frequently in company with Mr. Nelson in his office and elsewhere, and can conscientiously say that in no one instance did he overstep the bounds of gentlemanly conduct or in any way allow himself to be adjudged guilty of disrespect toward any one. On the contrary, he, to my knowledge, subscribed liberally to relieve the necessities of those Americans who were sick, and, in conjunction with Capt. Stout, furnished six free passages

in a vessel bound to San Francisco, because some of the Americans were entirely out of funds and unable to leave without aid. I most cheerfully tender him my heart-felt acknowledgements for his courtesies, and shall never forget the warm and kindly feelings which characterized his conduct toward me. Capt. Stout, also, who was appointed to the command of the California steamer, is one of the most thorough bred gentlemen, in every sense of the word, I ever saw. Kind, considerate and honorable in every action, he deservedly won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and if he is not one of the most popular, as he certainly is one of the most able commanders in the American service, his superior must be a man of unusual powers and attainments. To him, as well as Mr. Nelson, do I owe many pleasant hours passed in Panama.

On the 24th of February, the Oregon, Capt. Pearson, for San Francisco, arrived, and we made immediate preparations for our departure. Up to this date we had heard from the latter place up to December 6th. And in connection with the news I must relate an incident, which, when told us, excited quite a sensation. Some three years before, a young man, named Frank Bates, of Barre, Worcester county, Mass., had shipped on board a whaler for a three year's cruise. On the arrival of the vessel at Honolulu, S. I., he, in company with one or two others, deserted, and though immediate search was made in every direction, nothing was heard of him. After the departure of the ship he emerged from his hiding place, and the next I heard of him he was settled as resident physician at New Helvetia, near Sutter's Fort. Previous to this he had been in the Navy and almost every other conceivably occupation, and I was consequently prepared to hear of his undertaking anything, so I was not astonished to find he had turned up in Alta California. At the time of the discovery of gold, he, in company with a neighbor of some influence, hired a portion of a tribe of Indians and proceeded to the mines. His speculation proved very successful, and in the fall he returned to his practice a rich man. When we heard of him he had been elected Alcalde of New Helvetia, and was fast becoming one of the most prominent among the Californians. His brother, Dr. H. Bates, of Barre, Mass., who formed one of our party, was hardly more pleased and astonished than myself to hear from him at such a moment, and our emotions at the thought of meeting a friend and companion of our boyhood's days, under such circumstances, were certainly of the most pleasurable kind. The vicissitudes of fortune are certainly wonderful, and fatalism can easily pluck a text from the numberless instances in the calendar.

As we are to leave for San Francisco in a few days, you will hardly hear from me again here. I hope to forward a letter from California very soon, and shall give as complete and detailed an account of the country and its present state as my resources will allow.

A SUGGESTIVE SENTENCE—ELUCIDATED.

BY CAROLINE C ———.

CHAPTER I.

"She loved much!"

"I WILL," said Napoleon, and he *did*!"I will," said Cora Bell, and she *did*!

A sentence, you are probably well aware, is formed of two or more words; and it is not easy to conceive of a combination more limited than this I have adopted for my text, nor one, in fact, more suggestive! It was the grand secret (the sentiment expressed in this sentence I mean,) of of Napoleon's success—and also of Cora's! though certainly there was but little resemblance in their modes of operation, or in the ends they sought.

"I will," raised a little, obscure plebian to a brilliant throne, it shortened wonderfully, and suddenly, the life-story of millions of human beings—it also gave strength to weakness, and made power imbecile.

Yes—and "I will," made Cora Bell—but stay, I had nearly committed myself, and it would be highly impolitic to tell the end of my story at the onset!

The lady now respectfully presented to your notice was young, and just "let loose from school." She had read, of course, romances enough to give force to the idea, poor foolish thing! that her life's grand desideratum was a genuine, live lover, who should woo her with all the idolations, raving and folly, she had read of in the books—and this Adonis of her fancy was not very long in making his desired appearance.

And, indeed, had the young maiden been ten times, nay a hundred times more ugly in personal, physical, attributes than she really was, that is, in which she rejoiced, an obstinate pug, instead of having "Romish propensities"—had she, in short, been the exact counterpart of that ideal of the poet:

"Miss Polly Dolly Adeline
Amelia Agnes Low,
Who was one of Nature's genuine's,
Unchiselled work, I trow!
Her forehead was as smooth as glass,
Her nose was a straight line,
Her eyes stuck out as visibly
As letters on a sign."

Even in such case, there were sufficient attractions in the neighborhood of Cora Bell's *purse* to make wisdom, beauty, and grace, things of merely secondary consideration with a wise and prudent man!

Cora was an heiress—her mother's only child—and fatherless. And oh, what a proud woman was that Mrs. Bell! proud and haughty as a queen—of darkness! And yet it had been difficult for one to "show good and sufficient cause" for her unmeasured hauteur—ay, it would have been altogether unaccountable, had her surveyor,

in contemplating her, lost sight of the fact, that the most towering pride usually has the most sandy, and insufficient foundation.

It has recently been decided in a Court of Justice, that, although it is *unlawful* for a man to discover the secrets of his neighbor by listening through a key-hole, a *woman* is perfectly justifiable in so doing—because she will only thus be gratifying her natural curiosity. Far be it from me to attempt finding any lack of wisdom in such decision—indeed, I purpose now to take "the benefit of the act." On no account would I perform the part of listener for my own gratification—and when I do so for "the good of the public," who shall cast a stone? With all this stupid pre-facing I have lost a share of the conversation, but here you have the remainder.

"But mother," said a soft, pleading voice, (that was Cora's, understand) "why do you speak so of James Beecher, he is *so* handsome, and so good?"

"You speak like a school-girl, Cora," replied the mother, impatiently, "what advantage is beauty when it is united with a character like *his*? The villain! I dare say he has made himself appear wonderfully amiable in your eyes! I cannot tell you all child! Spare me, and trust me he is not fit to receive or win your affections!"

"It makes me feel faint and sick to hear you speak so harshly, mother! He said you would tell evil things of him, and yet bade me tell you of our engagement. Would he have done so if he is what you say? I told him my mother loved me, that she would not let the slanders of the envious influence her judgement. I did not think she would make me wretched."

"It is not that I would make you wretched, Cora. I tell you I have known James Beecher for years, and I know his reputation throughout the city too—he is universally detested. Heavens! that he should *dare* speak to *you* as a lover!"

"Pray don't, don't speak so! it is you who are mistaken. I felt so proud to tell you he had asked me to be his wife, and now you speak such dreadful words I am afraid."

The mother could not well doubt that her child did truly fear, for Cora's face was colorless as marble, and she trembled like a leaf, as she sat there at her lady mother's feet.

"Cora," said Mrs. Bell, more gently than she had hitherto spoken, and then she paused, but her daughter only answered her by a flood of tears.

"Cora! what can I say? You will not believe your mother, who loves you so much better than *he* is capable of loving—but I *will* tell you, for it is my duty, if you marry man that you are ruined. Think reasonably child. No other person has ever spoken to you such words as he has spoken; one so talented and handsome, as I admit he is, has never bowed down as though to worship you, praying for your love. You are bewildered. You know not what it is you do. Wait, at least a

little before you decide irrevocably, I, your mother, beseech you to wait. What will you care for his beauty in a few years when you will bear in your bosom a heart he has broken? Or his talents, what good are they to him? He has abused them all his life thus far; he is not young, and there is little hope that you, or any woman, may ever change habits so firmly fixed as his—do, but think my child!"

"I have thought," said the young girl; her voice was perfectly calm and mild then, though colder than usual in its tone—and she rose up and stood before her mother.

"My love you have thought, you believe me—you will give up all thoughts of him?"

"Never, my mother! Do you indeed think so poorly of me? It is *not* an idle dream I have indulged in; neither is it because this is the first offer of marriage I have ever had which has made me listen to Mr. Beecher so willingly. It is *not* because I am young, and do not know what I do. I love him, and he does not seem to me what you have described—I will marry him because he loves me and I him, I feel proud that a man so powerful, and talented, and noble, has asked me to be his wife! As he seems to me now, I would marry him though he were beggarly poor! Of what use is all this gold of mine—can I give it in exchange for anything better than love?"

"You are certainly beside yourself, Cora Bell! You are rushing on to destruction—you defy your mother!"

"I have not *meant* to defy. Mother, you know how I love you, but I am no longer a mere child. I cannot tamely submit when the happiness of all my life is at stake, as I know it is now!"

"But, Cora, what if I tell you he is a gambler—that he is even now standing on the very brink of ruin—that it has long been known he is looking for a rich wife, whereby he may retrieve his fortunes?"

"It is a slanderous story! they do not know him who say such things!"

"They *do* know but too well! My child he deserted his wife, and she died of a broken heart because of his neglect, and of the wrongs he heaped upon her—it is all the fate I can see in store for you."

"Hush, mother—you *shall not* speak such things of him! Could you have heard him last night, when he spoke of the past, and of his dead wife, you would not care to say such things of James Beecher. He told me, with tears, of her beauty, and love, and of her untimely death—it may seem strange to you he should have touched upon such a theme then—but, mother, if you know me at all, you know I did not love him the less for speaking to me so of her."

"What can I say?" exclaimed the mother in anguish, awed, in spite of herself, by the manner of the girl, whose love only had power to make her so firm and calm; "passion blinds you, Cora—you will not believe me! all I ask of you then is to wait—take time to consider before you give him a final decision."

"It is too late—I have already given it him—and, mother, I should be altogether unworthy him did I deem it necessary to *take time* to consider

whether or not he is a villain! I have given him my word, and I cannot, *will not* break it."

"Your disobedience is dreadful—go to your room, Cora—go out of my sight—you are too passionate."

"No—no," cried Cora, kneeling at her mother's feet again, "I will not go while you are angry with me. Only think; remember when you were young, would you have proved false to my father merely because others chose to speak lightly of him? Oh, if you loved him, would you not rather have battled strongly in his behalf? Would you not have confided more fully in his honor and truth? Would it not have been your care to trust him most when the world lightly regarded him? Tell me, mother, how would it have been with you?"

"The world never *dared* to speak lightly of Frederick Bell," replied the mother, sadly, but proudly; "he was an honor to his parents, and a husband of whom any woman might well be proud."

"But if—he had been slandered and abused—if those jealous of his superiority had traduced him, would you have for that deserted him—oh, would not that have been the very way to make him hard, and cold, and jealous, and suspecting? Even had he not proved the perfect man you at first believed him, would not it have been a hope strong enough to support you, that one day, owing to your love and purity, he might be reclaimed from sin? *Would you* have had the cold-hearted firmness, the stern reason at your command, by which to fret out and expel your love for him, when you knew that by so doing you would but make yourself miserable, and perhaps quite ruin him?"

"Child, you are asking wild questions—you are trying to make a false precedent! What could you do towards reclaiming a man already hopelessly lost and ruined?"

"And suppose that his fortunes *are* desperate, and that he is nigh ruined! Listen, mother, I will repair his fortunes with my abundant wealth, the wealth which would otherwise be lavished in a foolish extravagance. I will be to the strong man the humble flower which shall draw and attract him from the wild paths into the paths of peace. If he is sinful and reckless now, as you say, think of him, mother, appearing before men one day in outward life what he is now at heart I know—good, and generous, and honorable, and true—see him occupying the high place in the world my heart tells me he will before many years—think of him if you choose as reclaimed by me; if, indeed, he needs reclaiming, it is a work to which I might well devote my life. Think of him standing at last high, high above all who dare to think and speak ill of him now! I tell you, James Beecher will astonish you yet—you will have occasion one day to be proud of my husband."

Mrs. Bell did not reply to Cora's appeal—she was confident that her child was deceived—but her arguments were at an end; it was not the first time the young girl's will had clashed violently with her mother's, and that lady had the good sense to know how perfectly idle it is to multiply words when it is impossible for them to produce

any good result. Perhaps, too, the passionate, pleading words of Cora, and her firm faith in her lover's virtue, had not been without effect on the woman-heart of Mrs. Bell. At all events, Cora fancied she saw some faint signs of relenting and kindness in the features which had been bent on her with such stern astonishment, and rising from her humble posture she embraced her mother, saying, with a feeble attempt at gaiety, that contrasted strangely with the anxious expression of her pale face:

"Now I am going away from you as you bade me, mother dear, and you will think favorably about the white hat and plumes, and the velvet mantle we were speaking of, won't you?"

"Yes—yes—I do entreat you to go away," said Mrs. Bell, nervously; "you may be sure I shall think long enough of your morning's conversation about the fashions."

And with a slow step, that bore no resemblance to the lightness with which she had danced into her mother's parlor an hour before, Cora sought her own room, where she might rejoice over her own firmness—and hope for her mother's relenting.

CHAPTER II.

It was not more than six months after the conversation, recorded in the former chapter, that one evening a bridal party was assembled in one of the ——— street churches in New York.

It was not a private ceremony about to be performed in the sanctuary—it was not a secret one: neither was it the wedding of obscure people. It was evidently a high-life affair, for a bishop officiated, and a most aristocratic-looking young creature was the bride, and multitudes of fashionable people were there in attendance.

And the little lady who stood at the altar, dressed in marriage garments, how sweetly she looked! A rich white satin robe enveloped in an outer skirt of embroidered lace—a necklace and bracelets of pearls—her dark hair curled and gathered into a heavy knot at the back of her head, from which depended a white bridal veil—a few orange flowers twined amid those tresses—these were her outward adornments, but she brought to that altar a gift which outweighed all her wealth, even her confiding and unquestioning love.

You know of course this bride was Cora Bell, and perhaps you have shrewdly suspected the bridegroom's name.

She looked sweetly I said—(who ever had the audacity to say a *bride* was anything but beautiful? even though she subsided suddenly into the ugliest possible woman—and may have been the previous day the plainest of all maidens!) but Cora did certainly look well, though perhaps almost too childish and dependent, too youthful, in short, to renounce the freedom of maidenhood and the folly of youth. But there was something working in her heart, some thought of pride and world-defiance that spoke out through her eyes, though perhaps so faintly that none but a keen eye could

have detected it. James Beecher saw it, however, and rejoiced. He knew how few was the number of those surrounding who looked approvingly on him—he knew that it was a brave battle the young creature by his side had waged in his defence, and her confiding trust soothed his bitter thoughts and aroused gentle and noble feelings in his breast, which were seldom awakened from their dormant state. Physically, how well calculated he was to defend and protect her, but had he any similar mental and moral capabilities, and if so, would he act up to them? The heart she had so wholly and proudly given him, would he crush it in his sternness, or would he cherish it, and make its happiness? And who sanctioned this union by giving the lady in her early youth to the strong man in his prime? Her mother, the proud and now ill-satisfied Mrs. Bell!

The world knew nothing of that strong struggle which went on between that parent and her child, before the lady's pride and fears gave way to the more passionate love, and strong determination of Cora. And so, when the brilliant company gathered, after the ceremony, in the splendid rooms of Mrs. Bell that night, to celebrate the nuptials of her child, there were none who *knew*, however much they might *guess*, that fear, lest her child might, without her parental consent, wed in a less honorable way the man in whose unworthiness she fully believed, in whose honor she had no faith, had at last wrung from the mother a most unwilling assent.

It was certainly true, James Beecher had once before this night been wedded. His wife *had* died by the cold neglect and cruelty of her husband—it was true, his course through life had been a headlong, reckless one. Gifted with genius, he had thus far only misused and abused it—possessing extraordinary powers of mind, he had exerted them to no good end. His whole career in fact had been—an enigma. Apparently scornful of wealth, while he had it, he lavished it with unaccountable prodigality; at times he mocked at all the softer and nobler feelings and impulses of nature, and yet sued, as though it were for life, for the love of Cora Bell. From a professed contempt for fame, he neglected all those paths which would have assuredly led him to the highest height of an "enviable notoriety." He scorned the applause of his fellow men—and indulged in vices which he knew would ruin him in the eyes of the world—which, strangest of all, he himself seemed at times to despise and loathe, but yet persisted in from some unknown cause. Still there was a something noble in his nature—a power which at times became too strong for his evil genius. He was generous to the last degree, sharing oftentimes his last dollar with the strange beggar in the streets, and furnishing to the poor outcast, and to beings apparently hated by God and man, shelter, and protection, and aid, to the utmost of his ability; and giving with his aid, advice, which could not have fallen more eloquently, or with more effect, from the professed servants of the gospel—the priests of the holy mysteries!

At one time, as if impelled by some unseen spirit, he would for a while arouse to exertion, and startle men by his consummate ability. Then, for

days, he would disappear from among his acquaintance to live among the suffering, and the miserable, to weep over their tales of sorrow, even such sorrow as he himself had oftentimes occasioned. And then again, deaf to all petitions for charity and mercy, he would laugh at the reprimands of men—scoff at the idea of weakness—and make a mock at virtue.

Such was the husband chosen by a girl of seventeen years, who knew as little of the hard, real things of life, as a child knows of the struggles of manhood. Was it for one like *her* to reform, and elevate, and arouse to right and noble efforts a man like James Beecher? Was she fitted to bear with sorrow, if it should come to her—with sickness, if it awaited—with disappointment, if it should lodge in her heart—with poverty and wrong, if they should ever chance to be her portion?

Five years have passed away—proud Mrs. Bell is slumbering quietly in the grave beside her husband. Her children are not living in her beautiful mansion now—long since they have disappeared from the fashionable street—they are almost forgotten by their former friends of the fashionable world.

During the mother's life, the daughter and son continued to make their home with her. But it was far from being a happy home; though bitter words there had been few, there were bitter feelings enough in the heart of both mother and son; these needed not any utterance to be known and felt most deeply. There was a language lamentably plain in the frequent angry glancings of the eye—in the scarcely suppressed scorn of the curling lip—in the coldness of manner, and utter want of sympathy in pursuits, and plans, and desires. It was, indeed, more than Cora ever dared to think of, even with all her unbounded hope, the reconciling of those two proud beings with whom she was so indissolubly connected. There was something in the nature of her husband and her mother, so utterly at variance with that humility, which alone could bring about a perfect and full reconciliation between them, that she never even dreamed of seeing it effected. They lived together in splendor, but it is no "new thing I write unto you," that the trappings and glitter of riches full often hide from the world wretched hearts and weary lives. The poor beggar in the streets perchance looked on that luxurious home, and on the ever richly dressed forms that lived there, with envy—and yet—

Death enters, with strong and undismayed footsteps, even where bolts and bars are most effectual to keep out all unwelcome earthly visitants. Never yet were there walls so strongly built that he might not pierce through them—and ere long he had ascended the marble steps, and entered the door, and trod through the halls of Mrs. Bell's beautiful home; he had appeared there to bear her away with him.

She "died, and made no sign" of reconciliation, or of awakening respect, or affection, for the man who witnessed her death—suffering with no sort of relenting. She died, and had not be-

held the fulfilment, nor even the beginning of the fulfilment, of all that Cora had prophesied concerning him. She died, the proud, world-loving woman, mourned and beloved by but one person in the wide world, and that was her daughter.

Many a strange change has come over the young wife since her marriage eve. But what change? Has all gone well with her? Ah, think, she is far away from the home of her youth, sick, and alone, and poor! Three more comfortless words I could scarcely find to arrange in juxtaposition, and yet they are but feebly expressive of all that has befallen her.

Like many other hopeful women, Cora counted too strongly on her power to reform the man she loved; and too soon she discovered he *did* need reformation. Still her faith and affection toward him continued unwavering; in a measure he returned her devotion—but, it must be confessed, it was in such measure as made it rather poor pay, considering the risk she so willingly made of all her happiness for him;—she could not, would not, doubt that he really loved her well—yet there was little prospect of his ever fulfilling the high destiny her fond eyes once fancied they beheld him awaiting in the future.

A space of time, almost incredibly short after the death of Mrs. Bell, saw James Beecher and his wife penniless!

With the wildest, and most unaccountable extravagance, the strange man lavished all the goodly store of wealth which they had inherited. It truly seemed to "burn his fingers" so long as one coin remained in his possession. Obviously he longed to be rid of it all, perhaps, I cannot say but it was so, because he looked forward to a day of destitution as the very time when he would begin that struggle, and that upward fight for which he was pining, which, while burdened with riches, he had not the strong will to attempt. For who will say riches do not often prove a clog to the soul's aspirations?

CHAPTER III.

CORA'S illness was the consequent of days of anxiety and sorrow, of heart-sickness and dread of the to-come.

Far from the city of her birth, among strange scenes and unfamiliar faces, she had seen her husband, after making a few faint attempts to resume the practice of his profession, giving way again to old temptations and habits, and when she attempted to remonstrate, he did not listen to her words as he had of old—and the wife began to fear for the constancy of his affections.

I said that Cora was sick and alone. For days her husband had been absent, she knew not whither he had gone, nor when he would return again. He had left her without speaking one parting word, to look to strangers for help and consolation. A week passed by, and still there came to her no tidings of him. Would he *ever* return?—was he of the dead? Incessantly these thoughts tormented her mind—the hope that had so many times faithfully befriended her seemed in

those days to have utterly fled. But it was neither departed nor dead—its voice was hushed, but it had still life, and was nigh her, though encircled with shadows she could not penetrate; and only a word from *him* had been needed to call the angel to her side again!

The woman, in whose house James and Cora Beecher boarded, was "poor but respectable," and kind, resembling, in no one particular, the redoubtable Mrs. MacStinger, of "*Dombey*" immortality.

Through that week of anxiety and illness, she had nursed Cora with an affectionate interest and tenderness, very different from that usually to be bought. Sympathizing with the deserted wife by her kindly deeds, she was to her, mother, and nurse, and servant, and never one obtrusive word or suspicious look escaped her that might distress the poor young creature. Saturday night, the great world's peaceful resting time, came round at last—the stillness and the solemn shades crept into the humble room where Cora lived, but it did not bring peace and consolation to her.

All that day she had watched with increased anxiety for the return of her husband—the lightest noise had seemed to her the sound of his footfall on the stair, and a hundred times her heart was beating violently she felt so sure she heard his voice amid the noises of the busy street. It grew at last quite dark in the chamber—long ago the sun had set—the street was growing quieter, and he did not come! the fear had almost changed itself to a conviction, he will *never* come—and Cora wondered, as she thought, if, in all that city, there was a human being so wretched and desolate as herself.

Into the future she dared not look—but the past, the strange, half-joyous and half-grievous past was before her again. She thought upon her careless girlhood—on the fair prospects of her early youth. Again and again her mind reverted to that morning's conversation with her mother, when Mrs. Bell had entreated her to renounce James Beecher—and Cora wept as she thought upon that scene. Were *their* tears of regret and sorrow that she had not heeded that mother's wise counsel? No—for the wife was true to her love and faith still. She had become more and more convinced of the ability and mental powers of her husband, and only very recently she had revelled in the thought that he would certainly yet fulfil her dearest hopes and his own noble destiny, and thus become the realization of her dreams of him.

Had it been possible for any who knew the outward life of those strangers to have known the thoughts that found room still in the mind of that wife, they would have thought her very like a dreaming child; for the husband, from whom she anticipated such great things still, was nearly forty years of age—and if a man have not at that age fixed habits of "moral rectitude," it is, to say the least, a buoyant, trusting spirit that can yet hope for him.

To a looker-on it would have seemed madness for the young wife to believe it was in her power to change the fixed habits of a wild, ungovernable, passionate, dissolute man. But Cora did not see him with the eyes of the world—and even in the

hour when she was mourning over his desertion, and her own helplessness, she could find it in her heart to forgive him and love him, ay, and to hope for him too!

The evening deepened into night, and Cora slept a deep and quiet sleep—for her physical strength was exhausted, and her mind unnerved and weak from long anxiety and grief.

Near midnight a step was heard upon the stairs, or, rather, might have been, but was not, for the inmates of the house were all asleep. It was a heavier step than that of a woman—and it trode cautiously, as though fearful of arousing or disturbing the inmates of the house.

Softly the intruder approached the door of Cora's chamber; it was unfastened—he entered—it was James Beecher. Opposite to where he stood was the bed on which his young wife lay—and she looked, to the guilty, conscience-stricken man, more dead than alive, as he looked on the pale face revealed to him by the fire light. She had suffered for him—and he knew it!

Quietly closing the door, he sat down beside the bed and watched her while she slept. He had come even as a thief at night. But there was nothing of which he could rob her. Long ago she had given up all things to him, and how had he repaid her? He had squandered her wealth and made her as a beggar—he had suffered himself to remain unworthy, while she lavished on him all her love—and the thought came back to him again—how had he repaid her?

Bitter and condemning recollections troubled him as he sat there gazing long upon the face once blooming and free from the stains of trouble, and still so youthful. Tears, tears came into his eyes! He did not force them back; a stronger power than he could withstand was at work within him then—a will far greater than his own was fast subduing him.

Cora stirred in her sleep, and the watcher started from his strange thoughts and bent over her. But she had not awakened; she was dreaming, and of him—for her lips moved, and he heard her speak his name.

Hushing his voice to its lowest tone he answered her.

Even this act did not awaken her—she seemed expecting to hear his voice—she recognized it, and it must have relieved her mind of a great weight of anxiety, for she said so gladly, and earnestly, and oh, there was such a sudden enlivening of her pale face as she spoke.

"I feared you were so long gone that you would never come back, James! If you love me, pray do not leave me any more."

"Never—never, my sweet wife! my beloved! Forgive me that I have stayed away so long!"

"Thank God!" was the whispered reply; then, after a moment's silence, when she seemed striving to nerve herself to speak of what she fain would not, Cora said,

"Do you know we are poor, *very* poor, James? We owe a good deal to the woman of the house; and she has been so kind to me in my sickness, and is so poor herself, too, it is not right to keep her waiting for her pay so long. She has never asked me for it, but that only makes me the more

ashamed to look at her when she comes to wait on me so patiently. Let us go to work at once and earn money to pay *her* at least! Shall we, dear?"

"She shall not wait another day!" replied the husband.

"And when we have paid her, do let us go back to the dear North again—it is not home-like here. I—I am not—happy here! and, tell me the truth, are *you*, James?"

"We will go back at once, Cora. No—it is not home here; we were not made to live in this hot climate, certainly."

"And then?" asked Cora, anxiously, as though that were not half she longed to hear.

"Then!—then I will be to you the husband I should ever have been, my beloved. I know the hopes you have had for me so many years. You shall not always hope in vain, my wife! And the world—ah, yes, the world shall hear something of James Beecher besides that dark, strange story it has heard! You have been my salvation at last!"

A smile of heart-felt joy enlivened the pale face of the rejoicing woman; she spread out her arms as though to clasp him in them—but they grasped nothing, and the intense disappointment awakened her. And—there he was by her side—looking upon her with such love as made her in a moment forgetful of the dark, unhappy past, and conscious only of the blissful conviction that he was with her, that he loved her still. She could not speak—there were no words in that moment that could express her joy;—half fearful that her waking thoughts might not be merciful to him as they had been in her dreams, the husband cried, "You forgave me while you slept, Cora, for my neglect and my past wickedness—oh, will you not also be as merciful now?" Still she spoke not—by words—but he must have read an answer to his appeal in Cora's eyes, for the next moment he had clasped her to his breast, and was weeping, and calling on God to witness that he would fulfill all the great hopes that she had had of him.

And so her long trial-hour was over at last—the darkness of night rolled away, with it had vanished the gloom and the grief that had distressed her, and made her life miserable. The day for which she had looked with such heavenly confidence, the day for which she had prayed, and hoped, even against hope, the day when he would begin the life of virtue and honor had dawned at last! The love which she had poured forth on one the world held unworthy and worthless, was at last to meet its overflowing, abundant

reward. Ah, indeed, she *had* been to him the gentle flower she prophesied she would be, which turned him at last, at a time when all but a woman's faith and love had given him up to the powers of evil, from a wild and strange career, to a striving for the noble and the good.

All that past week, when she lay sick and in terror, he was in a gay and distant city with thoughtless, dissolute men, trampling under foot every law of religion and virtue—but the dawning of the Sabbath beheld him another man. Wakened at last, and beholding things no longer through the distorted vision with which he had always looked upon the world, at forty years of age he aroused to a knowledge of the errors of his whole life, he saw how wildly he had strayed—and learned to appreciate her love, who so long and patiently waited to see the fulfilment of that highest hope of her life—her hope for him!

If ever there is any thing just and good in a strongly aroused ambition, there is justice and reason in the ambition of James Beecher—there is no height to which he may not reasonably aspire; should he even come before you one day claiming the "highest gift" in the power of free America to bestow, do not be amazed—for he is powerful and worthy now, and well deserving all the honors that are heaped upon him. And remember how all this was brought about—a young girl said "I will!"

As you please—you may believe my story or not—I would be the last one to counsel any young lady to wed a man so apparently well nigh ruined as was James Beecher, even from the glorious desire to save a human being. All people must "act according to the dictates of their consciences" and the dictates of their hearts; but there is no ground for disbelieving what I have told because of the *unnaturalness* of the *facts*. For if you have not in real life known of conversions as sudden and as permanent as his—if you have never seen thoughtless and abandoned characters suddenly changed, and totally, then I have only to refer you to an inspired Holy Book, containing an authentic account of one Saul of Tarsus.

And now, in conclusion, may I not hope that many times in your future life, when you feel weary in the paths of right, when your heart grows faint from ever-hoping, never receiving, when your eyes grow dim with watching for the good merited, but long delayed—may I not hope that ever at such times you will remember my suggestive sentence, and so be firm, and so conquer?



THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG, AND A RELIC OF WAR.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THE 11th of September, 1814, was an eventful and important day in the annals of the past, and as scenes and events of memory they can never be obliterated from my mind. They present a dark but distinct picture in the image chamber of the heart which cannot grow dim with years.

It was a bright Sabbath in September, one of those rich, soft, mellow days, that begin to wear the sober tints of autumn, that my young heart was sad with the scenes and the sounds of war.

Our home was on the border of the lake, just across from Plattsburg, and for many long months the event of battle had been the theme of conversation by the fireside—among men as they met in their daily haunts, or as friends by the wayside.

Preparations were going rapidly forward—drafting—enlisting—secreting—and all things wore the aspect of some impending evil, which threw a kind of gloom over the feelings in which all sympathized.

We lived within less than a day's march of the enemy's ground, and all was conjecture, and alarm, suspense and agitation.

Often were we surprised with rumors of the near approach of the "British"—that they had crossed the lines—were marching down upon us, &c.—which kept the inhabitants in a very unsettled and uneasy condition. But so many false alarms had a tendency at length of lulling them into a state of comparative quiet, and allaying their apprehensions so much that people resumed their accustomed avocations with a degree of composure. But at last the event burst upon us, with all its dreaded realities of bloodshed and war!

The scene was sufficiently distant to prevent apprehensions of immediate danger, yet we knew our future security hung on the result, and every eye was strained, and every heart beat with deep anxiety for the sequel.

It was a peaceful Sabbath morning, the sun had risen with its accustomed splendor, and nature wore the hushed stillness peculiar to the sacred day; but, alas! it was a strange Sabbath with man! The booming sound of guns came across the water in such quick and rapid succession, that they shook the earth like heavy and deep toned thunder.

The engagement lasted two hours and twenty minutes; and we knew that the work of death was going on at every new report. Such a Sabbath may this land never see again! It was not a "day of rest," or of worship, but one ever to be remembered with sorrow and dread. A few gathered in the morning, of aged men, women, and children, in a lonely group for worship; but, as the excitement increased, every man fled the village, and, in short, almost every one had climbed to some height on the hills, or in the steeple of the church, to read in the progress of events our consequent destiny. When the British ship

struck their colors and *Victory* was the cry, there was great rejoicing in the sure and delightful feeling of safety, far more than in that of success.

Men and boys had nearly all crossed over the lake to witness the scene from the hills about the village, and were spectators of the bloody affray. One of my brothers went aboard one of the vanquished ships soon after the action ceased. The deck was strewn with the dead and dying weltering in gore. The gallant Downie, who had commanded the British forces, lay on a large iron chest just as he was slain. *Victory* was the theme and the cry of the conquerors; but grief and dismay were the feelings of the vanquished.

The officers who fell in these encounters, both by land and water, were buried side by side in the graveyard at Plattsburg. Monuments have been erected to all. Friends and foes sleep as quietly as if they never had collision here on earth.

Commodore Downie, though slain in the invasion of our country, as the officer of highest rank, is placed in the centre; and a tablet, erected to his memory, bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of George Downie, Esq., a post-captain in the British navy, who gloriously fell on board his B. M. ship Confidence, while leading the vessels under his command to the attack of the American flotilla, at anchor in Cumberland Bay, off Plattsburg, on the 11th of September, 1814. To mark the spot where the remains of a gallant officer and sincere friend were honorably interred, this stone has been erected by his affectionate sister-in-law, Mary Downie."

When peace was declared, and after some months, the vessels were all taken to the head of the Lake at Whitehall.

Circumstances of travelling just at that time gave me an opportunity, in the impressible season of childhood, to see from the tall masts the British and American flags floating lazily in the breeze, the conquered "Lion" looking just as fierce and terrible as if he had not been a captive among Americans.

We were invited on board and saw the various implements of deadly warfare. They were making preparations to sink them in the Lake, which was afterward done for preservation, and the soldiers were rolling cannon balls into their holds as weights.

Commodore McDonough was present—a man of middle stature, but there was nothing in his looks or manner that indicated aught of the exciting scenes through which he had passed.

It is said that, after the enemy's fleet hove in sight, the men of his ship were assembled on the quarter-deck, when he kneeled down, and, in humble and fervent prayer, commended himself, his men, and the cause in which they were engaged, to the "God of battles," and arose from that posture with a calmness and serenity on his

brow which showed that he had received comfort and assurance from above.

The dead of both armies were taken to the small islands near the scene of action, and were there *buried*.

Those waters now look as blue and as beautiful as if never disturbed with war, and those islands are as green and as verdant as if never broken with *new made graves*.

* * * * *

In 1842 I stood upon the wharf at Whitehall, about to embark in the beautiful and famed steamer Burlington, "Capt. Sherman," commander, for a passage up the lake. I had been in Whitehall once before—it was just after the close of the "last war," when the American and captured vessels lay at anchor in that safe and snug little harbor, after the memorable battle of Plattsburg. Soldiers were there storing away the instruments of war—officers were there keeping order and directing the preparations for peace—but as I come again, no war vessel, with its mutilated sides, rested on the bosom of the lake—no officers—no subordinates crowded the streets—not a vestige of that scene remained, every thing wore the aspect of business, thrift, and of better times; and sweet thoughts of our national prosperity—our peaceful and friendly relations with other governments came to my bosom, and I looked on the change with great delight, enjoying the consciousness of our happy and honorable position as a Christian and prosperous Republic, quite safe, as I then thought, from further collision or warring strife!

We passed through the town down to the place of landing. The sky of a July morning was bright—its blue was deep with summer beauty, the smooth lake scarce wore a ripple but was glowing with light, reflecting all images like a brilliant mirror. The gay steamer lay at her moorings near the wharf, seeming like a thing of life, and as if conscious of her own beauty was attracting the gaze of all eyes. The rich landscape, colored with native loveliness, with heaven's

own light and shade, upon the living picture was spread out, teeming with verdure and perfume of scented blossom. The joy and cheerfulness of the occasion was fast taking the place of all other considerations; and I was yielding myself to the influence of the scene, but as we were let down from the carriage a sight met my gaze that fell upon my heart like a sudden sickness. The wharf was crowded with spectators that were idly enjoying the bustle and stir of the hour; I had before strained my eyes to discover something that should remind me of the past; and here an object presented itself to my vision in startling reality, a *wretched relic of those times*! An old man sat upon the bare earth extending his only arm—holding out a tattered hat, leaving his bald head bare—both legs were gone, and his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks wore traces of deep, deep misery! No complaint was uttered, it was the silent eloquence of woe! His crutches lay by his side, that poorly supplied the place of limbs; and never have I seen in life colors so expressive a picture of mutilating—maiming—murdering war, asking, by every missing limb and every line of sorrow, a pittance from the passers by such as they might have the heart to bestow upon *an old soldier*! Ah, thought I, this is the reward, the glory, that the *blood monster* has for his votaries.

Poets and orators may proclaim his praise. Popular writers may cause the thrill of excited emotion to tremble in the bosom, as they bring up before us the serried ranks with waving plume, and floating banners, flashing steel, and brave hearts, intent on victory—and to add still more to the interest of such occasions, they may give us the roll of the stirring drum, the shrill, clear note of the exciting bugle, as it pours out its martial strains—then the onset of strife, and at last the shouts of triumph and the glory of conquest—but let them come when all these things have passed away and paint the horrors of one such scene—a fac-simile of thousands—and you may have a *true* life picture of *war* in its naked and most hideous deformity!

THE TIME FOR SLEEP.

BY LOUISA.

WHEN summer's evening dawns with beauty bright,
And stars are glancing in her mellow light,
When nightingales pour forth their joyous lays,
And echo answers loudly to their praise,
When dark eyed night her sable veil spreads forth,
And fails to screen Aurora in the north,
When music sends her notes o'er vale and deep,
Then angels whisper 'tis no time for sleep.

When pensive evening hovers o'er the main,
And mildly Juno shines upon the plain;
When flowers bathe their fragrant heads in dew,
And silent Nature sinks to rest anew.
When music's notes no more caress the ear,
And not a care illudes the breast or fear,
When not a wave glides o'er the lonely deep,
Then angels whisper now's the time for sleep.

PATCHES AND SHREDS.

THE DOCTOR.

Our city is at present, and for a long time has been, afflicted with a literature which, like the jail fever, seems to have broken forth from prisons and penitentiaries. This contagion is spreading, and consists of certain publications disguised as Novels, Tales, Mysteries, Romances. The characters introduced into which carry the seeds of pestilence with them, and are composed of the most worthless and depraved beings which imagination can conceive. All the heroes are, or are worthy to be, convicts, and of the heroines it is sufficient to say that they have nothing to lose by such an association. These ergots of a diseased brain constitute the dashing and popular literature of our Gotham. Though they partake something of the Monk Lewis and Maturin orthodoxy, and have long-drawn aisles, and nodding battlements worked into their texture, yet they are mostly conversant with physical torture, and furnish a disjointed record of casualties and crimes. They generally open with a rape, or burglary, and close after the consummation of some dozen murders. With scarcely an exception, they contain the adventures of felons, and the mischances of female frailty. The whole of them have a wonderful sameness, and were it not for the different labels of Ned, Harry, or Tom, each, without disparagement, might be attributed to an identical hand. Revolting, however, as these works are, both in character and incident, they might be endured, if not rendered mischievously fascinating by genius, judgment, and sagacity; but unseasoned and unmitigated as they are, by either of these, they present but the contortions of humanity, without any healing or seductive influence to surround them. With Milton, we can visit Pandemonium, and bow with reverence before the powers of the mighty architect, and, without a halting step, can enter the cave of banditti, with Gil Blas for our guide; but under conductors like Ned, Harry, or Tom, the cautious and reflecting man may be excused for retrograde movements, and a decided refusal to "sup of horrors." And this is the manifest misfortune of the trio; they come forward under the great disadvantage of intelligent readers being constantly reminded of something vastly better, and compelled to contrast those original and incomparable productions of Jonathan Wild and Oliver Twist with the feeble and spiritless compositions which they have before them. On turning from the one to the other, they are too provokingly reminded of Swift's indiscriminating fly which, after banqueting on the luxuries of the East, dropped down upon an excrement.

"WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison," is a trite but truthful adage; nor is it less applicable to literary and philosophical taste than to bodily nutriment or destruction. Keats and Tenyson have nourished many a mind, though abominated by the critics; Galileo's planetary

philosophy is now received with universal favor, though formerly repugnant to a countless multitude; and the ethics of Jeremy Bentham will never, we fear, be generally relished, though highly grateful to the palates, and perfectly digestible by the strong stomachs of the Westminster reviewers. But we have a case in point, and which we shall introduce without further preamble.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, no mean name by the by, thus speaks of Plato and his writings:

"Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. In him, too, are found the auroral beams of Christianity; and here is forecast the Koran of Mohammed. Everybody finds his peculiar taste gratified in Plato; to the French he is Parisian, to the German Teutonic. In this respect he is like Helen of Argos, whose beauty made everybody that saw her feel related to her. It is remarkable that uncertainty exists as to the authenticity of some of the writings of genius—of Homer, of Plato and Shakspeare. This is because these great minds magnetized and assimilated to themselves those about them, and thus each lived in several bodies. Another merit of Plato was, that being a philosopher, he was something beyond—he was a poet. Religion, art, intellect—all these had Plato. He united the freest poetry with the most exact geometry; his energy of thought was like the momentum of the falling planet; his discretion like its return to the curve."

Such is the opinion of our present transcendental philosopher as it regards the glorious mystic who preceded him; let us now see what conception the plain, shrewd, practical, and far-seeing Thomas Jefferson entertained of the same canonized ancient:

"I have been amusing myself," he writes to John Adams, "with reading seriously Plato's Republic. I am wrong, however, in calling it amusement; for it was the heaviest task-work I ever went through. I had occasionally before taken up some of his other works, but scarcely ever had patience to go through a whole dialogue. While wading through the whimsies, the puerilities, and unintelligible jargon of this work, I laid it down often to ask myself how it could have been, that the world should have so long consented to give reputation to such nonsense as this? But fashion and authority apart, and bringing Plato to the test of reason, take from him his sophisms, futilities, and incomprehensibilities, and what remains? His foggy mind is for ever presenting the semblance of objects which, half seen through a mist, can be defined neither in form nor dimension. Yet this, which should have consigned him to early oblivion, really procured him immortality of fame and reverence." Thus what is meat to Emerson, was poison to Jefferson.

The following description from Coxe's Travels in Switzerland, appears to me to be full of poetry and feeling. The circumstances related, are no

less honorable to the heart, than to the skill of the sculptor, whilst sympathy and affection are elicited for each party concerned :

"I also made an excursion to Hindlebank, a village about four miles from Berne, in order to examine the tomb of Madame Langhans, a most celebrated work of Nahl, a Saxon sculptor. Being employed in constructing a sepulchre for Count d'Erlach, he was lodged in the house of the clergyman, his particular friend, whose wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, expired in childbed on Easter eve. Struck with the time of her death, animated by the recollection of her beauty, sympathizing with the affliction of her husband, he conceived and executed this affecting monument. It is placed in the body of the church, sunk into the pavement like a grave, and covered with two folding doors. When these are opened, a grave-stone appears as if just rent into three fractures, through which is half discovered the figure of a woman, slightly veiled with a shroud. She is represented at the moment of the resurrection, when the graves are commanded to yield up their dead. With her right hand she is gently raising that portion of the broken grave-stone which lies over her head ; and in the other holds a naked infant, struggling with its little hands to release itself from the tomb. ' Here am I Lord, and the child whom thou gavest me,' are the sublime words which form the inscription. Below is the name of the deceased, ' Anna Magdalena Langhans, wife of the clergyman—born 1723, died 1751.' The workmanship is by no means inferior to the original design. The artist has formed the whole sepulchre out of one block, and so naturally expressed the swelling of the stone, that the fragments seem as if they had just burst, and were in the act of opening. The only circumstance to be regretted is, that the materials are not so durable as such a monument deserves ; being of sance stone, they are too soft to resist the effects of time, and even now exhibit some symptoms of decay."

I know of no more remarkable instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" than the following :

The Brazilians had been so long and so generally inured to the detestable practice of eating human flesh, that the Christian missionaries found it less difficult to reform them of any other of their evil propensities than of this. Southey, in his History of Brazil, relates a circumstance of the following tenor : No very long time after the Portuguese had obtained possession of Brazil, a Jesuit undertook to christianize a Brazilian woman of a very advanced age. He catechized her, he instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of Christianity ; and, finding her at the point of death, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could take. "Granny," said he, (this being the word of courtesy by which it was usual to address the aged matron,) "if I were

to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah! my young dear," replied the old woman, "my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the hand of a little Tapua boy, I think I could pick the little bones ; but, wo is me! there is no one to go out and shoot the boy for me now."

FRIENDLY as I am to poetry, and all the fluttering tribe, yet I must confess that, in the following *glorification*, the mercantile old gentleman has much the advantage :

He his own books approved, and thought the pen
Aa useful instrument for trading men ;
But judged a quill was never to be slit,
Except to make it for a merchant fit.
He, when inform'd how men of taste could write,
Look'd on his ledger with supreme delight ;
Then would he laugh, and, with insulting joy,
Tell me aloud—"that's poetry, my boy,
These are your golden numbers—they repeat,
The more you have, the more you'll find them sweet,
Their numbers move all hearts—no matter for their feet.
Sir, when a man composes in this style,
What is to him a critic's frown or smile ?
What is the puppy's censure or applause
To the good man who on his banker draws,
Buys an estate, and writes upon the grounds,
Pay to A. B. an hundred thousand pounds."

ROUGH, stormy, and unstable as our seasons are, yet eternal sunshine would, it seems, be by far the greater evil. From the year 1528 to 1533 perpetual summer prevailed in France ; during four years not two days' frost were experienced. Nature, exhausted by continual heat, incessantly produced blossoms, but had not strength to bring the fruit to maturity. A scarcity of provisions was the consequence of this phenomenon ; the harvest was scarcely sufficient to supply seed for the following year. Worms and insects of every kind multiplied *ad infinitum*, and destroyed the little fruit which the earth yielded. A most dreadful famine prevailed, and by that, and concomitant disease, one-fourth of the inhabitants of France miserably perished.

We intend no personal or political reflections, but they had, and may still have, a most singular court custom at Siam ; the origin and nature of which is thus described : Sakee, king of Siam, being awakened from sleep, and saved from assassination, by the braying of an ass, commanded, in the ardor of his gratitude, that all mankind should be called asses. Whenever, so the chronicler relates, an ambassador from China came to the Siamese court, the Okya Vang, or Master of the Ceremonies, exclaimed, "Most potent Sakee, absolute Lord of the Universe, King of the White Elephants, and Keeper of the Sacred Tooth a Great Jackass, from China, has come to speak to your Majesty."

DISCUSSING A CUSTARD.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

DELICIOUS custard! and delicious Mary
 Who baked it—maiden with the raven hair,
 And face and hand exceedingly contrary—
 In other words, a maiden passing fair—
 I hold the bakery delicious, very,
 And lol! back comfortably in my chair
 Between the mouthfuls, and am meditative
 About this custard that I have a plate of.

Delicious custard! what uncommon eggs—
 Fresh as your face, my dear, these must have been,
 No chickens therein being, with short legs,
 Waiting to enter on this outdoor scene,
 And very humbly your inquirer begs
 That extra care be paid the mother hen,
 For giving us such splendid specimens
 So much above the common brood of hens.

Apropos, Mary, is it China, Dorking,
 Or common fowl you keep? I recommend
 Hens with a cluck that sounds like wine uncorking,
 A bill extremely yellow at the end;
 The kind I mentioned, with five toes outforking
 Are very good, and may be made to mend
 By certain other mixtures, for which aim,
 Especially all fowls called "game."

Another plate—yes—thank you: I would say
 This milk has been delicious, almost cream.
 You milk, of course, quite early every day
 Something before the rising sun's first beam;
 It must be fine, this getting up in May
 Just when we sluggards first begin to dream;
 You have the dew upon the grass, I think—
 A glassful of this milk, and I will drink.

Sugar, milk, eggs, no butter, did you say?
 No butter; would it not improve the taste?
 Perhaps not; would it keep, if put away?
 Of course not—milk grows acid in such haste—
 Be careful, Mary, custard for to day
 But fresh to-morrow, 'tis a shame to waste,
 And you, I know, are careful, and so clean—
 Fifteen? Ah more! seventeen, sweet seventeen!

You use fine crusted sugar—loaf, of course,
 White as your forehead—never use the brown,
 And white Havana is one quarter worse,
 Stuart's best loaf will always bear the crown
 For chrystal uniform, but not too coarse—
 So much more milk, to smooth the custard down—
 I'll have you, Mary dear, when I get rich,
 For cook, or wife, or both, I don't care which.

CANZONET TO MYRA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

LUZ DE MI ALMA.

Twas not within the lighted hall,
 Where fashion gaily shone;
 Nor was it at some festival
 Where beauty reigned alone;
 But far off from the scenes of pride
 That thou wert dear to me;
 I gladly turned from all beside,
 And gave my soul to thee—
 To thee—alone to thee!
 I gladly turned from all beside,
 And gave my soul to thee.

I sought thee not amid the throng
 Where joy was wont to reign;
 And seeking thee—though sought so long—
 I sought thee not in vain.
 And now that nought can e'er divide
 Thy loveliness from me,

I gladly turn from all beside,
 And give my soul to thee—
 To thee—alone to thee!
 I gladly turn from all beside,
 And give my soul to thee.

And now that thy dear voice is heard
 In eloquence and love;
 And that our vows are registered
 By Holy Hands above;
 And that thou art mine own soul's bride,
 And shalt forever be;
 I gladly turn from all beside,
 And give my soul to thee—
 To thee—alone to thee!
 I gladly turn from all beside,
 And give my soul to thee.

Villa Allegra, Ga., June 10th 1849.

MARAT.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

No age has ever produced such exaggerated wickedness as that we usually call the French Revolution. The most bloody era of the Roman empire seem pure in comparison. We shudder to see some painted savages tasking their ingenuity to render exquisite the torture of a captive, and we loath the very name of women who could lend their envenomed derision and insults to a scene already sufficiently hideous. But, at the time of which we speak, Paris had a hundred thousand men and women, whose conduct, contrasted with that of American savages, was as the deepest shade of outer darkness to the fading twilight. The entire catalogue of ferocities was familiar to these civilized savages and hags, and when, for a time they had power, they stained the pages of history with crimes of such foulness, that they scarcely have a parallel. We do not say there was no exciting cause for all this, but simply assert the fact.

This class was personated by Marat, and of him we propose to write. Let us look at this creature in his own den. Near by the centre of those influences which controlled France, was an old building, whose outward meanness only bore comparison with that which was within. The rooms were small and low, and the furniture scanty. It was barely a place to stay in, and its fixtures were barely the means to stay with. The floors and recesses of this place were occupied with heaps of pamphlets and newspapers, leaving barely room to move about, and perform the scanty offices of necessity in eating and sleeping. And yet that unlikely den was the ulcer head of one of the most vicious and mighty influences that ever cursed the world. The very wretchedness of the abode itself added no little to the power of its principal occupant, at whom let us glance.

Did the sun ever shine on such a malconformation as he? or did ever the sickly torchlight, in some den of darkness, reveal dimly such a hideous outline to be called a man? In stature low, and pinched together into the meanest dimension, he resembled some large baboon more than a man. His lower limbs had the graceless curvatures of a dried skeleton, and to these were appended two broad sprawling feet. His long skinny arms were got up after the same style. As though not diminutive enough by nature, he diminished himself further by a habitual stoop. His muscular integument was so scrimped as apparently to cling fast to the bones, like a deep cicatrized wound. He was a skeleton covered with skin, so lean was he. To the human species he was, what Pharaoh's lean kine were to the graminivorous tribes, "poor, and very ill-favored, and lean-fleshed," and like them, after having glutted himself with the blood of thousands, he was "still ill-favored as at the beginning." This figure in locomotion shuffled along, rather than walked. Such was Marat's

We sometimes see nature making amends for her own freaks in the production of physical ugliness. A deformed body is sometimes crowned with a superb head, to be possessor of which one might submit almost to any malformation, as a set off for the excellent gift. Nature did not make even this amends to the Fury of '89. The head was in keeping with all the rest of him. It was thin and sharp like a broad-axe. The chin protruded enormously, resembling much a blunted ploughshare, whilst his nose, composed merely of a rack of bone, over which the proper quantity of skin might be stretched, was slightly contracted as though some unpleasant odor was disturbing his olfactories. On this well ridged surface, appropriated to the face, two cheek bones were reared high enough to give a savage expression. The eye indicated no genius, but was very bright. The lust of blood gleamed from those sunken orbits. The huge mouth, twitching nervously, as we sometimes see a tiger's when blood is shown him, did not lessen the tale told by the eye. On that contracted forehead none but a microscope could have traced the organ of benevolence, and thence to the summit, where phrenologists locate self-esteem, one would be obliged to search in vain for conscientiousness and veneration. If firmness was surpassed by any organ, it was by self-conceit and destructiveness. Such an ungainly face, and such a huge, misshaped head, probably never surmounted such a body before. One might guess the mould—we beg pardon of the dead for this free use of his thought—in which Marat was cast must have been destroyed, and his counterpart we shall never see again. Well, let it be so, and in all probability humanity will not weep much over the loss.

Such was the master of that den, out of which issued words which inspired the populace of Paris, and associated with which were as many tears, and as much blood, as honored the butcheries of Nero or Caligula.

The most reliable accounts assign Switzerland as the native country of Marat. He was born in 1744, so that he was forty-five years of age when Louis assembled the representatives of France. His uncomeliness, amounting to hideousness, tended strongly to sour his disposition, at the best bad by nature. He was a bigot by birth, and a fanatic by inheritance. He had much talent, but no genius except that attributed by the "Friend of Man" to his son Mirabran, a capacity to "swallow old formulas." His diction was rapid and somewhat incoherent, like that of one extremely excited. He always spoke as if in a passion, and this produced the opposite effects on different minds of fear and disgust, but always ensured him some attention from those who knew him. In early life he studied medicine with characteristic ardor, and fancying he had discovered something new with which to revolutionize this science, he published several works. These ideas were annihilated by the masterly refutation of a distin-

"———Shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none."

guished German physician, and instead of laurels, Marat had plucked thorns without the rose. This defeat enraged him, not only with his more powerful antagonist, but with all the world. Misfortune, as a reformer in the art of healing, made him a fiend in the art of killing. The man who had been regarded worthy of refutation from a learned physician, which led to a duel between them, found his way to Paris, and became horse-doctor for the Count d'Artois. Here, in the very centre of revolution, and engaged in a business, the very meanness of which would recommend him to the rabble, was Marat ready to hound on the blood-thirsty in due time. Doctor Charles would have done well to let Marat's medical notions go unrefuted, or, when he fought him in a duel, to shoot straighter, rather than fling him, a burning brand, into the very centre of combustible Paris! Had he been well reputed as a physician and an author, or had Doctor Charles shot him, some of the bloodiest scenes of the French Revolution might have been avoided. Right certain are we that no other man in France, or the world, was fitted to act Marat's part, in his frenzied vituperation of everybody and everything above him, in his wolf-like howlings after victims, in his insanely bold denunciations of aristocracy, priesthood, and even of all grades of plebianism above that profound depth of misery in which he himself moved. All below him, if any there were, had the love of his tiger heart, all above him had the intensest hate of the same heart. At different times the boldest demagogues came so far short of his own diabolical standard, as to elicit his keenest invectives. At one time he proposed to hang Mirabran as the ringleader of treason, although the throne was actually sinking in ruins under the unequalled energy with which he worked the battering ram of his eloquence. Danton did not escape the shafts of the "friend of the people," and Robespierre himself was, if possible, more keenly pierced by the pity Marat extended to him as being too tender hearted. Perhaps at no place can we insert to better advantage, a paragraph from Marat's paper, in which he defends Robespierre.

He thus details the conversation he had with Robespierre, on the interesting topic of his being "the supreme and energetic power demanded by the revolution." "The first word Robespierre addressed me," writes Marat, "was a reproach for having dipped my pen in the blood of the enemies of liberty, for always speaking of the cord, the axe, and the poniard; cruel words which my heart would disavow, and my principles discredit. I undeceived him, when I said to him, 'Learn that my credit with the people does not depend on my ideas, but on my audacity, the daring impetuosity of my mind, my cries of rage, despair and fury, against the wretches who impede the action of the revolution. I know the anger, the just anger, of the people, and that is why it listens to, and believes in me. Those cries of alarm and fury, that you take for words in the air, are the most simple and sincere expression of the passions which devour my mind. Yes, if I had had in my hand the arms of the people, after the decree against the garrison of Nancy, I would have

decimated the deputies that confirmed it. After the information of the events of the 5th and 6th of October, I would have immolated every judge on the pile; after the massacre of the Champ-de-Mars, had I but had 2000 men, animated with the same resentment as myself, I would have gone at their head to stab La Fayette in the midst of his battalion of brigands, burnt the king in his palace, and cut the throats of our atrocious representatives on their very seats!'"

Marat continues, "Robespierre listened to me with affright, turned pale, and was, for a long time, silent. I left him. I had seen an *honest man, but not a man of the state.*" (Lamartine, vol. 1.)

What a picture for the artist! There stands the stunted, stooping, bony, ill-favored Marat, his hair uncombed, and his face unwashed, unshorn, his tattered rags hanging loosely around him, and his filthy shirt thrown wide open, displaying his filthy breasts, his skinny arms and sprawling hands in awkward but violent gesticulation, and his head thrown eagerly forward, until the sharp visage, gleaming with fury, almost touches the sleek, neat, dainty Robespierre, shrinking from the being before him as from a nether fiend! That picture, drawn to life, would take the highest premium in any "Art-Union."

We have anticipated in time what strictly belongs to another part of the sketch, in order to give our readers a more vivid view of this creature, whose name has long since become a by-word of infamy.

When the King of France called the representatives of the nation together, Marat was bleeding fountained steeds, and dosing sick horses with salts. Better had the world honored him with a station at the bedside of sick kings! When the agitation of such an edict began to reach the people, Marat abandoned horse doctoring, and became a political quack, with but one prescription for every ailment of the state—the guillotine. His first appearance excited the ridicule even of the hags of Paris.—When he harangued, the populace hissed, and took delight in treading on the capacious feet of the man, than whom not one even of them was more ugly. His ears were filled with rough jests at his expense, and his eyes met the pantomimic representations of his own gait, gesticulation and passion. This time he was not to be daunted.—The ridicule of these people only kindled his passions into a fiercer blaze, and whenever chance permitted he poured forth his bitter denunciations of the aristocracy. We do not remember now to have seen any account of his first favorable hearing from the people. Perhaps it was at a time when famine had goaded them to some outbreak, which had been quelled by the royal bayonets and grape shot. At such a time Marat the very apparition of famine, the very fury of the pit, would be a good angel to the famished and decimated rabble. His words would meet a responsive throb in every heart, and the occupant of some filthy den would forthwith be enthroned in every wretched heart as a real friend. Whether or no this be the history of Marat's popular beginning, it certainly characterized that popularity in remarkable but sinister completion. He was not content with

declaiming to the mob. He became a journalist, and so poor was he as to be obliged to "sell his bed to print his first pages." The language of Marat's journal beggars imagination. Its entire vocabulary was ransacked for epithets to convey to others the passionate bitterness of his feelings. The people applauded, that is "the offscouring of all" Paris. Here was their representative in person. Was he poor? They loved him for that. Was he deformed? They loved him the better for that. It was fitting that their apostle should image forth in his own person their wrongs in their most odious features. Was he hated and hunted like a tiger from one jungle to another? For this they loved him most. They would not have their avenger loved by the enemies against whom centuries of oppression were treasured up for swift wrath.

In a short time this new fury was uttering the loudest blast of the Revolution, and as the world heard, it was amazed. The privileged classes were yet partially in power, and the "friend of the people" only escaped vengeance by hiding.—In this the rabble aided him, and also some in much reputation, who saw in him a strong agency to hasten the coming catastrophe. At last his friends, headed by Danton, drew him from his retreat, and carried him in their arms through Paris. The branded outlaw became a representative of France, duly elected and took his seat in the Assembly of which Brissot, Vergniaud, Sieyes, Bailly, Danton and Robespierre were notable members. Certainly this is somewhat of a promotion for a horse leech! Would that this man were giving veritable pills to kings! Better for humanity that he were there than in this place, where he can seize all bloody weapons to enforce his bloody, political quackery! Better, I say, unless it be to show the world what ferocity and wickedness a man, abandoned of God, may be guilty of, and yet even then this specimen of depraved humanity is procured at an exorbitant price.

After the memorable 10th of August, on which the Tuilleries was stormed, and the royal family captured, amid much insult and blood, Marat issued forth and led the Marsellaise through Paris. He seemed a maniac beggar with a drawn sword, and his conspicuous hideousness was the most remarkable feature of that memorable march. And now commenced more violent attacks than ever on all persons and institutions which he regarded in the way of the Revolution. Gall itself grew more bitter in his pen, and all other furious cries for vengeance were forgotten in his tiger-like screams. To the people he became an oracle.—They listened to him and obeyed him. "Give me," he exclaimed, on one occasion, "two hundred Neapolitan assassins, armed with daggers, and a muff on the left arm for a shield, and with them I will traverse France and produce a revolution." At one time his fevered fury allowed him to sit down to an arithmetical solution of this problem: "how many aristocrats must be guillotined in order to purify France?" With the most commendable accuracy he announced the result, how reached he did not say, to be *two hundred and seventy thousands!*

And yet this monster was gentle to one human being, a woman, almost as ugly as himself, who had left her lawful husband, and who clung to him to the last. Charlotte Corday says this woman's grief over the death of Marat was the only pang she herself experienced after she had driven the knife to his heart. One tells us also that this same monster had on his table for constant perusal the inspired history of our blessed Lord, the Prince of Peace. He was accustomed to say, always bending reverently when that name was mentioned, "Jesus Christ is our Master!" How violent the contrast, when we mention the massacres of September! Look outside that door and what do you see? Gangs of ruffians paid by the day to butcher men. See them rend that beautiful female, with untold indignities, limb from limb, and, scarcely having recovered breath, see them strike down that venerable old man, and trample the life out of him. Look again; timid childhood is driven out and shares the same fate. Women, call them fiends, were there cheering the butchers on with "wine and wassail," and framing jests which only a woman's heart could have conceived and a base woman's tongue have uttered. Where bodies are not heaped, the avenue is slippery with gore. And so it went on till the last was murdered. In that horrid process the beautiful Lamballe perished. And then they hied to another prison and there repeated the tragedy.—It was soul-sickening, and the stoutest-hearted participant in the crimes could not face them in after days. Danton shrunk as from rising ghosts from the remembrances of those scenes in September, which had been encouraged by his wild eloquence. The speech of another might have been uttered by himself:

"Nay I am sick of blood; my aching heart
Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
That still have gloomed the rise of the republic."

But whence came these murders in September? Did the messengers summon particular men to particular places by chance? Did the tocsin sound by chance? Did the populace move to the prisons by chance? Did that horrid court of twelve judges spring from chance? Were the few of that multitude of prisoners acquitted, and all the rest slaughtered, by chance? Come forth, thou fury, instigating fiend, and let us look at thee. The like of thee can be found in no world above or beneath, and thou art none other than Marat.—Yes, it was Marat's idea, the arithmetic of which he looked at without winking, and then set in motion his agents to fulfill his own savage deductions. What shall we not hear or see after this bold contrast of infinite excellence with outer darkness? Jesus Christ with Marat! What stranger utterance ever issued from man or fiend, than that which came from the author of the September murders, and other crimes both darker and lighter, "Jesus Christ is our Master?"

It will be readily inferred that this man was not wanting in courage. The defeat he sustained in the Assembly when he attacked Madame Roland was amply atoned for in her subsequent fall. And when at times the horror of enemies and friends alike was excited at some of his writings and speeches, he never quailed. Such scenes merely

gave venom to the feelings with which he regarded his enemies, and excited pity for his friends guilty of the weakness of nauseating at so much blood. The Convention once actually voted an accusation against him, but he coolly left the hall and was protected by the shouting rabble. The same guard attended him back the next day.— There was not a power in Paris that dared to touch him publicly. Opposition strengthened his influence. Once he was put on trial before the revolutionary tribunal, but the judges dared not, if they wished, convict him in the face of a hundred thousand bandits. The acquittal was a triumph. Women crowned him with garlands, and as they wreathed the flowers about his head, he exclaimed, "It is the people who crown themselves on my head. May all heads who would pass beyond the level of the people soon fall at my voice!" A vast concourse accompanied the acquitted man back to the Convention with enthusiastic shouts of "long live the friend of the people." It was a triumph indeed, and as the air was all alive with these plaudits, issuing from base men and baser women, who were the principal actors, Marat spiced the entertainment with this bloody sentiment: "I hold the Girondist and Brissotites; they will go in triumph also, but it will be to the guillotine!"

It was an infamous popularity, bringing with it an augmenting catalogue of woes. Informers multiplied, and Lamartine aptly says, "His door received, like the iron mouth of Venice, the notices of suspicion." And then what a round of self-imposed duties pressed on this man. Two hours he slept, and one he devoted to his domestic affairs. Six hours were occupied in hearing the petitions of the poor and others, and the complaints of informers. He was always present during the sessions of the Convention, and spent much time in the hall of the Jacobins. The rest of his time he gave to penning those denunciations of traitors and aristocrats, which were daily distributed through Paris, and gave tone to the Revolution. Such was his daily routine. He wrought amazingly, and when we look at his labors, our only wonder is that they did not supersede the knife of the beautiful assassin. Such passions as his would consume any tabernacle of clay in a short time. Had he escaped assassination he could not have lived long. Already was his death prophesied in many infirmities, which were daily increased by his insatiable activity. Dumouniz, Lafayette, Louis, Antoinette, Danton, by turns, were attacked. The purification of France was the master passion, the gratification of which,

through the guillotine, was the only stimulent forcible enough to contract his cadaverous face into a ghastly smile. The work went on to his mind. His persevering efforts had already turned the tide against that magnificent body of men, the Girondists, whose fate was to be hastened by his own violent death. These pages might be swelled with exciting incidents in the rapid, industrious and eventful life of Marat, but we are reminded to bring this sketch to a close.

In our sketch of Charlotte Corday Marat's death has been described. Paris witnessed wilder consternation than when "King Mirabeau died." The people mourned for him as a father and a protector. They compelled the suspension of business and amusement. Grief gave way to paroxysms of rage, which spent itself indiscriminately on all who had hated Marat. His bitterest enemies could not breast the popular feelings.— The Convention, a large part of which hated as much as feared him, resolved to attend his funeral, as being a more pleasant duty, than to suffer the last he used so unsparingly when alive. The great societies made the same resolution, partly from regard to the departed revolutionists, but more for political effect. This popular frenzy they would guide to the annihilation of their enemies, the Girondists. The most active means were used to inflame that fury, by exposing the body, and uncovering the wound of Marat. Men and women, friends and enemies, societies, sections, and the Convention, all united in rendering to the murdered man the honors of a semi-deification: After a profusion of eulogies and tears, the body was placed in a grave dug in the garden of the Cordeliers, the society which contained the only spirits which could pretend to vie with him in his rancorous hatred of aristocracy, and in his bloody resolution to rid France of her burdens by the axe. Busts of him were erected in all places of public resort, and remained there, conspicuous monuments of the exaggerated fanaticism of the times, until the close of the reign of terror. Popular fury, sick of blood, then ground to powder what popular enthusiasm a year before had erected. It was at a time when such men and such events occupied the vision of all the world that Coleridge wrote,

"Even now the storm begins: each gentle name
Faith and meek Piety, with fearful joy
Tremble far off—for lo! the Giant Frenzy,
Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
Mocketh high heaven; burst hideous from the cell
Where the old Hag, unconquerable, huge,
Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin sits
Nursing the impatient earthquake."



THE ATHEIST; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XII.

PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.

"And her steps lead down to death."

BURNYCOAT and his companion entered a neat little habitation whose doors and windows were securely closed, and seemed as if merely painted upon the walls to deceive spectators into the idea that a dead wall was a tenement. The house was inhabited, however, and by a female, who claimed to be its sole occupant. Burnycoat was acquainted with the secret of obtaining noiseless ingress, for the door fell back upon its hinges, as if endowed with intellect and vision, and the two men entered.

A woman about thirty years of age, not handsome yet rendered agreeable and attractive by a certain tinsel air, was reclining upon a sofa.

"How are you Mrs. Gurney?" inquired Burnycoat.

"Ill—dying, I fear."

"Not so bad as that, I hope."

"I shall never be myself again," returned the woman with a sigh.

"Do you perceive, Mr. James Morrell," said Burnycoat, addressing his companion and pointing to the woman, "do you perceive the woe wrought by this clergyman?"

"I do," stammered James, scarcely comprehending what was said to him.

"Do you remember her?" continued Burnycoat, and rattled on—"Do you remember her? Of course you do, now that you look upon her closely, although she has altered materially. Her grief has worked wondrous changes; but I suppose that a few minutes close inspection of her features, together with a little attention given to the tones of her voice, will bring back your recollection."

"Is that Mr. Morrell?" inquired the woman, springing up with animation very inappropriate to one dying of grief—or of any other malady—"bless me, how is it that I did not recognise him before?"

"You are wrapped up in your personal misfortunes—you can recognize nobody," said Burnycoat.

The discharged porter was completely bewildered. He knew that he was there for something, but he did not understand exactly *what*. He placed implicit confidence in his *friend*, and he concluded, by a species of self-argument not usually adopted, that whatever that friend said was right. A dim and indistinct idea that he was to swear that the lady before him was Mrs. Gurney, and that he saw the marriage ceremony performed by stealth, floated through his brain. He was just sufficiently under the influence of strong drink to be reckless of any consequences. Accordingly he fell into the train of thought suggested by the artful and studied confab held by the

soi disant Mrs. Gurney and Mr. Burnycoat. He replied, when the latter asked him the question, that he remembered Mrs. Gurney perfectly well, and that he was prepared to do anything that might accomplish a restoration of her rights, no matter what it was, even if it compassed the loss of his soul.

"You'll do," said Burnycoat, after hearing this, "you'll do—you can effect just what we want." So saying he winked at the disconsolate female who winked back.

"You remember that Mr. Gurney and I were married five years ago, do you not?" inquired the lady.

"Y—e—s?" drawled James confusedly.

"In this house?"

"Yes—I believe so."

"You are sure of it."

"Yes."

"And that this is the certificate?"

The female produced a document which bore her out in her assertion. It was signed by a reverend Doctor A——, the genuineness of whose name, had any one seen it as there written, and been acquainted with it, would not have been disputed.

"Doctor A——," cried James looking at the autograph, "surely, that *is* genuine—he married *me*. That is undoubtedly his hand. Yes, I see that you right. The Reverend Gurney, like all Reverends, is a knave."

Burnycoat thrust the certificate directly under Morrell's nose, and Morrell acknowledged that if the Reverend A—— had *ever* written his name he had affixed it to *that* bit of paper.

"You are *positive*, then, that Mr. Gurney, the minister, is this lady's husband?" asked Burnycoat.

"Yes."

"And that you were present at the wedding?"

"Exactly."

"And that it took place at this house, and at the time specified in this trifling document?"

"Of course."

"And also that you were one of the witnesses?"

"I suppose I was," hesitated James Morrell.

"Only," resumed Burnycoat with a wink at the female, "you forgot to write your name upon the certificate."

"So I did," responded Morrell mechanically, as he stared abstractedly upon the document alluded to.

"Well suppose you do it now, eh?" said Burnycoat carelessly.

"I will," answered the porter.

Pens, ink and sealing wax were brought, and the freethinker was made to sign his name as a witness, and date the period of the affixture of the autograph, about two years prior to the time of its actual writing.

"All right," said Burnycoat, as he folded the document and deposited it in his vest pocket.

"All right!" echoed Morrell in a drunken murmur.

"Gentleman, you are very kind to me. You are endeavoring to restore to my arms an erring husband, or to obtain vengeance for his desertion," said the woman.

"We are," said Burnycoat bombastically.

"Will you have some wine?" she inquired.

"We will," replied Burnycoat.

The wine was brought. It was swallowed. At daylight in the morning Burnycoat and his comrade the freethinker left the house, swearing that the deserted Mrs. Gurney was an angel, and that she was the most hospitable woman that ever stepped upon tanned oxhide.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

"WHAT means the assertion of Deacon Smith?" asked Mrs. Gurney, after the first outburst of her husband's affection had exhausted itself.

"Nothing," he replied, while his conscience twinged him.

"Oh! yes—*something*, certainly."

"Well, wife," began and finished the humbled and contrite divine in a tone of humility, "if I must tell you I will."

He then proceeded to relate the substance of his interview with Fanny, and confessed, with tears, man as he was, that he had forgotten not only his duty as the pastor of a godly and Christian flock, but as a married man.

Reader, what think you his wife answered?

That she could live with him no longer?

No!

That he was a vile wretch?

No.

That he was unfit to administer gospel truths at God's sacred altar?

No!

What then?

Why, that virtue had obtained a signal victory over vice, and that he ought to humble himself in the dust before his maker for saving him from a consummation of his wicked project. Eloquently did that virtuous woman discourse. She lifted her husband's heart from the extreme of depression into the very seventh heaven of elasticity and happiness. She did not upbraid him! Thank fortune! she knew enough to convince her that, had she done so, the pure cause of *right* would have been sacrificed at the defiled shrine of self-esteem. The ruling powers that guarded the sanctity of morals directed her to pursue a widely different road. She talked as all good and sensible wives will ever talk—and *she conquered*.

The man continued weeping.

"What will Deacon Smith do?" she interrogated, after the first paroxysm of her husband's anguish had partially passed away.

"I cannot tell."

"Reflect, and you will *know*."

"I am afraid not."

"I *know* better."

"I will take your counsel," said the abased man—"what would you *have* me do?"

"What is right."

"But if I am the victim of a plot?"

"Be so—trust to God and the Right, and abide your time."

"Very well wife, as *you* please! I am in your hands. Do with me as you will. You do not believe that I have another wife?"

"No."

"Then I am content. Let their malevolence work as it may, I will assuredly rise superior to its effects."

"The Lord sustain us in our just and proper efforts," petitioned the wife.

Just at this moment a knock was heard at the outer door, and the wife, drying her eyes and smoothing her countenance, hurried to answer the summons.

"Is Reverend Mr. Gurney in?" asked the man who had plied the knocker.

"He is."

"Can I see him?"

"You can!" replied the clergyman from the head of the stairs. And then walked down to meet his visitor, who was strange to him.

"I beg your pardon," said the man in commiserating tones, "but I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

"Accomplish it quickly then, in Heaven's name," said the repentant clergyman.

"I have a warrant for your arrest!" resumed the visitor.

The wife shrieked—the clergyman was as passive and immobile as a statue. He simply echoed his visitor's assertion:

"A warrant for my arrest?"

"Yes."

The officer produced it.

"What is the crime charged upon him?" asked the affrighted wife.

"There are *two* counts in the indictment," was the official's response.

"And they embrace—"

"Bigamy and adultery."

The wife fell to the floor with a heavy sound, and the clergyman gasped for breath like a person undergoing strangulation.

"The complainants—who are they?" he inquired, after a pause; but never heeding his helpmate.

"The deserted Mrs. Gurney."

"Oh."

"And the witnesses?" interrogated the *true* wife as she slowly recovered.

"James Morrell and Mr. Burnycoat, who saw the ceremony performed."

Mr. Gurney, without another word, (although he did not recognise the witnesses's names) took his hat and followed the officer, while Mrs. Gurney relapsed into the swoon from which she had only partially recovered.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

" * * * Clarence still lives and reigns,
When he is gone then I will count my gains."

"D——n Harry Calvert," exclaimed Gerard Baxter, as he listened to Burnycoat's account of what that young gentleman had done for the relief of Morrell's wife.

"D——n him? What for?" interrogated Burnycoat with an aside chuckle.

"Why, d——n him, because he might attend to his own business and leave other people's alone."

"Well, what do you call *his own business*?"

"That that don't concern me."

"Oh! then he has been interfering with you, has he?"

"Only relieving the disconsolate spouse of James Morrell, that's all."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"That's enough."

"Quite."

"Shameful interference, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Has it disarranged any of your plans?"

"Yes—their chief feature is destroyed thereby," said the pious student as he screwed his face into an expression of concentrated malice, "for I intended to play the charitable young man myself. There is nothing like appealing to a suffering woman's tenderest sensibilities through the grateful influence of relief."

"You are right," responded Burnycoat, with a sinister glance—"you are quite right, and your remark goes to show that you understand human nature in all its intricate windings. But what did you do when you called upon the lady?"

"Played the pathetic, and enacted the penitent."

"How did it take?"

"Just as I required," answered Baxter, "she freely forgave me—wept a little, entreated me to exert my influence towards getting her husband reinstated in his business, and, pressing my hand warmly, instructed me to call and see her again. I have succeeded in procuring her forgiveness of a former delinquency; but not in enlisting her consent for the prosecution of further advances. Had I discovered a loophole through which to crawl as a charitable man, I would have left the house with hope in my bosom. But when I offered her the use of my purse, her reply was that she was well supplied with funds by the generosity of Harry Calvert."

"Well—you give up the enterprise, eh?" inquired Burnycoat, with the air of a man quite convinced that he was uttering a settled fact.

"Never," responded Baxter with more vehemence than was usually observable in his manner. He continued—"No, I will win or lose her only after a desperate trial."

"And Calvert," began Burnycoat.

"Must be driven out of the vicinity," interrupted Gerard Baxter.

"Well, drive him out," remarked Burnycoat sententiously—"that's easy enough."

"Not so easy as you imagine."

"Why?" asked the sharper, laying a strong emphasis upon the interrogatory.

"He is my college chum," answered Baxter in a tone of import.

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must be disposed of with great tact and due caution. I must get rid of him—not by force, but by the most plausible and apparently friendly method in the world."

"Go on."

"To do so is my task. All I ask of you is to accomplish yours."

"Can you give me any directions?"

"Of a surety I can."

"What are they?"

"You know," said Baxter, with the deliberate air of a legislative burglar, "you know that he is a free-souled, open-hearted fellow, liable to be seduced into a show of weakness by good companionship."

"Exactly," was the response.

"You must make his acquaintance."

"I know him already," answered Burnycoat. As he spoke a peculiar smile flitted across his lips.

"So much the better," pursued Baxter, "he is easily led astray, and will afford facile prey to those who understand, as well as you and I do, how to manage such natures. You must meet him in some public place and deliver a letter of recommendation, which I have prepared, to him. He will instantly become your fast and intimate friend. The money that may be required to fulfil these projects I will furnish. After you have secured an intimacy with him you must propose a pleasure trip to New York, or anywhere else! I care not in what quarter your journey, so that you can be back here in a fortnight."

"I see, I see," said Burnycoat ruminatively, "but perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me what good all this will do?"

"Certainly I will. If he can be kept out of the way a week this woman will suffer for the necessities of life; and I will enjoy a chance of giving her what she wants."

"Capital! excellent!" cried Burnycoat as if in raptures. "Do you not perceive that the relation in which you stand towards each other gives you every advantage. If he places any confidence in your *virtue*"—here Burnycoat emphasized again and more strongly than before—"a well made story, nicely told, will do to send him on a short journey. You can send him on a tour to fish, or shoot, or ride, or something of that kind, providing he is fond of amusements."

"He is, passionately; and he has the reputation of being extremely irreligious and very wild. He imagines that I am a perfect saint, and certainly does receive all my assertions for gospel; but I cannot blind his eyes to the extent that is now required, that I can see."

"Oh, yes, it is no task whatever," said Burnycoat smoothly. "All you have to do is to give me a note to him, in which you must implore him to go to the next village and visit a very distant relative of yours who is old and poor. Give me

fifty dollars cash, and the note, and I'll provide the relative, and the place, and get him away."

Baxter did not relish one feature of Burnyceat's suggestions, and that was the demand for fifty dollars. He contended, manfully, against it; but Burnyceat was inflexible. He would have the money or he would not budge an inch in the business. Baxter coaxed, threatened, and bullied; but in vain—his hired villain replied only with sneers and in two words—"fifty dollars." At last the student grudgingly drew forth his wallet and counted out the specified sum. Then, writing the note, he moodily bade Burnyceat depart upon his errand without delay. That gentleman pocketed his fee with the air of an individual accustomed to his trade, and departed without waiting for a second bidding.

Baxter leaned back in his chair and kept on muttering to himself, "Yes, Harry Calvert must be removed. I wonder why they hang people for accidentally giving an obnoxious and troublesome acquaintance a few drops of prussic acid."

Burnyceat sauntered through the street as if he were the Governor of the State. He too indulged in soliloquy, and the gist of his thoughts was a great deal like this: "I've got among a pretty set of rascals, and it shall go hard with me if I do not gain a very handsome sum of money. Money is everything!—it is strange that the greatest scoundrels generally have the biggest share of it!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE APPROACH OF THE CLIMAX

"Sober, second thought."

DEACON SMITH, it will be remembered, was to follow the false witness and Burnyceat to "Rachel's" house; but he did not. The Deacon was in charge of a good angel—one, perhaps, of those he so frequently invoked—and that power delicately hinted that he would be rather precipitate in his movements, if he made himself visible in the company he had just dismissed. It occurred to his mental capacities that he could quite as well stay away from "Rachel's" house as go there, and that his wishes might be gratified just the same as though he placed himself more thoroughly than he was in the power of his unprincipled accomplices, and of James Morrell. The latter might repent, he fancied, and then he might tell tales and hunt up proof of them.

"I rather guess," thought the deacon, "that he knows all that he shall know about my connection with this affair. I may as well hoodwink him with the rest of the world."

But after all the deacon was uneasy. He could not remain quietly in the house, so he donned his most clerical looking outside garments and went to a prayer meeting which was being held in a brother's dwelling. Here our deacon snuffed his "amens" with much unction, exhorted the sisters, and polished up the somewhat rusty veneration of the brethren, and then once more walked mincingly into the street. Destiny will overcome

good angels. We believe that every man has his destiny marked out for him, and that if it be disagreeable his good angel aids him to cope with it; but it rarely happens that destiny is changed or worsted in the combat. Now, it was manifestly Deacon Smith's destiny to go to Rachel's dwelling, if not to go *in*. And he found himself, ere he knew it, standing before the door thereof. He did not enter. After crawling stealthily, and with cat-like caution, around and about the vicinity for at least the space of an hour, he satisfied himself that his emissaries were doing their duty, and it was with a mind as unruffled as the surface of an Italian lake, or that of an infant, that he sought his home and his downy couch. The next day he arose early and proceeded to finish the work that was commenced. His first step was to find Burnyceat and Morrell, and this he did without difficulty, inasmuch as he knew where that personage was always to be found between early breakfast time and 10 o'clock A.M. Having seen him, and despatched the false Mrs. Gurney and her witnesses to a magistrate's office, he betook his holy carcass to his pastor's residence, and the object and result of his visit we have already shown. We have also informed the reader of the arrest of Rev. Job Gurney.

Let us say a few words concerning Morrell.

He had sworn to the lie of Burnyceat's hatching. He had committed perjury, and he stood a candidate for the cell of the felon. He was constantly plied with liquor and had attained that species of stupid excitement always observable in the hard drinker,—a sort of dull delirium which blunts all the sensibilities and effectually stifles conscience, as it murders sense. It keeps the victim in a singular condition of spurious happiness. All he wants is his stimulant—enough of it to purchase forgetfulness of the past, oblivion of the present, and disregard of the future. James Morrell had not been home since the day he had announced the fact of his discharge to his wife.—Go home! He would as soon have dared to enter a den of wild beasts. He no longer acknowledged any home. The only places that he had substituted in its stead were bar-rooms and the hall of the free-thinkers. Oh how he now thanked fortune for making him an atheist. He had borne false witness; but he dreaded no punishment from an offended Maker because he did not believe in the existence of a Supreme Being. All he now contemplated with affright was detection and the consequent retributive justice of man. "There is no God—there is no hell," he would exclaim, with an oath—"if the former existed he would not allow me to wrong a neighbor, and there cannot be a hell because we suffer enough in this world." James Morrell was as deeply smitten with sin as—well, as Gerard Baxter or Deacon Smith.

Burnyceat had not managed his plan with Calvert right. He tarried until Rev. Job Gurney was arrested, before he delivered Baxter's note and attempted to urge his departure for the purpose of seeing that gentleman's aged and distressed relative of whose existence he (Baxter) had been so long ignorant. Calvert's implicit confidence in his chum had not been over-rated by those who would have

made him their dupe. He would have walked on his head to oblige Baxter; he not only loved him for the virtues he assumed, but positively revered what he considered his faults because he supposed that those faults—his staid ideas and straight-laced habits—sprang from a desire to do good. Harry was of too generous a disposition to attribute bad qualities to anybody. He was a real philanthropist. He could not spare time, however, to investigate the cause of the misery with which he frequently came in contact. Like all men of his temperament he was ever the busiest when he had nothing to do. The only labor that he ever set about performing in right good earnest was that of increasing the happiness of others. He had become strangely interested in Mrs. Morrell, and was ruminating upon the chances of doing something to restore her to peace when Burnycoat delivered Baxter's epistle.

"Burnycoat! Burnycoat!" muttered Harry, as he hastily mastered the contents of the letter, "why you are exactly the man I most wish to see."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—do you know a person named James Morrell?"

"Perfectly well," answered Burnycoat.

"Can you give me any information concerning his whereabouts?" asked Harry anxiously.

"I presume he is somewhere in the city," was the reply. "I saw him yesterday."

"Was he well?"

"Yes—that is to say, not very. He has taken to drink of late; but I believe not to a dangerous extent."

"And yet I have heard that his habits are alarmingly loose, and that his melancholy change of conduct is the result of your influence and example."

"Mine?" exclaimed Burnycoat with a beautiful simulation of astonishment, mixed with a knowledge of injured innocence.

"Yes, you. His wife charges upon you, and you alone, the cause of her husband's moral retrogradation. Do you know that he has left her destitute, with a sick infant to take care of, and that he shuns his house as if it were a hospital for pestilence?"

"I am entirely ignorant of the facts you state," responded Burnycoat, while he drew his face into a moral and sanctified shape. "As for me, I have nothing to do with that man's misfortunes, and Mr. Baxter will vouch for my veracity. He knows, thank Heaven, that I am incapable of acts so atrocious. Mr. Morrell is a freethinker, and his employer discharged him because of his infidelity. Finding himself bereft of both money and character he did what many a silly but unfortunate man does—he took to drink."

"Is he past reclamation, think you?" inquired Harry.

"Far be it from me to assert that *any* man is beyond *that*," said the virtuous Mr. Burnycoat with a great show of feeling.

"I wish," resumed Harry Calvert, "that you knew of some method by which I could lure him back to the paths of peace and propriety."

"I will do what I can."

"You will win my everlasting regard if you do," said Harry, with great warmth of manner. "If you could but witness the suffering of his wife, and mark her destitute condition, I am positive you, or any other being in the shape of humanity, would feel as I do. Will you give me your promise that you will endeavor to procure an interview with Morrell for me?"

"I pledge my word and honor to do my utmost. Poor woman, I hope *she* has friends who will not permit her to starve," said Burnycoat, pretending to wipe out the corners of his eyes with a very dirty white handkerchief.

"Oh, yes! her immediate wants are supplied—all save the greatest. She wants her husband."

"Ah? true! Well, I will instantly go about finding him. But what am I to say to Baxter?"

"Tell him it is utterly impossible for me to leave the city at present."

"I know that he has convinced himself that you will go for him, and that your reply will be a sad blow to him," ventured Burnycoat.

"I am truly sorry," said Harry, but for once in his life unwavering in his determination, "but I cannot neglect the trust now reposed in me not only by that wretched woman but by another family. Moreover you may give my compliments to Gerard and tell him that I am under an engagement of a matrimonial nature, and that to leave the city at present would be to blast all my hopes of future happiness."

"Very well, Mr. Calvert, I will obey you," said Burnycoat, as he bowed himself out.

"Good day, Mr. Burnycoat. Don't forget to call and see me to-morrow."

"I won't. I like that young man," said Burnycoat to himself, as he hastened to communicate the upshot of his attempt to get rid of Harry Calvert.

Ten minutes after Burnycoat had gone Harry was seated upon a sofa at the side of the orphan Fanny.

CHAPTER XVI.

CULMINATION.

"All's well that ends well."

TIME flew! The machinations of Mr. Oily, (for he supported his brother Deacon Smith through thick and through thin) of Gerard Baxter, and of the false Mrs. Gurney, reached a conclusion after a while. Rev. Mr. Gurney had given bail and was at large after the second day of his incarceration up to the period of his trial.

The trial finally came on.

The first witness called—(according to an arrangement made with the prosecuting attorney, and prosecuting attorneys, forgetting that they are expected to protect the innocent as well as secure the conviction of the guilty, very frequently adopt and foster the spirit of vindictiveness and conspire with witnesses)—was Mr. Burnycoat. He knew nothing about the marriage. All the cognizance he could profess with reference to the matter was that he heard the plaintiff, during a term of many weeks, express her sorrow at her husband's deser-

tion, and declare that that husband was Job Gurney. He had also heard James Morrell acknowledge that he witnessed the performance of the ceremony, and had signed the marriage certificate on the evening of the performance of the "aforesaid ceremony," as she law documents would say. That was all he knew about it. He could not swear, positively, that the lady then in court as the real Mrs. Gurney was so, but he thought, from circumstances, that it might honestly appear so.

James Morrell was the next witness. Within ten feet of the stand was Deacon Smith, Mr. Oily (who was subpoenaed by the defence) Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Ward, Gerard Baxter, and, "last though not least," Fanny and Harry Calvert.

Morrell was sober. His friends had endeavored to excite him by drink, but the powerful action of his mind, (rendered powerful, that same action, by reflection as to his crime) had neutralised the effect of the spirit and left him a little less energetic than as though he had been *legitimately* sober. No temperance man could have had weaker nerves. He was as white as the paper upon which we are now writing, and he trembled violently in every joint. He had sworn to nearly every material point, the substantiation of which would forever ruin the miserable defendant. His wife gasped for breath and clutched the arm of Harry so tightly that she bruised it, when the lawyer for the defence asked when the marriage took place.

Morrell hesitated. The date of the certificate had passed from his memory, and so he said. It was the only truth he had sworn to, so far. He requested to be permitted to look upon the certificate, and, contrary to justice, or legal precedent, the court granted his prayer. He uttered the date and declared that he *then* remembered the time particularly, and proceeded to give a circumstantial narration of events which induced these recollection, when his wife emitted a terrific shriek and fell to the ground. All was confusion for a few moments. The woman shortly recovered, as if by a superhuman effort, and, despite the attempts made to check her, insisted upon being used as a witness *versus* the commonwealth. The lawyers retained by Mr. Gurney—we call him *Mr.*, for he had been deposed by his church and shorn of his title—seized her as a valuable aid to their cause and placed her upon the stand forthwith. She delivered her testimony in a firm and clear tone of voice, and entirely controverted every particle of her husband's evidence. Her appearance there as a witness was not in accordance with law, perhaps; but she had accomplished her mission before the prosecution discovered that, and the effect thereof was to invalidate every word James Morrell had spoken. The court ruled out her evidence and charged against the prisoner. Before the case had gone to the jury—prior to the conclusion of the judge's charge we mean—the following scene was enacted:

Burnycot and Baxter met on the sidewalk in front of the court house.

"Pay me five hundred dollars," said the former to the latter.

"Oh, no! not so fast my dear fellow," responded Baxter coolly.

"Why not?"

"Because you have not fulfilled the conditions. You are fifty dollars in advance of me now. You will please recollect that I was to give you five hundred when Morrell was a *convicted felon*. That was your voluntary proposition."

"He is a convicted felon to all intents and purposes," said Burnycot, "he has committed perjury and you know it."

"You shall not have a cent until he is in prison."

"Hark ye, Mr. Gerard Baxter, you hypocritical, cowardly scoundrel, I will have this money—have it *now*, too," hissed Burnycot through his teeth.

"Will you? Well get it."

"If I don't I'll expose you."

"Nobody will believe you."

"Won't they, very well, you run the risk if you like."

"I'm resolved to do so."

"Are you? Very well, just as you like. Now heed what I say. Hand me five hundred dollars, at once, or I'll step into that court room and sell myself for the sake of putting you into the mire."

"Go—if you dare."

Burnycot turned away from him in silence, and walked straight into the court room. Baxter followed close upon his heels never dreaming that he would execute his threat. But he did. He exploded the whole plot—laid bare the infamy to the bone—confessed his own culpability, and exonerated, as well as he could, poor Morrell, declaring that it was by his arts that he was induced, while in a state of intoxication, to commit the horrible crime of perjury. We may as well cut the matter brief, inasmuch as our province is to relate facts, not fiction, and facts are valuable for being presented in a garb of Quaker plainness. Rev. Job Gurney was acquitted and restored to the good graces of his wife, although the "bosom" of his church refused to give him a harbor. The pious and politic Deacon Smith, fearing that the charge of subornation of perjury might be brought against him, quietly gathered together his monies and his household goods and decamped in the direction of Texas. Harry Calvert, after hearing the character of Gerard Baxter, (who also suddenly left Boston on a pleasure trip, and tried to forget Halworthy Hall) cut his acquaintance and married Fanny, after doing which, he commenced the practice of the law and soon built up an extensive business. Morrell was aided by him to leave the State, and we are pleased to be enabled to state veraciously, that he left his freethinker's tenets in the State of Massachusetts, and went to New York, with his wife and child, a Christian not in precept, but in practice.

Mr. Burnycot was sent to that institution commonly called the state prison, where he now is, and where we hope he may remain until he learns to be honest.

Reader, have you discovered in our narration the difference between true and false religion? True religion is that which, independent of professions, is visible in deeds, while the false is that which only displays itself in cant phrases, a long countenance and a "solemn suit of black."

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

BY THADDEUS W. MEIGHAN.

It was a neat little edifice. It was built by no pretentious architect; but by a carpenter—a plain house carpenter, whose knowledge did not extend into the classics, and who knew very little about the different styles visible in most of the modern tenements dedicated to the worship of God. Yet, as our initial sentence declares, it was a neat little edifice. It was painted white without, and over the porch were trained bits of woodbine, and ivy, and honeysuckle, which gave an air of rural comfort to the scene, and imparted a very pleasing and roman'ic tone to the humble characteristics of the place. A meadow lawn of half an acre was before the door, and at the back of the church was the grave-yard, where reposed the remains of families whose ancestors were born almost within sight thereof.

It was not only a *neat*, but it was a *pretty* little edifice. To be sure the windows were quite small, and their frames were painted red; but then the glass panes were so clean that they fairly shone, and in each of them was a rose, or a heliotrope, or else a sprig of orange, or, perchance, a vigorous cactus, each and all of which were carefully attended and cultivated by the minister's daughter. She was a modest lass, with cheeks like the roses she loved so well, and eyes as bright as the panes of glass I have mentioned. I cannot say that she was what metropolitans call beautiful, but I *can* assert that she was an even-tempered, buxom, *trifely* girl, whose excellent qualities commanded respect if not admiration. Her father, the parson, was as plain as his church. Of that I have a few words to say. I must tell you that it was capable of accommodating not more than two hundred people. It was seldom, however, attended by a number exceeding fifty. Its seats were built of deal and were uncushioned. They were separated, from the sides, by an aisle which ran from the door to the pulpit, and which was rendered easy and noiseless to the tread by a strip of colored cotton carpet, very skilfully tacked down and kept as free from soil and litter as Queen Victoria's table cloth. The pulpit was a model of a pulpit—small and plain, and the only thing about it that approached the ornamental being the crimson velvet cushion upon which lay the sacred book.

Only three small lamps depended from the ceiling, and shed but a "dim religious light" through the darkness of the evening. But the members of the congregation, notwithstanding this, always felt cheerful there. If the brilliancy of gas light did not pierce the atmosphere, the halo of true piety did, and it fell upon the vision in rays of gladness and peace. It is a curious fact, that the young girls who visited our little church did not trouble themselves to stare at each other's bonnets, probably because those bonnets were scarcely worth noticing excepting for being very cheap, and modest, and very becoming. Nor did these young ladies, (who were the daughters of substantial farmers and could well afford it) disturb

each other's meditations, and excite mutual *envy*, by the rustle of silks and the flutter of gay finery. They went to the house of God clad, as all virtuous young girls should be, in garments which, answering every legitimate purpose, could not distract the mind from the words that fell from the minister's lips. We had a choir too: yes, a choir! The choristers were three in number, and were led by a strong-limbed, sturdy young blacksmith, whose voice was sonorous as the tones of a chinese gong, and as "clear as a bell." He did what was called "setting the tune," his companions joined in with him as soon as they could, and one by one the congregation followed. I do not think that Grace church would have tolerated such singing, but *we* did for the reason that we knew it came from the heart as well as the lungs. There were only half a dozen airs which our leader knew, and one of those was that good old and easy one called "Old Hundred," and they had been sung so often that everybody in the village, and in the county too, knew them so intimately that they might have sung them backward after an hour's practice. Of course we paid our singers no salary. Evil disposed persons, who hire pews in New York churches, may be disposed to doubt this assertion, but I affirm it to be the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." We know it is monstrous to expect professional people to give their services for nothing, but then, you see, our professors worked hard all the week for a living, and did not grudge to *give* the use of the faculties God had endowed them with that they might benefit their fellow creatures.

The minister—we, perhaps, ought to blush to say it—had *never been to college*. He could not designate one Greek letter from another, and would have been puzzled to tell which were Hebrew or which Chinese characters. Besides, his grammar was "nowhere," as they would say in the South, and he sometimes would inform us that "these things *is* deplorable." Melancholy to relate, he was once a shoemaker. However, his discourses were easily understood. They were clear, forcible and brief. They were always to the point, too. We never were treated to a logical dissertation upon the probable meaning of an obscure word in a sentence of history, or a learned disquisition touching the danger that all other sects but our own were in of being condemned to eternal torture. Our minister aimed to do good. He thought that so long as a man obeyed the ten commandments and worshipped his maker in all sincerity, that, no matter what he called himself, he was a Christian and stood a very fair chance of going to Heaven. He sought to promote good will, and charity, and confidence among us—to make us feel that we were really all brothers and sisters—all destined to die—all dependent upon the community for happiness—and all travelling towards the same region of eternity. He taught us to be contented with our lot, to bear up against

misfortunes without repining, to place implicit confidence in the purposes of the Great Ruler, and to bow with humility to his decrees. He told us that pride, and envy, and discontent, carried their punishment with them, and that whoever was proud, or envious, or discontented was injured by those mental evils more than any body else. He endeavored to make his hearers enamoured of industry, and set them a good example by tilling a little vegetable garden with due assiduity. Singular it is that he did not deem laughing a wickedness, but enjoyed mirth and mirth-moving subjects with right good will. He did not wear kid gloves. As for patent leather boots they would have formed, in his eyes, as great a curiosity as a mermaid or the great sea serpent. Ah! he was the very antipodes of a fashionable clergyman! You should have seen his old fashioned, swallow-tailed coat, which had a collar like a horse's, and a waist half a foot shorter than is patronised by this generation. But his head—how Fowler the phrenologist would have rejoiced at the privilege of manipulating its bumps and running his fingers through those glorious, silvery locks. It was a head whose largest bumps were benevolence and veneration—a grand head, whose owner you couldn't help loving, and feeling a child's regard for, if you tried never so hard. It lays in the dust now, and six feet of mother earth are upon it, and it will never more gladden our vision on this side of the Stygian shore. We travelled fifty miles to see the good old man laid in his grave, although he died years after we had removed from the vicinity of our little church.

The village—an humble place as it had been for a century—by one of those curious chances which now and then occur, became famous for a mineral spring which was accidentally discovered, and in a few years it was turned topsy turvy.—Rich invalids began to make it their residence, and speculators crept in among the community, and had maps made of the place, and building lots marked out, and hawked over the country for sale. They purchased the village green, and razed the school house and blacksmith's shop that stood near at hand, and then they built a number of queer looking tenements called cottages; but which ought to have been denominated monuments of folly; for they were fashioned after plans that could have been drawn only by a madman. They had sloping roofs which were their largest part and made them appear as remarkable as a diminutive man with an enormous hat upon his head.—They were made up in equal parts of Swiss *chalets*, Chinese pagodas and Gothic castles. By and by a hotel on a large scale was reared, and a bar-room was opened therein, and crowds of city folk made it their spring and summer residence. At night the primitive inhabitants were startled by the sounds of wassail, and the young girls were half frightened out of their wits by men who wore enormous moustaches and came under their windows to strum cracked guitars and sing outlandish songs. One or two of the girls were ruined, two or three ran away from home with foplings and were married, and half a dozen of the farmer's sons became drunkards. Nothing now seemed to go right. The youngest of the villagers began to

be ashamed of their unpretending costume and tried to ape city attire. Some suddenly discovered that it was leading a very hard and monotonous life to labor diligently in smock frocks and patched trowsers from the rising to the setting of the sun, and finally the farms began to look less productive than before, and the husbandmen, instead of talking of the crops, or of the rearing of cattle, or of the best style in which to rear corn cribs, made politics and personal gossip the staple of their conversation. One by one the members of our little church became neglectful of their first love, and transferred their attendance to the new church, which, compared with the old, was a splendid structure. The minister was youthful and handsome, and had been genteely reared and highly educated. He had actually visited London and Paris, and had rubbed himself against the university walls at Gottingen. He delivered his elaborated sermons—(they should have been termed “lectures on the *science* of theology,”)—in a bland voice of the “aw demme” species, and made a great display of the graces of oratory. His country hearers did not comprehend exactly what he meant; but they were very much pleased and listened with servile attention. They were delighted with the organ, too, and went into extacies over the dulcet tones of the first soprano singer, who had been a supernumerary vocalist at several minor theatres. At last our good old pastor abandoned his pulpit, and our little church was closed. The grave-yard was soon overrun by weeds, and the mounds were hardly distinguishable for the rank long crab grass that grew there. Formerly, when our little church flourished, it was the custom to plant roses near the headstones, and carefully extirpate the weeds, but now the villagers had other fish to fry.

Our pastor endeavored to gain a living out of his trifle of ground, and he succeeded in procuring a scanty one. He was content. He thanked God for what he had, and most of all for his daughter. She—she murdered him. Love took possession of her heart, and its object was a Southern gambler and *roue*, who was there to drink the waters. Suffice it to say that, in spite of her father's command to the contrary, she married this man and accompanied him many miles from home to become anything but the woman the old man wished to see her. He struggled manfully against this last blow; but in vain. He died of grief.

The last time we saw the village the grave yard was fenced in, and “our little church” was converted into a *smoke house*.

We have never forgotten it, nor has the good seed sown by the old pastor been lost upon the soil of our heart. Oh! what a crime it is to defile religion by gauds and trappings of vanity! In such a church as ours we find the genuine lover of God. We do not say that true piety cannot be found in our sumptuous palaces with steeples towering up from their roofs; but more of it is found where pride has no entrance—where the poorest and the meekest may worship without fear of being sneered at—where, in short, religion only is thought of, and worldly matters are driven, like the ghost in Hamlet, “out at the portal.”

THE ELEMENTS IN TRAVEL.

A LEADER FOR A "PROGRESSIVE" NEWSPAPER.

"Twenty years ago!"—it is a small space of time when you look back at it, and not a very vast one to look forward at; that is if the *looker* be over twenty-five years of age. Our first sentence is tautological; but it expresses what we desire to say, and that is all the writer of *truth* need care for.

Well, "Twenty years ago!"—we opened our brief sketch with that exclamatory sentence.

"What of it?" says the reader contemptuously, "What of it?"—and in the words of the bard of Avon continues—"leave your damnable faces and begin."

Very well then, we obey. Twenty years ago travelling was a science and a dangerous one too. Steamboats, badly constructed and worse managed, blew up, on the average, once a month, and sloops, which were navigated upon a principle counter to that embraced in the proverbial sentence "Procrastination is the thief of time," weekly foundered or were lost by some fatal, yet unavoidable "collision," for which *nobody was to blame*.

We all know—by *all*, we mean the universal people—that the world's cry has been, during the fifth of a century, "Progress." Progress we have had. The word has been "Onward" and onward we have travelled. We have not been content with substituting floating palaces upon our waters for tar-ry, ropy, nasty hulks—we have not been satisfied by displacing the Weller stage coaches and furnishing, instead, compact railroad cars that go faster than trotting horses, and inside of 240—not we! Oh! no! We want to go still faster and more comfortably to all quarters of the globe. Stock companies for transporting adventurers to the North Pole by steam have been formed. Charters have been authoritatively given for incorporated bodies who are to carry passengers to the extreme of the Arctic regions, and there make ice cream notwithstanding the extreme heat which is supposed to pervade the month round. Railroads to run across the rocky mountains, and to connect the two hemispheres, are, *theoretically*, as abundant as house flies in August. We are—exacting nation!—dissatisfied with Uncle Samuel's mail arrangements, and cannot be brought to admire or patronise his lumbering conveyances. Letters by mail are obsolete excepting with such persons as agree that old customs and habits are the best. Bless us!—we have the telegraph, fashioned and originated by Professor Morse, a modest gentleman in sombre habit and gold spectacles with whom we have often taken a two shilling dinner at an humble chop house. Fancy this vehicle for the rapid transportation of intelligence—this miserable-looking anatomy of posts and wires by the aid of which robbers and murderers are caught and friends are apprised of the sudden illness or death of their absent relatives;—we say, fancy the telegraphic line, in a remote region of the country, assailed by an old lady with a basket of choice edibles upon her arm, in this wise:

"Hello, you misters that do this ere business send this basket down to Boston, will ye?"

Now, we desire to *beat the telegraph*—to beat it both in speed and usefulness. We are anxious to transcend even the new flying machine, by the agency of which people are to be carried from the metropolis of the new world to the auriferous El Dorado thereof—California—in five days. We want a speedy method of communication with the shores of Europe. If—notwithstanding the Horn and the necessity of doubling it—we can be aerially conveyed to a fruitful *placer* in less than a week, why cannot we accomplish a jaunt to London in a corresponding brevity of time? As to going by the old method of transportation, that is out of the question. The Cunard line is totally inefficient. We are a "fast" race, who live in a "fast" age. Rapidity of movement is what we want. We require not only to "annihilate space and time," but we want to do more. We aim at causing space and time to annihilate *us*. Besides, we require to use *all* the elements in achieving our purposes of travel. Steam—*alias* heated water—is all very well; but it is water alone. Now, we wish to combine earth, air and sea in ministration to our migratory designs. Yes, gentle reader, we are determined to have a railroad across the Atlantic. Ah, you ask what the railroad shall be based on. Exactly—"there's the rub!" We fancy we can give a satisfactory answer. On a combination of the elements. The road shall be sustained by patent, self-acting, self-steering balloons. Do you see? True, if the balloons of any section should blow up, or collapse, or prove refractory in any way, there would be a bad break, but then, *brakes* are customary adjuncts to all railroads, and *brakemen* are usually engaged to manage them.

It would be rather singular, we confess, to see a man, belated, cutting across the Atlantic, bound to get his passage if such a result were possible, and determined, Franklin-like, to *persevere* and make up for being too late for the cars by coming up with them. Many a packet-ship—a concern minus pedalcical endowments—has made a "quick run" across the great pond, and why shouldn't a man. Stannard and Gildersleeve are acknowledged to be the fastest and most enduring pedestrians in the world, yet, if they had to foot it over this proposed railroad it would take them three hundred hours to reach Liverpool. The reader, if he be a clever arithmetician will see that this would occupy twelve days and a half, which would be making a quick but disastrous run, and one not at all compatible with our ideas of suggested improvement.

Therefore, by all means, let us have the "balloon, steam railroad" across the Ocean. Stock can be obtained at this office, of Mr. Dolt Head Paradox, proprietor of the patent spiral staircase for ascending to the moon. Greater than all modern reformers, we propose to subject the *combined* elements to our will.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[SEE TOPICS OF THE MONTH.]

LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NEW SERIES—NO. I.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

[THIS feature, originated by one of our first contributors, was neglected by him because another literary affair, in which he became immediately interested, occupied all his time. In the interim, the publisher of this work, unwilling that his readers should be cheated of their due by a single individual, employed one "MOTLEY MANNERS" to continue the series. He wrote upon two subjects, (N. P. Willis and J. F. Cooper,) under his *nomme de plume*. The author of the former papers, of *this*, and of those which will follow under the general title at the head of this page, has resumed the performance of his original engagement, and will fulfil it to the best of his abilities. He will hereafter be known by his proper cognomen,

THADDEUS W. MEIGHAN.]

JOHN PIERPONT.

"The bliss of man, could pride that blessing find,
Is, not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear."—POPE.

"This is a free country," says everybody. When the quoted assertion is made in our presence we invariably answer—"Well, so it is." And we say *now*, "Well, so it is," inasmuch as a literary gentleman of note has just remarked over our shoulder, "This is a free country." We are very patriotic; it is our province and our birthright to be so. The man who drew his initial breath beneath the protecting influences of the stars and stripes, must, naturally, feel a great partiality towards all his brethren, and be ready to shout their praises when they deserve them. Now, a "free country" is something to be desired and enjoyed. But the freedom of a country should not be abused. Because we live apart from the domination of a king we are not to transcend the true republican spirit which pervades our constitution, and should characterise our practice. We are not "free" to violate the laws. We are not "free" to go barefoot in winter time. We are not "free" to appear abroad in *puris naturalibus*. We are not "free" to shout ourself hoarse by bawling up talent, in the vain endeavor to make genius of it, in consequence of its affinity with our nativity.

The fact is, we should remember that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and that short-sightedness requires spectacles, while far-sightedness (and there is such an optical peculiarity) sees better without than with the aid of glasses. Very well—REV. JOHN PIERPONT, dubbed poet by the recorder, *par excellence*, of an official catalogue of home versifiers, would, "at a distance," enchant us; but close to us, and among us as he is, he most likely suffers the proverbial neglect awarded to all "own country prophets"—*i.e.*, he gains no honor. If he gains any it is a very sparse modicum. His admirers—and what man that ever put pen to paper was without them?—will tell you that he is esteemed to be a great man; but a great man, like a gentleman, is an object so utterly indefinable that one scarcely comprehends it. One may be "great" at fisticuffs, or at mathematics, or in mechanics, or in roguery, or in literature. A great literary man is, however, frequently anything but a great writer or a great

genius. There are myriads of newspapers in this country, and the contents of these broad sheets are hurriedly made up. Various are the influences brought to bear upon the amiable gentlemen who direct these engines. Editors are poor. All editors must be poor, for no man of talent would submit to the drudgery that editorship involves, unless constrained to do so by that most merciless of all cruel enemies, necessity. Poor men are easily approachable. Now, let not the reader mistake us. By *approachable* we do not intend to convey the idea—or its shadow—that they are vulnerable to a criminal extent. We cannot esteem them mercenary, or conscienceless, or easily won—if won at all—to what is incorrect. It would not become us to *think*, or, if we *thought*, to write so, inasmuch as from the day we were nineteen up to the present moment, we have belonged to the interesting and abused fraternity of editors. We know how reputations are made. So EASILY! All you have to do to compass a newspaper reputation, is to become acquainted with a couple of impulsive, warm-hearted, editors, who occupy tolerably substantial professional positions. Call upon them at their places of business, when they are "up to their eyes" in duties, and (we premise that you are either an artist, a *soidisant* poet, or a player,) procure them, by a show of genius and friendliness, to hurriedly compromise themselves in the endorsement of your talents. If they publish one paragraph expressive of their admiration of your capabilities, remember they are pledged, for ever after, to give utterance to the same opinion. But this is not all. Editors are fond of relaxation, and many of them appreciate flattery, because it affords them the only lively pleasure attachable to their calling. After obtaining the first paragraph of praise at their hands, you must go out of your way to convince them that you esteem them beyond all others. You must play the "good companion" with them—invite their wives to your house and declare that their children—if they have any—are cherubs, and if they haven't, that themselves are. By this course you may galvanise your fallow talents into

very productive and universally-appreciated gifts; for editors, in the hurry and momentary excitement of their avocations, have rarely time or opportunity to reflect; and can be readily moulded to any shrewd personages' will. A newspaper reputation leads to something more desirable. Your editorial friends will copy all you write, be it "good, bad, or indifferent," with Chamelion-like flourishes of trumpets. Newspapers are made up from newspapers. It is the fashion for editors and publishers to copy each other. In a short period you will find your effusions in the papers of every state in the Union. This is all you will need. That done, you will be a great man. You need not be delicate—if your friends have not time to review—*i. e. praise*—your crude emanations you can do it for them. What man so capable of judging of the bearing and merit of a poem as the author himself? A poet is exactly like a shoemaker in this sense—he understands why his wares are fabricated as they are, and *he*, best of everybody else, can inform the public why they are fashioned in precisely such, *or* such, a style. We really do advise versifiers to criticise their own productions. It is *so* easy! If I make a hat, I, of all other people—hatters if you please—can tell the nature of the materials which comprise the article, and why they were placed therein.—Rhymesters and hatters, of modern times, bear some little affinity—they manufacture verses and head-gear to sell! Skill, to a certain degree, is required to do this, and skill, wedded to tact, is morally equal to genius, and will do more than that towards making a famous character.

We do not charge our present subject with having followed the prescription for reputation-making we have given above; but we do say that it seems to us that he has been brought into notoriety by the means we have described. If we had never heard of him before reading his multifarious concoctions, we should pronounce him to be, after that perusal, a very clever man—one calculated to acquire a good deal of applause by writing in ladies' albums, or by getting up choruses to be sung at national festivals. But the idea of calling John Pierpont a poet would never enter any head but that of a young reader, and the idea would find admission to *his* head solely because familiarization with that honorable title, and the name in conjunction would preclude the possibility of reflection on his (the reader's) part. Let us mention what Mr. John Pierpont has done in the way of literature. He first wrote a poem entitled "The Airs of Palestine," which embraced nearly a thousand lines in the heroic measure. Mr. Griswold (the compiler of several anthologies which profess to be the concentrated essence of American literature) declares that in this poem the influence of music is shown by examples principally taken from sacred history. We have inspected a copy of the first edition of this poem; but in vain have we sought examples, therein, of the influence of music. What are meant to be examples, (and examples, conjoined with poetry, should at least be novel and striking,) are common-place specimens of triteness, in the which we disappointedly seek for an exemplification of supreme intellect or a semblance of genius. The

man who tells us that the sound of the bagpipes, (an instrument that—"Heaven save the mark!"—is called musical,) animates Scotch soldiers to perform desperate deeds in the battle-field, simply informs us of a fact so well established that it cannot be called, either in rhyme or in prose, "an example of the influence of music." True, Mr. Pierpont published this poem over thirty years ago, when poetry, *of any kind*, (we have declared that there is but *one* kind of poetry,) if of cis-atlantic origin, was considered to be a trifle ahead of the stuff that Shakspeare wrote. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he was honored with a vast deal of encomium, and that he applied himself assiduously thereafter to the business of versifying. In this he prospered. He had formerly tried the practice of the law; he had been a private and a public tutor, and he had dabbled in the dirty kennels of trade. Whether he was a flourishing lawyer or not we are unprepared to say. As a tutor he met, we believe, with moderate reward and advancement, as a divine,—which he now is—he was successful enough to be induced to abandon for ever the pedagogue's ferule and the briefs of the expounder of the statutes. Religion and poetry go hand in hand, and their alliance, as evinced in Mr. Pierpont's case, is not only very natural but profitable.

It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the products of our subject's pen. He has written an immense quantity of matter, upon all sorts of moral and national themes. He is notorious for having been called upon, oftener than any contemporary writer, to produce odes and hymns for national, and literary, and religious celebrations, and also for his frequent and earnest defence of the stage. If we are rightly informed his advocacy of the drama has more than once embroiled him with pious zealots and drawn upon his head the well-meant but misdirected anathemas of the ultra-religious. We think that while he defends the stage—and he has not scrupled to do so in the pulpit as well as in print—he deplores its abuses and resolutely condemns the vices which custom has made its accessories.

Although we cannot accord to Mr. Pierpont the right to be ranked among the poets of this or any age, or give him credit for the possession of genius, we find much in him, as he appears in his writings, to admire. We may be writers if not poets, and very good writers too. One of the last-mentioned class can be a treasure to the world—of immense value to society, and in especial to the community of which he forms an integral unit. We can forgive Mr. Pierpont for the position he has pretentiously assumed, and to a certain extent maintained, because of the moral purity and benevolent tendency of all his sentiments. It is better to be a second rate poetaster and write to *benefit* mankind, than a first rate one and labor to *amuse* them. Indeed, it may be that *thought*, not *art*, makes the genius. Yet the critic desires rather to have a thought brilliantly expressed than merely arrayed in a homely dress. A bad thought artistically developed in language generally attracts more attention, and produces more effect, than a good thought portrayed in feeble, or a mediocre arrangement of words. Had Mr. Pierpont record-

ed his truly estimable thoughts in a different style—had he chosen to write for the man of letters, the critic, the “judicious few,” instead of aiming at an extended and ephemeral popularity, he might have taken rank with men who now stand immeasurably and far above him. There are numerous cases of men reaching the topmost round of the literary ladder upon the merits of a single effort. Allowing that it cost them years of labor, are they not amply repaid? For instance, there is our friend Halleck’s “Marco Bozzaris,” we would not relinquish a just claim to the authorship of that for the privilege of calling ourselves the originator of all that was ever published under Mr. Pierpont’s signature. It is evident that our subject has written—as many others have done—for the moment. No idea of futurity stirred his brain. He scribbled for the day—the present! We hold it to be an incontrovertible doctrine—sound and based upon sterling principles—that unless a rhymester writes for the future he cannot hope to live as a poet. What is fame? Not the reputation that is contemporary with the man, but posthumous—after death, and for a long time after.—The notice with which a public personage is regarded during life amounts to but little more than simple notoriety. We have facts enough in history before us to prove that the ancient writers who were least praised in *their* time are the greatest in ours. Extra-refined intellect is demonstrated by what people may term eccentricity. The real man of genius not only lives to improve his own age, but he is *in advance of it*, and it is not until the improving processes through which several succeeding generations must inevitably go are brought to bear upon his performances that he is properly—justly—understood and appreciated.—Fifty years hence no one will utter the name of John Pierpont, excepting that it appears in a deed for disputed property or a genealogical catalogue. But no doubt Mr. Pierpont understands this, and so do his friends. Most likely he, as well as those who lavish their admiration upon him, cares not a straw for any worldly effect after death. We grant that his desires and impulses are his own, and that he has an indisputable right to sacrifice fame to expediency. But he has *no* right to permit his politic supporters to bespatter him with praises such as Milton might not rest quiet under, or tacitly acknowledge that he is entitled to a niche in the temple of intellect utterly beyond the scope of his attributes. Literature and trade are totally dissimilar. Cunning is, perhaps, excusable in the latter; but never in the former. It is worth one’s while to starve—like Otway—than yield a jot of the proper fame to which one knows the utmost excellence of one’s works entitle one.

Mr. Pierpont published the “Airs of Palestine” in 1816, and immediately after began the study of theology. In 1819 he was ordained a minister of the gospel, since which time, with occasional remissions, he has continued to actively employ his talents in the service of the Saviour. We believe him to be a high-minded, conscientious man, imbued with the most exalted degree of moral courage, and almost foolhardy in the expression of his opinions. We do not intend to give out that he is a worshipper of *isms*, or that he ac-

knowledges affinity with any of the monomaniacs who now seek to shock the world with hair-brained schemes of “reform.” The world is very well as it is—a world of mutations, truly; but with a fair admixture of rain and sunshine, and a little more of the agreeable than the disagreeable. Mr. Pierpont apparently knows this. He will not, (to his credit we say it) bow to a faulty opinion because it is the custom to do so. He seems to make his own custom, (if it be founded upon right) and adheres to its practice regardless of the consequences. Would he had done so in literature!

It is astonishing to us that with all these good qualities—acorns capable of yielding immense oaks—he never produced anything worthy of eternal life. About thirteen years since he went to Europe, in order, if possible, to recruit impaired health. During a twelvemonth spent in England, France, Italy and Greece, he did not, as we judge from his writings, gather any additional knowledge, although it is but reasonable to suppose that a poetical temperament might be stimulated to make a decisive stroke by the ruins of the last mentioned country, and by the classical reminiscences thereto attached. In his fugitive scraps he now and then makes a distant allusion to the scenes he witnessed abroad; but they are faint and indicative of no personal acquaintance therewith. Any man of susceptible perceptions, who had never left Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, could have written the same, exactly as did the Italian historian who wrote a *good* book of travels, albeit he had never left the town in which he was born. We never could believe in positive clairvoyance, but we do think that the man of superabundant brains is a species of instinctive clairvoyant who paradoxically *sees things he never saw*, and describes them both accurately and felicitously. We certainly conclude, and give it as our positive opinion, which may be of great or little worth, that Mr. Pierpont is a matter-of-fact versifier. To prove this we extract the following lines called forth by the death of his son:

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I’m stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchell’d lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color’d hair:
And, as he’s running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead;
My hand that marble felt;
O’er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,

So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is *there*!

These lines, as a friend has just remarked after hearing us read them aloud, are the only ones Pierpont ever wrote that would bear a second interested reading. They are pervaded, as they were dictated, by deep feeling. The holy voice of nature speaks through them. The parent's heart is manifested in their every word. Oh! that Mr. Pierpont's every effusion had been called forth by something that touched his heart as closely—something, either pleasure or calamity, that would have sought the nethermost springs of his impulses and schooled him to express the fine sentiments with which a devotional spirit fills his soul. He would then have been a poet in the true sense of the term.

Mr. Pierpont has written stanzas in praise of his mother. They are earnest, and, if tradition belies her not, well earned. To her he attributes all that is praiseworthy in his own conduct, and all that is admirable in his character. We have ever esteemed it to be good doctrine that the man who honors his mother, (you may *love* without *honoring* her,) must be a good citizen, and one who will, to the best of his endowments, carry out that glorious precept "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Of what is not a good mother capable! Take the reverse—it is the same. No good mother—say what you please, cite what facts you please—ever reared a bad man. Be it to the honor of human nature that bad mothers have given birth to good men. But this is a digression. Having quoted one of Mr. Pierpont's minor productions let us take another of an entirely different bearing and character. It may not inappropriately be termed a temperance song, notwithstanding the Bacchanalian title by which it is prefixed:

THE SPARKLING BOWL.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Thou lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side, that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem;—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glow'd
On Melita's surf-beaten shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestow'd,
But thou shalt warm my house no more.
For, whoso'er thy radiance falls,
Forth, from thy heat, a viper crawls!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
Emboss'd with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnish'd leaves we see
Such clusters as pour'd out the wine?
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him;—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Look'd up to that ordain'd of God,
And found that life was in the sight.
So, the worm-bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep, cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look;—your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

Now we have done by Mr. Pierpont's writings what Mr. Willis would call cracking the nut and extracting the kernel. We have spoken of, and presented, his superior efforts. What are they? Very creditable we answer and admit; but as to their being *more* than commonly-good, no unprejudiced man can honestly say or think that they are. In these papers we wish to give credit where credit is due—we require to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," but we cannot do more.

With the annexed extract we close our excerpts from Mr. Pierpont's poetical writings:

THE EXILE AT REST.

His falchion flash'd along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unroll'd—and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone: not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone; the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone: the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his mortal form in death.

High is his couch; the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is earl'd,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world hushed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge

That's heard there, is the scabird's cry,

The mournful murmur of the surge,

The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

The world and its events abound in coincidences. Man is not exactly a monkey, but a monkey is next to man in the scale of animals, and man is next to a monkey in his propensity for imitation. Perhaps we are wrong in using the term *propensity* in the place of the word *instinct*. Be it propensity or instinct we must declare that observation has taught us that all men will imitate, either consciously or unconsciously. The writer will, at some period of his career, imitate others; and after he has overworked his mental capital, or exhausted his brain of its rarest and best fancies, he will involuntarily copy and repeat himself. Napoleon's sad fate has suggested as many lines as the Protean passion love has forms. Whether it be that the subject is so unlike every other that but one current of thought can be suggested by it—whether it be that Napoleon's sad destiny strikes persons of a peculiar conformation of mind in the same intellectual spot—or whether all the St. Helenic poetasters plagiarise from themselves, we know not; but this we know, they really effuse exactly alike upon this one theme. Now we do not believe, or affect to believe, that Mr. Pierpont stole (harsh word! but we have no time to think for a synonyme,) the above lines. They read with remarkable smoothness, and are fabricated in a workman-like style; but they are not original in substance; they do not embody the ghost of an original idea; we have read the same sentiments and reflections hundreds of times during the ten years last past, and we expect to read them hundreds of times again in the course of the ten years to come. We only mention these facts to prove a favorite theory of our own, viz: That there never was a writer who did not deceive himself into the idea that he was original when he was far from being anything of the kind. A man may pen thoughts as his own which he heard twenty years before, and which have lingered in his memory in a latent condition to be brought out by some circumstance either powerful or minor.

The fault that we find in Mr. Pierpont's last-quoted lines may therefore be ascertained in the productions of all talented mind-workers. It is only by intense application—by self-sacrificing study, the profoundest reflection, and the most thorough mechanical labor, that we can attain anything like perfection or originality in our writings. It is a great mistake to suppose that the first impressions of an active and brilliant mind are the best. Always let your initial effort cool—put it aside for a week, then peruse it with a cri-

tical and vigilant eye, and you will be astonished at the alterations your judgment will compel you to make in your MS.

To sum up:—

Mr. John Pierpont, or, if you like it better, *Rev.* John Pierpont, is now sixty-four years of age, and notwithstanding his complaints of ill health, he is still "hale and hearty," and his intellect is as vigorous and serviceable as ever. He preaches in the only Unitarian church at Troy, and is beloved by his congregation and all who know him. He is tall and slender, his carriage remarkably upright, his eye marvellously black and piercing—(with a benign character, however, and not cruel in its expression as a black eye generally is)—and a florid complexion as though he lived well. He is a Christian in every sense of the term, and this is the chief charm of his writings. In these, if he has failed to depict the higher graces of the art, or fallen short of the exacting critic's merciless standard, he has developed energies eminently moral in their tendency and calculated to benefit the masses. He is a man of the period in which he lives—ever ready to lend his aid to a charitable enterprise, always willing to do the most in his power for the advancement of the antipodes of sin;—charitable, warm-hearted, and strong in the defence of right. Yale College—his *alma mater*—has a right to be proud of him even if he be not exactly one of the poets of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr. Pierpont's prose writings, we learn, are not multifarious. They consist mainly, as we think, of sermons, addresses and orations, and are distinguishable for being chaste, closely concocted, and scrupulously confined to their professed subject. The lighter fields of literature he has never roamed in—never, we are informed, having devoted his pen to the manufacture of tales, or of essays of humor. He is an earnest, plain, practical philanthropist, who considers it better to do good in his own quiet way than seek worldly exaltation by accomplishing evil in the evasive and apologetical way of the world.

Mr. Griswold, in a very partial notice of Mr. Pierpont's abilities, says, (and we endorse the paragraph, although we consider R. W. G. anything but infallible)—"Mr. Pierpont has written in almost every metre, and many of his hymns, odes, and other brief poems, are remarkably spirited and melodious. Several of them, distinguished alike for energy of thought and language, were educated by events connected with the moral and religious enterprises of the time, nearly all of which are indebted to his constant and earnest advocacy for much of their prosperity."

NOTHING.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

MOST writers who venture to inflict their lucubrations upon the patient public, choose *something* as the theme of their discourse; by way of variety, and for the sake of steering out of the beaten track, ours shall be *nothing*. That the origin of this shadowless subject, like much of our legendary lore, is enveloped in the mists of remote antiquity, as well as shrouded in the obscurity of modern metaphysics, will not be disputed. It will be further admitted that *nothing* is a slender peg to hang any ideas upon; it is premised, therefore, that the expectations of the reader, in this respect, should be restrained within moderate limits, as otherwise it is possible, from paucity of wit on our part, the present attempt at its illustration may prove less than nothing. Were we, according to clerical precedent, to divide, and sub-divide our subject, its hydra-heads would, we fear, be found brainless phantoms, and the fabled task of Hercules but prove alike profitless to the reader, and perplexing to the writer.

According to lexicographers, nothing, or no thing, is applied either as a noun or adjective; in common acceptance, it stands for non-existence—no-entity or nihility, from the latin root—*nihil*. Its antagonistic term is *something*; and, although it is like comparing shadow with substance, yet, however, invidious the comparison may prove, we are of necessity compelled to adopt the alternative. Talk of the mysteries of metaphysics—what are they as contrasted with the inextricable mazes of this strange, indescribable phantasm? What, indeed, can be affirmed of a thing that has no physical existence? All we can say of it is, that it is not extant, or in legal phrase—*non est inventus*. In this dilemma, our only escape is to treat it negatively; this indeed seems perfectly consistent with the nature and attributes of our ghostly subject. First, then nothing *is* nothing; not anything: its history consequently is a series of negations—no beginning—no existence—no end; and yet, paradoxical as it may sound, nothing is associated with almost everything. It enters into all the sinuosities and diversified circumstances of our social economy, as well as links itself with the sublime story of the stellar firmament. In this view, our intangible topic begins to assume a seemingly opaque form. For example, the great globe we inhabit is suspended upon nothing; and as to its original substance, for aught we know to the contrary, it was evoked into being, by the fiat of its divine author—out of nothing. And as it seems to have puzzled astronomers to determine both the origin and destiny of the moon; conjecture may not go widely astray, if a like mysterious paternity be assigned to the luminous orb, the poets so delight to celebrate. Then again, as to the three kingdoms of nature—animal, vegetable mineral—what are their source and destiny? Can we discern the point of their origin or their dissolution? In the words of an old song, referring to the “paragon of animals,” we reply:

“From nothing we came, and to nothing return.”

Nothing was in vogue in ancient times, quite as universally as in ours. The Egyptian task masters, (to cite the authority of Holy writ,) required the captive Israelites to fabricate bricks out of *nothing*. A certain English Bishop, on a certain occasion, found, to his surprise, placed on his pulpit, in lieu of his usual written sermon, merely some sheets of blank paper. His presence of mind, however, furnished him ample *material*—for he is said to have preached one of the best discourses he ever delivered from his text—*nothing*. He commenced, as usual, turning over the leaves, by saying: “Here, my brethren, is nothing; and out of nothing God created the world!” &c. Many a sermon has ended in nothing, but this is the only instance, we remember, in which nothing furnished its commencement, its substance, and its close, with such signal success. Again, *nothing* is the very life and soul of many hearty jokes.

Many things are poetically said to “end in smoke,” more may be truthfully said to result in nothing. How many bright and cherished schemes of the devotees of mammon, resolve themselves into like oblivious repose: the same may be predicated of the plotting manœuvres of designing dowagers, in the game of husband-hunting—of the hapless adventurer in the pursuit of matrimony “under difficulties,”—and of the golden visions of deluded diggers at the glittering sands of California.

Nothing seems to pervade almost every department of our social existence. Many a man of opulence will boastingly assure you, he began the world with nothing, and found it first-rate capital; another less favored of blind fate, or fortune—failing in the like experiment, deploras its delusive cheat, yet still clinging to the deception, keeps *next* to nothing all his life.

Every one, doubtless, remembers the story of the economic individual, whose inventive wit brought his horse to live without eating, or to live upon nothing—and, at the same time, to a finish of his existence—an expedient which seems to have been in process of enactment among the ill-starred inhabitants of Ireland; the terms of whose subsistence being “nothing a day, and find yourself.” If the famishing for the food animal, complain of their impoverished condition, ought not our sympathies to be extended towards those who, though luxuriously cared for in all other respects, pine with intellectual starvation;—whose heads, instead of being luminous with undying thoughts, present but a dreary vacuity. The remark is no less applicable to the human heart—the fabled shrine of the affections. What a “pleasing and universal fiction” it is to suppose that anything of the kind really exists in that sentimental locality,—at least, in but too many instances. Some in their vain search for the mysterious organ, wishing to take the most indulgent view of the matter, apologetically suggest, in behalf of the “heartless,” “that his heart, cannot be in the right place.” Cupidity, as well as

Cupid, often causes organic diseases of the heart; in the former case producing a *contraction*, in the latter, an *expansion* of that ductile organ. It has been suggested that, as extremes are said to meet, and money hunting has much to do with modern matrimonial matches, possibly the two words may be indebted to a common source. Cupidity is likely not only to take special care of "*number one*," and, when he records his will, "to cut off his son with a shilling," but also to leave *nothing* to his friend, neighbors and acquaintance. Cupid on the other hand, if left to himself, promises most liberally, and treats his votaries occasionally to a taste of his nectar and ambrosia; yet too often his promissory notes become dishonored at maturity, he becomes bankrupt, and pays *nothing* in the pound.

Not only are some people's heads, instead of being replenished with ideas within, or hair without, endowed with nothing; but their pockets and purses are frequently in as mendicant a condition. How many, again, patiently linger, and long for, the demise of some remarkable instance of longevity, vainly hoping to share some pecuniary immunity; but all their patience goes for nothing. There is a class of bold individuals, who are astonished at nothing—they make nothing of a trip across the Atlantic—the grand tour of Europe—a voyage to the Celestials—or an expedition to the new El dorado of the west. Such imperturbable spirits there are, who make nothing of wearing a shabby coat and worse continuations—nothing of breaking their word of honor—or of intruding without permission into their neighbor's house, and under the strange hallucination that *meum*, and *tuum*, are convertible terms, display their fancy in the selection and appropriation of whatever they can most conveniently secure. Again there are frigid subjects, who make nothing of the scorching rays of a meridian summer sun; others who place the like estimate upon the withering blasts of a northern winter. Some, also, who act as though the profession, and acting out of a religious life, were nothing—and that time and eternity shared a like estimate. But we shall weary the reader with rambling repetitions; and truth to say, we do not yet see "the beginning of the end" to our topic. If we may take breath, and venture an anticipatory conclusion, we should say that nothing is ecumenic—and that it is not only antithetical with, but twin-brother of, something; for nothing negatively, is something—but positively—nothing; it is yet always in close proximity, or juxta-position, with—something. How many grave and sagacious men devote their whole lives to the contemplation and pursuit of—nothing; for one of the high priests of learning confessed, in effect, the truth, as he surveyed the unexplored ocean before him. These learned pundits have therefore come to the conclusion that there is nothing in the world. Old Francis Quarles arrives at a similar issue, in one of his quaint "Emblems."

A balloon or bladder, if exhausted of air, is said to be full of *nothing*; the same may be affirmed of the genus, *homo*, in many varieties. Nothing seems to possess advantages over metaphysics, if not indeed over everything else—for the former addresses our reason merely, the latter our senses. We can see nothing; who, hunting a ghost in a haunted room, or any other wild-goose chase, has not returned answer that he saw nothing? Nothing may be heard, and only when everybody and everything else is silent; it may also be tasted—for who has not heard the expressively laconic complaint from a dissatisfied palate, that it tastes like nothing. The same may be predicated of the senses of smelling and feeling. Some, as we before intimated, are impervious to feeling under any calamity; for they feel *nothing*, perhaps, except a good cudgel; so imperturbable are they, that the loss of property, character, friends, or relations, are all nothing to them.

Nobody is a most mischievous and meddlesome personage; for he is often engaged in the perpetration of some marvellous deeds. He is often guilty of arson, murder, and other grand misdemeanors; he stirs up strife, and severs firm friends. It is also true that there are some "bright lights" in his character, and occasionally he is nobly implicated in some noble acts of beneficence. A tradesman on Tyne, who had long suffered, during his occasional absence from the counter, from the carelessness of that invisible and irresponsible imp, "Nobody," at length bestowed the name on his eldest apprentice, and held him accountable for all the acts of the bodiless evil-doer. "Mr Nobody," having thus received a "questionable shape," was readily called to account for every piece of mischief ascribed to him, and the result was that he was always able to fix the blame upon "Somebody;" and greater care is now exercised in the establishment of "Everybody."

Some, again, love nothing—others more amiable, hate it, and others are said to fear nothing. Some erudite scribes fill their ponderous pages in reality with—nothing, although ostensibly with words. What, indeed, could afford more demonstrable evidence of its verity, than this present writing—nothing commenced it, nothing continued it, and—nothing must close it; and as this brings us to the dilemma of its endless duration, we at once take refuge in the following clever "summing up" of a sonnet, by an anonymous writer:

Mysterious nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness;
Nor form, nor color, sound, nor size are thine,
Nor words, nor fingers, can thy voice express;
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be,
And though thou art with nobody no where,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee,
How many books thy history contain,
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,
What busy-bodies thy doings only do.
To thee the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And, like my sonnet—all in nothing end;

THE LONG NIGHT.

BY CAROLINE C——.

SWIFT and silently are gathering
 Shadows of a coming eve ;
 Faintly close her bloodless eyelids,
 Faint and slowly doth she breathe.
 High in heaven the sun is shining,
 But a dark, and dreamless night
 Foldeth round her, and death-dampness
 Spreadeth o'er her its fell blight !

Yes—the sun in heaven is shining—
 But within that silent room
 Swiftly spread the clouds of sorrow,
 Fastly gathereth the gloom.
 Flowers of fragrance deck the chamber,
 Summer's breath is hovering there.
 But one fair, bright flower is drooping,
 Fond hearts watch it in despair.

All the morn she hath lain silent
 Heeding not their tender words—
 Vain their hope to make the life-strings,
 Voiceless are the breading chords ;
 They have knelt beside her praying
 She may only wake again,
 Yet they cannot bear the parting
 Yet they struggle—all in vain !

Once again she smiles upon them,
 Once again she whispers low,
 Words of kind, and soft endearment,
 Soft like music forth they flow.

Faintly points she, looks she, upward,
 " There is endless joy, and light,
 There we shall all meet in gladness
 When the morning conquers night !

" For it seemed when I was sleeping,
 That an angel hover'd near—
 Watch she was above me keeping,
 And my weak heart knew no fear,
 She hath said one home awaits us
 When is pass'd the long, still night,
 Do not look upon me weeping,
 Oh, the morn will be so bright !

" When we waken, and the sunlight
 Of God's endless day shall stream
 Through our graves, and never midnight,
 Bringeth back its long, dark dream,
 When we waken, best beloved ones.
 And our sleep for e'er is o'er,
 Though we rested far asunder,
 We shall part *then*, nevermore !"

Now the maid is sleeping, sleeping
 Far from where her dear one's lie,
 But the morning hour is hastening,
 God is reigning still on high.
 Yet, ere long we shall waken
 From our slumbering of the night,
 Keep but Faith undimm'd unshaken,
 Then " the morn will be so bright !

SOUVENIERS OF GREECE;

O R,

THE LAST WORDS OF DRACO.

BY CAPT. HENRY BRADFIELD, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE CYCLADES," &c.

At the battle of Athens, (May 7th, 1847,) which proved so disastrous to the Greeks, who lost two thousand in killed ; the Suliotes, to a man, behaved with the most undaunted courage. Their Chief, Draco, particularly distinguished himself. With the impetuosity of a hero, he hurried into the midst of the Turkish Cavalry, and, after having killed several Delhis, his horse was shot under him. Perceiving his means of effectual defence cut off, rather than become a prisoner to the enemies of his country, he pierced himself to the heart with his sabre, at that moment the coward General Vasso (who commanded the advance guard) fled the field.

Fly ! coward fly !
 And disgrace not my sword in the field ;
 Die ! traitor die !
 The death of the heartless who yield :
 Away ! and let not your blood be shed
 O'er the grave where a Suliote Chief lies dead.

I scorn ye ! ye recreant slaves—
 Ye have not the souls of the free ;
 For a freeman dark peril e'er braves

Whatever that peril may be !
 Ye have not the spirit which dwelt in your sires,
 And the voice of your country no longer inspires.

For thee Greece ! I give now my breath,
 Where a patriot chief should lie ;
 In thy battles I've smiled upon death,
 And my doom is here to die ;
 But I will not fall by an infidel—
 Proud Suli ! thou land of my sires, farewell !



REV. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D.,
OF ALBANY.

THE regret at our inability to furnish our readers with a Portrait of Rev. Mr. Storrs, the subject of the sketch in this number, is very much mitigated by the success in presenting a Portrait of Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D.,—the extent of whose reputation precludes the necessity of an introduction. We expect to have the privilege and honor of publishing, before long, a critical sketch and accurate biography of Dr. Sprague, which we trust will be in some degree worthy, though to an imperfect extent, of the talents and Christian character of its valuable subject.

PULPIT PORTRAITS; OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XXX.

REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, JR.

It is a law of life, that increasing duties shall keep pace with increasing years, multiplied responsibilities with an enlarged experience, and that the period when manhood has reached its fullest force and vigor, shall be the culminating point of hope and endeavor.

An apparent exception to this law is seen, when circumstances, forbidding in their aspect and discouraging from their number, throng around and press back upon a soul nerved with an iron will, and fired by noblest aims, if the result be that each repulse only renders that will more inflexible, and causes those aims to seem more desirable, until by the exertion of giant strength in a conflict making up in intensity what it lacks in duration, these obstacles are all speedily swept aside or surmounted. A more obvious exception is perceived, when circumstances are at first, whatever be their subsequent character, strongly and favorably combined, to force one into a prominent position before the community.

But whenever youth is summoned to fill the place where age is generally found—if, when, as yet, the ear is scarcely used to the din, or the armor soiled by the dust of conflict, the recruit is called to the thick fight, and a leader's weapons are given him, then does it become a matter of vital interest how he demeans himself. Whether in the hour of crisis he shall show only inexperience where he should have shown bravery, or rashness where caution was indispensable, or whether intoxicated by the giddy height of his novel position, his simplicity of character shall give place to self-sufficiency and arrogance, and a proper pride be displaced by a miserable vanity.

Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., in his twenty-sixth year, and with only the experience of a few months as pastor of a church in Brookline, Mass., was installed in the month of November, 1846, over the "Church of the Pilgrims" in Brooklyn, L. I. The responsibilities which he assumed, and the hopes which he excited, are only known to those who rocked the infant cradle of that church. And if those responsibilities have been manfully assumed, and the duties they involve been discharged faithfully, prayerfully and humbly; if those hopes have been more than realized, then may it be inferred that his people were wise in the selection of their pastor, and that however difficult the station the experience of more than two years has proved him fully equal to it. As, in the early formation of that church and its subsequent history, there were many facts of more than ordinary interest, a brief sketch of its rise and progress may not be altogether inappropriate.

If it be true, as Carlyle has said, "that the history of the world is the biography of great men," in a more limited sense is it equally true of a church and people, to which there is anything positive and progressive, that their history is the recorded life of the pastor. For it is theirs to follow where he leads; his sympathies, hopes, fears, should be theirs. In sickness and health, in adversity and prosperity, in the hour "when the soul feels its orphanage and goes abroad in search of a Father," and in its heavenward journey afterwards, between whom should their subsist a closer communion than between pastor and people? Mournfully true it is, that a fervent pastor is often seen to lean for sympathy upon an iceberg of a church. There are cases, too, when the pastor seems as would, but never did, Moses, lagging in the rear of an eagerly advancing Israel. The first we believe is more frequently the case. Often there are struggles which the world knows not of, aye, and which his church knows not of. There are doubts, and fears, and trials, which are burnt in upon pages of the history of his individual soul, and will never be read till the Recording Angel shall turn over the leaves. But then there are other and blessed periods, when their wrappings, prayers and tears, are one, not alone in name but in very fact; when the pastor's soul is linked more closely, or as it were transfused into the soul of his people; and then it is indeed true that his recorded life is the history, not perhaps of the circumstantial, but of the inner and higher life of the church. This interesting topic has forced us into a digression.

It is, perhaps, well known that the system of church government called "Congregationalism," while it has been more widely prevalent in New England than any other, has until lately made but small advances beyond. From this fact, some had inferred that it was a plant ungenial to any but a New England soil. For this reason, though the city of Brooklyn had been peopled to a wonderful extent by emigrants from New England, these united themselves to the various religious denominations already established. And yet, there was all the time an inherent fondness in the congregational heart for the church of its fathers. There is nothing wrong in this. It is only wrong that the form should be more highly prized, than the substance whence it derives its sole value. Love for the church, and church forms, is not peculiar to a church. I know not why the descendants of Winthrop, of Bradford, and of Carver, may not feel as warmly attached to the church which celebrated its worship in Holland, in the May Flower's

cabin, and in the leafless woods and snow covered ground of New England, a church whose corner stone is Plymouth rock, whose influence is world-wide, as if its rituals had never been chanted but in Gothic piles to the music of pealing organs.

An attempt had been made, in former years, to establish a church of the congregational denomination, but, although it is still alive and flourishing, that one object of its foundation failed, as it exists at present upon a different basis. Little more than four years since the "Church of the Pilgrims" "commenced its existence as an organized body."

The first meeting preparatory to its organization was held in January, 1844. It was a cold and inclement evening, but few persons were present, and the lawyer's office in which they met, by some oversight, "had been left unlighted and unwarmed." Nevertheless, the meeting was organized, a committee to draft a plan for subscriptions appointed, the time for another meeting fixed, and all determined to enlist others in the enterprise. In a very brief period, subscriptions were made to an amount which it was supposed would cover the total cost of the land, the building, the organ, and entire furniture of the house. The corner stone was laid on the 2d July, 1844, but the church edifice, whose completion was greatly hindered by causes which could not be anticipated at the outset, was not dedicated until the 12th May, 1846. It had been supposed, at the beginning, that \$25,000 would cover the whole cost of the house, but after its completion the total sum amounted to \$65,000, leaving a debt, after all that had been paid, of \$18,000.

This then was the situation of things when Mr. Storrs commenced his labors. As we have stated the enterprise was a novel one. Its success was doubted by many, hoped for—oh! how anxiously by some. But to these latter, there had been more discouragements than appear upon the pages of the manual, which the church has recently published. In obtaining a pastor, obstacle after obstacle had sprung up in a manner totally unexpected, almost unaccountable. And even when the call given to Mr. Storrs had been conditionally accepted, it was subsequently feared that it must be refused, and the hopes of the church be again, as they had been often before, disappointed. But every hindrance being at length removed, the subject of our sketch, as we have already said, was installed in the month of November, 1846.

Mr. Storrs is a son of Rev. Dr. Storrs, the esteemed and venerable pastor of the First Congregational Church in Braintree, Mass. He graduated at Amherst College, in the year 1839, and was the youngest member of his class, being then but eighteen years of age. After leaving college, he read law for some months in connection with Mr. Choate's office, and afterwards entered Andover Theological Seminary. Ill health obliged him to be absent for some months, during which he was connected as a teacher with Williston Seminary, the well-known literary institution at East Hampton, Mass. He subsequently returned to Andover, and, completing his course there, entered the ministry six years after his graduation. He received an early call to the pastorate of a

church in Brookline, Mass., where he remained about a year. During this time, while making a brief visit at Brooklyn, he was requested to preach for the congregation of the Church of the Pilgrims, then worshipping in their lecture room. He declined preaching, but consented to conduct the Sabbath evening meeting. He chose a text, and without notes, gave what might be termed a lecture, and it is somewhat remarkable, that this was the only time he officiated before the congregation, prior to receiving his call, which was first extended in June, 1846, and was subsequently renewed in November.

At the time of his coming to Brooklyn it was feared that the great increase of duties and responsibility might prove too much for his strength. It affords us pleasure, therefore, to state, that these fears have not, thus far, been realized, and that, notwithstanding the increase of labor and anxiety inseparable from such a congregation as his, and that his duties during the past winter and spring have been especially arduous, his health is upon a firmer basis at present than at the time of his settlement.

From the period of his first connection with the church, there has been a steady increase in the congregation, which is now one of the largest in the city, and that his pastoral and pulpit duties have been faithfully, and more than satisfactorily discharged, is best evidenced in the subsequent history and present position of the church.

Mr. Storrs' personal appearance is prepossessing. He is tall, and his frame seems naturally athletic, though its vigor is somewhat impaired by ill health. His countenance has an intellectual, rather a spiritual cast. His manner in the pulpit is more than ordinarily pleasing. It is entirely free from the affectation and display, which is endured in elderly clergymen, ridiculed in younger ones, and liked in none. His written sermons always evince great care and polish. If there be any danger, it is of excessive elaboration. Mr. Storrs possesses the faculty of saying just what he wishes to, and of saying it well. His illustrations are ever well selected, and, together with his imagery, for which he has more than a slight fondness, are chaste, forcible, and often exceedingly beautiful. It has seemed to us that he has a particular partiality for developing subjects, in presenting them in different lights, in expanding an idea once presented, instead of leaving it to be expanded and developed by others. Hence his sermons are not so suggestive as they would otherwise be.

His enunciation is exceedingly rapid, and his delivery is as nervous as his style. A person once spoke to us of the latter (his delivery) "As being the worst for a very good one he had ever heard." In him it is becoming enough, but certainly would not bear to be imitated. Yet it is always impressive, very often eloquent. His voice is very deep, and powerful, and when excitement calls it forth, fairly rings up on the oaken ceiling of his church.

Perhaps we cannot give a better idea of Mr. Storrs' finished and vigorous style, than by some extracts from a sermon entitled "Congregationalism, its Principles and Influences," preached at Madison before the General Association, and subse-

quently repeated in New York. It is a defence of the Congregational System, and the author labors to show that it is "the best system, the best in itself, and the best for our community and times;" that "its principles are more thoroughly fitted than any other to work effectively, and widely, towards good results, not in the church alone, but in society at large." Whatever practical effect the general argument may have, certainly none can fail to admire the author's candor, and the ability with which the question is discussed. He first speaks of a principle which he says is fundamental in the congregational system, and may be stated thus: "That any society of Christians, in which they associate themselves together, and stately meet for the worship of God, and the administration of Christian ordinances, constitutes a Christian church, is to be regarded as such, and is possessed of all the powers and privileges incident thereto." Under this head he proceeds as follows:

"If the time permitted, I should delight to speak as it deserves of the elevating influence of the principle we are considering, in that it harmonizes and unites the church which holds it, with the visible church of all past ages; that it realizes in a word that glorious fact, which Romish theorists have made the foundation of their absurdest figments—the visible unity of the church through all its history.

"On no other basis can this be realized. If we accept the prelatic system, then we so narrow the church as to exclude from it many of God's most eminent saints, and we find even the recognized body continually rent by schisms, and now existing in at least three great divisions, all mutually anathematizing each other. Upon any other denominational theory, into which the principle I have referred to does not enter, even this measure of unity is not preserved; and there are mighty chasms in ecclesiastical history, through which the seeker of the church must flounder blindly. But if a church be any society of Christians which maintains the ordinances of the gospel and holds essentially the doctrines of grace, and if, therefore, its outward forms may be indefinitely various, and yet its essential character and rights be fully preserved—then, upon this principle, the church through all the past, save when it has fallen into gross heresy or vice, has been identical; in the fourth century the same as in the first; embracing Baxter and Doddridge as well as Augustine and Fenelon within the circle of its ministry; and under different outward shows, perpetuating the one true Faith, and bearing through the ages the solemn ordinances which Christ established. How much there is in this to elevate and inspire the imaginative mind, I need not suggest. How much even to dignify and adorn the Christian character. Above all forms and rites, we come into a noble and quickening union of character, of work, even of church relation, with all the saintly ones whose names brighten the past; and the church of our affections is not recent and separate, cut off as an organization from all that has preceded, but it is just the continuation, in other circumstances, of that which gloried in the proto-martyr; of that which argued against the Jesuits at Port Royal;

of that which lifted its banners against conformity in England."

Again, in speaking of another principle of the congregational system, to wit: "That each local society of believers, having once, by its own act, been constituted as a church, is thereafter self-complete and self-controlling, and rightfully independent of the jurisdiction of others," he says, "A minor, and yet not altogether an unimportant felicity connected with it, (the principle above stated,) is this: it will facilitate the diffusion of church institutions.

"Wherever there is a company of Christians agreeing in their reception of the essential truth, and desiring to be associated for the worship of the Highest, there may a church at once be constituted. No mystic episcopal grace is needful to the work. No aid, even, of presbyters is essential to its completion. There is no precise law and pattern of organization which must be adhered to, and a deviation from which invalidates the proceeding. The whole is a matter of free consent and mutual adjustment. Upon the platform of their common faith, the associated disciples, by their agreement with each other, erect their own church organization; an organization complete within itself, and rightfully independent of every other. Wheresoever, therefore, the gospel goes, thither the church of Christ may follow it at once. That gospel may be carried, conceivably, to the remotest lands, by shipwrecked mariners, by the sailor boy in his Bible. Borne upon the almost viewless tracts, those fleet and ærial messengers that are now sent forth on every wind, almost as the germs and blossoms of tropical fruits are said sometimes to be carried over seas and continents upon the pinions of the storm, the truths which constitute the essence of the gospel—its tidings of redemption, its revelation of Christ—may reach the remotest regions of the earth; may be implanted, and may spring up in beauty, and may bring forth their fruit amid the islands of Central Africa, or in the wilds and fastnesses of that ancient empire whose walls, when Paul was writing, were hoary with the moss of centuries, or on some lonely and almost uninhabited island of the Southern Pacific; in lands where no voice of the living preacher was ever heard, and to which no other ambassador of the cross has ever pierced; and distant as is that land, and unapproached, and inaccessible, there may be constituted at once the church of Christ in all its privilege and prerogative; with no more need of aid from without in order to the perfectness of its development, than the germ would have, when once deposited upon the distant mountain of the presence and aid of other germs to quicken it in activity, and mature it into a tree."

Mr. Storrs' sermons display an unusual maturity of thought. Their arrangement is always admirable. He presents a subject very fully, and each portion of a discourse would be missed from the completed whole. There are many who would prefer more conciseness of style, while by others, that he treats of subjects at so great length would be deemed a cardinal excellence. To a mind constituted as is his, there is danger of regarding too much the drapery which shall clothe ideas.

Of sitting too long upon the refining chair, when it were better to jump right into the ore bed, and do good execution with pick axe and shovel. We should think that Mr. Storrs' materials had been gathered rather from books, than from the world, and from men. That he is less proficient in that knowledge termed *practical*, which all knowledge is more or less, but by which we mean the knowledge acquired by observation and experience, rather than by reflection and theory. Hence we think he succeeds better as a preacher of subjects, or *about* men, rather than *to* them.

From the fact that the church of which the Rev. Mr. Beecher is pastor, is an offshoot from the Church of the Pilgrims, and that both pastors have secured so strong a hold upon the interest of the community, frequent and often improper comparisons are instituted between them. To say nothing of the difference in age and experience, it is hardly possible to conceive of two persons more unlike, physically, mentally, generally. They may be *contrasted*—they cannot be compared. A fair and impartial contrast might be proper and interesting. But to make either the standard by which to judge the other is manifestly erroneous. The question is not, why men do not labor with different mental tools than those God gave them, but how well they use those they have. The secret of Mr. Beecher's power is his intimate and thorough acquaintance with men and things.—Superadded to this, he possesses more originality than falls to the lot of most. His discourses abound with illustrations which are wonderfully striking and clear, and many of them are drawn from common, every-day life. He is eminently practical. A common sense view of things is as natural to him as mysticism to a German. If he excels in seizing the strong points of a subject, Mr. Storrs does not less in the arrangement and development of it. There is a completeness about the efforts of the latter, which those of the former often lack. To refined ears, the delivery of the second is far more pleasant, though it may not be as effective as the explosive, impassioned manner of the other. Mr. Beecher has less veneration for the opinions of others than Mr. Storrs. Hence his own convictions of truth outweigh all theological systems and dogmas. Mr. Storrs' theology has nothing in it which is in advance of the age, or in advance of the truth either. Many would consider him the safer guide, and many would think him not sufficiently progressive. For our own part, we feel thankful that two men, so unlike in temperament and mental character, so similar in catholicity of spirit, in consecration of purpose, in loftiness of aims, have been brought so near together. Who would condemn Richard Cœur de Lion's war steed, or his crushing battle-axe, because the horse was not Saladin's courser, nor the battle-axe a Damascus blade? Who would not rather ask whether brave warriors bestride and wielded them? Whether they were positively good steeds and good weapons, however unlike each to the other? The Methodist's system of itineracy, whatever be its practical working, is based upon a central, solar fact. There are those who prefer the finish and elegance of the Corinthian, and those to whom the massive-

ness and strength of the ancient Gothic order is more attractive. It is of little moment comparatively, if notes are true music, whether they issue from a ram's horn or a silver trumpet. Differing as men do, and in nothing so much as taste, be it physical or mental, it is cause for thankfulness that so ample provision has been made for its gratification, and that the world of mind, instead of being a dull dead level, is not less full of variety than the world of matter.

We cannot forbear mentioning what, in our view, does honor to the head and heart both of the subject of this sketch, and him with whom he is so often contrasted. It is, that a most cordial good feeling subsists between them, and none who were present at Mr. Beecher's installation over the "Plymouth Church," will forget the manner in which the right hand of fellowship was proffered by his younger brother of the "Church of the Pilgrims." Appropriate and beautiful in other respects, the sincere and heartfelt welcome which the words conveyed made it doubly so. So should it ever be with children of a common Father, laboring for one object, bound for the same Heaven. But alas for poor human nature, when minds of eagle flight turn their undimmed gaze upon each other's movement, and exult when one falters on a weary pinion.

It is not alone in his written sermons that Mr. Storrs' excellence is found. Some of the most acceptable sermons, to which his congregation have listened, have been preached without notes during the past winter, and perhaps the most acceptable platform address during the recent anniversaries, was made by him at the meeting of the Home Missionary Society.

Thus briefly, and very imperfectly, we have sketched the one whom the Church of the Pilgrims, in its hour of need, called to be its pastor. Judging from its subsequent history, the conclusion is inevitable that fears have been dispelled, doubts removed, and hopes more than realized. We learn from the manual, recently published, that there has been connected with the church two hundred and sixty-nine members, of which number thirty-one have been dismissed and seven have deceased, leaving connected with the church two hundred and thirty-one members in regular standing. Since the publication of the manual, this number has been enlarged by a very recent addition—the fruits, in part, of a most interesting revival with which the church has been visited during the past winter.

In the month of June, 1847, nine members of the church were dismissed, for the purpose of uniting with others in establishing the Plymouth church, of which Rev. Mr. Beecher subsequently became the pastor. It has likewise aided to form and build up other churches in Brooklyn and vicinity, and, to quote again from the manual, "has seen the denominational interest so insignificant at the commencement of their enterprise, assuming rapidly a strength and character not to have been anticipated, and at which they themselves have often been surprised." A flourishing Sabbath School is likewise connected with the church, its donations to benevolent objects have been frequent and liberal, and in this connection it may

be mentioned that very recently, after a sermon, preached by the pastor, upon Sabbath morning, in behalf of the Home Missionary Society, a collection was taken to the amount of between \$900 and \$1000.

We have mentioned the debt which encumbered the church upon its completion. In January, 1848, measures were adopted for its removal. Before the first of April these resulted in the subscription within the society of the whole amount, and the property was thus freed from a church debt, that which so often proves a dead weight upon every energy, and if the church be otherwise thriving and vigorous, is as a very carcass swathed to a young, breathing, healthy body, head to head, limb to limb, heart to heart.

Such are some of the prominent facts in the brief history of the church. To those who, from its present point of prosperity and strength, look back upon its days of feebleness, it will seem that praise is due first and highest to Him who was the God of the Pilgrims, and who is the God and Father of the church universal. To the church that has been knit together in hours of trial, that has rejoiced together in hours of triumph, and to him, the subject of our sketch, upon whom so many hopes were centered, for whom so many fears were felt and prayers offered, there is already a rich "recompense of reward."

We deem it fortunate, or providential rather, for that church, that it chose just the pastor it did. His currents of thought, and plans of action, had not become fixed and unchangeable, but could be readily accommodated to the wants of those over whom he was placed. That he has thus far labored so faithfully, and preserved his simplicity of character, and humbleness of spirit, amid so much that was calculated to destroy both, is ground of heartfelt satisfaction.

He has a mission, and a glorious one we think. It is not primarily to aid in building up Congregationalism, but in building up that which must give to any "Ism" its essential value. So far forth, as one conceives Congregationalism to be a more appropriate frame work in which to lodge the throbbing, life-giving heart of true religion, just so far should it be valued. But if that heart be dead, the clumsiest body however overloaded with trappings of forms and ceremonies, in which the faintest heart-beat is perceptible, is to be preferred. A mere subscription to formulas of faith, is not what this age and world needs. It is the time of the Earth's vigorous manhood, and a faith that manifests itself in real works, is the faith to be prized.

We rejoice that the subject of our sketch is living just now, just where he is, and that he shares the glorious privilege of being a *young man*. For this world of ours in its next twenty-five years of mere duration, shall have lived a thousand in great purpose, and in great endeavor. And as in other departments of knowledge, with each lapsing moment, their great principles are seen to

have a wider reach, and a deeper significance, so is it with that knowledge which reaches beyond the Earth and Time, and takes hold upon the Infinite. As is beautifully and eloquently said, in the sermon to which we have already alluded: "Even as the system of the heavens is still the same as when the Chaldean shepherd gazed thereon, or the Egyptian priest observed the stars through the clear desert-air, or the Grecian Pythagoras, in his high listening thought, seemed to himself to catch afar their spherul music—is the same, even, as when Copernicus announced the true theory of the earth, and Kepler developed the laws of the planetary motions, and Newton revealed the universal principle which governs all worlds and systems, and holds them on their poise—but many problems have now been solved that were inscrutable to them, and many stars which they saw not have been sought out by the penetrating ministers of modern astronomy, and many a shining haze, as of a starry cloud, has been resolved into its myriads of suns—so the system of truth, though now the same as when the Synod met at Dort, as when the Assembly of Divines convened at Westminster, as when the Councils were gathered at Nice and Chalcedon, has all the time been unfolding the beauty of its proportions; has been modified in its apparent relations by the researches of science and the investigations of Psychology; has been presented from age to age in fresher and more appropriate costume; and may now be exhibited to the mind with a wider sweep of connexions, and in a more precise and comprehensive analysis. Theology, in this sense, is a progressive science. It was intended of God to be so. And while its elementary principles are few and simple, and apprehensible easily by the humblest intelligence, its higher and more recondite truths, its remoter relations, reveal themselves only to the devout and diligent inquirer, and by such shall be mastered progressively through the cycles of eternity."

We can only hope, in conclusion, that the life of a pastor so dear to his people, and to the church, may be long spared. That, as years roll on, his own peculiar church may be knit closer and closer to one another and to him, and that day by day, and hour by hour, their mutual hands may be laid to the upbuilding of a spiritual temple, to endure when earthly temples shall have been for ages crumbled. A temple whose uprising God and angels shall as surely see, as did men the one in which they worship. A temple cemented by Love, its corner-stone Faith, and its "middle pillars" Prayer. A temple of good thoughts cherished, of good words spoken, of good deeds done. Each stone laid shall bring it nearer and nearer Heaven. To the builders then, shall there be the consciousness of a religion which is a principle inwoven with the heart-fibres of their being, and day by day shall it be manifested in a vitality not occasional, nor past, but always and now; a vitality which shall be seen in a strengthening faith, a purer hope, a holier life.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"BENEFICENCE of Design in the Problem of Evil, Vindicated by the law of Causation in the Physical Construction of Matter. By A Journeyman. Tenth Bridgewater Treatise. New York: Leavitt and Trow." Such is the clumsy title of a somewhat remarkable work—a work written without much reference to rhetorical laws or even logical arrangement, but evidently the spontaneous expression of a sincere and earnest heart; of a mind illuminated yet narrowed by science, and which deems it has discovered everything because it knows it has discovered much. When we first read it, we thought the author had actually, by his own assumptions, accounted for the existence of the universe without the necessity of a Supreme Volition; and, although upon a reperusal, we find many proofs that the author is himself a devout Christian, yet we still think that his faith and his theory are at variance.

He sets out with the proposition that man is created, physically, morally and mentally, so as to be incapable of perfection, "a complex problem of evil." Evil he regards as the light and shade by which the grand pictorial effects of life and destiny are brought out, and teaches that without the existence of evil there could in fact be no good. The universe, with its phenomena of organic and inorganic life, (between which, however, he regards the distinction as nominal,) exists in obedience to a general law of causation, and the special acts rising out of the necessities of that law. This law and these special acts constitute the universe, including man in all his relations; physical, moral and mental—the Redemption and the whole Christian scheme being one of those "special acts" arising out of the necessities of the law and for which the law itself could not provide. At a remote period the Father and Son entered into a consultation on the nature and tendencies of the great law of universal causation, and bound themselves by a covenant, in which the Father himself was to preside over the general law, while the Son consented to the support of its special acts. We are not informed whether the Father and Son are the *origin* of this general law and these special acts, or whether they merely *found them*—in which latter case they themselves would of course be the results of the law, or perhaps one of its special acts.

"Man was made of the elements of common matter, with his atoms differently arranged"—and as we are informed in another place that "in matter nothing is *fixed but change*," and that "what it now is, the next moment it is not, and is again," we are inevitably left to conclude that the human soul, which owes its existence to a peculiar arrangement of the ordinary atoms of which the material world is composed, must lose it when that peculiar arrangement ceases. It is impossible for a just logic to arrive at any other conclusion from the premises so strenuously insisted upon by our author.

The original element in the existence of all things this writer has discovered to be oxygen. It

is, 1st—a self-sustaining, mechanico-vital power, capable of causing perpetual motion; 2d—this motion undeviatingly generates matter; 3d—it increases in force in proportion to the number of combinations in which it acts. This, constituting the property of permanent elasticity, is possessed alone by oxygen—and "the difference between elasticity and permanent elasticity is the difference between a finite and an infinite power." Thus we have oxygen gas formally invested with the attribute of "infinite power"—and thus the universe with all its phenomena would seem to be satisfactorily accounted for. Two forces, attraction and repulsion, co-exist in every atom and every conglomeration of atoms, from a dew-drop to a globe—or rather, repulsion from the centre is the same thing as attraction from the surface—or, as our author expresses it, "every atom of matter consists of a certain force of differing intensities in different directions, which repel [repels?] particles directly as the mass, and inversely as the squares of the distances."

Having defined the law of attraction and repulsion, and shown that it exists in consequence of the unequal distribution of oxygen in all substances and forms, the author proceeds to treat of man in connection with this law—assuming, as his fundamental fact, that man, his sensation, circulation, voluntary motion and all his intellectual phenomena, rise in succession out of the multiplying combinations of matter in obedience to this law.—Oxygen possesses, in addition to its permanent elasticity, which gives rise to perpetual motion, the power of perpetually generating matter. All matter is vital; and the atoms of calcareous dust formed as the residuum of pure water, by being exposed to the action of binary, ternary and quaternary combinations, and so on through arithmetical progression and fractional relations, at length form man. Another property of oxygen is its incombustibility, while at the same time supplying and supporting the continual combustion of all nature. The gradation from animal to vegetable life and from vegetable life to sensation is regular—the addition of sensation being entirely the consequence of a certain amount of heat. The difference between animals and man is that the former proceed in arithmetical progression, while the latter extends into fractional relations.

It is not our intention to follow this writer through his metaphysical and mathematical speculations, in the course of which he demolishes Babbage's calculating machine on the one hand, and Gall's system of phrenology on the other. It is enough to state explicitly the law of creation as he understands it—which is, simply, that all things proceed from oxygen, and that man is entirely, in all his attributes and relations, the result of a peculiar combination of matter. The subsequent chapters, in which the fall of man and the Redemption are treated, deserve rather the name of rhapsody than philosophy. No one in his senses can see the possibility of oxygen committing a transgression, nor the propriety of a redemption

for the purpose of reconciling it with itself. The whole scope and tendency of the book—whatever may have been the *intention* of the writer—is to degrade the great problem of human life and destiny to the level of a chemical experiment, and to establish matter as the originator of spirit.

Against this doctrine, in all its varied aspects, we enter our solemn protest. The spirit of the age rebels against it—the instincts of humanity reject it—consciousness repudiates it. A higher and a brighter philosophy begins to bear rule among the enlightened minds who lead the present century onward in its glorious career—a philosophy which, shunning the bigotry of ignorance on the one hand, and the self-vaunting pride of an imperfect science on the other, reposes in security upon this grand and sublime truth—that temporal life and all the forms of the material world are but the ultimates, the encrustations, as it were, of the Divine Spirit, continually flowing outward from itself, and sustaining every atom and every being by its momentary and constant power.

This philosophy teaches us to look for the law which governs all things, not in the dead atoms of matter we see and taste, but in the eternal spirit we know and feel—that matter without spirit is not and cannot be; and that the one great duty of man is to discover, by stricter attention to the harmonious action of the spiritual world, the secret of reorganizing the material world in correspondence thereto. Then, the Divine Influx, from the great Spiritual Sun of light and heat, may flow unobstructed through all the heavens and solar systems down into the heart of man, and thence pervade every inert atom of the universe, with the unfailing life of God himself. Then will take place the atonement, the reconciliation, between God and Nature, that shall produce perfect good and perfect happiness—a good without evil, a happiness without pain. The idea of the necessity of evil, save as an incident in progressive development, is repulsive to the enlightened soul—how much more abhorrent the effort to prove that God himself created evil to be an eternal law and an eternal necessity!

A VOICE FROM HUNGARY.

BY CAPT. HENRY BRADFELD.

Ask ye why we draw the sword ?
Is Freedom but a passing word ?
Or dwells it in the human heart
There to become of life a part ?
Creating aspirations high
Teaching patriots how to die ?

Ask ye why we brave the stroke ?
Why Hungaria scorns her yoke ?
Why Hungaria spurns her chains ?
Look around her desert plains—
Her cities buried in the dust
By men who revel in their lust !
Her peasant homes by fire consumed !
Her daughters to affliction doomed,
This we've borne ! it shall not last,
The sword is drawn, the die is cast !
We have sworn with solemn word—
'Tis writ upon each crimsoned sword !
Though Russia doomed us to despair

Would ye have us falsely swear ?
Hungaria hath proclaimed her right,
Now she dares the worst in fight !
In realms above, we place our trust ;
Our father pray each morn and even',
Austria is faithless—God is just—
May those prayers ascend to Heaven !
Israel was gathered to the Lord
From a ruthless monarchs' sword ;
Thus Hungaria, tho' she bleed'
From oppression shall be freed !

Though streams of hostile blood are spilt
In many a deadly battle field,
It hath but left its stain of guilt—
It hath not taught us yet to yield !
Crime may be in death forgiven,
But vengeance cries aloud to Heaven !
We serve our country—she shall be
The grave of Austrian tyranny.



HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

The Moral for Authors, as contained in the Autobiography of Eureka, a Manuscript Novel, and discovered by J. E. Tuel. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

THE Moral for Authors was evidently suggested by the "Fable for the Critics;" but there is very little in common with the authors of the two books. Mr. Tuel has done himself very great injustice by permitting a book to go to press which contains so many evidences of carelessness and hasty writing. In these days there is no excuse for carelessness in an author, or at least in a young author. There is no occasion for hurry; there are books enough already out, and it is a bad symptom in a writer to show himself so hasty in publishing, as to send forth crude ill-digested thoughts, half finished sentences, and lame arguments. The Moral for Authors is designed for a satirical poem, but we must confess that the satire is not very obvious, and the moral rather pointless. But we will let the author speak for himself, and save ourselves the accusation of ill nature by permitting him to appear before our readers without further comments. Out of his own mouth shall he be judged. The moral begins thus:

"Born in an 'attic'—from an inkstand fed,
On foolscap first I laid my infant head;
Not having feet, like Poetry, to walk,
My first Essay in Life was how to talk,
But this the fates denied me, so I sought
The public breast to wean myself from thought!
This once determin'd, with a magic art
As black as Erebus I made a start,
And wander'd ebbing up and down the stream
Of struggling life, like Passion in a dream,
Until I came unto a giant wall
Whose massive gates of black were barr'd to all
Save those who call'd in awe a mystic name,
Whose sound was echo'd by the trump of Fame!
Upon this portal huge with iron bars
Were written names of fire enshrined with stars;
Some proudly bright—some fading fast away,
Some shedding lustre for a distant day—
Some look'd a nail within an iron gate,
Whose head was Genius strong impell'd by Fate;
Some rusting in their strength—some breaking last
Their rays of Glory from the fleeting Past!
Some pointing to the future with a hand
That traced their glory built on grains of sand!
Around these stars were circled in their right
The brilliant works which each had brought to light—
The triumphs of the Pen—the deeds that bind
The rolling ages to the God-like mind!
I gazed enraptured on the brilliant throng—
Kings of Romance and Cavaliers of Song,
And as I trac'd the awful scroll of Fame,
I ask'd with trembling lips to write my name.
At this bold word a sprite with fearful hand
And awful body pointed to the band,
And open'd wide his dragon mouth to show
A set of shark-like teeth—a frightful row;
Then utter'd with a solemn witty mien—
That those who enter'd last must first be seen,
And being seen, must afterwards (he said)
By those above in scrutiny be read.
I told the dragon bold I'd enter in—
(My fanits were few in years—my body thin)
Without the awful gaze and look of those,
Who sleep in Poetry and dine on Prose—
That were I once to meet their dazzling sight
My brilliant thoughts of fire would change to night.
'It matter'd not—these men were tender all—
Some 'were younger once' and none would fall
So far below the standard of their Fame
As to be jealous of another's name.'
Persuaded by the Dragon's charms, I asked
The sum he'd pay me should my comet, bask'd
In the bright beams of this majestic sun,
Through the wide world of letters have 'a run'!
He shook his head—which seem'd to mean that *tail*
Of a new novel comet rhymes with 'fail';

But soon recovering from his fit, he stept
Towards a shelf where divers authors *stept*
And 'midst the number pointed to the fate
Of those who, never sleeping, rarely are—
And said, as to a group he signal made,
'These are the authors who are richly paid,'
'But why so poor of head and limb so gaunt,
Their very presence seems the place to haunt,
Like ghosts that walk, like Hamlet's, in the night,
To tell their wrongs to some be-letter'd wight.'
'This is the cause!' and here the Dragon took
Down from the shelf (or out the tomb) a book—
And op'ning wide its shroud, wherein was laid
In hot-press'd sheets the substance of a shade,
'Look here!' he cried; 'this is the cause of all—
The cause whereof great authors rise and fall:
This skull was stolen from a churchyard old:
The waters deep on England's distant shore—
The brains cost nothing and the labor less,
And why we buy them Yankee you can guess.'
Thus were exhum'd full many noble heads
That slumber'd *softly*, some on pine-board beds;
And as I linger'd o'er these relics vast
I gave a *critique* passing on each pass'd.

Some rather clumsy imitations of popular writers follow, and the volume closes with a few "notices," from which we extract the following:

"FRANK whistled shrill, and up jump'd, with a yell,
A blood-hound fierce, whose name I cannot tell;
But if you'd know to whom this hound belongs—
Just let his teeth once clutch your tales or songs—
A 'cross' of wit, of taste, of spleen, of rigs
Is HARRY FRANCO, Pepper, and Tom Br—*gy*."

"There was FANNY FORRESTER, like a fawn,
To trip o'er 'AUTHOR LAND' through wood or lawn;
Who had from MRS. CHUBBUCK stray'd away,
And then by WILLIS caught in verse one day;
And then by HERBERT stol'n—(a deed of shame!)
The which amend she chang'd her maiden name."

[Grace—
"There was GRACE GREENWOOD fair—the gentle
(Her collar wrought with silk inlaid with lace!)
But who's the owner of this precious pet
I cannot say—not having seen her yet;
All these were in the chase—and I was run
Down like a stag—with hound, and steed, and gun!"

"Since FORRESTER has turn'd a hunter bold,
He has to 'Sportsmen' all his 'Novels' sold,
Who, melting down the heavy parts to shot,
Have made the powder from the flinty plot!"

The Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observations of David Copperfield, the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery, which he never meant to be published on any account. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. No. 1. John Wiley, New York. Re-published.

MR. DICKENS has made an essay in a new vein in David Copperfield, and, judging from the delicate shades of character, the broad humor and touching pathos displayed in this initial member of the work, we are inclined to believe that it will prove one of the most popular of all the author's productions. The adventures of Mr. Copperfield are related in the first person in the form of an autobiography, and his experiences begin at the beginning; or, more properly, sometime before the beginning of his mundane existence, after the manner of Tristram Shandy. But there is no possible resemblance in the conduct of the story between David Copperfield and the Shandean narrative. The autobiography gives the following account of David's triumphal entry into the world:

"I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale in the newspapers at the low price of fifteen guineas.—

Whether sea-going people were short of money about that time, or were short of faith and preferred cork-jackets, I don't know; all I know is, that there was but one solitary bidding, and that was from an attorney connected with the bill-broking business, who offered two pounds in cash, and the balance in sherry, but declined to be guaranteed from drowning on any higher bargain. Consequently the advertisement was withdrawn at a dead loss, for as to sherry, my poor dear mother's own sherry was in the market then, and ten years afterwards the caul was put up in a raffie down in our part of the country to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. I was present myself, and I remember to have felt quite uncomfortable and confused at a part of myself being disposed of in that way. The caul was won, I recollect, by an old lady with a hand-basket, who, very reluctantly, produced from it the stipulated five shillings, all in halfpence, and twopence halfpenny short, as it took an immense time and a great waste of arithmetic to endeavor without any effect to prove to her. It is a fact which will be long remembered as remarkable down there, that she was never drowned, but died triumphantly in bed at ninety-two."

There is a delightful freshness and truthful feeling in the following:

"I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or 'thereby,' as they say in Scotland. I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months when mine opened on it. There is something strange to me, even now, in the reflection that he never saw me; and something stranger yet in the shadowy remembrance that I have of my first childish associations with his white gravestone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our little parlor was warm and bright with fire and candle, and the door of our house were—almost cruelly, it seemed to me sometimes—bolted and locked against it."

Of David's early reminiscences we make the following extract:

"Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see.

"There comes out of the cloud our house—not new to me, but quite familiar in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; with a pigeon-house on a pole in the centre, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen-window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night: as a man envired by wild beasts might dream of lions.

"Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs, and jars, and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly-burning light, letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlors; the parlor in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion when her work is done and we are alone; and the best parlor where we sit on a Sunday—grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on. One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me in there how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest below the solemn moon.

"There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sundial, and think within myself, 'Is the sundial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?'

"Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But, though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire, and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and, if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and, from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

"And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment.—We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straightening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty."

Probably the greater part of our readers will themselves have read the first part of this delightful story before our own magazine reaches them, but we cannot miss the opportunity of adding our own testimony to the wonderfully creative genius of the gifted author who has amused and instructed the world during the past ten years.

The Deerstalkers: or, Circumstantial Evidence. By Frank Forrester. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1849.

FRANK FORRESTER, or, H. W. Herbert, is well known as a double writer, dealing in two most attractive and popular branches of literature, the novel and field sports. He is a capital narrator, a good sketcher of characters, and quite a head taller, in the art of writing picturesquely on field sports, than any other person in this country. But Frank Forrester is an Englishman and the grandson of an earl, and so has a right, by inheritance, to be learned on hunting, and an enthusiast in the noble science of slaughtering birds and deer, or what is called the "gentle science of Woodcraft." Perhaps we cannot render the author or our reader a better service than to quote a part of a chapter as a specimen brick of the book:

"The autumnal morning was yet dark as midnight, when Dolph Pierson, arising from his bearskin, awoke Harry, who ere long had the whole house afoot and stirring. The kitchen clock was striking four, when the party assembled in the little parlor in which they had supped but a few hours before; yet so smartly had Timothy bestirred himself, that not only had all the relics of the supper been removed, but

a hearty extemporaneous breakfast had replaced it on the large round table.

"There was the Yorkshire ham, which had not suffered so deeply by the last night's onslaught, but that enough remained to furnish forth sundry meals even for hunters' appetites. There was the huge brown loaf; the dish of golden butter; the wooden bowl, full to the brim with new-laid eggs, wrapped in a steaming napkin; and last, not least, two mighty tankards smoking with a judicious mixture of Guinness's double stout, brown sugar, spice, and toast; for to no womanish delicacies of tea and coffee did the stout huntersmen seriously incline.

"As they entered the room, the old hunter, who was busily employed drying a pound of rifle-powder on a pewter plate, heated on the wood embers, raised his eyes from his occupation, and kept them riveted on the figure of Harry Archer, for a far longer period than it was his wont to bestow on anything of mortal mould.

"After gazing at him for some moments thus, he nodded his head approvingly, as who should say 'Not such a bad turn out, after all!' and then resumed his somewhat perilous occupation of stirring the powder in the plate with the point of his long wood knife, as he held it an inch or two only above a glaring bed of hickory embers; but neither on Frank Forester, nor on old Tom Draw, did he vouchsafe to bestow one second's observation.

"And in truth, Harry in his hunting-dress was an object worthy of some consideration, so perfect was every part of its equipment, both in its fashion, and its adaptation to its peculiar use.

"On his head he wore a cap exactly like that of an English whipper-in, or huntsman, with this exception only, that it had a projecting rim behind, to shelter the back of his neck from rain, or the dewdrops which might fall from the branches, and that in lieu of being black, it was of a deep amber-brown, to correspond with the color of the autumnal leaves.

"The black silk handkerchief, knotted about his sinewy neck, displayed not an inch of white linen above it, and was itself partially concealed by a buckskin hunting-shirt, exquisitely wrought by the hand of some Indian maiden, far in the forests of the west. Prepared with skill peculiar to those wild tribes, this garment combined the suppleness, the warmth, and the durability of leather, with the high finish and rich color of the best broad-cloth. That color was a nameless hue, between brown and purple, approaching nearly to the tints of the copper beech, or rather to something between that and the cinnamon brown of the buckeye, or horse-chestnut. It was fringed handsomely, and embroidered in places with black porcupine quills; and was girt about his waist by a black leather girdle, with a buckle of blue steel, supporting a pouch of martin skin, and a hunting-knife with a buckhorn hilt, and a blade, a foot in length, of the best Sheffield steel. He wore no tomahawk; but his powder-flask, made of a buffalo horn mounted with dark blue steel, was slung across his left shoulder by a plaited whip-thong of black leather.

"His nether man was clad in a pair of Pike and Elphick's elaborated buckskins, which had bedridden the pigskin many a day in Leicestershire, and soared in flying leap over the bankfull Whissendine. Not now, however, were they resplendent as of old in the glory of white pipe clay, but wore a more harmonious if less striking hue of dull olive-green, as did the leggings of the same material, which reached to his knee and covered the fastenings of his firmly-wrought Indian moccasins.

"Two things only remain to be noticed of all his accoutrements—that in the buckskin garter which secured the buskin of his right leg he had a short strong two-edged dirk, the knee-knife of the Highlander; and that he bore a superb double-barrelled rifle by Moore, that prince of makers, warranted, at two hundred yards, when held by a steady hand, to put both balls through the same bull's eye; a feat many a time and oft performed by its present owner.

"In spite of its weight, which was nearly twenty pounds, it was both a manageable and handy weapon; for not being very long, and the metal being heaviest at the breech, it was so admirably balanced in the hand, as to fatigue the arm far less, whether at a trail or a present, than the much less ponderous but longer rifle of the Dutch hunter.

"The barrels were browned to a nicety, and all the mountings tempered in wood-ashes to so deep a blue, that, like all the rest of Harry's dress, there was no fear of a stray sunbeam glistening from any brilliant point, and so betraying his approach to the fearful quarry.

"Tom Draw wore as usual his dark home-spun snit, with heavy boots, and a dark gray felt hat, which garb, if it possessed no beauty, had at least this advantage, that it was inconspicuous and quiet. His buckshot cartridges—for he eschewed the rifle—and copper flask were buried in the vest

pockets of his voluminous unmentionables, and from a slit in the side of these, like that in which a carpenter carries his wooden rule, peered the stout haft of a gigantic butcher-knife.

"His other weapon was the huge ten-pound double-barrelled shot-gun of twelve-gauge, with which he was wont to exterminate all *genra* of game, from the minute sandpiper to the huge brown bear.

"Frank had as usual been exceedingly elaborate, but as usual also somewhat unfortunate in his attire, for, inclining somewhat at all times to the kiddy in the style of his dress, he had unluckily leaned to it at the very time of all others when it is least admissible, and had mounted a hunting shirt and cap, the latter adorned with a waving bucktail, of the brightest pea-green plush, with fringes of the same color. His buckskin breeches were of as fair a white as he would have donned to meet the Quorn at Billesdon Coplow; and his legs were encased in stout russet gaiters, and his feet shod in strong ankle-shoes. His knife was silver-hilted; his rifle, which was of much smaller calibre and lighter fashion than his friend's, and his powder-horn, were silver-mounted; and, in a word, his whole appearance was much fitter for a fancy ball than for a still-hunt in the forest.

"Archer knew all this, it is true, quite as well as the hunter, and felt its absurdity quite as keenly; yet, though with Forester he had been for years on terms of more than brother's intimacy, he had given him no hint on the subject, and as they sat down to the sociable breakfast, he suffered his eye to run over Forester's gay dress, when he knew that Dolph was observing him, and then catching the eye of the latter, addressed to him an almost imperceptible motion of the head, which the old hunter understood as well as if a volume had been spoken, though he could not conceive the reason of it.

"The fact was simply this, that Harry was so well acquainted with his friend's character, that he did not doubt for a moment, that if Frank should be advised to don a graver garb, his pride of woodcraft would take alarm, and he would swear that deer were attracted by gay colors, and he would persist in wearing them *as de rigueur*; whereas, if left to himself, he would probably discover his error in one day's hunting, and learn by his own experience that which he would surely refuse if urged by another.

"All this, at an after period, Harry explained duly to the old hunter, who merely shook his head in reply, and marvelled to his heart's content; but at the moment, beyond the glance and slight gesture, no sign or word was exchanged between them.

"The ham and eggs were speedily despatched, and the tankards drained to the lees by all except old Pierson, who quietly addressed himself to a bowl of milk, produced by mine host at Dolph's especial desire. This done, some sandwiches were prepared, the dram-bottles filled, the rifles and shot-guns loaded and capped, the contents of powder-flasks and pouches investigated, and then all was pronounced to be ready for a start, and that before they had been half an hour out of their beds, and while the stars were yet shining brightly in the cerulean sky, and ere one flash of dawn had appeared in the eastern horizon.

"Tim," said his master, "it will be of no use for you to go with us to-day, and it will make too many. So look well to the nags, will you? and see if you cannot get us something eatable for dinner. Did you not say, Dolph, that you had some venison?"

"I told my boy to bring 't down the fast thing. He'll be here afore it's light. Yes, it's a prime saddle; two inches of fat all over 't."

"Divide it into hanches, Timothy, and roast it yourself. You know how—covered with puff-paste."

"Ay! I ken brawly. But what o'clock must I have 't haunch ready? It wina do to keep't waiting loike."

"No, indeed, it will not. What time shall we be back, Dolph?"

"Not afore seven, if then; there's no saying."

"At eight, then, we will dine; make soup, if you can get either beef or mutton. And hark you, I dare say you can catch some yellow bass, or pickerel; there are both in the pond here—you can take my tackle. If you cannot, see and buy some eels, and let us have a *matelot*. With the soup and the haunch, that'll do. Have the champagne frozen to night. And now go and let Smoker loose."

"What's Smoker?" asked the hunter.

"The best deer-hound American eyes ever looked upon. Fresh from the Highlands—a present from Mr. Scrope, by the way—almost as great a deerstalker as yourself, Dolph."

"Do you mean to take him along?"

"Not, if you say no. But if we wound a buck, he'll pin him certainly before he's gone a mile."

"I dar' say; but his yell will lose us ten for every one he catches. Beside, the Dutchmen hereaway will shoot him

sartin. They're death on all hounds, and wun't have no huntin' here nohow, 'less it's still huntin'."

"Smoker never hunted except still in his life. If you catch him speaking once to the hottest scent, I'll give the Dutchman leave to shoot him. If they shoot him without leave, Brown Bess here," and he tapped the breach of his ponderous rifle as he said the words, "will take part in the conversation; and when she barks, she is apt to bite, you know."

"I know. But that wouldn't bring the dog back, nuther. How's ever, if he runs mute, fights mute, they wun't harm him, nor can't, nuther. What breed is he?"

"He will run mute, fight mute, and die mute, I'll warrant him; though I hope not the last, yet awhile."

"Well, what you says, you says; and what you says you knows; so I'm agreeable. But you haven't telled me what breed he is."

"You shall see; you shall see. Here, Smoker, Smoker!" and at the word, the door, which had been left ajar, flew violently open, and a noble Scottish-wire-haired deerghound came bounding into the room, and at a gesture from his master, reared erect, laying his shaggy paws upon his shoulders, and gazing into his eyes, face to face.

"By thunder! he's a beauty," cried the impassive hunter, for once moved by surprise and admiration out of his wonted quietude. "He could a'most pull down a heifer, single-handed."

"He has done that same! and no deer can stand before him one half mile in the open."

"I dar' be sworn on't. Great Jehu! what a leg! my old arm's a fool to it. And for his chest, it'll out-measure ar' a man here."

"Not forgetting Tom Draw," said Harry, laughing, "who only measures sixty-two inches round his chest, while Smoker is just sixty-seven."

"I never see sich another."

"Nor I. Yet I have seen scores of the breed—I might almost say hundreds. No, indeed, Smoker is a non-such, and he's as good as he's handsome. Well, shall we take him?"

"'Twould be a sin to have him hurt, I swan; and sartin as death, if he hollers on a trail, some of them Dutch fellows will make him smell h—!"

"They may, if he hollers!"

"Take him, then, sure! I'd give ten dollars to see him pull one down!"

"If we wound one, you shall see it."

"By thunder! then I'll wound the very fust one I shoots at this good day."

"Then you won't bring home nauthen," sneered Tom Draw.

"Jest twice what you will, with t'other gentleman, I'll stand treats," cried Dolph.

"Done!" shouted the fat man.

"And 'Done!' replied the hunter, confidently; and then he added, "but we'll git nothen, none of us, if we stays here much longer. Let's up traps, and track it."

"No sooner said than done; five minutes more and they were all in the open air, under the calm, cold azure canopy of heaven, with its myriads of bright stars twinkling with that peculiar brilliancy which they at all times derive from a slight touch of frost."

Kavanagh. A Tale. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1849.

A tale by Longfellow, and in prose, too, is a God-send to the admirers of that most gentlemanly and polished writer. There are so few inaccuracies or roughnesses in the productions of Mr. Longfellow, that he is supposed to be a man of fine talents rather than a man of genius, for the popular idea of a genius is a rough and ready performer who does everything by impulse and nothing by rule, or deliberately. According to this understanding of the matter Mr. Longfellow is certainly not a genius, for his prose and poetry have the appearance of being the result of a labored process. Yet, they have the marks of genius, inasmuch as they sink into the popular heart, and their author is remembered without the aid of critics or reviewers. The last production of Mr. Longfellow, *Kavanagh*, resembles his *Hyperion*. It is a tale, but not a tale only; the story would amount to little, in itself, if it were not for the accompaniments, which, as they say of public dinners, are in the artist's best style. The

following piece of poetizing about winter is in his happiest vein:

"The winter did not pass without its peculiar delights and recreations. The singing of the great wood fires; the blowing of the wind over the chimney-tops, as if they were organ pipes; the splendor of the spotless snow; the purple wall built round the horizon at sunset; the sea-suggesting pines, with the moan of the billows in their branches, on which the snows were furled like sails; the northern lights; the stars of steel; the transcendent moonlight, and the lovely shadows of the leafless trees upon the snow;—these things did not pass unnoticed nor unremembered. Every one of them made its record upon the heart of Mr. Churchill."

"His twilight walks, his long Saturday afternoon rambles, had again become solitary; for Kavanagh was lost to him for such purposes, and his wife was one of those women who never walk. Sometimes he went down to the banks of the frozen river, and saw the farmers crossing it with their heavy-laden sleds, and the Fairmeadow schooner imbedded in the ice; and thought of Lapland sledges, and the song of Kulnasatz, and the dismantled, ice-locked vessels of the explorers in the Arctic Ocean. Sometimes he went to the neighboring lake, and saw the skaters wheeling round their fire, and speeding away before the wind; and in his imagination arose images of the Norwegian Skate-Runners, bearing the tidings of the King Charles's death from Fredericks-hall to Dronheim, and of the retreating Swedish army, frozen to death in its fireless tents among the mountains. And then he would watch the cutting of the ice with ploughs, and the horses dragging the huge blocks to the store-houses and contrast them with the Grecian mules, bearing the snows of Mount Parnassus to the markets of Athens, in panniers protected from the sun by boughs of cleander and rhododendron."

Mr. Longfellow's *forte*, is not sketching characters, certainly, but the following delineation of a very common character in American towns is capital.

"In addition to these transient lovers, who were but birds of passage, winging their way, in an incredibly short space of time, from the torrid to the frigid zone, there was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins, to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets; a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a banister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breast-pins and gold-chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, 'Soft finish for family use.' Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur."

"Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet—so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he 'spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family.' The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as 'a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?' and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the *Poet's Corner* of the *Fairmeadow Advertiser*; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was 'by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply.'

"Such was the personage who assumed to himself the perilous position of Miss Vaughan's permanent admirer. He imagined that it was impossible for any woman to look upon him and not love him. Accordingly, he paraded himself at his shop-door as she passed; he paraded himself at the corners of the streets; he paraded himself at the church steps on Sunday. He spied her from the window; he saluted her from the door; he followed her with his eyes; he followed her with his whole august person; he passed her and repassed her, and turned back to gaze; he lay in wait with dejected countenance and desponding air; he persecuted her with his looks; he pretended that their souls could comprehend each other without words; and whenever her lovers were alluded to in his presence, he gravely declared, as one who had reason to know, that, if Miss Vaughan ever married, it would be some one of gigantic intellect!"

There is rather a striving after humor in this sketch of one of those tremendous personages in Yankee society known as "Dry Goods Merchants," but, as a first attempt, it will do; the author, however, we may remark aside, should not repeat the attempt too often. He is more at home in the pathetic and sentimental, and so we copy at length his account of his hero, as a more favorable specimen of the book:

"Arthur Kavanagh was descended from an ancient Catholic family. His ancestors had purchased from the Baron Victor of St. Castine a portion of his vast estates, lying upon that wild and wonderful sea-coast of Maine, which, even upon the map, attracts the eye by its singular and picturesque indentations, and fills the heart of the beholder with something of that delight which throbbeth in the veins of Pierre du Gast, when, with a royal charter of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he sailed down the coast in all the pride of one who is to be prince of such a vast domain. Here, in the bosom of the solemn forests, they continued the practice of that faith which had first been planted there by Rasle and St. Castine; and the little church where they worshipped is still standing, though now as closed and silent as the graves which surround it, and in which the dust of the Kavanaghs lie buried.

"In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood, a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she could not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spake to him of God, and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpet of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as the perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the Lives of the Saints—a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends—the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works—things which ever afterwards remained associated together in his mind. Thus holiness of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body.

"Of all the legends of the mysterious book, that which most delighted and most deeply impressed him was the legend of St. Christopher. The picture was from a painting of Paolo Farinato, representing a figure of gigantic strength and stature, leaning upon a staff, and bearing the infant Christ on his bending shoulders across the rushing river. The legend related, that St. Christopher, being of huge proportions and immense strength, wandered long about the world before his conversion, seeking for the greatest king, and willing to obey no other. After serving various masters, whom he in turn deserted, because each recognised by some word or sign another greater than himself, he heard by chance of Christ, the king of heaven and earth, and asked of a holy hermit where he might be found, and how he might serve him. The hermit told him he must fast and pray; but the giant replied that if he fasted he should lose his strength, and that he did not know how to pray. Then the hermit told him to take up his abode on the banks of a dangerous mountain torrent, where travellers were often drowned in crossing, and to rescue any that might be in peril. The giant obeyed; and tearing up a palm-tree by the roots for a staff, he took his station by the river's side, and saved many lives. And the Lord looked down from heaven and said, "Behold this strong man, who knows not yet the way to worship, but has found the way to serve me!" And one night he heard the voice of a child, crying in the darkness and saying, "Christopher! come and bear me over the river!" And he went out, and found the child sitting alone on the margin of the stream; and taking him upon his shoulders, he waded into the water. Then the wind began to roar, and the waves to rise higher and higher about him, and his little burden, which at first had seemed so light, grew heavier and heavier as he advanced, and bent his huge shoulders down, and put his life in peril; so that, when he reached the shore, he said, "Who art thou, O child, that hast weighed upon me with a weight, as if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders?" And the little child answered, "Thou hast

borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, and Him who created it. I am Christ, whom thou by thy deeds of charity wouldst serve. Thou and thy service are accepted. Plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall blossom and bear fruit!" With these words, the child vanished away.

"There was something in this beautiful legend that entirely captivated the heart of the boy, and a vague sense of its hidden meaning seemed at times to seize him and control him. Later in life it became more and more evident to him, and remained for ever in his mind as a lovely allegory of active charity and a willingness to serve. Like the giant's staff, it blossomed and bore fruit.

"But the time at length came, when his father decreed that he must be sent away to school. It was not meet that his son should be educated as a girl. He must go to the Jesuit College in Canada. Accordingly, one bright summer morning, he departed with his father, on horseback, through those majestic forests that stretch with almost unbroken shadows from the sea to the St. Lawrence, leaving behind him all the endearments of home, and a wound in his mother's heart that never ceased to ache—a longing, unsatisfied, and insatiable, for her absent Arthur, who had gone from her perhaps for ever.

"At college he distinguished himself by his zeal for study, by the docility, gentleness, and generosity of his nature. There he was thoroughly trained in the classics, and in the dogmas of that august faith, whose turrets gleam with such crystalline light, and whose dungeons are so deep, and dark, and terrible. The study of philosophy and theology was congenial to his mind. Indeed, he often laid aside Homer for Parmenides, and turned from the odes of Pindar and Horace to the mystic hymes of Cleanthes and Synesius.

"The uniformity of college life was broken only by the annual visit home in the summer vacation; the joyous meeting, the bitter parting; the long journey to and fro through the grand, solitary, mysterious forest. To his mother these visits were even more precious than to himself; for ever more and more they added to her boundless affection the feeling of pride, and confidence, and satisfaction—the joy and beauty of a youth unspotted from the world, and glowing with the enthusiasm of virtue.

"At length his college days were ended. He returned home full of youth, full of joy and hope; but it was only to receive the dying blessings of his mother, who expired in peace, having seen his face once more. Then the house became empty to him. Solitary was the sea-shore, solitary were the woodland walks. But the spiritual world seemed nearer and more real. For affairs he had no aptitude; and he betook himself again to his philosophic and theological studies. He pondered with fond enthusiasm on the rapturous pages of Molinos and Madame Guyon; and in a spirit akin to that which wrote, he read the writings of Santa Theresa, which he found among his mother's books—the Meditations, the Road to Perfection, and the Moradas, or Castle of the Soul. She, too, had lingered over those pages with delight, and there were many passages marked by her own hand. Among them was this, which he often repeated to himself in his lonely walks: "O, Life, Life! how canst thou sustain thyself, being absent from thy Life? In so great a solitude, in what shalt thou employ thyself? What shalt thou do, since all thy deeds are faulty and imperfect?"

"In such meditations passed many weeks and months. But mingled with them, continually and ever with more distinctness, arose in his memory from the days of childhood the old tradition of Saint Christopher—the beautiful allegory of humility and labor. He and his service had been accepted, though he would not fast, and had not learned to pray! It became more and more clear to him, that the life of man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

"Moreover, the study of ecclesiastical history awoke within him many strange and dubious thoughts. The books taught him more than their writers meant to teach. It was impossible to read of Athanasius without reading also of Arius; it was impossible to hear of Calvin without hearing of Servetus. Reason began more energetically to vindicate itself; that Reason, which is a light in darkness, not that which is 'a thorn in Revelation's side.' The search after Truth and Freedom, both intellectual and spiritual, became a passion in his soul; and he pursued it until he had left far behind him many dusky dogmas, many antique superstitions, many time-honored observances, which the lips of her alone, who first taught them to him in his childhood, had invested with solemnity and sanctity.

"By slow degrees, and not by violent spiritual conflicts, he became a Protestant. He had but passed from one chapel to another in the same vast cathedral. He was still beneath the same ample roof, still heard the same divine service chanted in a different dialect of the same universal language. Out of his old faith he brought with him all he had found in

it that was holy, and pure, and of good report. Not its bigotry, and fanaticism, and intolerance; but its zeal, its self-devotion, its heavenly aspirations, its human sympathies, its endless deeds of charity. Not till after his father's death, however, did he become a clergyman. Then his vocation was manifest to him. He no longer hesitated, but entered upon his many duties and responsibilities, its many trials and discouragements, with the zeal of Peter and the gentleness of John.

The Adirondack: or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. Headley. Baker & Scribner. New York: 1849.

Mr. Headley is one of the very few American authors, whose works the publisher can afford to issue forth in a handsome style; he is one of the popular writers of the day, and let critics differ as they may in respect to his merits there can be no denial of his popularity, and that his manner just hits the level of public taste. An author's works should be reviewed in two ways: firstly, in reference to their individual merits, and secondly, as indications of the popular taste. As Mr. Headley has already been sufficiently criticised with reference to his own idiosyncracies of style, we shall confine ourselves solely to remarks on the phenomena presented by the public appreciation of popular authors.

The most popular of living authors is, unquestionably, Macaulay, whose writings can be read with ease, because they require no great exercise of thought, and contain an abundance of living anecdotes, and never offend the popular prejudices by novelties of Theology or politics. They are just level with the public taste, never rising above it, and seldom falling below it. It is for similar reasons that the works of Mr. Headley, who is, beyond a question, at this time, the most popular of American authors, have had so wide a circulation. The themes of his books are wholly destitute of novelty, and have been time after time ably treated by other writers. His first appearance as an author was in a series of letters from Italy, one of the most hacknied subjects that a traveller could have written about. Yet his book sold well. His next appearance, as an author, was in his "Napoleon and his Marshals," another subject more hacknied, if possible, than the first. Yet his books were marvellously popular. He next comes out as the historian of Washington and his Generals, more hacknied than ever in his subject; yet his books continued to sell with a "perfect rush." He next chose a subject which was not quite so hacknied as the others, but one that had just been so ably treated by Carlyle, that we wondered at the temerity of any lesser author taking it in hand. But Mr. Headley, nothing daunted, seizes upon Cromwell, and success still rewards his efforts. He now appears before the public in a series of letters, descriptive of scenes which have not become hacknied, certainly, but which have been most admirably described by Charles F. Hoffman and other writers. This is comparatively fresh ground for Mr. Headley, although even here he has the advantage of laboring upon a soil which had been broken to his hand by an able and popular predecessor. The book is too freshly out to speak of its success, but there is no reason why it should not be as successful as his other volumes.

The readers of books now compose the entire community, they are no longer confined to what are called learned people; merchants, mechanics, farmers, boatmen, milliners, all read, and as their hours of reading are few they require books that can be easily mastered, and which serve the purpose of amusement rather than instruction. These are the reading classes that make a market for such works as the reviews and history of Macaulay, and the histories of Mr. Headley. Scholars, students, literary epicures, book-worms, and men of taste, require books of a wholly different character.

Terseness of style, originality of information, depth of thought, and freshness of subjects are required by these classes. They do not read popular works, and those who do not give themselves the trouble to think upon the subject, fancy that public taste has deteriorated because the number of readers has so greatly increased. They do not reflect that the circulation of good books has increased in proportion to the circulation of light and superficial ones, and that if there are more good for nothing works read now, there are also more good ones. We have no more time to follow out this subject now, but must conclude by a brief allusion to the work under notice.

Adirondack consists of a series of letters written in a free and lively manner, descriptive of the forest scenes of the Adirondack Mountains in the northern part of our state, which has been but little visited, and still exists a savage wilderness surrounded by scenes of the highest order of cultivated life. They were originally published in the New York Tribune, and are now issued by Messrs. Baker and Scribner in a very handsome volume beautifully printed, and embellished with eight steel engravings from drawings by Ingham Gignout, Hill and Durand.

Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain, declared by act of Congress the 18th of June, 1812, and concluded by Peace the 15th of February, 1815. By Charles J. Ingersoll. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

Honestly believing this to be the very worst book that has ever been published, in point of style, we feel ourselves bound, in honesty, to say so. Its absurdities, involutions, prejudices, long-winded sentences, and individualisms, are quite incredible. How a man with an ordinary education, who has been accustomed to reading newspapers and listening to common conversation, could ever fall into such a habit of obscure writing is beyond our comprehension. The book does not lack for thought nor information; it is full of particulars, and now and then we thought we could discern a bright idea, or a profound truism as we floundered through its muddy pages, but we were not sure we fully understood the aim of the author, who appears to have tried to make his book as unreadable and incomprehensible as possible. We give one extract from this strange farrago, as a justificatory specimen, and leave the book for those who can relish it.

"The people of the West, Ohio, and Kentucky, and Michigan, were clamorous for the incorporation with them of contiguous regions overrun by nomadic barbarians, continually excited by the English to check American extension by drenching the frontiers in blood. Canada, if not part of the United States, they contended, would soon oppose them by forming with New-England a hostile combination to impede Western growth: and the longer the prevention of that eventuality was put off, the more difficult would it be to prevent it at all. With Canadian neighbors under British sway, there is no chance of national north-eastern enlargement or even vicinal tranquility; but a hostile kingdom, three thousand miles off, may control or sunder naturally United States, colonize and monopolize them, annihilating advantages by nature American, republican and vast. Facilities and advantages of traffic and intercourse, since considerably realized without national union of the opposite sides of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, were argued by far-sighted views, short of the present and infinitely short of the indubitable future of those regions. Without foresight of the prodigious trade, travel, and growth of what is called the Western country, by rapid transportation of men and things from New-Orleans by Chicago, Sandusky, Buffalo, New-York and Boston, proving that unrestricted communication all through and round North-America is the obvious destiny and incalculable advantage of its free inhabitants, it was in 1813 urged as feasible by a few simple and cheap improvements, though railroads were not contemplated and canals only hoped for, to convey flour and other produce from the Ohio to the St. Lawrence in twenty-five days, for a dollar per hundred weight."

Hints on Public Architecture. By Robert Dale Owen. Putnam: New York and London, 1849.

THERE is an interest in this very beautiful volume, apart from its contents, or its merits, which should gain for it very general attention from the public. It is not a mere treatise on architecture, published as a bookseller's speculation, but it is a national work which has been produced, and put before the public, under the auspices of the first, and only, National Institution in this country for the promotion of Art and Science. Its merits, therefore, must be closely scanned, and its pretensions carefully considered. It is a national work and will be so regarded abroad, although it does not properly come under the denomination of the "Smithsonian contributions to knowledge," and very fortunately for the credit of the work that it does not, for it would be considered a shocking misnomer to call it a contribution to knowledge. There are some interesting items of information in the book, but nothing to which the word knowledge can fitly apply. An introductory note informs us that "the work is *put forth*, not by the Smithsonian Institution as one of their series of Smithsonian contributions to knowledge, but by the building committee of the Institution, under a resolution of the Board of Regents, adopted on the 5th of February, 1847, authorizing the committee to publish, in such form as they might deem most appropriate, a brief treatise on public architecture."

It appears that Mr. Robert Dale Owen having prepared the manuscript, submitted it to Edward Everett, President of Harvard College, Gouverneur Kemble, proprietor of an Iron Foundry in New York, and Judge Kane, of Pennsylvania. Why these gentlemen were selected is not explained, but we suppose it was on their presumable profound ignorance of the subject, which would save the M.S. of the chairman from utter condemnation. These gentlemen, however, do not appear to have been very favorably impressed by Mr. Owen's hints, as they advised that it should not be published as a "Smithsonian contribution to Knowledge;" but as a report of the building committee.

We must, however, except Judge Kane, who, in the most amiable manner in the world, recommended that "Mr. Owen's paper" should be published by the Institution and innocently advertised the extent of his architectural reading by volunteering the following remark: "It is certainly among the most polished and readable of the essays I have met with on the subject."

We fear that the Judge has not "met with" many essays on architecture, or that he has only "met with," and not read many. We must quote another specimen from the Judge's letter on account of its grammar, the Judge says: "I recommend that it be published by the Institution; and if it be, they will, I think, *have done good*, by aiding in the diffusion of just views and liberal taste." If the Smithsonian Institution should ever publish an essay on writing English, we really hope that Judge Kane may have the good fortune to "meet with" one of them, and profit by it.

Of the text of this very beautiful book we cannot find room to express even our opinions in full, much less give justificatory extracts therefrom, and we shall have to be content with confining our remarks to its illustrations and general style of "getting up," which are of the highest order, and, in fact, place the work at the head of all American publications of the kind. The illustrations consist of six large lithographic drawings, finely executed and printed in double tints, nine large wood engravings, and ninety-nine smaller wood cuts, printed with the text. All of these illustrations are very creditable to the state of art in this country, but some of the wood cuts are equal to the very best examples

of wood engraving that we have seen; those by Hall are especially entitled to commendation. The drawings by Mr. Renwick are extremely well done, and we are the more desirous of awarding him praise in this line, for we have seen none of his designs, from the hideous fountain in Bowling Green to the Smithsonian Institute itself, which do not exhibit a most lamentable lack of architectural knowledge and character. His merit as an architect is in making picturesque designs, and this seems to be his sole idea of architecture. Fitness, use, dignity of expression, economy and simplicity, appear to be qualities that he ignores altogether, or does not think of any consequence, all his designs are bizarre to a degree of absurdity incomprehensible, but then they are generally picturesque, and look well on paper. He puts up towers where there is no earthly call for them, and introduces windows against dead walls, merely for their picturesque effect, he puts doors where there are no entrances, builds belfries which have no bells, and places buttresses where there is nothing to support. His designs are a crazy collection of costly trifles, but the saddest, most reprehensible, and most disgraceful of all his designs, is that for the Smithsonian Institute, which is a pretty thing to look at, as it appears on the fine white pages of this costly publication, but in solid stone, as exhibited in Washington, is a melancholy exhibition of national bad taste and imperfect architectural knowledge, which will be a standing reproach to us, and the memory of the magnificent Smithson while it endures.

The Nursery Book for Young Mothers. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New York: G. P. Putnam, 1849.

THIS is a very neatly printed volume, which an examination of convinces us will do good to those for whom it is designed, if they will but read it. There is no class who more need instruction than young mothers, nor none whose want of knowledge is apt to produce more melancholy results. We quote the following as an example of Mrs. Tuthill's style and method of giving instruction:

MRS. L. L. TO MRS. HASTON.

"MY DEAR GERTUDE:—'The sorrows of a poor young mother, not yet out of her teens,' have touched my heart. Though I find both preface and apology quite clearly made out in my own mind, 'diffidence of my own ability, &c., &c.' I spare you from every thing deprecatory and depreciatory, and comply at once with your request—'aid me with your advice.' I shall not, however, rely solely upon my own experience, but will summon to your aid the wisdom of the past and present. As you have not, with your new and pressing cares, leisure for such summing up of evidence as you require, I shall be happy to aid you, and will, besides giving you my own opinions, consult 'authorities,' and 'when found, make a note.'

"Do not be alarmed at the word education, nor shrink from the responsibility which it involves, when I assure you that the education of your boy has already begun. Although the word is a very comprehensive one, including the whole of intellectual, moral, and physical development and culture, yet, at present, and for some weeks to come, the latter physical development, will claim all your attention.

"The All-wise Creator has doubtless given to woman the instinct necessary for the care and preservation of her offspring. In a state of barbarism or semi-civilization, instinct prompts to the means and appliances for the health and comfort of 'the young barbarians;' their 'Dacian mother' has no need to consult books; but instinct seems in a measure superseded or annihilated by a high degree of civilization and refinement, and woman must then become a learner of many things, which otherwise nature would teach.

"Hydropathy is just now the rage, and cold water the universal panacea. 'The Indian mother washes her babe in the running brook with impunity,' says the cold-water advocate, 'why should we not follow her example?'

"Perhaps, it would be better for the young pappos if the Indian mother could warm the water.

"Your little one doubtless cried, because the water was too cold, quite as much as because your manipulations were rather awkward. Neither should you go to the other extreme, and have the water too hot.

"Another reason the baby had for crying under your inexperienced hands, was, because you tried to make him trim and genteel. A genteel baby! I should as soon think of a genteel lily, or a genteel angel. The sweet, innocent unconsciousness of babyhood, is as antipodal to gentility, as smart red morocco shoes to the picturesque. Do you remember the piece of embroidery we once saw hanging in the parlor of a country inn—the paring of Hector and Andromache? The loving wife holds a fringed parasol over her head, and the frightened young Astyanax is rejoicing in scarlet morocco boots.

"Bear with my honest warmth, dear Gertrude; many a poor child has suffered torture, and some have lost their precious lives, to gratify a mother's vanity. Pressed into a good figure! As if the Creator did not know what was the best and most beautiful form, for all the purposes of life and health!

"It is bad enough, in all conscience, for persons of riper years to be squeezed into the mould of fashion, when their bones and muscles have acquired some power of resistance, but the tender, flexible little infant has no such means of defence against an attack upon the citadel of life.

"Pins! Do not use such weapons upon the poor baby! Strings, buttons, hooks and eyes—anything but pins! One large shielded pin is all that you need.

"Let his clothes be loose and easy, soft and warm, clean and neat.

"It is still the custom in some parts of Europe, to wrap up young infants in tight bandages, although Rousseau plead so eloquently for their emancipation.

"Buffon says: 'With us (in France) an infant has hardly enjoyed the liberty of moving and stretching its limbs, before it is clapped again into confinement. It is swathed: its head is fixed, its legs are stretched out at full length, and its arms placed straight down by the side of its body! In this manner it is bound tight with clothes and bandages, so that it cannot stir a limb; indeed it is fortunate if the poor thing is not muffled up so as to be unable to breathe.

"This bandaging seems quite as severe as that practised by the Indian mothers upon their pappees, excepting that they bind them upon a board, which serves the purpose of bed, cradle, standing-stool, go-cart, and baby-jumper.

"Soft and warm. You mention the beautiful cap, as so becoming to the baby. It is a vain superfluity, my dear Gertrude; he would be much better without it. It only heats and irritates the poor little fellow's head. Besides, his hair will grow much faster without it.

"Please lay it down as a principle in the outset, and write it in your 'Nursery Journal,' (for I advise you to keep such an one,) namely, 'I will not be led by maternal vanity, to sacrifice in any way the good of my child.'

"In your care to keep the babe warm, do not muffle him up to the throat, and burden him with many thick garments. The knit, or flannel band, and one flannel petticoat are sufficient for this season and through the summer. (Of course, if your entries are not heated, he will need a flannel blanket around him, when he is taken from the nursery to a distant part of the house. This should be dispensed with as soon as the weather is warm. For the next winter, I must knit him some little shirts of the fine Saxony yarn, and some soft socks. The socks that you buy are usual ribbed, and so rough as to hurt the tender feet.

"Clean and neat. As you choose to have the care of your own infant, I am certain that cleanliness will be among the cardinal virtues of your nursery. By neatness, I mean more than mere freedom from—if I must use the ugly word—sluttishness; and I would include simplicity. An infant's clothing should not be rich and elegant; although plain and simple, it may yet be in good taste—such exquisite taste as an artist might admire and copy.

"I must defer what I have to say of air and exercise, for a future occasion Affectionately yours, L. L.

MRS. HASTON TO MRS. L. L.

"Thank you, dear Aunt, for your kind advice; the boy is thriving under the new regime, and doubtless rejoicing in the relief afforded through your instrumentality. I think he really enjoys the tepid baths. Pins and cold water are 'taboo' in the nursery, till you remove the interdiction.

"I have become more expert in handling the youngster, and yet, he does roar tremendously, occasionally.

"He is two months old to-day, fat, and apparently healthy; yet, he is what old nurses call, a 'real cryin' child.' When he is awake, I am obliged to nurse him nearly all the time, or he keeps up a frightful yee-yah—yah! yah!

"I have not yet left him for a single hour, and know not how I shall ever be able to do so. Having determined to take the entire charge of him, I have only a young nursery maid—(entre nous, she is a year or two older than myself,

and has had a thousand times more experience with children)—and I should not dare to trust her alone with the baby, unless I should give him beforehand an opiate. Just at this time, however, the boy has an obvious reason for crying; he has the thrush, or sore mouth, and I am suffering much in consequence. I am forced to scream every time the little fellow takes his meals.

"I wish you could see him. I (poor foolish mother that I am) think him quite a beauty, now that he has lost his red complexion. He has a sweet little mouth, when he does not cry. It really seems as if he maliciously made up ugly faces at his father, for whenever he looks at him, the queer little face is sure to be distorted in the most astonishing manner. I do not think Henry has had one good look at him yet; as for taking him in his arms, he never yet has ventured upon the experiment.

"We are hunting up a name for the boy, intending to have him baptized, as soon as his manners are civil enough to render it safe to take him to church. By the way, would you like him to be called Moses, after your husband, my respected uncle?

"I must throw aside the pen, for the stentorian voice of my young Demosthenes has irresistible eloquence for

Yours, truly, GERTRUDE.

MRS. L. L. TO MRS. HASTON.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE:—I am sorry, for your sake, that your boy is such a noisy fellow. He is likely to have the air cells of his lungs thoroughly expanded, and the organs employed in crying will acquire uncommon strength and tone. It does not prove, because he cries, that he is either a sickly or a cross child; there is a cause for it, though you may not be able to discover it. It is probable that you nurse him too frequently. This produces uneasiness, first, from an eager, constant desire for food, and then, uncomfortable feeling after having the stomach overloaded. Your old nurse, good as you think she is, may possibly have taught him some bad habits. It is time for you to establish regular hours for giving him food. He does not require it more frequently than once in three hours, at present, and after a while once in four hours. Fix these good habits, and you will be able to leave him to the care of others for two or three hours at a time, without inconvenience to him, or anxiety on your own part.

"At present, you say the child has a cause for crying—the thrush. I have consulted some medical advisers, and give you a few recipes for him, and for yourself.

"You remark that you cannot leave the baby unless you give him an opiate. I cannot express myself too strongly in denouncing all opiates, not expressly ordered by a physician. Keep them out of your own reach, and that of your nursery woman. Avoid, as far as possible, all medicines, but consider anodynes poison. Label them 'Poison.' Convulsions and epilepsy have been produced by a single small dose of laudanum. You cannot ascertain the strength of opiates; the same kind of medicine may at one time be much stronger than at another. Laudanum, paregoric, Godfrey's cordial, &c.—banish them, one and all, from the precincts of the nursery; that you may not be tempted yourself, or lead your nurse into temptation. It is said, that nurses sometimes carry a sly bottle of paregonic in their pockets. It would be well to be a little inquisitive about the contents of your young nurse's pocket.

"Neither is it well to deluge an infant's stomach with catnip-tea, peppermint-water, soot-tea, &c. Trust nature to do her office, unless some material derangement of the system is obvious, and in that case consult your physician. Ascertain, if possible, the cause of the child's crying—this frequently may be some trifle, easily removed. I have given you an amusing extract upon this point, which, besides, very happily ridicules baby-talk.

"Take good care of your own health. In your affectionate, all-absorbing interest for the little one, you are in danger of forgetting yourself. A generous, wholesome diet, you require, but beware of stimulants recommended for 'keeping up the strength.' They are not useful for this purpose; and moreover, are the most fearful resort for a mother, who should be the high-priestess of Temperance.

Dermot O'Brien; or, the Taking of Tredagh. A tale of 1649 with Illustrations. By Henry William Herbert. N. York: Stringer & Townsend. 1849. Original. 50cts.

Clement Lorimer; or, the Book with the Iron Clasps. By August B. Reach. Stringer & Townsend. 1849. Reprint. 25cts.

Eighteen Hundred and Twelve; or, Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. An Historical Romance. By Leris Belstad. Stringer & Townsend. 1849. Copyright. 50cts.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



THE day of small things has passed away; everything that we hear of from abroad and at home is on the most magnificent scale. Whatever littlenesses there may be in the hearts and thoughts of mankind it must be confessed that, acting in combined masses, they produce magnificent results. Everything is done on a grand scale, and nature herself seems to be imbued with the feeling of grandeur which pervades mankind at this time. If we had time, or the power to compress within the few pages of our Magazine devoted to the topics of the month, the great events of the last thirty days, they would present a chapter of grand occurrences which the history of the world could hardly surpass. If a fire breaks out in one of our cities, the destroying element, as it is called, never ceases until it has licked up some millions of dollars in valuable materials, and laid the best portion of the town in ruins—as witness the great fires of the last month which happened in St. Louis and Chicago; if an accident happens to a steamboat, hundreds of lives are lost; if a couple of actors get into a professional quarrel, the militia is called out to decide the dispute, and a theatrical row ends in a regular battle between the populace and the horse and foot dragons of the regular militia; the Mississippi breaks through its artificial banks and nearly rains a whole city, besides ruining plantations and destroying an immensity of growing crops; an internal war breaks out in France, and straightway all Europe is in a blaze, the Pope is deposed, and a nation of ignorant peasants suddenly become a nation of warlike heroes; a gold mine is discovered in California, and instead of its being worked in the slow and easy method by which the precious metals have heretofore been obtained from the earth, straightway thousands of people of all the nations of the earth flock to California, and a new state and a magnificent city are literally created in a day. The recent accounts from the land of gold are on the most grandiose and magnificent scale; there is nothing small or minor in the ways of Californians, and it would not be easy for the imagination of the veriest romancer to outstrip the realities of the new El Dorado. The latest accounts say that diamonds are picked up at the Placers the size of hens' eggs, which is about three times the size of the largest diamonds hitherto known to exist in the world. These "mountains of splendor" will probably continue to increase in dimensions, until we shall by and by hear of diamonds as large as ostrich eggs, and lumps of gold the size of meeting houses. In the meanwhile we are here getting very partial to that smallest of coins, the gold dollar, which, though small in size, is great in value, and no doubt appears in the eyes of some people larger than cart-wheels.

—But, while all these magnificent things are going on, the cholera has appeared in all parts of the country and is daily carrying off its victims, among whom are many well known to fame. Probably the great part of our readers have heard of Dan Marble, a comic actor, whose personations of Western character gained him a great reputation. We never saw him, but from all that we have heard of him, had supposed that he possessed many good qualities, but he, poor fellow, has been one of the victims of the dire disease. A

St. Louis paper gives the following curious particulars of his taking off:

"A CURE FOR THE CHOLERA.—The playbills of Saturday appeared with the above caption, and the details announced that Dan Marble would positively appear that night in one of his favorite characters. It was little suspected when this announcement was ordered, that at the very time appointed for playing, the star of attraction would have the insidious monster working on him to such an extent that he could not perform. And it was little thought that in less than twenty hours afterwards, Dan Marble would be in the collapsed stage of cholera. Yet such was the fact—at half past eleven yesterday, Mr. Marble was so far collapsed that there was no hope entertained of his recovery.

"Mr. Marble arrived here on Friday from St. Louis. He called on us about noon Saturday, and in a half hour's familiar chat, he informed us that he had been in the enjoyment of excellent health until about two o'clock on Friday afternoon, when he was suddenly attacked with diarrhoea. He promptly used some simple remedies, but did not experience much relief until after the arrival of the boat at Louisville at six o'clock that evening, when he took rooms at the Louisville Hotel, and called for a physician. He was soon better, and although still weak when we saw him on Saturday, he thought he was out of danger. We urged upon him the impropriety of exposing himself by being out on such a damp and disagreeable day, and when he informed us of his intention to play at the theatre that night, we urged upon him the necessity of remaining quiet. But the ardor of his nature would not allow him to be still; and during the day and evening he heedlessly exposed himself, and again brought on the diarrhoea which soon placed him beyond the reach of remedies.

—We had always been under the impression that American women were the neatest, tidiest, and best, as well as the loveliest of any upon earth. But a good observer of manners gives the praise of superior neatness to the women of England. We allude to the Rev. Henry Coleman of Massachusetts, who, in his agricultural tour through Europe, makes the following remarks on the women of England:

"The neatness of the better classes of English women is quite striking. The majority of them wear white cotton stockings, without those dirty pantalets which you see bobbing about the ancles of our women, and they have too much good sense, under an affected modesty, than to let their clothes draggle in the mud; but they raise their skirts a little, and you will see them elegantly dressed, and walking through, and crossing the muddiest streets in the rain, and not a speck of dirt on their shoes or stockings. I wish our ladies at home could take some lessons from them. Another thing shows their good sense. They all, in walking, wear pattens, or thick-soled shoes, as thick as cork shoes, or else galoches. India rubbers are not seen. They have another practice which I greatly admire. They seldom wear false curls; but women whose hair is gray, wear it gray; and seem to take as much pains with, and as much pride in their silver locks as the younger ones do in their auburn tresses. I have met a good many ladies in company, but I do not find them to differ greatly from those I left at home, among the well-educated classes. Manners, however, are certainly much more a study than with us, and upon the whole make society much more agreeable; for they are not put on for the occasion, but grow up with them as a matter of course. Everything in society proceeds much more quietly than with us. From what I can see, the English women must be excellent house-wives, as nothing can exceed the neatness and comfort of their establishments."

For our own part we had been led to believe that English women were decidedly slouchy, when compared with our own "last best gift to man."

G. P. R. JAMES.—Mr. James, the novelist, has long been a standing joke with our newspaper wits, and his two horsemen that might have been seen at the close of a wintry day, emerging from a forest and so forth, have furnished a good deal of fun to our waggyish reviewers. A humorous penny a liner has given a new turn to the joke, by setting abroad a rumor that Mr. James is coming to America, and the intelligence is given in the following manner:

"On the evening of a certain day, near the close of the year 1849, a solitary man, closely muffled in a huge cloak, will be seen embarking on board a steamer bound for America. That man is G. P. R. James."

We pluck the following from the Literary World :

"There is nothing so humble as to be below the zeal of an antiquarian. The New England Primer, however, which has lately become a subject of historical and anecdotal interest, through the pleasant researches of a writer in the *Cambridge* (Mass.) *Chronicle*, is quite worthy of its honors. It has borne no unimportant part in the formation of American character. We are pained to learn some of its changes, which have an appearance of time-serving. The mutilations to which it has been exposed are shocking. Publishers have abused it horribly. Thus; look at the various readings of the letter O, in the famed Pictorial Alphabet. The triple stood in early editions, it seems,

'Young Obadias,
David, Josias,
All were pious.'

Then a loyalist substituted—

'The royal Oak, it was the tree
That saved his Royal Majesty.'

The Hartford men worked in a bit of their own glory—

'The Charter Oak, it was the tree
That saved to us our liberty.'

The venerable Isaiah Thomas made it read, a platitude—

'Of sturdy Oak, that stately tree,
Our ships are made that sail the sea.'

The changes of W were characteristic, from

'Whales in the sea
God's voice obey,'

to

'By Washington
Great deeds was done.'

But the Primer has been used worse than this; it is circulated now by the Mass. Sabbath School Society, with much of its religion generalized out of it, a cat and fiddle being meanly substituted for the cross, a dog for the deluge, and so on, thus:

C.

'Christ, crucified,
For sinners died,'

being turned into

'The Cat doth play,
And after slay.'

F.

'The judgment made
Felix afraid.'

is transmogrified into

'The Idle Fool
Is whipt at school,'

and such other inaptitudes.

"There are many other curious and amusing circumstances connected with the Primer, which the *Chronicle's*

'Antiquary' will, we trust, publish in a book. The revival of interest in the Primer of late years would justify the act. More than one hundred thousand copies of one edition, that of the Mass. S. S. Society, have been circulated within ten or twelve years past."

THE boasting of prospectuses is rather severely shown up in the following communication from an unknown correspondent, whose handwriting has a wonderful similarity to that of Edgar A. Poe. We do not suspect him of being the author of this caustic communication, but the chirography is curiously like his penmanship:

"We are not given to boasting, but we do promise to the patrons of 'Graham's Magazine,' when we enter upon the new volume, something that all will admit to be far superior to anything they have ever had—and, what is more, we intend that the excellence that marks our January number shall characterise every successive number throughout the volume. This promise we give, and it shall be faithfully redeemed. No specimen that has ever yet issued from the Magazine Press, will at all compare with it (that same January number) WHEN ITS SIZE, THE NUMBER AND QUALITY OF ITS EMBELLISHMENTS, AND THE CHARACTER OF ITS LITERARY CONTENTS are taken into consideration."—From the prospectus of Graham's Magazine for 1849.

"Query—Judging by Mr. Graham's past professions and performances, how great reliance ought there to be placed upon these promises?

"An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers (Allston, Bryant, Cooper, Dana, Longfellow, Hoffman, Herbert, Grattan, Paulding, Willis, Wilde,) have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world."—Also from the prospectus of 'Graham' for 1849.

"Query—Can Mr. Graham, or can any one else, put his finger on an article by Richard H. Dana which has appeared in the magazine within the last five years?

"They, (Washington Allston among them, mind!) with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions."

"Query—What magician's spell can be made to work, that shall bring forth 'productions' from a brain which long since the earth-worms banqueted upon?

"In addition to the above, 'The Book' will contain the greatest number of steel and other engravings ever published in a magazine, and 72 pages of reading by the best authors."—From an advertisement by L. A. Godey, of the number of his 'Lady's Book' for December, 1848.

"This said number *actually* contains 68 pages, some half a dozen of which deserve to be called 'reading by the best authors' just as much as so many pages of 'straight marks,' such as are set for children to copy, when taking their first lessons in penmanship. The actual number of (what are styled) engravings, is 31. The number of (what are styled) engravings in 'The Book,' for November, 1848, is 40; nine more than the 'greatest number ever published.'

"As it is the object of every one to get the most for their money, and to combine in the purchase of an article of beauty and real worth, perhaps it would be well for the public to see *Godey's January number*, which will be ready in a few days before they subscribe to any other Magazine. Our readers know that we have always been the first to discern the talent which was destined to attain the most brilliant celebrity in magazine literature, and to bring it forward in our pages. All the writers of the greatest character of calibre in this department, have first become known to the world through their contributions to the Lady's Book. Our

readers are satisfied with knowing that the *Lady's Book* for 1849, as in former years, will have the support of *Mr. Godey and his Five Hundred Literary Friends*.—From the prospectus of *Godey's 'Lady's Book'* for 1849."

THE view of the Falls of the Genesee River, near Genesee, which we gave in our January number, from the beautiful picture by the lamented Cde, now in the possession of Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq., of this city, has elicited from a subscriber in Alabama the following letter:

"More than once have I stood upon the high bluff that shows so conspicuously at the right hand of the picture, and, with feelings which no pen can describe, looked down into the abyss below.

"Although the artist has given a vivid and correct idea of the Fall itself, yet one must stand where the writer has stood, if he would have his whole soul filled with the sublimity of the scene.

"The Genesee Valley Canal is seen on the left of the picture, winding along the rocky bank, after having emerged from the tunnel cut with vast labor through the adjacent heights which border on the river. The house which stands directly over the tunnel does not appear, being too far from the fall to be represented in the engraving.

"By looking at the picture you will perceive at once, that the position of the artist must have been such that he could not see the river above the fall while sketching the landscape. That the reader may have a more correct idea of the scenery here represented, he must understand that this is the middle one of three falls. The river above this bends a little to the right, while the high bank diverges from the stream, forming a valley of considerable extent in width, and stretching away nearly to the upper falls, which are distinctly seen in the distance.

"The high bank of dark colored rock which appears on the right of the picture, while it seems as if bending over the very fall itself, is, in reality, at a considerable distance below; and breaks off rather abruptly as you descend into the valley between the middle and upper falls. This bank, a small part of which is seen in the engraving, is said to be some four hundred feet above the surface of the water. As you stand upon this dizzy height and look down, down, down, into the gulf beneath, the river, which is probably some three or four hundred feet wide, dwindles to a gurgling brook, which you could apparently leap across. A full sized man, standing by the stream below, appears no larger than a child of one year.

"The river rushes along down this gulf, washing on one side this perpendicular wall of rock, until, at length, it leaps the lower fall. The scenery here is dark, wild, and lonely in the extreme.

"Here, doubtless, has often stood the red man of the woods, and, with the roar of the waters and the scream of the eagle in his ear, has worshipped the great Spirit whose voice he hears, both in the waters and in the wind.

"Passing still lower down the river, you soon come upon what are called the Gardow Flats. Here was the late residence of the celebrated 'old white woman,' who was taken captive by the Indians in her childhood, and who, in her early youth, took to her bosom a warlike savage for a husband, and became the mother of a large family in Indian sons and daughters, some of whom may still be living. The same high rocky banks continue on until you come near to Mount Morris, where the river opens upon those broad and beautiful meadows, so delightfully spread out between Mt. Morris and Genesee. From this place the river flows calmly and peacefully on until it reaches the great fall at Rochester,

where the celebrated Sam Patch, with more brandy in his head than brains, leaped from time into eternity. Those who are fond of the romantic and sublime, may be well assured, that Genesee River, take it all in all, affords more of the picturesque and the grand than can be found at the falls of Niagara.

"Lest some of your readers may get a wrong impression as to the position of the falls which are the subject of the picture, permit me to say that they are near Portageville, some twelve miles above Mt. Morris, and some twenty miles or more above Genesee.

Yours, &c.,

J. B. WILCOX."

Doubtless many of our readers residing in different parts of the country, have had pleasing reminiscences of scenes which they were once familiar, awakened by the views which we have published.

WE find the following lines in a foreign periodical, and as they are full of sympathetic feeling and encouragement for the down-hearted and afflicted, they will, doubtless, be acceptable to many:

"Brother, art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling; drudging, day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown;
Shrink not, fear not—LIVE THEM DOWN!

"Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou shalt kneel,
Yet thou shalt escape not Slander—
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel—
Jest of witling—curse of clown—
Heed not either—LIVE THEM DOWN!

"Hate may wield her scourges horrid,
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead—
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through cross shall come the crown!
Fear not foemen!—LIVE THEM DOWN!

IN a work recently published we find a very curious piece of information, respecting the early history of our great American Orator, Daniel Webster, which is said to be taken from his autobiography now in manuscript. Mr. Webster says:

"My first lessons in Latin were recited to Joseph Stephens Buckminster, at that time an assistant at the Academy. I made tolerable progress in all the branches I attended to under his instruction, but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation, I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like the other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it in my own room, over and over again; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated with the most winning kindness, that I would only venture once; but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

If this was not given as a piece of authentic history, we could hardly believe that our modern Demosthenes had ever felt any backwardness in coming forward to exercise the talent which has made him renowned.

A CHIRUPING YANKEE CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Henry Coleman, who has recently published an agricultural

tour through Europe, in one of his letters speaks thus of himself in referring to his habits while in Paris :

"I stay in my room, extraordinary excepted, always until three o'clock ; go sight-seeing ; dine at an English restaurant at five—can't live at a French *café*—dislike the French cooking—don't know whether you are eating frog, cat, or baby ; evening with friends or at the theatre, rarely at home ; get sleepy at eleven ; crawl to bed at twelve o'clock ; think of my dear friends in America and England ; sigh so hard as almost to untuck the bed clothes ; wish them all kind of blessings ; fancy I see them ; never knew I loved them half so much ; pray for them, and dream about them ; sleep quietly six hours ; try not to let the sun get up before me, though, I confess, to my shame, I sometimes find him peeping into my chamber to see if I am awake ; feel dreadfully about my sins always when I first awake, and try to quiet the pangs of conscience by a strong dose of good resolutions ; think again of my dear friends ; thank God from the bottom of my soul for his mercies ; and wonder why I am not a poor, miserable, outcast, shivering, starving, naked Irishman, or beggar, as hundreds of others, whose claims seem as good as mine ; and am amazed that I have education, plenty to eat and drink, so much to make me happy, and, above all, friends, friends who love me, but who cannot love me half so well as I love them."

THE CHILDREN OF JOHN ROGERS.—Any child who has ever read a primer will tell you that John Rogers had nine children and one at the breast, but this well known historical fact appears not to be a fact, as a writer in the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle proves very satisfactorily. The Chronicle says :

"How often have children been puzzled by the ambiguity of the expression, 'nine small children and one at the breast,' not knowing whether the last named was intended to be included in, or added to, the number first mentioned. Sometimes they tried to solve the difficulty by counting the heads in the picture ; but the artist, modestly declining to meddle with matters beyond his business, used, in the old Primers, to leave the matter as much in the dark as he found it. A glorious indistinctness in the picture renders it utterly impossible to distinguish the children of the Martyr from the common crowd ; and thus, in obscurity the matter remained for nearly two centuries. In the recent edition—'with an historical introduction by H. Humphrey, D.D., President of Amherst College,'—and in the one of which over one hundred thousand copies have lately been circulated by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, the publishers have attempted to settle the matter by giving us a *distinct* picture, in which the spectators are left out, and the wife and nine small children *besides* the one at the breast are plainly represented.

"The earliest published history of the martyrdom is 'Foxe's Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Dayes,' printed in London, A.D. 1562, only seven years after the death of Rogers and whilst his numerous family were living. It contains the following statement :

"*His wife and children, being XI in number, X able to go out and one sucking on her breast, met him on the way as he went towards Smithfield.*"

"A person inclined to skepticism as to the accuracy of the proposed correction, may perceive a slight degree of ambiguity in the language of Foxe ; therefore I produce another evidence. In Middleton's Evangelical Biography, Vol. 1, page 302, we read—'*His wife and ten children by her side with one at her breast met him by the way.*' As the matter is one which has become hallowed in the minds of many by

early associations, they may be unwilling to change their long cherished views, without still further testimony of the correctness of the alterations. For their benefit I will give one extract from a recent publication—the result of great research and a work of the highest authority on historical and other matters pertaining to the period of which it treats—'The Annals of the English Bible by Christopher Anderson, London, 1845.' On the 286th page of the second volume may be found this passage :

"*The people were giving thanks for his constancy, but there among the crowd, there met him the wife, whom neither Gardiner nor Bonner would permit him to see. His wife, the foreigner, with all her children. * * * the eldest now nearly seventeen years of age ; the youngest, or the ELEVENTH child, an unconscious babe now hanging at the mother's breast !*"

"Thus it has been shown from the highest English authority—the earliest and the latest—that the true number of Mrs. Rogers' children was not nine, nor ten, but eleven. The error may at first sight have been merely typographical—arising from the transposition of the numerical letters XI, as originally printed in Foxe. Later historians, copying at second hand, have helped to perpetuate the error.

WATER.—We have read a good many rhapsodies on water, but we do not remember having read anything finer or more graceful than this upon that refreshing element.

"Water, in all circumstances, is of a nobler nature than the dull earth. It is purer, more active, more ethereal, and more nearly allied to spirit. Its native disposition is more celestial ; it takes its place *above* the rock and the clod, and more easily mounts and mingles with the pure splendors of heaven. It is less grovelling and less gross, less selfish, less *full of itself*, and opens its bosom to the fair forms of the forest and the sky. It is more reflective, and more suggestive of reflection. Its associations are more dignified. It enters into partnership with the sun and the clouds, the moon and the stars, to accomplish its purposes, and paints its images on the heavens, or in its own equally pure bosom. If it admits a mountain or an oak to more than a *passing* acquaintance, it first softens and spiritualizes their grosser natures, and embraces rather the fair image of its own creation, than the ruder originals. In fact, with the true '*esemplastic power*' of genius, it merely takes its hints and materials from the gross world of sense, and produces its forms of beauty and light by a transforming, glorifying power of its own. In its cosmetic waves the coarsest features and the meanest objects become delicate, and the noblest receive a new glory.

"*Seeks not the moon and glorious sun
In the crystal deeps to lave ?
Hath not his face a new glory won,
Fresh mounting from the wave ?
And charm thee not the heavens, that sleep
In wave-transfigured blue ?
And charm thee not thine eyes, that peep
From out the eternal dew ?*"

Water is of a noble nature. How simple, clear and unsophisticated, and yet how mighty. Though it has at its command all the colors of the spectrum, all the forms of space, and all the energies of nature, how unpretending and how plain ! Although it knows how to clothe heaven with unaccustomed glory, and can spread out a sunset in its waves, which the west never equalled, its ordinary dress is plainness even to invisibility. Although ordinarily silent, or speaking in whispers of the softest melody, it knows how to

wake the echoes of the world with its awful roar; and the gentle playmate of a child, when roused, can dash navies to atoms, and 'thunderstrike the walls of rock-built cities.'

"Water is a lover and friend of freedom. It received the boon from its Creator in Eden, and, unlike servile man, has retained it unimpaired. How it plays around the world in its untamed liberty! In brooks and rivers it goes dancing down the mountains, and through the broad plains. In seas and oceans it refuses to be still, and tosses its spray, and rolls its tides, in unwearied enjoyment of unrestrained motion. It mounts the skies and roams through the heavens—it descends through the rocks and investigates the structure of the earth—it takes possession of the middle air, and rides on the wings of the whirlwind—it sports with the frost, and continues even in solidity to play 'such fantastic tricks,' as solids never elsewhere played. Everywhere it is the same free mocker of restraint. Catch it if you will, confine it and rouse its rage by letting loose its ancient enemy, the fire, and it will burst the solid world rather than submit. But the crowning virtue of water is its *moral* character. With a modesty that increases in proportion as it maintains the purity of its nature, it hides itself from view, even while it is beautifying the dull rocks that look into its waves. It knows how to combine softness and pliancy, and an insinuating address with perseverance and unwearied pursuit of its appointed course. Although cramped and obstructed at every turn by the sharp corners and impudent perversities of hard-hearted rocks, it gently adapts its efforts to circumstances, and gradually wears down the asperities of the most iron opposition. Where it can gain admission but by single drops, it not only works itself a passage, but in the meantime, by the power of unconquerable gentleness, it transforms its ancient and hardened enemy into a brilliant resemblance to its own purity. Again, tortured to an intolerable excess by the incursion of boiling lava from some subterranean crater, in awful fury it takes to itself its more spiritual form, and with the energy of an angry god, uproots mountains, and dashes their ancient foundations to the sky."

By the way, speaking of water reminds us that the great apostle of the cold water movement, Father Mathew, whose portrait we gave in the May number, is now on his way to our shores, and will arrive here, D. V., before our Magazine comes from the press. What a welcome he will receive! How ardent it will be, considering that it will be on the temperance principle!

FAME.—There is no such thing as universal fame, and it would be well for those who are struggling to become famous, to reflect that, after all, they can only be known to a very limited number of the human family, and that it is much better to be well known to a few than for a good many to know you imperfectly. There are people who never heard of Cæsar, nor Homer, nor Alexander, nor Shakspeare, nor Washington. Yet who can hope to become as famous as these. The following amusing story from the Life of Campbell, the author of the Pleasures of Hope, is a pretty good illustration of the worthlessness of what we call reputation:

"When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some mortifying drawback from the ready money reputation for which his friends gave him credit: 'Yes, it was humiliating. Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlour; 'her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required,'

Well, I was in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked, if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. 'By all means,' and, putting on my glasses, I wrote 'T. Campbell,' and returned it with the air of a man who has done something handsome. 'Bless me,' said she in a whisper, looking at the name, 'this must be the great Mr. Campbell! excuse me, sir; but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman of that name?' 'Why, really, ma'am, no,' ('yes,' said my vanity,) 'my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell,' making her at the same time a handsome bow. 'Mr. Campbell!' she said advancing a step, 'very proud and happy to be honored with this unexpected call. My husband is only gone to 'change, and will be so happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your most interesting work—pray take a chair.' 'This is a most sensible woman,' thought I, 'and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration.' 'Madam,' said I, 'I am much flattered by so fair a compliment,'—laying the emphasis on 'fair.' 'I will wait with much pleasure; but in the meantime, I think I forgot to pay my subscription.' She tendered me the book, and I put down just double what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality? 'Indeed,' resumed the lady, smiling, 'I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband. John, dear, this is the celebrated Mr. Campbell!' 'Indeed!' I repeated my *boo*, and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. 'Mr. Campbell,' said the worthy husband, 'I feel greatly honored by this visit, accidental though it be!' 'Why, I am often walking this way,' said I, 'and will drop in now and then, just to say how d'ye do.' 'Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! your work is such a favorite with my wife there, only last night we sat up till one o'clock, reading it.' 'Very kind indeed: very. Have you the new edition?' 'No, Mr. Campbell, ours is the first!' What! thinks I to myself, forty years ago; this is gratifying, quite an heirloom in the family. 'Oh, Mr. Campbell,' said the lady, 'what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make christians of them horrid Cannibals?' 'No doubt of that, my dear,' said the husband triumphantly, 'only look what Mr. Campbell has done already.' I now felt a strange ringing in my ears, but recollecting my 'Letters from Algiers,' I said, 'Oh yes; there is some hope of them Arabs yet.' 'We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday, and I am sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection.' By this time I had taken my hat and walked hastily to the threshold. 'Mr. Campbell! are you ill?' inquired my two admirers. 'No, not quite, only thinking of them horrid Cannibals!' 'Ah, no wonder; I wish I had said nothing about them!' 'I wish so too: but, my good lady, I am not the celebrated Mr. Campbell.' 'What, not the great missionary?' 'No;' and so saying, I returned to my chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left."

THE obituaries of the past month have been filled up with some illustrious names in literature, and in our own historical annals. The brave General Worth, after escaping unharmed through the whole Mexican War, at last fell a victim to the cholera in Texas; the veteran General Gaines, fell a victim to the same disease in New Orleans within a few days of the death of General Worth. The venerable Maria Edgeworth, after enjoying more than half a century of literary reputation, died at her life-long residence in Ireland at the ripe age of 83. It is difficult to associate with the

name of Miss Edgeworth, the author of so many pleasant books for young people, the idea of a venerable old lady of 83. Miss Edgeworth's novels of Society which have been among the most popular books of the past century, were never greatly to our taste we must confess, but her *Castle Rackrent*, as a picture of Irish Society, has never been surpassed. It was a work which required but little invention, and as she merely sketched the daily scenes which she saw enacted around her, she was eminently successful, and produced a model which Walter Scott avowedly adopted when he commenced *Waverley*.

To a correspondent in Philadelphia, who writes us in a complaining tone of the great burden imposed upon him by his acceptance of a certain duty, we will reply in the words of Epictetus:

"Everything," says Epictetus, "has two handles; by the one it can be easily carried; held by the other its weight becomes intolerable."

We advise our friend to seize his duty by the right handle and he will not find its weight intolerable, on the contrary, we think he will find it altogether pleasant and easily to be borne.

CHANNING AND JEFFERSON.—These names sound oddly together, but we are not sure that they will not be often mentioned together hereafter as the names of our two greatest philosophers. A letter in speaking of Louis Kosuth, the leading spirit among the Hungarian patriots, says:

"Hungary is battling gloriously for her rights, and has at the head of her army the most remarkable man of the day, '*Louis Kosuth*.' He cannot be far wrong since his favorite authors are politically Thomas Jefferson, and religiously Dr. Channing."

THE MATERNAL INSTINCTS OF A FISH.—We do not remember that we ever read a more touching description of the strength of the maternal instinct, than the following anecdote told by a friend of ours who is afflicted with a kind of aquatic-phobia:

"We were on a trouting expedition, and happened to reach the lake early in June, before the bass were in season, and we were stopping with our friend Mr. Lyman, of Lyman's Point. The idea having occurred to us of spearing a few fish by torchlight, we secured the services of an experienced fisherman, and with a boat well supplied with *fat pine*, we launched ourselves on the quiet waters of the lake about an hour after sundown. Bass were very abundant, and we succeeded in killing some half dozen of a large size. We found them exceedingly tame, and noticed, when we approached, that they were invariably alone, occupying the centre of a circular and sandy place among the rocks and stones. We inquired the cause of this, and were told that the bass were casting their spawn, and that the circular places were the beds where the young were protected. On hearing this our conscience was somewhat troubled for what we had been doing, but we resolved to take one more fish and then go home. We now came to a large bed, around the edge of which we discovered a number of very small fish, and over the centre of the bed a very large and handsome bass was hovering. We darted our spear and only wounded the poor fish. Our companion then told us that if we would go away for fifteen minutes, and then return to the same spot, we should have another chance at the same fish. We did so, and the prediction was realized. We threw the spear again, and again missed our game, though we succeeded in nearly cutting the fish in two pieces. 'You will have the creature yet; let us go away again,' said my com-

panion. We did so, and lo! to our utter astonishment, we again saw the fish, all mutilated and torn, still hovering over its tender offspring! To relieve it of its pain we darted the spear once more, and the bass lay in our boat quite dead; and we returned to our lodgings on that night a decidedly unhappy man. We felt, with the *ancient mariner*, that we '*had done an hellish deed*,' and most bitterly did we repent our folly. Ever since that time have we felt a desire to atone for our wickedness, and we trust that the shade of Izaak Walton will receive our humble confession as an atonement. The bass that we took on the night in question, owing to their being out of season, were not fit to eat, and we had not even the plea of palatable food to offer. The maternal affection of that black bass for its helpless offspring, which it protected even unto death, has ever seemed to us in strict keeping with the loveliness and holiness of universal nature.

THE DUTIES OF WOMEN.—A writer for the *Home Journal*, who assumes the name—we take it to be an assumption—of Betsy Blake, tells the following homely truths about women and their duties, which we take particular pleasure in giving currency to:

"Mothers sit down at home and put figures on their children's clothes, working them all up with braid, as I've seen so many times, and yet say they can't get any time to read. Now its wicked to declare that God don't furnish time enough for them to grow holy and wise! When, too, they'll spend a good many weeks working a worsted picture that isn't of any real use, and put a thousand more stitches in a baby's gown than are really needed to make it strong! Some people that don't put these embroidery stitches in, which are just like beautiful little thieves to steal away hours, say they have so many babies they have to be busy from morning till night, only at plain sewing, and they can't afford to give it to poor people who would like to earn money honestly by helping them. But I've seen such folks give five or six dollars for a little girl's silk dress when sweet, pretty muslin de-lains can be had now-a-days so cheap, and to me look a great deal more childlike and pretty. The difference would more than pay for having it made up, and so help some poor woman that sews, while the mother took the time to put some stitches into the garment which will be so carefully examined at the 'wedding' to see if it's white and pure."

"When a mother says she hasn't time to make her mind ready to go out into company with her girls, and still higher, to make her mind ready to go into the company of Heaven, she is telling a dreadful untruth; because it's putting work into flounces and tucks that's the real reason. I don't wonder that girls make confidants of anybody that seem to open their hearts to them, for mothers generally make them do it, by shutting theirs up, or showing them full of mere needles and thread."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.—Were it not for Hamlet the Dane, the little antiquated Kingdom of Denmark would hardly be known to the world of every day men. See what literature has done for a kingdom, to make it known to the world by one fictitious character! Hereafter Denmark will be better known as the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, whose father was a poor shoemaker, and whose mother was a simple beggar girl. Which of the Kings of Denmark has done so much for it as this, or which of the great warriors or statesmen of that little kingdom has made it renowned and talked about, as this poor person Hans Christian has done? He has fought no battles, made no laws, killed

nobody, but only written a few little songs, and some simple stories for children, and yet he has made himself famous by these trifles, and his country better known. The thought of it must make Hans very happy. We have given in another part of the Magazine a portrait of this feeble little great man, and now we will give the reader some idea of who he is and what he was, which we shall borrow from his own autobiography, which has been translated into English by Mary Howitt. We have rarely read a book so full of pleasant and profitable reading as this. See how simply and like a Christian, as he is by nature as well as name, Hans writes :

"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me and said, 'Choose now thy own course through life, and the object for which thou wilt strive, and then, according to the development of thy mind, and as reason requires, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment,' my fate could not, even then, have been directed more happily, more prudently, or better. The history of my life will say to the world what it says to me.—There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best.

"My native land, Denmark, is a poetical land, full of popular traditions, old songs, and an eventful history, which has become bound up with that of Sweden and Norway. The Danish islands are possessed of beautiful beech woods, and corn and clover fields : they resemble gardens on a great scale. Upon one of these green islands, Fuen, stands Odense, the place of my birth. Odense is called after the pagan god Odin, who, as tradition states, lived here : this place is the capital of the province, and lies twenty-two Danish miles from Copenhagen.

"In the year 1805 there lived here, in a small mean room, a young married couple, who were extremely attached to each other ; he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping ; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the wood work kept the fact still in remembrance.

"Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax-lights, here lay, on the second of April, 1805, a living and weeping child—that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. 'Wilt thou go to sleep, or listen quietly?' it is reported that my father asked in joke ; but I still cried on ; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The young one screams like a cat !' which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as godfather, consoled her in the meantime by saying that the louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

"Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood ; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs ; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between and the neighbor's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil,

my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the Snow Queen that garden still blooms.

"I was the only child, and was extremely spoiled, but I continually heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child. She, as a child, had been driven out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept. I have drawn her character in two different aspects, in old Dominica, in the Improvisatore, and in the mother of Christian, in Only a Fiddler.

"My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart ; he lived for me. On Sunday, he made me perspective glasses, theatres, and pictures which could be changed ; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the Arabian Tales ; it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life and as a handicrafts-man. His parents had been country people in good circumstances, but upon whom many misfortunes had fallen ; the cattle had died ; the farm-house had been burned down ; and lastly, the husband had lost his reason. On this the wife had removed with him to Odense, and there put her son, whose mind was full of intelligence, apprentice to a shoemaker ; it could not be otherwise, although it was his ardent wish to be able to attend the Grammar School, where he might have learned Latin. A few well-to-do citizens had at one time spoken of this, of clubbing together a sufficient sum to pay for his board and education, and thus giving him a start in life ; but it never went beyond words. My poor father saw his dearest wish unfulfilled ; and he never lost the remembrance of it. I recollect that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes, and it was when a youth from the Grammar School came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books and told us what he learned.

"That was the path upon which I ought to have gone!" said my father, kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening.

"He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out into the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him ; he did not talk much when he was out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strong strawberries on a straw, or bound garlands. Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us, and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put on only on these occasions, and when she partook of the Lord's Supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the wood a great many fresh beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished stone. Later in the year sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the chinks of the beams, and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room, which my mother always kept neat and clean ; she took great pride in always having the bed-linen and the curtains very white.

"The mother of my father came daily to our house, were it only for a moment, in order to see her little grandson. I was her joy and her delight. She was a quiet and most amiable old woman, with mild blue eyes and a fine figure, which life had severely tried. From having been the wife of a countryman in easy circumstances she had now fallen into great poverty, and dwelt with her feeble-minded husband in a little house, which was the last, poor remains of their property. I never saw her shed a tear. But it made all the deeper impression upon me when she quietly sighed,

and told me about her own mother's mother, how she had been a rich, noble lady in the city of Cassel, and that she had married a 'comedy-player,' that was as she expressed it, and run away from parents and home, for all of which her posterity had now to do penance. I never can recollect that I heard her mention the family name of her grandmother; but her own maiden name was Nommesen. She was employed to take care of the garden belonging to a lunatic asylum, and every Sunday evening she brought up some flowers, which they gave her permission to take home with her. These flowers adorned my mother's cupboard; but still they were mine, and to me it was allowed to put them in the glass of water. How great was this pleasure! She brought them all to me; she loved me with her whole soul. I knew it, and I understood it."

THE ONE BOOK.—The following beautiful and most powerful testimony to the universality of Bible truths is from an article in the last number of the *Edinburg Review*:

"In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir Walter Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. 'Can you ask?' said Sir Walter, 'there is but one'; and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an *equal* genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we, by any stretch of imagination, suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?"

DEFERRED BOOKS.—We have a half dozen of new books before us which have come to hand too late for a notice in the place where they properly belong, and we have not the space here to give them the notice that they deserve. Among these new works are three which we can recommend to our readers with entire confidence, that they will not only repay their cost, but, what is better, will amply repay a perusal. It is not every book that comes out that will warrant the outlay of two or three hours to master its contents. But such a book as *KALOO LAH*, by W. S. Mayo, M.D., which has just been published by Putnam, will not only afford an hour or two of enjoyment, but one may find in it amusement enough for the longest day in June. *Kaloolah* approaches more nearly in character to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe than any we have ever read, yet, in style, and in all the accessories of the narrative, *Kaloolah* is wholly unlike to the immortal work of Defoe. It professes to be written by Jonathan Folger Romer, a Nantucket man, who, in the course of his roamings, penetrates into the interior of Africa, where he meets with a rapid succession of surprising adventures, which keep the curiosity of the reader constantly awake, and satisfy to the utmost all the desires of the lover of the wonderful and the sentimental. The story might have been curtailed without detriment, yet, after reading it through, it is difficult to say what part should be, or could be left out.

The Genius of Italy, by Rev. Robert Turnbull, author of *The Genius of Scotland*, is another publication by Mr. Putnam, which we had intended to notice at full length in our review department. It is an elegant, classical, and well-informed work on Italy, which may be read with profit and pleasure even by those who have travelled or read extensively in the country of which it treats.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, by Henry D. Thoreau, is a rare work in American literature. Some

people have compared it with Emerson's essays, but the only points of resemblance between Emerson and Thoreau, that we have discovered, are that they are both pantheistic in their philosophy, both are ardent lovers of Nature, both follow out their own instincts, and both are residents of the town of Concord. In style and habits of thought they are quite unlike, and we think that Mr. Thoreau may be safely judged, in reference to his own merits, without comparing his name with Emerson's. It is a remarkable fact, that the little village of Concord should be able to boast of three such writers as Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry D. Thoreau. Mr. Thoreau's book is published in a very neat and tasteful manner by Munroe and Co. of Boston. We advise our readers to procure it. It is full of fine thoughts, and pleasant descriptions of Nature.

The Messrs. Harpers have just published a very charming book for summer reading, being the adventures of Ruxton in the Far West, which was originally published in Blackwood.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Traveling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as *the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk*, through the mail, in payment for any book published, *provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent*. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere *nominal price* to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our *very small* profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered*. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.



J. M. ORR & BRO. N.Y.

PYRAMID LAKE, OREGON.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1849.

NO. II.

PYRAMID LAKE, OREGON.

The engraving of the very remarkable scene, called Pyramid Lake, in Oregon, from the pyramid-shape mountain which rises from the centre of the water, is taken from Capt. Fremont's narrative of his adventurous journey from the Dalles to the Missouri River. We cannot do better than to give Captain Fremont's own language in the description of the remarkable scene:

"The Exploring Party having reached a defile between the mountains, descending rapidly about 2,000 feet, saw, filling up all the lower space, a sheet of green water, some 20 miles broad. 'It broke upon our eyes like the ocean,' says the narrator. 'The neighboring peaks rose high above us, and we ascended one of them to obtain a better view. The waves were curling in the breeze, and their dark green color showed it to be a body of deep water. For a long time we sat enjoying the view, for we had become fatigued with mountains, and the free expanse of moving waves was very grateful. It was set like a gem in the mountains, which, from our position, seemed to enclose it almost entirely. At the western end it communicated with the line of basins we had left a few days since; and on the opposite side it swept a ridge of snowy mountains, the foot of the great Sierra.

"Where we had halted, next day, appeared to be a favorite camping place for Indians.

"*January 13.*—We followed again a broad Indian trail along the shore of the lake to the southward. For a short space we had room enough in the bottom, but after travelling a short distance, the water swept the foot of the precipitous mountains, the peaks of which are about 3,000 feet above the lake.

"We did not get the howitzer into camp, but were obliged to leave it on the rocks until morning. We saw several flocks of sheep, but did not succeed in killing any. Ducks were riding on the waves, and several large fish were seen. The mountain sides were crusted with the calcareous cement previously mentioned.

"The next morning the snow was rapidly melting under a warm sun. Part of the morning was occupied in bringing up the gun; and, making only nine miles we encamped on the shore, opposite a very remarkable rock in the lake, which had attracted our attention for many miles. It rose, according to our estimate, 600 feet above the water, and, from the point we viewed it, presented a pretty exact outline of the great pyramid of Cheops. Like other rocks along the shore, it seemed to be encrusted with calcareous cement. This striking feature suggested a name for the lake, and I called it Pyramid Lake; and, though it may be deemed by some a fanciful resemblance, I can undertake to say that the future traveller will find a much more striking resemblance be-

tween this rock and the Pyramids of Egypt than there is between them and the object from which they take their name.

"The elevation of this lake above the sea is 4890 feet, being nearly 700 feet higher than the Great Salt Lake, from which it lies nearly west, and distant about eight degrees of longitude. The position and elevation of this lake make it an object of geographical interest. It is the nearest lake to the western rim, as the Great Salt Lake is to the eastern rim, of the Great Basin which lies between the base of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada; and the extent and character of which, its whole circumference and contents, it is so desirable to know."

"The accompanying scene is striking—"the Pass of the Standing Rock"—with much of the romantic character of the ravine, scarcely trodden by civilization.

"A few days since, the following important communication, viewed with the *Organ* dispute, appeared in the *Times*;

"Sir,—Providing that the Americans agree to the proposal made by the British Government, allowing them the country south of the Columbia, the following valuable forts of the Hudson Bay Company will immediately fall into their possession:

"Fort George, on the Great Astoria, near the mouth of the river; Fort Umpqua, south of the American settlement, on the Umpqua River; Fort Hall, on the Snake River, purchased from Mr. Wyeth, of the American Fur Company, in 1837; Fort Baisee, in the Snake country; Fort Nezperes, on the Nezperes River, and Fort Colville, on the Columbia, with a large agricultural farm for supplying the hunting parties and outposts in the upper part of Columbia; they will likewise possess the extensive hunting grounds of the Snake and Flathead country, and if they can only bully the Britishers to give up Defuca Straits, they will then be in possession of Fort Vancouver, and the finest part of the country; they will have the plains between the Columbia and Defuca Straits, likewise the extensive plains at the top of Paget Sound, as well as the two splendid harbors in Defuca Straits. Port Discovery, which, to protect it from the north-west winds, has a large island, called, by Commander Broughton, Protection Island; in this harbor, I am informed, the Americans would like to establish their principal town. The other harbor is New Dungeness, which is almost equal, for shelter, to Port Discovery; in various parts of the straits the plains are beautiful. In describing Admiralty Inlet, which runs out of the straits, Captain Vancouver says, to describe the beauties of this region will, on some future occasion, be a very grateful task to the pen of a skilful panegyrist."

THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

WHEN we say "women of Paris" we mean those of the great Revolution. Let us take some hasty glances at them as they glide over the stage on which that fearful historic tragedy was performed.

It is now more than fifty years ago, being the 5th of October. The morning is just beginning to dawn on Paris, which is already alive with excitement. Of all the sights that morning we have nothing to say but concerning one. The dens of that great city sent forth herds of women, and such women as the sun never looked on. The tracts and irreligious works of Voltaire had thoroughly inoculated society, and the worst fruit produced was the unchaste and base females who crowded the streets that morning. The female heart had been robbed of religion, and, in accordance with a common principle, from being the abode of all gentle affections, became the den of the most exaggerated passions. Look at them as they issue from their hiding places. Here is one worth a glance. Her rags scarce hide her nakedness. She has no shoe, and her sprawling foot is covered with filth. Her head has no covering, save a filthy kerchief confining her filthier hair, a part of which has escaped and fallen down her face like an uncombed mat. The dirt on her face is furrowed with the perspiration of yesterday.—She is lank and lean as famine, and from her sunken eyes gleams hungry ferocity. She meets another like herself, save an expression of face, which seemed to say, "I have had something to eat."

"Whither bound so early, huzzy?" inquired the first woman, in a cracked, spiteful tone.

"You speak sharp this morning, my lady," replied her companion, in a consequential and easy way. "Haven't had any breakfast this morning? Early rising seems to spoil your temper!"

"Breakfast? If I haven't had breakfast, day before yesterday I held on to the baker's rope from midnight till afternoon, and got some black bread, hideous bread. The villain baker put some plaster of Paris in it I know, for I have been almost dead of pain since. Poor little Pierre is dead. He wasn't tough enough to stand hunger!" And here even that woman proved herself to be a mother by her tears over her dead boy.

Her companion evidently was touched, and gave up her sneering tone. "We'll never give up heart; the poor boy has escaped much trouble. You are hungry, come back with me and eat a little, for we have got much to do to day. I didn't mean to publish my good fortune."

And back they went to a wretched cellar, the poverty of which was its best protection from intrusion, and from a place of concealment she brought out her treasure, in the shape of a pot of soup. The hungry woman's face brightened as she greedily swallowed a bowl full.

"But where did you get it, my good friend?" she at last inquired.

"Oh, my good trap," replied the woman, with a hearty laugh, "caught two rats last night, just in time to save me from starving. Come take another bowl full, and let us be off."

"How lucky you are, Jeanette, to catch such a prize! I have only tasted that villainous plaster bread twice in a week, and the rest I got by gnawing at an old saddle skirt. Hunger is horrid! Curses on the "Austrian woman!" let us go and help to pluck her heart out!"

It is not exaggerated. The women of Paris resorted to food such as would be improper to tell of, and we need not wonder at their barbarous conduct. They were starving maniacs ready for any deed.

On that morning Paris had thousands of women like those we have described, filthy, squalid, infidel, unclean and starving women. Why wonder then that they excelled all the furies of their time? Hunger makes delicate women look with an evil eye on their own offspring, and in the direst extremity to eat these, their own "flesh and bones," nor will they share the horrid feast with any one.

The sun never looked out on such a throng as crowded through the streets of Paris that morning, and probably the most of them had not been so lucky as to get food even from a rat trap. Woman met woman with obscene jests, and such curses as only a bad woman can invent. Each had her individual wrongs, and hate, and yet that vast multitude had one bond of sympathy in common, and that was hunger.

Who caused it? Where is the foul fiend who has shaken her black wings over Paris, and now all the poor are starving? Those miserable creatures shriek forth their convictions about the cause, and it was all concentrated in the one loud universal curse, "down with the Austrian woman," as they called the magnificent Antoinette. They hated Louis, but it was only because they thought the queen had such a control of him as to influence his conduct in killing the people. There have been all kinds of insurrections among the men, but now the women of Paris will rise and lead the van against the monster whose breath has blighted her adopted country.

The hiding places and dens have been deserted by these maddened creatures. The alleys and lanes have served as rills to feed the streams until they are swollen into a torrent of living, hungry, maniacs, all bent on the purpose of tearing out Antoinette's heart. Never had a human being such hearty hate as this gifted and unfortunate queen.

But hark! what means that deafening shout of shrill voices, rising even above the hoarse shout of men, and the thunder of cannon? The Fury of that squalid army has come, and we must describe her.

Right plain is it that this woman does not support life by standing all day at a baker's rope to get a little poor bread, nor yet by watching rat

traps. She rides a splendid horse like a queen, only she is astride. She is young too, and beautiful. The cheek is crimsoned with health, and the superb eye glances with authority. Antoinette, even when Burke saw her, was not so beautiful. A dense mass has pressed around her, and she speaks. Words of fire break from her lips. The mad Pythoness never breathed out such inspiration, and like her's it was from beneath. Uprturned faces grow black with rage, and eyes kindle with passion, and skinny hands clutch together fiercely, as this Fury speaks of France, of Famine, and of Antoinette. The pulse of the multitude beats fever heat, and then she shouts: "death to the Austrian woman!" A shriek of rage burst from every tongue, and by a common impulse the mighty throng of women moves forward like an avalanche.

Did we say all that throng was made up of hags? If so we were wrong. This female sansculottism was the web and *part* of the woof, but they were such determined workers that they wove up some better materials. Look down the street; yonder comes a hack with the windows closed. The mass flows round it and there is no escape. The driver is interrogated fiercely perhaps by the mother of little Pierre, who died of hunger. She is evidently in earnest, and has power enough to enforce what she says.

"Who is in there, Whip?" she says, pointing to the hack door.

"Look for yourself, good mother," replies Whip, trembling lest a misstep may suspend him to the nearest lamp-post.

Forthwith the door is wrenched open and there sits a delicate and beautiful woman. She too has had no acquaintance with a baker's rope, or other more nauseous modes of living.

"Good morning, sister," says the shrivelled hag to the trembling woman. "Come, we are on a visit to the Austrian woman, and would be glad of your company!"

At this, a shrill laugh bursts from the women nearest. There is no use of opposing, and so the delicate woman, in her pretty slippers, on that raw morning in October, descends into the mud to add a unit to the rushing multitude. We are told that many such queer terminations to morning drives came upon some of the fashionable ladies of Paris at the time we speak of.

A little further down the street we get another look at this singular impressment. A tidy milliner, her own person so tricked out as to be a good show-case of her wares, was standing behind her counter. In behind a glass door, under the eye of their mistress, sat a number of grisettes, whose looks indicate better fare than is enjoyed by some women in Paris. The multitude is hurrying by like a torrent, when one happens to see our goodly milliner. The shop door is thrown open in no dainty way, and a sharp voice addresses the lady.

"Nice and well fed as possible, my sleek lady: Come, you are able to walk, go along with us, we may give the Austrian woman a call this morning!"

By this time several bony figures were aiding the milliner into the street, when the original speaker spied the young women in the back room.

Open flew the door, and her vinegar face was thrust in:

"Come, my sweet dears, my tender ones, we want some such as you to grace our fair procession. You needn't wait to wash or dress. Come as you are!"

All this was said with a mock-respectful tone, and the women behind her laughed. One remarked that "good mother must have been to court when she was younger and prettier!" But be this as it may, the inmates of the millinery were driven out to swell the deputation about to wait on the Austrian woman.

One more glance will not be out of place. A fair woman was looking out of her window, and the hags saw her. A stout foot—for there were some men along—drove in the door, and a hideous figure, the very image of gaunt famine, hurried up to the shrinking, trembling creature.

"Havn't got much appetite this morning, my dear, have you? Had breakfast, I suppose? How nice it is to eat. I havn't eaten since yesterday morning. I would stay and dine with you only I am in a hurry. Come, the queen of furies wants you, as we are going to wait on her for a morning call! Don't keep us waiting!"

And forth they dragged her out also. And so progressed this queerest and most savage mob. Any woman who was so unfortunate as to come in sight was impressed. There was no help. She must go along to augment the torrent with which they hoped to drown poor Marie Antoinette.—Many dragged their aching limbs along the muddy road, whose hearts were not in the barbarous business, but there it was a choice between obedience and death.

At this time the National Assembly held its sessions at Versailles, a beautiful city ten miles distant from Paris. It is not probable the mob of women had any very definite plan at first.—They felt hunger, and under the prompting of that they began to assemble. Their rage had a definite object, but how to get at it was altogether indefinite. They caught an unpopular baker, and came near hanging him. At first the women went to the rooms occupied by the municipality of Paris. They rushed by the guards, and finding an obnoxious priest proceeded to hang him.—Some one cut the rope and the man escaped by falling some twenty feet. This priest was the same one, who, during the insurrection which demolished the Bastille, had dealt out powder to the mob. One democratic sovereign, who was drunk, insisted upon it as his right to smoke his pipe among the powder, and was not restrained, until the priest bought the pipe for a round price, and thus secured the weapon so dangerous there.

The women seized all the arms and ammunition of the place, and what would have been their next violence cannot be told. A little incident started the living deluge toward Versailles, where were the royal family and the National Assembly. And before giving it, let us speak of our principal actor in it. He is a man of ordinary size, but agile and athletic. His face is passionless, but his heart is on fire with bad passions. Keen on the track of victims as a bloodhound, he was merciless as a tiger when they were in his power,

He had signalized himself at the storming of the Bastille, and was regarded as one chief instrument by Danton in executing the bloody purposes of the revolution. His share in the massacre of the prisoners was infamously notorious. Such was Malliard.

This man was in the building which the women were sacking, and in a moment he seized a small drum, with the shout of "away to Versailles." They all followed him with enthusiasm, and the mob was soon on its weary march of ten miles. Hunger and fatigue only whetted their ferocity. They rushed into the hall of the National Assembly, with cries of "bread, bread," and fierce imprecations on some particularly obnoxious to them. At last the hall was cleared by the assurance that a deputation from the Assembly would lay their grievances before the king. The women insisted on being witnesses to the interview, and were only quiet when twelve of their own number were allowed to see the king.

The gracious deportment of the king over awed them, and his liberal promises charmed them. One pretty girl, not out of her teens, was so impressed with the presence of majesty, that she came near fainting and could only feebly ejaculate her message—"bread!" Louis, with tears, took her in his arms and like a true Frenchman embraced her. The whole twelve were won completely, and returned with glowing accounts to their companions. The incident of Louis embracing the fainting girl was not omitted. This enraged the women, who loaded her with approbrious epithets, as though she were the paramour of Louis. They did not stop here, but dragged her away to hang her. She was only saved by the bold interference of some soldiers. Poor Louis seemed to blight everything he touched, and this is but one instance.

A curious scene was that which met the eye of Mounier, the president of the National Assembly, as he returned after night to the hall, having been many hours with the king. The deputies had vanished, and their seats were occupied with the women of Paris. A strong large woman sat in the president's chair, nor would she vacate it until he had promised them food. Gradually the members of the Assembly came together and with them the food for the women. It was circulated among them there, and the world for once saw in the same room grave men legislating and hungry women eating. It must have been a rich scene.

We have spoken of these women, but there are others very near. In yonder palace were two queenly women, or rather one such, and the other more saintly than queenly. What a situation for Marie Antoinette, whose advent to Paris had been hailed as though an angel had come! The night winds waft to the innermost chambers of that stately palace the curses of the hags on her as the cause of their sufferings. It is bitter to have one's name thus reprobated. And yet the haughty woman proved true to herself. Her pride was her support. But Madame Elizabeth acted more as a Christian while she exhibited less of the princess. How beautiful it was in her to cling to the fortunes of her friends. We are speaking of some women, let us repeat a scene of the next

day to learn love for one of another kind. The mob of men and women were rushing through the palace, and found a lady. Some one cried out, "it is the queen." The word was the sign of vengeance, and several ruffians rushed at her. She stood undaunted to meet death, when some other person cried out, "it is Madame Elizabeth." The name was a spell of mercy which melted even their rugged hearts. The princess saw the movement, and exclaimed, piteously, "Ah what do you do in undeceiving them? let them think me the queen, and, dying in her place, I might have saved her life!" How can we denounce a sex which has produced a Madame Elizabeth!

The mob of men which reached Versailles the same night completed the work. Paris had sent a hundred thousand messengers to compel the attendance of the royal family at Paris. The horrid scenes of butchery we do not propose to describe, but of one thrilling scene we must speak, as the women of Paris are our subject. The mob would see the queen, and with courageous mein, worthy a daughter of the Cæsars, she took her son and stood before that sea of living beings who hated her so bitterly. A shout rends the air, "Without the child," and, without a tremor, she gave him to an attendant and stood there alone like a statue. It was too much for Frenchmen, and every tongue united in an admiring shout of "Long live the queen!"

The royal family was now captive, and the vast multitudes start for Paris. The women of Paris had started the avalanche, and now they close around the king's carriage. As they tramp along in the mud, having not only the royal family, but fifty wagon loads of food, they sing cheerfully, pointing now to the wagons and now to the carriage, "Courage, friends! We shall not want bread now; we are bringing you the baker, the bakeress, and the baker's boy!"* The glory and the infamy of those days belong to the women of Paris. It was their idea, which was so enthusiastically carried out, which led Mirabeau to thunder in the National Assembly with a sort of glee, "Paris is marching on us." Paris was a magazine of combustibles, waiting only for the torch to be applied. That torch hungry women applied, and now behold the result. The king and his family are prisoners, and the end is not yet.

What freaks human nature is capable of! Only yesterday morning the road to Versailles was crowded with ferocious women, longing to pluck out Antoinette's heart, but to-day those same women are shouting "Long live the queen," and some of them even crowd around her carriage, and, with streaming eyes, exclaim, "Ah, madame, our good queen, do not be a traitor to us and we will love you!"

We saw two women early that morning. Look at them on this evening. Their ferocity is gone, and they really believe that now they will not be obliged to gnaw saddle skirts, nor watch rat-traps for food. The good time has come, and they shall have enough to eat! Those wretched dens had two happy inmates. And there were multitudes in Paris like them, but the illusion will pass

* Carlyle's French Revolution.

away, and these women will participate in bloodier scenes. Perhaps we may again look in upon them. For the present let us anticipate one incident and close with it.

We saw a beautiful young woman haranguing the multitudes, and the enthusiasm excited her words. It was Theroigne de Mericourt. She was a native of a distant province. Her beauty was her ruin. A young aristocrat won her affections, and having ruined, he abandoned her. She fled to strange lands to bury her shame. In due time she appeared in Paris following a vocation not to be named. The gains of her vileness she distributed among the poor. This, with her passionate declamations made her an idol among them. Her power was scarcely less than Marat's. One day, mingling with a vast crowd of her admirers, she chanced to meet her seducer. The past flashed over her and maddened her. He sought her pardon, and deprecated her vengeance. Lamartine tells us, that fixing her blazing eye on him she hissed out the record of her wrongs. "My pardon, at what price can you purchase it? My innocence gone—my family lost to me—my brothers and sisters pursued in their own country by the jeers and sarcasm of their kindred; the maledictions of my father—my exile from my native land—my enrolment among the infamous caste of courtizans; the blood with which my

days have been and will be stained; that imperishable curse attached to my name, instead of that immortality of virtue which you have taught me to doubt. It is for this you would purchase forgiveness? Do you know any price on earth capable of purchasing it?" (Lamartine's Girondists, Vol. 1.)

His tongue was palsied, and at her beck they dragged him to prison. He made one of the number which perished in the September massacres. Vengeance does not always wait for another world.

During the early part of the present century, a naked maniac might have been seen clinging to the bars of a mad house in Paris. She was shrieking her wrathful imprecations on tyrants, and on her seducer. It was Theroigne de Mericourt. The mob had ceased to love her, and the women of Paris tore her clothes from her, and publicly whipped her. This unsettled reason, and she lingered in the mad house until 1817, a sad monument of the effect of a first error.

"Lightly did'st thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer on his wing,
Wooded and whispered thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stock
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unsheltered walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die."

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH."

BY ANGELA, OF GLEN COTTAGE.

MRS. L. H. J. TONNA, WHOSE VALUABLE WORKS WILL LONG PERPETUATE HER MEMORY.

THE broken lyre—the broken lyre—

How we now miss the music of her voice,

For its soft breathings could the soul inspire,

If not with hope, yet with a holier choice—

A choice to nobler deeds, to higher aims,

To purer faith, and warmer, truer love,

And while she pressed the heart with heavenly claims

Pointed the eye to rapturous scenes above!

Pure as the fountain, were the streams that flowed

From her warm, anxious, sympathizing heart,

And every gentle virtue in her bosom glowed,

Prompting her from its fulness to impart;

Clearly she saw an universe of mind,

Dark and benighted as the Pagan soul,

Groping for happiness it could not find,

While yielding every thought to sin control.

A heart like hers could not be satisfied

Merely to live for *self*, this transient life

To serve the happy circle of her fireside

Or find her pleasure in a fashion strife.

She felt that other duties in her humble sphere

Must shut out idle moments from her passing hours,

And thus her glowing "*works*" instead appear

Like a rich *wreath* of amaranthine flowers.

And how benevolent, her pitying heart—

The "Happy Mute" its kindness understood,

His *silent* life could not its worth impart

But showed her sacrifice for *other's* good.

The "Recollections" of her passing life

Of scenes, events, of feeling and of care,

Revealed a heart oft burdened with the strife

Yet never shrinking *all its weight* to bear.

She saw the beauty of the flowers that bloom,

And felt the soft wind on her fading cheek,

This life to her was not a scene of gloom,

For gratitude and love had made it sweet.

Yet it was toilsome through its lengthened course,

But industry's an antidote of care

That from its secret unobtrusive source

Brings back a *blessing* like the breath of prayer.

But she is gone! Her harp has ceased its tone—

Her folded hands will touch its strings no more,

Her useful, chequered, faithful life is done—

Her *spirit* lives in bliss *unknown before*!

When now the eye shall on her pages rest—

And hearts receive the sweet instruction given—

Oh, may the *reader* seek among the blest,

A *home of Love* with her, at last in *Heaven*!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC; OR THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER XI.

THE lives of many persons are so ridiculously strange, that almost every thing connected with them seem almost entirely pseudepigraphal. That it is so, the observer of things has not to travel far out of his way to come to this conclusion.

The gay city of Charleston, with its bright sun, and its balmy atmosphere, around which the perfume of flowers lingers until the mid-time of winter, I was stationed, with but few of the hopes that brighten the future, and with many of the shadows that darken the past. In a little cottage on the River Ashley, high up on the neck of the city, and far away from the hum of the busy multitude that thronged the crowded streets, I lived, and there expected to find that quietude of mind so necessary to man's happiness here below. For a few days, and a few days only, the novelty of my situation banished from the mind the disease that had been preying upon it with all the madness of despair. In watching the ripples as they formed in the eddies of the current, and the porpoise as he snorted on the wave, I found, for a short time, a respite from the burning thoughts that were scorching the brain like molten lead in its liquid phrenzy. But, alas! there was no peace for me. Like the troubled ocean, ever my bosom was raging. Tempest-tost in human passions, the soul was laden with many sorrows. Dark as was my destiny, and as thick as the clouds rested on my moral firmament, far in the distance I saw an opening, through which the daylight broke, faint and glimmering. This cheered my despondency, and again I was half a man, and not quite a brute.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—On first reading the Autobiography of Mr. Toddlebar, I was disposed to believe that he had written the MSS. before me, in an idle moment, for the want of something better to do. Since then, however, and on examining every thing more closely connected with his history, I am of the opinion, that he is the veritable monomaniac which he describes himself to be. This conclusion has not been arrived at without examining thoroughly into the premises—and they all bear me out in the truth of the proposition. Whatever others may think about the matter, I am of the opinion that I have incontrovertible evidence of the position, in the matter I have assumed. Mr. Toddlebar was certainly a deranged man—periodically so, being for a stated period of time deranged on the subject of Love, and then relapsing into that of Autography. On these two subjects his mind was certainly *non compos mentes*, oscillating periodically to each extreme, at certain fixed and stated periods, as some strange feeling would pass through his mind, and as the mental vision mistook the images resting on it for those of the senses.)

It was spring-time again, although in the month of February, the flowers were blooming in my garden. I became passionately fond of flowers, so much so indeed that I set about the task of forming a *parterre*. What possessed me with the

idea I have never known, yet for a whole day they absorbed every thing else. The flowers and the image of Laura were closely associated, and I could not think of one without calling to mind the other. In arising from my bed one morning, as the first dawn of the morning tinged the flowers with its roseate blush, I walked into the garden, and, as I beheld the orient beam of day resting on the half opened rose, the image of Laura seemed suspended in the dew-drop hanging there. I went to work at once, loosening the earth around the roots of the flowers, and picking out the weeds that had sprung up on the beds. All day I was engaged in my labor of love, and at night went to bed to arise in the morning forgetful of the flowers. Strange that a passion so soon could be destroyed.

It was on the morning of the 26th February, in the year 184—, that I left my cottage to see what was doing in the great city of Charleston. My way was along St. Philips' street to its intersection with Bourdagy street. As I arrived at this street, the dividing line between the old and the new part of the city, I followed it until I came to King street, the great business street of the city. On arriving at it, I turned down towards the old battery, threading my way as best I could through the vast multitude that jostled me on either side, until Broad street with its fashionable throng met my gaze, and the tall steeple of St. Michael's Church towered in the distance. It was then, and only then, I had some definite idea of the business which had brought me into the city. The post office stood before me, a massive pile of old buildings, with its Doric portico, fretted and friezed by many an intabature. As I entered its porch, the image of Laura rested on my heart, and many a palpitating throb agitated my bosom. On asking for letters I received as many as six, and among them I recognized, in the superscription of one of them, the hand writing of my adorable and beautiful Laura. With rapid strides I hastened from the spot, looking neither to the left nor the right, nor stopping once until I arrived at my cottage door by the beautiful Ashley. On breaking open the letter of Laura—oh, what a revulsion of feeling came upon the heart. The letter was couched in the following words, to wit:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10, —.

DEAR SIR,—I hold in my hand a little sheet which bears date Sept. 10th, 184—, and how many reflections has a perusal of it awakened, more than this tardy pen can tell. It was written six months ago this very night—it came the harbinger of Love, and in its train, what peaceful and what heavenly messengers, sought this lonely

heart. But what changes have come with those few months.

Once the hand that penned that sheet tired not in writing my humble name, or in pouring out its love for my eye to wander over. Now it seems a task without the hope of a reward. Once, no sun rose that did not shine upon some token of that love—now, weeks, yea months, roll round and succeed each other and bring but a scanty page of unwilling love.

And what, O, tell me what, has brought this change—ah! woman—with woman's instinct can answer: *Then* woman's love was to be won, now that love is won, and (how can I add,) cast aside a thing to be worn at leisure, and such, alas! it proves too often, a valueless thing as soon as won! Well, let it be so. It was a love that mortal never won before, that mortal may not trifle with.

Think not that a heart so sensitive as this can be insensible to the cold neglect, and studied indifference, with which for months you have been treating me, though, undeserved as it is, most deeply has it wounded me—yet, for the love you once gave me, can I forgive *even this*! (more it is than woman is wont to forgive.) What excuse you can have for no longer addressing me, I know not (*me*, whom you once addressed so tenderly, so unceasingly!) nor do I ask, for there is none. Your feelings may have undergone a change, but, even in that case, *honor* demanded the explanation—an explanation by which you should not have been the sufferer for I would generously have released you had my life been the sacrifice. Never yet was it said of me that I held the heart in other bonds than those of love. The fetters that love could not rivet, duty should not; no, I would pierce this heart, and let its life blood issue out, ere it should give one throb to the demon embrace that had perjured a holy vow,—yes, this could I do, anything, but become the wife of one who did not love me.

You may say that I have no reason to write this, or to suppose for a moment that you no longer love me. 'Tis true that you have written me two or three letters in the last six months—but O, how changed they were, to what you once wrote me. You ask me, in one of your letters, about my starting a Magazine in the City of New Orleans. God knows that I never had the most distant intention of ever committing such a mistake, as that of starting a literary periodical any where. Why have you asked the question?

In conclusion, remember it is woman whom you have so indifferently treated, and that woman's proud spirit, unable longer to be silent, stands boldly forth to speak for itself—yes, it is woman to whom you no longer deign to reply in love—it is woman to whom you will not speak but coldly.

The time may come when you shall ask who parted us? When you shall sorrow for the love you so lightly trifled with—and love shall bathe my memory with tears.

Yet had I loved thee with a love less true,
Less bitter were the cups of grief's excess,
But sooner would I sink beneath the shaft,
Than live to think I'd ever love thee less.

Yours, with remembrance,

LAURA TODHUNTER.

This letter of Laura Todhunter's was a severe blow to my heart. Its contents were inexplicable—at least they were so for some time. I could not imagine what she meant to my allusion of her starting a new Magazine in the Crescent City. Surely I had never mentioned the subject in any of my letters, for the simple reason, that I had never for once dreamed of her doing such a preposterous thing. All of my lettres to her had been warm and affectionate—breathing the very essence of love, spoken in love's rapturous tone, and with all of the fervency of a doating heart. How then she could hold me guilty of writing to her passionless letters was more than I could divine. It was so however—and at first I thought it a *ruse* to get rid of me, but on more mature reflection the whole mystery was unveiled, and at a single glance I was enabled to comprehend how the whole affair was brought about.

Since I had secured Susan Wilson as a correspondent, the young lady alluded to as living in New Orleans, I had invariably, in writing to her, addressed also a letter to my charming dulcinea of Philadelphia. The letters being written at the same time, and neither one being superscribed at the moment of their writing, they were laid aside in my port-folio for the reception of some after thought in the way of a *post-scriptum*. On taking them out, therefore, and folding them, the letters intended for Laura Todhunter had been directed to Susan Wilson, and those intended for the latter sent to the former. This explained the riddle, and although for a moment mortified at the result, the feeling soon wore away, and my love for Susan Wilson became in a very short time as ardent for her, as it had ever been for Laura Todhunter.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The honorable Mr. Toddlebar seems to have had the strongest *penchant* for writing all kind of letters, to all sorts and condition of people, and with a *gusto*, too, that I have never before known verified in any other person. The facility with which he transfers his burning love, from one maiden to that of another, is done too with such ease, that I am inclined to believe that never before or since, such a strange medley of contradictions, and unaccountable antitheses, have ever existed singly, in the *genus homo*.)

The following extracts from two long letters, received from Susan Wilson, will show, in loosing my Philadelphian inamarato, what a gem of a woman I had secured in my New Orleans one. The devotion heretofore so ardent for Laura, and as I thought burning with a flame that nothing could quench, went out of itself, like the flame from the dying embers on the hearth-stone. Her letters breathed so much of love, and were so pure in thought, that I had no power to resist their fatal influence. Much as I might regret the course that things had taken, I could not resist the seductive smiles which had, beyond resistance, entrapped my heart in its fatal folds.

NEW ORLEANS, April, —.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have just received a letter from you; saying you had not heard from me in two *whole weeks*!! What can it mean? Do tell me! I have sent within two weeks as many as seven or eight sheets, literally *crowded* with the deepest, purest and warmest love, of an over-

flowing heart. And those letters you say have never reached you? What does it mean? Some other eye has read them—some other hand has snatched them from their destination. Oh, what am I to do? Thoughts so sacredly mine—written only for your eye, have been desecrated by some unholy gaze—have been polluted by some unholy touch.

O, how can I endure it? How shall I ever again dare to write my thoughts, or give vent to my feelings. I shall not! no, never! O, would that I had kept them within my own bosom, until, upon thy breast, I could have poured them into thy ear, and received in return the measure of their sympathising heart! O, how sorry I am, that I wrote as I know I did. I sent you no less than two letters on or about the 17th inst., containing no less than three sheets each, closely written. I remember it well! I scarcely know what was in them, but this I do know, that they contained the very embodiment of my most gushing and rapturous feelings. O how it hurts me to think that the dearest feelings of one's heart are to be made the jest and ridicule of some vicious and abandoned wretch! O I cannot stand it—indeed, I feel that I cannot.

You have wished me by your side in one of your last letters, how blest should I be—how very blest in such a seat, in such a dear embrace. And amid the future's flitting smiles, there is but one I sigh for, and that is thine—and amid the pictures which it throws there is but one I love to gaze upon—it is the one which love's own hand has sketched, and love's own kiss has sealed. The light of mingled love and happiness is playing around it—it is the blissful moment when, forgetting every thing but love, I am folded to thy heart. O how truly shall I feel that life, with that embrace, begins anew her journey.

You have said a great many kind and dear things to me, and I have sat down to night to reply to them. But how shall I begin and where commence. In your estimate of the character of N. P. Willis I agree with you entirely. He is a sweet poet, but his mind lacks *grasp* and comprehensiveness. He is what one might denominate a *boudoir* poet, singing amid the footfalls on the tufted carpet, and the symphonies of the rustling silks of coyish maidens.

Your friend W. Gilmore Simms I like better, for there is a manliness in his tone, which one looks for in vain in the writings of Willis. In writings of the character of "Martin Faber" Mr. Simms is at home, and he should never attempt any thing out of this line. I have a feeling however for Willis, for, being born in the same State, it is nothing more than patriotism to like the man. In your letter you speak of the character of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. I love her very much as a writer, and from many who know her well, I have learned to love the woman.

* * * I have been sitting at my window to-night gazing at the myriad of stars that twinkle in the firmament above. And O, how beautiful they are! I have often tried to imagine what would be our feelings, if we were presented for the first time in our lives with a view of this beautiful picture.

I love to sit and gaze upon these fairy orbs, as one by one they come out to smile upon the dwellers of this lower world. I love to people them with the dear departed, and those names of earth which are so dear. I love to bear them away, and write them by the side of these blessed dwellers of the upper deep. How beautifully has the eloquent Madam D. Stael said, "that the two most beautiful things in nature are the starry skies above us, and that voice within us, which tells us what is right." I am ever reminded of those beautiful words when, upon a night like this, I wander amid these celestial hosts.

O, if I could throw my arms around your neck to-night, and breath into thy ear all the love I cannot write! O if I were folded in thy arms, my spirit would melt in gratitude! O if I could feel thy embrace, but for one moment, hear thee speak but one word, I feel that my spirit would dissolve itself away in bliss.

I had such a pleasant dream of you last night that I cannot help telling you of it. I thought we stood in an open window of our cottage home which looked out upon the "Crescent City." In one hand I was holding that production of yours, "Theodoric of the Amali," which you had just brought me to read, and the other was resting on your shoulder—while, with one arm around me, you were parting back my hair, and telling me how pretty I had grown of late; but I did not dream of reading your work. Hope, however, when I next dream about it, that I will dream of reading it.

I have just been reading your last bundle of letters, and how many dear things they contain.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Toddlebar, in writing so many letters as is here spoken of, should have invariably misdirected each one of them. Were it not that some strange fatality seemed to follow this individual, I should believe that some trick of his was at the bottom of the whole matter.)

O I do love you more every day, and every time I read your letters I love you more. I need not say more, for I believe I am understood, and I feel that as thy eye traces these lines, thy heart in gentle response is answering to mine.

Thine always,

SUSAN WILSON.

These letters made a powerful impression on my mind. Such an impression that I felt I could not resist their influence. I was caught, completely caught by this maiden. The net had been set, and I had become entangled in its meshes. There was no getting out of it, and every effort I made to free myself from the captivating toils, I only sunk deeper and became more entangled in the folds.

I made preparations to leave the city of Charleston, for I had no peace of mind while I remained separated from her. My old love for Laura had become so completely absorbed in this new passion, that every thing I did seemed but a reflection from her mind. Nothing could deter me, go I must, for some strange destiny had me bound in chains I could not break. As in duty bound I endeavored to snap them, but the chains were made of

adamant, and every effort I made to get back to my former allegiance only pulled me away further. In five days every thing necessary to be done, preparatory to my journey to New Orleans, was done, and on the wings of love I hastened away to meet the woman that I loved above all others in the world.

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG the letters received was one from Walter Savage Landor, a capricious character, who in his day has created some sensation in the literary world. This individual perhaps is more indebted for the sensation he has created among the *litterati* of Europe, to the close juxtaposition in which he has placed himself to Robert Southey, than to any admirable qualities or inherent beauties discoverable in his works. As J. K. Paulding, in his connexion with Washington Irving, has received through this medium much of his fame, so Walter Savage Landor, by association, has been indebted to Robert Southey for a great deal of his notoriety. In looking into this matter closely, the reader will discover, I have no doubt, that the premises from which these deductions are drawn are not only truthful in their nature, but correct from their presumption.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—How far Mr. Toddlebar's opinion may be in keeping with the opinions of others I know not, but this I am assured of, that Walter Savage Landor has written sweeter poetry than ever did the celebrated author of "Thalaba.")

ST. JAMES SQUARE, BATH, April 20, —.

DEAR SIR,—Negligent as I usually am in letter writing, I lose not an hour in answering your very courteous note. It never was my intention to write any thing in Blackwood or other periodical, excepting the Book of Beauty, which is edited by my friend Lady Blessington—at whose disposal I place the little I write. But it was represented to me that Blackwood, although now gone out of repute, could give circulation to the dialogue between Poison and Southey—the most beloved of my friends. I sent for that magazine what would have been quite unsuitable to the Book of Beauty. For his compliance, he had presently three more. Since which, I am told, he has inserted a long piece of abuse on me, written by one gentleman, a person in his employ, and connected in some manner with Wordsworth. I never have been induced to read any thing written against me, lest (what however is very unlikely) I might step down to answer it. My sensibility in these matters is extremely dull—and unhappily I receive but little pleasure from the highest praise. The excitement of composition, and the ardent hope of communicating just, and generous, and lofty sentiments are enough for me.

I do not live in the literary world, and it is only in May that I visit London. My winter I always spend at Bath, and my summer at the seaside—such has been my habit since I left Italy, where I possess a villa and small estate, and where I resided nearly twenty years. I have now given you an account of as curious an animal as any on the Mississippi, and as wise a one as any—except the beaver. By the way I suppose the beaver does not go so far South.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

Walter Savage Landor.

The chirography of Mr. Landor, is unlike almost every literary MS. that it has been my good fortune to examine. There is nothing *petite* about it. It is a bold and dashing hand—such a one as almost every one would expect to find in a man of turbulent passions, with an excess of the animal feeling hurrying him along boldly, and in defiance of any fixed or settled principles. He seems as one having all the nerve to plan and execute boldly, and mental vigor enough to carry out his projects, but lacking in a great degree the patience to elaborate, and the artistic eye to smooth down the knotty points, and prune away the excrescencies. The man that writes such a hand as he does, I cannot doubt the honesty of his purposes, for they are stamped in legible characters in each line, but I will venture the opinion that he will never rise to the highest pinnacle of renown.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In differing with Mr. Toddlebar, in the opinion here advanced relative to the chirography of Landor, I must beg leave to observe, that to the very

thing which he objects is the one from which I would draw a different conclusion. An excess of passion manifested in the hand writing, is surely the most certain index that one has to the mental fervor of the mind—and without the existence of this fervency, there can be no great intellectual ability.)

Unfortunately for Mr. Landor, like many of his contemporaries, he has been the target at which many of his enemies have shot their most poisonous arrows. The peculiar *Boswellian* relation which he bore to Mr. Southey, instead of softening their asperities, has been the means of directing many an envious shaft at his breast. One would suppose that a friendship such as his, although fawning in its nature, but real at the bottom, would have made him many friends. But as his friendship for the author of "Thalaba" increased and ripened as he grew older, in an inverse ratio did the friendship of others leave him. How to account for such misconduct on the part of others, I will leave those to determine better acquainted than I am with the system of psychology.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Nothing is more explainable than this mystery, at which Mr. Toddlebar was baulked. It is a principle pregnant in the heart of man, that as our neighbor rises higher in the scale of being, either by association or contact with another, that the community at once looks with an envious eye on his position, and by every effort endeavor to pull him down. Man cannot bear to see a brother exalted above his head—and, although without one positive virtue, he may rise above the reach of antagonism, and laugh to scorn every effort of the assailants below to pull him down.)

Aubrey de Vere is a citizen of the magnificent city of London. He is yet a young man on the sunny side of thirty, and with powers of mind replete with wisdom. Although but little has been heard of him of late in the literary world, and like the author of "Festus" seems satisfied to rest his claims for immortality on a single work, yet, with all of these apparent things against him, his pen is not idle but busily at work in the production of another great tragedy. How he will succeed in this work, and how much higher on the ladder of fame he will ascend, the future alone must determine. That he has powers of mind equal almost to any task, those alone who have had the opportunity of reading his last great work are alone capable of judging.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The tragedy here alluded to by Mr. Toddlebar was published by Moxon & Co. in London, in the fall of 1842. That it has much merit as a work of imagination none will deny—but that it is entitled to a moiety of the praise bestowed upon it by the London Quarterlies, in this position every candid mind, that has read it, will bear me out. The "Cenci" of Shelley is the model on which the play is built. Those gloomy outlines of pictures, in which only the sombre side is seen, darken much of the inherent beauty that naturally exist in some of the characters. By horrid contrasts he endeavors to make virtue more lovely, as if shades of beauty are only softened by having abrupt and rugged lines in contact. Virtue is not dependent for her beauty or loveliness to such adventitious aids as these, for she is ever worshipped the most when alone surrounded by the halo of her own charms.)

BLANFORD SQUARE, LONDON, }
Aug. 29, 1843. }

MY DEAR SIR,—Pray accept my sincere thanks for the very kind and flattering letter which I received a good deal later I believe than I ought, owing to its having to travel after me into the country. Some one has said that a book is a letter written to one's unknown friends—mine at least has been fortunate in finding its way to one so willing to sympathize with the tone, and, as I would hope, with the principles of the book, which are better than the manner in which they are expressed.

From your allusion to Alfred Tennyson I think it possible that you are not aware of his having published his works recently in two vols., the latter of which is wholly new, and the former partly so. His long silence, so much to be regretted, is now broken, and I hope he will be induced again to give to the world some of those beautiful poems which are lying neglected in his desk.

You are right in saying that we have more poetasters than poets as yet—I have a great admiration for the latter class, and no intolerant feeling for the former, occupying, as I think I do, something like a middle position between both. We have, however, had some excellent poetry of late from Mr. Milnes, Mr. Hartley Coleridge, Mr. Bowring, Sir Francis Doyle, and some noble works

from Mr. Taylor, whose last work, "Edwin the Fair," you are doubtless acquainted with, as well as his former one, "Philip Van Arbalde," which has been republished in America. Thus we have, I think, no reason to complain of poetical barrenness—particularly when we consider that the public have grown of late very refractory in the matter of trying (buying) verses—whether from having grown too prosaic to read poetry, or so partial that every man is his own poet.

I remain, my dear sir,
yours very sincerely.

Aubrey de Vere.

The handwriting of Mr. Aubrey de Vere has a pleasing effect when viewed in the mass, but taken singly the *picturesqueness* of it is somewhat diminished. It has breadth and compass enough in the mass, but lacks in the detail vigor and strength. Although the formation of the characters resemble somewhat those made by a woman, yet, when the whole is viewed, the resemblance seems to fade away. The rich and chaste vigor manifested in his mind, are not discoverable however in his MS. Some circumstance, of which I know nothing, may have superinduced the difference so perceptible in the mental vigor of his mind, and the great weakness as shown in his chirography.

Charles J. Peterson has for many years been the conductor of a literary journal in the city of Philadelphia. He is, in every sense of the word, a Magazinst. By profession a lawyer, at a very early period of his life he gave up a lucrative practice in the city, for a pursuit far more congenial to his feelings. How he has succeeded in this new branch, to which he brings such ardent devotion, I am not prepared to speak positively. He has however great industry, and good taste, two necessary things for one to possess in conducting a periodical, and if he does not succeed it will not be owing to his inattention to business. Although Mr. Peterson has not written many books, he has written enough for the magazines in the way of Tales and Essays, could they all be collected together, to form many volumes. His style is at once pleasing and chaste, and he manages the common incidents of life in a way creditable to himself, but he lacks many of the requisites necessary to the formation of a vigorous writer. His magazine, the "Lady's National," bears upon its very face the impress of his own mind, being at once *tasty* in the arrangements but weak in the matter. All of the articles appearing in its columns seem as though they had been written with an express understanding with the writers, that they should be rejected if they contained a single idea worthy of preservation.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—There are three picture books published monthly in Philadelphia, namely, the "Lady's Book," under the conduct of L. A. Godley, "Graham's Magazine," directly under the control of J. Bayard Taylor, and the "Lady's National," supervised by Charles J. Peterson. The only object it seems that these three editors have, in preparing mental food for the country, is to ruin

and vitiate the taste for strong and manly food. Every thing they send forth is so diluted, that scarcely any thing has the consistency of *pap*. Long stories about love—and all written in the same way, from month to month, are sent forth through the mails, to surfeit the mind with the extreme silliness of such conceit. Conceit did I say?—there is scarcely any thing high enough in the way of literature in either of the "Books" to dub with as good a term. One tale would do for the whole of them, for they are all stereotyped editions one of the other, and the *daguerreotype* that would take one would take another, without the power of any body perceiving a difference in the likeness. Such is now the periodical literature of Philadelphia.)

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—You ask me for a line of literary news. There is little afloat, and of that little the "Notes for General Circulation" contribute the chief topic. Boz has done as much justice to this country as we deserve, and quite as much as any dispassionate American would ask for. He has been as impartial as he could be considering the character of his mind, for while he notices details accurately he is not capable of comprehensive views, and his imagination, like a woman's, conquers his more reasoning faculties. This is the key to his book as well as to his mind. You see—if you have read the notes—that he judges the press from a few scandalous or intemperate journals of New York; as his opinions on slavery are based on narrow views, exceptions, and distorted facts gathered from the Anti-Slavery publications. I didn't see Boz, but Poe did, and he said at the time that my estimate of Dickens' character was correct. You have great faith in Poe, and if you will read the "Notes" you will agree with me. Most of the editors will cry down the book, but, believe me, Boz tried hard to be impartial, and has

failed only on account of the character of his intellect. He is a divinity in the *ideal*: in reason he is a child.

Cooper's new novel, "Wing and Wing," is very fine. Merman's book on "Central America" will be good. Have you read the attack on Irving in the last Southern Literary Messenger? The writer—as we lawyers would say—has made out his case. The article, as a piece of mere nervous writing, is highly meritorious. Irving is a beautiful writer, and we owe much to him; but he is a bit of a thief. The newspapers tell us differently, but newspaper editors generally are no judges, or afraid to speak out. You have no idea of the system of contemptible puffery afloat.

Our establishment is now pretty thoroughly organized. We have got Weld for the Post, a journal we have never had time properly to edit, and he will make it a great weekly, or I mistake his character. Graham is verging into the solid literature slowly, cutting the fashion plates as much as possible, and indulging in more heavy prose. You know the list of contributors for next year. My magazine will slide into the position left by Graham—that is we will make it light, spicy, romantic, and lady-like, sprinkling into it, here and there, critical articles, &c., &c. It will be like the Lady's Book and Lady's Companion, though at a less price. We think we can, with the two periodicals, meet every taste. Thanks for what you have done for us!

Your poetry is often very beautiful. When shall I hear from you again? Have you tried your hand lately at a short tale?

Your true friend,

Chas. J. Peterson

The chirography of Mr. Peterson is any thing but a good one. It is diminutive, and without hair-lines, which makes it very difficult to read. His *P's*, *t's*, *h's*, &c., have no tops to them, and as often look like *u's* and *i's* as they do like themselves. His *MS.*, however, has a pleasing effect, and, when viewed in the *group*, has much of the *picturesque*. No doubt but that his hand-writing has been greatly modified by his business—hurried as he has been, he has been forced to adopt a style to keep up with his labors, different from what the peculiar idiosyncracies of his mind would show.

The subject of the present sketch, T. B. Read, has won for himself, within the last few years, a very respectable *niche* in the Temple of Fame, and woven from the vines of Parnassus a garland fresh and green. He is a respectable poet, having great beauty of conception—and although he has not drank deeply at the fountains of *Catalia*, he has tasted enough of the waters to give him a pleasant foretaste of the joys of *Helicon*. He has much beauty, with but little vigor or strength.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The great fault of Mr. Read's poetry is its want of compactness. There is occasionally found a beautiful conception, clothed in rich and sometimes gorgeous decorations—but too often is the idea meagre, and the *dressing* in which it is clothed, is scanty and very plain. With more labor, and a better adaptation of the words to the sentiment, I see no very good reason why he may not

yet become one of our best poets. He has a true perception of the beautiful, which is one of the true attributes of the Bard.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4th, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—The "Tragedy" entitled "Attila," which you enquire about, has not reached this city, to my knowledge, but might be procured by being ordered of any of our regular booksellers. I have *glanced* through Mr. Lowell's "Fable for the Critics;" it is confined to a few of the older poets, such as Bryant, Longfellow, and others, but is not severe upon any of them. I have not even heard of Mr. Wallace's "Appendix to the Dunciad." I am one of those who hold satire to be but a poor business at best, and do not believe that the appropriate sceptre of *Truth* is a *cat-and-nine-tails*. "The Quacks of Helicon," by Wilmer, I have never seen. "Grace Greenwood" (Miss Sarah J. Clark) resides in this State, and so far as I am aware has not been over-rated by Mr. Willis. Poe, I understand, is about to be married to an ancient and invalid heiress somewhere "Down East!" but farther than this I have heard nothing of him for months. And now, having disposed of these worthies, let me thank you for the handsome compliment which you are pleased to pay my muse—such praise is the *real gold* which compensates the poet for his labors. In

reply to your inquiry I would inform you that all my poems have appeared in two volumes—one published some two years since by Wm. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston; the other, entitled "Lays and Ballads," published a few weeks since, by Geo. S.

Appleton, in this city. Trusting that these volumes (should they ever have the good fortune to fall into your hands) may reward you for the trouble of perusing them,

I am, my dear sir, your obedient servant,

The signature of Mr. Read is better than any other part of the chirography. To judge of that alone, any one would be impressed with the belief that he had great vigor of conception as well

as powers of analysis. The combination is not, however, preserved in examining the MS. It fades away, and leaves the mind completely in the dark as how the case stands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REMINISCENCE OF A GRAYHEAD.

BY CAROLINE C——.

Why, why did I love thee? How often my brain

Has questioned my heart now so cold and so calm,

And the answer has come back, writhing with shame,

And thick tears have fall'n that were poison, not balm!

They have fallen on my spirit, and left there a trace

That I scorn, and despise, but can never forget—

A record my will is too weak to efface,

And the signet unfading upon it is set!

Why did I love thee? Oh 'twas not that Fame

Laid the greenest and best of her wreaths on thy brow!

I cared not to share in the *pride* of thy name,

How then could I scorn its preeminence now?

I laughed at the homage that cometh from men—

'Twas not that the wide world should know me as thine;

I bowed down my soul with its rich hopes, ah then,

Such thought was unworthy a love free as mine!

I made thee my idol—but not for thy gold!

Thy wealth never formed my sweet vision of bliss;

When my love clung to thine I knew not in the fold,

Doubt, the fell serpent crept, and I heard not its hiss.

Thou knowest how the glitter of jewels I scorned—

How I put back the gifts thou would'st lavish on me;

I yielded thy captive, thy slave, but I warned

Love had made thee a *god* when it bent before thee!

I loved thee! it seems a wild dream, and I know

My heart is so old it will ne'er dream again!

Yet now e'en with that thought my tears will not flow,

I strive to forget those old hopes proved so vain!

Long ago, in our youth, another form moved

To the altar, and stood there with thee by her side;

Shall I curse thee! oh Heaven! full well I *have* loved—

But my soul has grown dark since, and hard in its pride!

I too have been blessed—for the gold thou hast prized

Has made bright my home, there is want here no more,

Are the baubles of riches then things yet despised?

Have I given them the worship I gave thee of yore?

And Fame who has made thee a king on the earth,

She also has written in triumph my name—

Do I joy in my pride by my desolate hearth?

Finds my heart satisfaction in splendor, or fame?

Thou knowest! the book of the heart is unsealed,

All its secrets are clear 'neath the glance of thine eye—

In the days that are gone all my soul was reveal'd

To thee—will my life-sorrow ever pass by?

Can the world, and its honors, make gladness, where long

Thoughts bitter, hopes broken, such rain have wrought?

Is there joy in the dance? is there pleasure in song?

Is there peace in the world? all in vain I have sought!

Speak! speak! 'tis most meet thou the answer shouldst tell

I dream not—long, long since I lost that sweet power—

Why this silence? the answer! ah, I know it well,

Fame, riches are mine, but my heart has no dower!

Cold, bleak as a desert its inner depths lie,

The hoar-frost of grief has destroyed all its flowers!

God forgive thee the deaths thou hast made me to die—

My long years of woe, my most desolate hours!

ST. REGIS AND ITS CELEBRATED BELL.

BY ANGELA, OF GLEN COTTAGE.

On the southern border of the river St. Lawrence, where its broad silver current glides and sparkles in the unobstructed sunbeam, stands the old Indian village of St. Regis. The situation is one of the most beautiful on that noble river, and it is a spot of great interest to the lovers of natural scenery, and is one of the most picturesque places in the country.

The buildings are mostly small, almost perfectly uniform, and of hewn timber, with high roofs, which give them rather a French appearance.—The dwellings of the chiefs and head men of the tribe are distinguished by a more modern style of architecture, being much larger, and painted either red or white.

In 1825, there was but one white family in the village, and surrounded with Indian neighbors they were keeping the only public house, where I briefly sojourned, finding it a pleasant home for the traveller. Here, too, at that time, was a bachelor merchant, who had been among them many years, trading with native customers until he had amassed a fortune. He seemed to understand their language and character, and his kindness of manner had secured them all for friends, while he seemed equally pleased and at home with them.

Their mode of life was similar to that of other Indians. We visited some of their dwellings and found their interior consisting of one room; the corner of the fire-place furnished with a large rude mortar, made from the trunk of a tree, for pounding corn, a primitive custom which was then still practiced. The floors were covered on one side with clean white splinters, and the women were weaving them into baskets.

In one dwelling was seated, at a small table, a young Indian eating his meal alone, with his swarthy countenance lit up with a strange bright glow from the vermilion paint upon his cheeks. The infant of the family was firmly attached to a board, and was to us an object of much curiosity and interest. One pig at least seemed to be domesticated and petted with their dogs, and seemed quite at home in the house. The Indians of this tribe dress in a coat made of blankets, and are fond of hunting and fishing. In winter they travel with sleds and horses far from home, and return with frozen deer. In summer they take to their bark canoes, and go where they please fishing or hunting: when they come to any part of a river they cannot navigate they take their light canoes upon their heads, and *erect*, and with perfect ease, travel on foot until they can again safely guide their barque upon the waters.

These Indians have fine orchards, and at that time were almost the only possessors of fruit in that region. In the winter the squaws travelled with large baskets on their backs, supported by a band around the head, and found abundant market for their apples at a penny a piece.

They manufacture beautiful bead embroidered moccasins, and other fancy work, which, in point

of taste, is superior to some of the tribes, and finds a very ready sale in market and among the inhabitants of the neighboring villages.

St. Regis is situated on a small semi-circular bay of singular beauty, and on a projecting headland stands their *celebrated church*. Its tin covered steeple glitters with great brilliancy in the sunshine, looking like something set apart to shed lustre and light on their lowly dwellings, and contrasts finely with the dark green woods of the surrounding forests.

This ancient temple was built, in 1704, by the Catholics, of rough, common stone, and has an ancient and rather imposing appearance, and has ever since been an object of peculiar interest from the story of its *bell*.

In that early period, when our country was almost an unbroken wilderness, this church was erected, and at its completion the Indians were informed that a *bell* was highly important to their worship, and were consequently ordered to procure furs enough in hunting to purchase one. Two bales were accordingly collected in due time and shipped for Havre de Grace for this specific purpose. As soon as time and circumstances would allow, the priest was informed that the bell was purchased, and shipped on board the "*Grand Monarque*," bound to Quebec.

This happened during the French and English war, and the vessel never reached its destination, but was captured by a New England *privateer*, and was carried into Salem, where the ship and cargo were sold by the captors.

This bell was bought for the town of Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, where a church had been recently built, which proved to them a most disastrous circumstance.

When Father Nicholas heard of this event he summoned his flock and told them of the purgatorial state of the bell in the hands of the *heretics*, and what a laudable enterprise it would be for them to redeem it.

This inspired the Indians, and they lamented its deplorable state, though they had no very distinct idea what a *bell* was. They forsook the chase—sat in groups on the margin of the river, or roamed alone, ruminating on the means of rescuing it.

The squaws had been told that its voice would be heard farther than the roaring of the rapids, and that it was more musical than the song of the night bird, and they moaned about in silence and dejection.

About this time the Governor of Canada resolved to send an expedition against the colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, under the command of Major Hertell de Rouville. Of this Father Nicholas, of St. Regis, was duly informed by a Catholic priest of Quebec.

He assembled the Indians and urged them to join the expedition; accordingly they gave the war-whoop, retired to their houses, and began to

paint themselves with their most terrible colors for battle.

It was the depth of winter when they set out to join De Rouville's party at the Fort of Chamblay. They arrived there just as the French soldiers were mounting their sleighs to proceed to Lake Champlain.

The Indians followed them with a perseverance peculiar to their character. Father Nicholas accompanied them, and rode in the sleigh with De Rouville.

Warmed in their imaginations with the thought of the unhappy fate of the bell, the Indians plodded solemnly their weary way—no symptoms of regret or fatigue were visible on their steady countenances—they saw with equal indifference the black interminable forest and the snowy lake.—No contrast could be greater than the determination of the Indians and the aspect peculiar to French soldiers.

When they reached the spot where the town of Burlington now stands they halted, and began to penetrate the forest.

In starting from this point, Father Nicholas headed his own party, but nothing they had yet suffered was equal to the hardships endured in this march. With lacerated feet and excoriated cheeks, they arrived on an evening in February, 1704, within two miles of Deerfield.

De Rouville ordered them to halt and refresh themselves till midnight, at which hour they were to attack the village.

In advancing to the assault, they were ordered to pause frequently, and then, at a given signal, rush rapidly forward. By this precaution, the sentinels thought that the sound came from the irregular rustle of the wind through the laden branches of the snowy forest.

But an alarm was at last given and a terrible conflict took place in the streets.

The garrison was taken—the inhabitants dispersed, murdered, or taken captive, and the buildings set on fire!

At day-break, the Indians, although exhausted with fatigue, waited in a body, and requested the holy father to conduct them to their *bell*, that they might perform their homage and testify their veneration for it.

De Rouville, and many of the Frenchmen laughed heartily at this, but not disconcerted, he dispatched by consent of the commander one of the soldiers to ring it.

The Indians had never heard a bell before, and the sound, in the silence of the still woods, rose loud and deep and was to them like the voice of an *oracle*.

They trembled, and were filled with wonder and awe! The bell was then taken from the belfrey and fastened to a beam, with a cross bar at each end to be carried by four men.

In this way the Indians proceeded homeward, exulting in the deliverance of the miraculous organ, in company of 112 captive citizens. Among them was the Rev. Mr. Williams and family who were in two years after redeemed.

One of the daughters, a child of ten years, adopting the habits of her new associates refused to return. A few years since some of her descendants paid a visit to Deerfield to see their white relatives.

Twenty-seven more adopted the Indian manners, and remained among them. It is very evident at this day that white blood flows in the veins of many of their tribe; some of the squaws are fair with fine blue eyes.

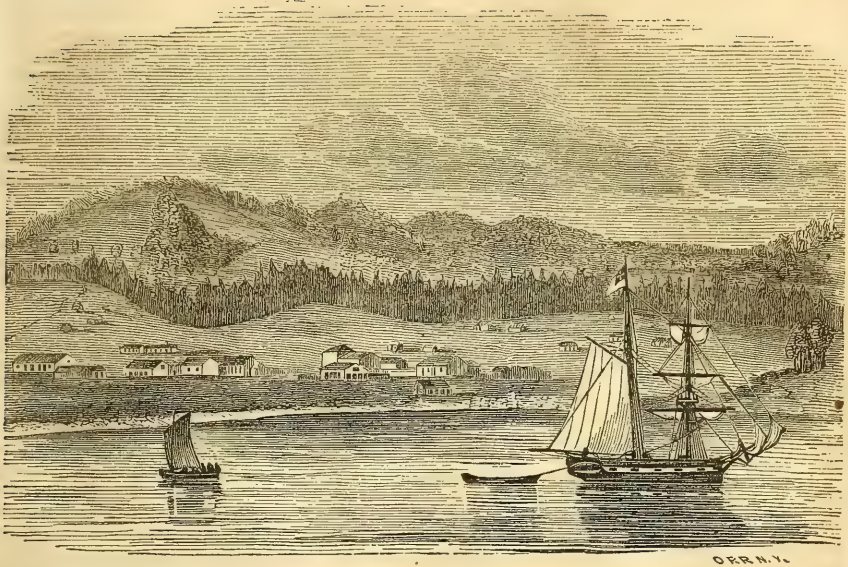
In their march homeward they found, in the uneven track of the wilderness, that the bell was too heavy, and when they arrived at their starting point on Lake Champlain, they buried it with many benedictions from Father Nicholas, until they could come with means to carry it away.

As soon as the ice had broken up they were again assembled, and a yoke of oxen procured to bring on the bell! In the meantime, all the squaws and paposes were informed of its marvellous powers, and its arrival was thought to be one of the greatest events in the *annals of time*, nor did it prove far short of their anticipations.

One evening while they were communing together a mighty sound was heard approaching in the woods; it rose louder and louder! They listened—they wondered—and then began to cry, "It is the bell! It is the bell!" It was so. Presently the oxen, surrounded by the Indians, were seen advancing from the woods; the beam was laid across their shoulders, and as the bell swung between it sounded wide and far. Decorated with leaves and flowers they came in triumphal array.

In the calm hour of a beautiful evening, when the leaves and every sound was still, this wonderful procession reached the village.

The bell was soon elevated to its present place in the steeple, and who can hear it without peculiar emotions, as its tones go out the same as when it hung in the old Deerfield Church to summon those long since gone to their worship on earth; but now calls the St. Regis Indians to matins and vespers, and still cheers with its swelling echoes the solemn woods, and the mystic St. Lawrence.



MONTEREY, UPPER CALIFORNIA.

THE above well engraved wood cut presents a view of Monterey in Upper California, a place which two years ago, bid fair to become the chief port in our territory on the Pacific. But now, Monterey is hardly ever mentioned, the gold placers of the Sacramento have diverted trade in the North Pacific almost exclusively to San Francisco, which has suddenly become as famous as any city of the world. But Monterey cannot long remain in obscurity, for it possesses great advantages for trade, manufactures and commerce, and, although now comparatively deserted, it must ere long become a large and thriving town. The town stands, as we see, on a plateau at the foot of a hill, which, when built upon, will present a most imposing view from the water. It was but a little while ago that Monterey and San Francisco were hardly known, even by name, on this side of our Continent, and now the peculiarities and all that appertain to these remote spots are as familiar to the readers of newspapers as are the towns on the Hudson. Monterey was well described in Dana's pleasant little volume called "Two Years before the Mast." But it was then, or at the time of his visit to it, a mere depot for the traders who collected hides and tallow on account of the ships which brought knick-knacks of one kind and an-

other to sell to the Indians and half savage inhabitants. But now there are neither hides nor horns, nor tallow to be obtained at Monterey.— Nothing but gold, gold, gold. As the place is better adapted to agricultural pursuits than San Francisco it will gradually be improved, and, in time, become a place of greater refinement and more permanent prosperity than that focal point of gold hunters, where all those who are hastening to be rich are crowding with such haste.

The town now has all the appearance of one of the new lake towns of the West. The vessels at anchor show that there is a commerce carried on, the small plain houses are proofs that the settlement has been but just begun; there are as yet no steeples, no domes, no wharves, nor large warehouses. The primitive forest which fringes the hill at the back of the town, exhibits unmistakable evidence that the country is new; that the axe of the settler has not yet levelled all the monarchs of the soil which have borne their leafy honors for centuries. A view of the same scene two or three years hence will, doubtless, present a very different picture, when the rapidly accumulating population of that new territory, soon to become one of the stars of our Union, shall have made its desert places to blossom like the rose.

THE SLUMBERERS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"They rest from their labors."

"They tell me this is *Death*!"

LIFE, with its vain aspirations, its unsatisfying pleasures, its shadows and its dreams, wearied me.

I looked into the past with a shudder, and not as on the face of a friend—for I thought I had left behind me no traces of the path I had trod, and my whole soul shrunk from the idea of continuing so aimless and worthless a progress through the future. I said to myself, looking on the magnificent old elm whose shadows fall about my home, the very birds who build their nests in those branches are happier and nobler far than I, for they at least attain and fulfil the purpose and the end for which they were made; they sing and are merry—their few years pass in sunshine and in joy. But alas! who can teach me, or who shall discover for what end I was created? Who can give me an object and an end to obtain, that shall take from me the fearful weariness and self-disgust which phantom-like cling to me incessantly—who shall teach me, impotent as I am, how to leave a mark, even the faintest, on the "track of time?"

As I thought thus in my misery, the shadows of the deepening night gathered, and they fell like a heavy weight upon my soul. The far-off stars of heaven seemed to be speaking taunting words, and pointing at me in derision and contempt; even the light rustle of the evening wind, as it passed swiftly through the elm branches, seemed to me breathing a sigh over so worthless and helpless an object as myself.

But in the very midst of this self-contemplation, and self-loathing, my thoughts were suddenly diverted from my own inefficiency, by the rustling of the gentlest, lightest wings—and a voice, that could have caught its seraph-tones nowhere but in the spirit-land, said to me:

"Come with me, thou feeblest and least hopeful of mortals, this is no time for moaning and lamentation—thou hast yet to learn whether thy life has indeed passed as idly and to as little purpose as a dream. Come, I will show thee that thou hast never seen before."

And in eager haste, longing most of all things for "something new," I arose and followed the spirit.

And now my best reader, if courage and interest have not failed thee already, prepare thyself to hear, not anything exceedingly wonderful, for my travels with the spirit were such an every day kind of affair, that every man and woman who cares to take such a trip with her into the past, or the future, may with a trifling expenditure of reflection easily do so.

It was summer, and in the night-time; and there was a quietness and holiness in the silence which had settled with dove-like wings on the hours, that made the time seem like a Sabbath to

me, as indeed each night *is* the sabbath of rest following after the day of labor, even as *the* day of the seven succeeds the weariness, vexation, and toil of the week.

Borne rapidly on the fleet wings the spirit had given me, I followed her far through the realms of air, and at length, swiftly descending, we drew once more near to the earth. Yet it seemed not like the earth, or at least not like the scenes of earth on which hitherto I had always gazed. I have often thought that a change might have been effected in my mental eyesight, it may have been from that reason that I looked on the old world as though I had forever been a stranger to it.

Far and wide beneath us was spread what seemed most like a garden, hedged in with cypress, and willow, and ever-green trees, and with rose bushes, and the myrtle. The shadow of a cloud seemed resting over this place, and yet how strange it was! over some portions of the garden the bright hot beams of the mid-day summer sun seemed shining, while over others some of the softest rays of moonlight fell—and other portions still lay in deep funeral shade. So obscure were some places, indeed, that I am confident if the penetrating eyes with which the spirit glanced over all this wide-spread ground had not been given me, I should not have been able to distinguish the wondrous sights hidden there. But endowed as I was with such extraordinary visual powers, the whole scene lay before me clear as the fields of earth at noonday.

Descending quite to the ground the spirit guided me through the various paths of this enclosure. I confess that I trembled, though it was not with fear, as I followed her through the many windings; for there was the most unearthly stillness pervading the garden, broken but rarely by the songs of birds—never by the voices of men!

At the first I had supposed we stood there alone, but no sooner had we entered one of these paths than I saw we were surrounded by myriads of slumbering forms—they were all motionless, and had no power of speech. Widely differing was the manner in which they had lain down to sleep, and multitudinous were the kinds of couches on which they severally reclined.

We stood near to the entrance gate of this garden of the slumberers, and the spirit said to me:

"Did I not tell thee thou should'st look on what mortal eyes had never seen before? now behold—and know that the spirit of truth cannot lie."

As she spake thus, my eyes fell on one who laid directly before me, and thus appeared he to me as I looked back with my newly acquired supernatural power into his past.

He was a man of many years—and when the angel of death had appeared before him, and said, "Come thou with me," his head was sprinkled

with many drops from the "glass of Eld." From early manhood he had stood among his generation as a shining light which is placed on the hill-top, and may not be hid. Before assembled congregations he had uplifted his hands in the name of Jesus, had spoken words which fell like live coals on the hearts of his listeners. Among the widows and the fatherless his name was known, his feet had trod over the threshold of the humblest homes. And his charities had not been confined to the narrow circle immediately surrounding him, they had been world-wide, and children in heathen lands had learned to speak his name with gratitude. Frequently before the multitude were uttered his eloquent prayers, and men deemed that on rapid and all-prevailing wings they mounted to heaven, and in truth a blessing *did* seem at times to follow them. As the long years of this peaceful, holy life uprose before me, I thought, happy, forever happy, must this man's slumber be—and I turned to the spirit who stood beside me silently, and said, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

But with a glance whose sadness I shall never forget, and which I have never seen equalled, the spirit said, "Look again."

And I did look with an increased power of vision as it seemed, but oh it was with terror I gazed then on that slumberer!

Rank weeds were borne down by the pressure of his form—they made his couch! and the like kind grew about his bed in wild profusion, casting their baleful shade on him—and stifling were the poisonous odors exhaling from them constantly. Then, too, I noticed how that the skin was shrivelled and dried on his face; his mouth had fallen open, and the faded eyes glared frightfully upon me. And the worm, the noisome worm was there, creeping unrepelled, unfelt, over the form that had shrunk with loathing from its approach in waking hours. But beyond all this, a look, an expression which the now almost familiar features could not disannul, was stamped imperishably on his decaying countenance; a look, the key to which was given me all too soon, for on the heart, which lay a black corrupted thing before my spirit eyes, was written as in letters of flame, Self-Deceit—Remorse!

How passing strange all this seemed to me! for I knew this was the man of whom it was said when he laid down to sleep, "We shall not see him like again!"

Then the spirit spoke, and fearful as were her words, I rejoiced to hear her voice once more, the silence was becoming so dreadful, and the place full of terrors to me.

"Verily," she said, "he has had his reward! He lived a shining light—but it was that the beams of that light might attract the homage and the applause of men! and now that the light has at last gone out, you see how terrible is the darkness. There is not one star arising in its place on which men have reason to look with love. The honor and the glory of God was *not* the end which he sought all his life to maintain. Though ever on his lip were the adoring words 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, in his heart he said

'there is no God.' Ay, this man whose words constrained his brethren to almost believe that his spirit walked with God, this man was in very truth an unbeliever! Not he alone, who openly, before heaven and earth, denies the Lord who brought him—not he alone saith there is no God! Yes, he *is* resting from his labors, and his works are following him. Thou knowest how he rests, and where and how his labors follow shall also be soon enough revealed."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed, and my soul was deeply troubled with the thought, "if he whom men deemed so near the perfection of holiness, if he has come so far short of the knowledge of God, where shall we look for any good in man?"

In fear I awaited the answer, for I thought to hear the spirit say, "There is *none* that doeth good."

But with a mournful, yet half triumphant smile, she whispered, "Come and see."

And so we stood beside another of the slumberers.

There were evergreens growing thickly about this couch, and white rose-bushes, and the leaves of the roses were, many of them, scattered on the ground—some had fallen on the pure white garments of the sleeper. Oh, how beautiful was she who rested there, the youthful bride of Death! Roses, fresh and fragrant as those blooming beside her, were laid in the foldings of her robe, and amid the rich brown curls of her hair, and orange flowers circled her brow as a crown of purity. A smile of angelic sweetness was upon her lip, it seemed to illuminate the fair young face—and there was a cross lying on her breast, and one hand rested lovingly upon it, as though unwilling to release the precious token for a moment.

None of the loathsome attendants on that other slumberer's couch were with her. Alone in the solitariness of her sleep, and in the purity of her maidenhood, she lay—not one sign or token of decay was about her, beautiful, perfect in loveliness as when in her last waking hours she gave the parting kiss, and closed her eyes in the long sleep, so beautiful even then was she.

Gazing upon her I wept in silence, but they were not sorrowful tears I shed, and I said to the spirit, "How very quietly and sweetly she slumbers."

"Sweetly, indeed," answered my guide, "and in peace. It is impossible that corruption should creep over that young creature. Pure and holy was all her life—now she has lain down to slumber on the bosom of her mother earth till God shall call her to Him. The flowers which crown her cannot fade, they are immortal, and there are no thorns to pierce her brow. The maiden's beauty cannot perish—and those fair buds distil forever that fragrance which shall live in the world, and bless it. Precious and grateful as the moonlight which falls on her pale cheek is the memory of this maiden in the hearts of those who are yet striving in the great thoroughfares of life. Let your tears flow no longer, 'she is not dead but sleepeth.'"

It was with peaceful thoughts we left the maiden, for we felt that never might a rough breeze sway the branches of those shading ever-greens—that

never a drop from the dark clouds of fate might fall on that brow, where the record of age or of sorrow was not to be written.

Near by this young girl there slept another, and he was also young. The eyes were closed, but I thought the youth's sleep is not so peaceful as hers!

The traces of pain, of agony, were in his high forehead, and in his breast a viper, with brilliant, ever restless eyes, was nestling. When I saw that, I turned away shuddering and tearful, and the spirit uttered not one consoling word. But again I felt my eyes drawn towards the youth—a power I could not resist compelled me to gaze upon him. Then I noticed that one hand was raised towards the reptile that had crept into his bosom, but it was powerless, utterly powerless to pluck the frightful thing away, so there it nestled, his everlasting companion.

Around the spot where the poisonous creature lay coiled up, there was a dark red circle, and a mark, black and most significant, was on the young man's brow—and it seemed to me as though his last waking hours must have known an awful struggle, for his lips were sternly compressed, and from his whole face I was convinced that the inner life of that slumberer was hardly to be counted by years!

Before me, as I gazed on the youth, was unsealed the record of the day which was now for ever past with him.

I saw him as he was years ago, when but a child at school. He sat apart from his merry, light-hearted schoolmates, and sadly and drearily mused upon his future; he was poor, and the knowledge that the money which procured him the means of education could be ill-spaced from his home, the thought of the high hopes his mother had formed of his success in after life, weighed heavily upon him. He doubted his power to fulfil those hopes. But occasionally the eyes so dulled by despair would gleam and glow with fiery light, and a stern defiant look would creep over the young face, an expression somewhat like, and yet not so painful as that marking the features of him who laid before me. Then he would start up and pace rapidly over the play-ground with head bent on his breast, musing on his hard fortunes and on his plans for the future. Sometimes when he was indulging in the highest hopes a sudden gloom would overshadow his face, and tears, the hot impetuous tears of eager, disappointed boyhood would fall upon the face that was grown pale with the incessant strife going on within the soul.

Then the scene changed. As a youth I beheld him next in a chamber alone, and Poverty and Genius lived with him there. Flowers, withered flowers, (meet emblems of his own hopes and destiny,) were on the table at which he sat and wrote. Rapidly glided his thin hands over the paper spread before him—and hope and fancy smiled in his handsome countenance. Sometimes rising suddenly from his seat, he would pace the room with rapid step—he seemed to be striving for fitting expressions and words wherewith to clothe his glorious thoughts—then again he would sit down to his work, and toil long into the hours of the night.

As he next appeared before me, I saw him when the thought of fruition had quite forsaken him; and, hopeless and helpless, his longings all unsatisfied, and the weariness which precedes the long slumber creeping over him, he laid aside his pen, and crushed his burning thoughts, and banished away for ever his beautiful dreams. And then he slept!

The poor boy was the victim of an ambition which he had throned so high, that when the opposing storms came sweeping on, they madly dethroned her—and when he turned at last away from that dangerous path which at her bidding he had entered, he was wearied and heart-broken; but alas! he had not turned away in time to secure for himself a better prize, a nobler good! for in the freshness of his life One had said unto him, "Come hence," and so he laid down with that unfulfilled hope of his to waken again—God only knoweth *how*! but that dark spot on his breast, and the brand upon his forehead, made me fear that the terrible One had placed them there in token of His victory!

As the spirit turned away, without uttering a word from that resting place, an awful voice seemed to be whispering to me through the silence, telling me how the craving of that poor youth's soul would in eternity be infinitely increased, when he should waken in that land where his past hopes could not avail, with the fierce fire raging in his breast with tenfold fury, and that he would find no object there on which ambitious hope might lavish itself!

As we passed on, another maiden lay before our eyes. How expressive of meekness, and hope, and joy, were those beautiful features, and yet sternly blended with them was the sad tracery of the finger of sorrow.

I knew at a glance the young creature had suffered much in her waking hours, yet it had always been with meekness I felt convinced. Soft and pleasant was her resting place, for a beautiful green mossy bed stretched beneath her slender, child-like form. Her garments were also white and stainless, and around her neck was a garland made of the little wild violets and lilies of the valley. There were tears in the spirit's eyes as she gazed on this slumberer; they fell upon the wreath of violets and rested like dew-drops there, and I heard her whisper softly, "Of whom the world was not worthy," and then, turning away from me, she said, "Look again into the past!"

Then I glanced through the opened gates of the by-gone time, and saw a maiden fragile and young bowed to the earth beneath a fearful load of shame. Once she had erred, but with bitter tears, and with anguish she had repented her wandering.—And yet, was it not most strange? while she stood God-pardoned on the further bank of that dividing stream, whose waters in an hour of moral blindness she had crossed—while she stood there casting such imploring looks on her sisters of the opposite bank, who had never strayed wildly out of the set path, not one sympathizing glance did they direct towards her, they spoke not one kindly word! They wanted the generous courage to say, "The Lord bless you; we thank Him you have turned again to the right and good way of

living." No. But they looked upon her with angry contempt, as if they would say, could they stoop to speak to such an one, "lie upon thee—lie upon thee!"

While filled with sorrow and despair, she stood upon the banks of the river, ready to fling herself into the rushing waters which she knew would bear her on to death, for there was a mighty cataract far down the stream; while she stood there hopeless and helpless, a glorious light suddenly beamed upon her from the upward distance, and it drove quite away the shades of sorrow from her soul; then she sat down in its beautiful presence, and was forever at peace!

Then, though often her thoughts wandered to that other bank from which the harsh world had forever exiled her, though none called to, or spoke, or smiled for her, yet she was patient, ay, and happy. True, it was a lonely life she led in that place, to which the uncharitable custom of the world had banished her, but the young girl was not really alone, for many people habited the shades near by, still they were not those she loved, in whose companionship she might delight.

Yet different in all their thoughts and hopes from herself as they were, she would oftentimes arise and go to them, and plead earnestly and tearfully with them. She would show to them the place on the river's banks where the light had first shone upon her, and where it still continued to shine, but they would not follow her, though she told them the blessing of peace and heavenly consolation that attended those on whom the radiant sunbeams fell.

Some few did listen to the maiden's words, and regarded her with respect, and deep gratitude, as she entreated them so tenderly, but all her efforts failed to persuade them to enter the path she pointed out; nor would they even so much as raise their eyes to heaven, from those dark places where they stood in the deadly shade of the forest trees.

Then from her fruitless mission the lonely one would return to the place she loved so well beside the stream; that spot where the light fell brightest was her home, and no dark cloud ever overshadowed it.

But, as day by day she dwelt there, a paleness overshadowed her face, a softer light filled her sweet mild eyes, her step grew slow—she seemed uneasy. At last the heart filled with all kindness, and holiness, ceased to beat—the trial-time was past—the sorrow for transgression was changed for the song of the redeemed!

After that time the maiden knew not whether her brethren and sisters of the other shore praised her, or blamed, she saw no longer their scornful looks—she endured no more of the strugglings of an accusing conscience, for a white-winged angel bore her gently over the dividing river, and laid her in this beautiful place to rest where the flowers bloom, and the birds sometimes sing, and on her brow is the mark which the Lord of the garden placed there. Alas! few of those who steeled their hearts against this slumberer, even in the hour when she repented, will sleep so quietly, with couch illumined by such blissful light, and

garlanded by such fragrant and never-fading flowers!

When I turned away from that place, from her who slept so peacefully, whose sorrows were ended for ever, I said to my spirit-companion:

"Thou hast shown me a sight as strange as it is cheering; for now I *know* that the Master of this garden is infinite in mercy, and that He never judges with man's harsh, blind judgment."

And the spirit made answer. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place; they pierce through all things; there is no chance or circumstance that can obscure His gaze—for by the *hearts* of men does He judge their lives."

We passed on then to where another laid; and while we stood looking upon him the spirit said:

"He was the tempter of that meek maiden who is slumbering now so softly yonder. Easily he won the young heart, so guileless, and loving, and unsuspecting, and when like a robber he had taken from her all that was her's worth possessing, he turned away, and forgot or rather tried to forget that she had ever lived. The world did not look on him with such complacency because of its ignorance of his crime—it was well known how precious was the flower he had despoiled; but he was honored and caressed—he won laurels on the fields of fame, and they were worn right royally on his brow. There was pride in that man's heart that reached far deeper than the ordinary pride of men. He had a name that *must* live in the world! But the stately one had himself at last lain down in weariness of the pomp and the pride which had been his attendants, and *he* thought to find rest! But where in that last hour had he flung himself? Ay, verily, upon a bed of thorns and thistles, amidst which the wasps had built a nest! The wreaths which he once wore in his height of pride had faded and withered beneath the scorching rays of the sun, from which there was not even so much as one tree or bush to screen him. Red thistle-flowers were all that opened around him—no singing bird had built its nest near by, only the "hot and angry bee" ever came nigh him, and she but to bear away with her the sweets of those poor blossoms!

Dried to the bone, and frightfully discolored was the slumberer's skin, and the garments so stately, in which he had enrobed himself, were faded and worn by the driving rain storms, and the scorching beams of the sun. While he walked upon the earth he had spared nothing, no matter how precious in another's eyes, which, if appropriated to himself, might contribute to one moment's enjoyment—and now the very elements seemed to have formed a conspiracy to rob him while he slept of the little all yet remaining to him!

Methought that that man's rest might hardly be compared with hers, from whom he had so well nigh snatched the peace of earth and of heaven.

Further on in the shade of the nepenthe lay an old man, whose long white hair had become twined by the gentle winds mid the surrounding flowers. How peacefully he slept, bearing not a mark upon his brow excepting the set-seal of old age—and the furrows that crossed his cheek

spoke not of the action of remorse or anguish, only of weariness—and that was at rest. His feet were uncovered, and the garments he wore were miserable, and had known evidently a long and constant service—for the man was poor, and life had been with him one long continued struggle against want.

Yet, though he was a beggar, some had looked with kind and loving eyes on him; and ignorant in world-wisdom as he was, still he had been most wise in one respect, he had made his peace with the great source of all knowledge! He thirsted not now, neither hungered he any more—he knew not of cold, or of heat, he was at rest!

For while he groped his way along the dreary road he never murmured, or listened with discontent to the swift-rolling chariot of the rich which passed him by. He was thankful even for the cup of cold water which the compassionate little child gave to him. Often when he had rested his weary feet beside the gardens of the wealthy, and the fragrance of the multitudinous flowers had swept past him on the breeze, he had raised his sightless eyes to heaven, and thanked his God for the beauty of the world, though it was not revealed to him, and at such times often had the prayer escaped him that, if it were His will, he might speedily journey into the far land where he also, midst the multitudes of the redeemed, might behold the glory of God.

"Exceeding great shall be the reward of this poor, despised, but contented and faithful man," said the spirit, "when he shall awaken in the kingdom of Heaven he shall be crowned with a crown of glory; and he shall see God!"

Then we passed on to a solitary place where one laid alone on the hard clay, and never a bit of grass had sprung up on the yellow cracked soil. This man was of middle age, but heartless and soulless as the ground on which he was stretched looked he. His hands were tightly clenched together, and his mouth shut rigidly—it seemed to me, as I looked, as though it had never relaxed with a kindly or generous smile, and I almost fancied that he must be dreaming in his sleep, and that even then he was longing, craving, for somewhat which he would fain grasp and call *his own*! Not a flower bloomed near him, not a solitary bush was there on which the wild birds might alight and trill their merry songs. Only one sign of life or labor was there near that strong man's resting place. A few ant-hills were there, teeming with myriads of striving life! Toiling they were all the long day—and for what? Verily, verily, for as much as this God-created man had labored and sought for all the long day! And they, even they, were more successful in their labors, were wiser in the generation than was the immortal slumbering before me! for they had prepared a refuge for themselves whither they might flee in the days when the storms should break upon them; they were not laboring in vain—while he, oh horrible! slept there defenceless and alone in that bleak place, after he had toiled, and toiled, with incessant anxiety, giving himself never rest or peace—and when the darkness and the night came down on him with clouds, and thunderings, and heavy drops of rain, he was,

without shelter or covering, laid helpless as an infant, unloved, uncared for, forgotten, or remembered only to be despised and hated!

Oh foolish man, thought I, wherefore so speedy to build barns for holding all thy grain, and strong places for thy silver and thy gold, when thou hast so strangely forgotten to prepare for thyself even the feeblest, the humblest defence, or support, or place of refuge!

And the spirit knowing my thoughts, even the most secret, answered: "He has long ago chosen that part which shall not be taken from him! Verily I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!"

Among the multitudes of forms that surrounded us on every side, there was one group on which I looked with joy, and oh how I wished that the many who were mourning and sighing over the little company gathered there, could stand as I did then, and behold how perfect, how beyond all things else enviable, was the rest each of them had attained.

The long soft grass was beneath them, they slept in the shade of elm trees, all with the tokens of inexpressible peace and quietude on their calm faces. These all had passed in sorrow, and tribulation, and anguish, through life's dreariest paths, until at last, still in their youth, they had dropped to sleep like weary children on the bosom of their mother! Softly the moonlight fell upon them, softly it rested on beautiful youthful heads like a glory. And the nightingale, whose nest was built in the weeping willows near by, poured forth its most melodious song—a beautiful voluntary indeed, though not needed or heard by the group whose eyes were closed in sleep, for they have listened already to the echoes of sweeter strains than ever on even a June morning delighted a human heart and ear.

"Blessed are they that mourn," murmured the spirit as we passed on, "for they shall be comforted—and blessed are the pure in heart, they shall see God!"

Near by was gathered a little company of children. Infants of stainless purity, with golden hair curling upon brows which care and sin never polluted by their touch! Closely, and gracefully, their slender arms were intertwined, as they had lain down (oh rarest of all things!) with only love and friendliness in their hearts! This place, most appropriately, and seemingly because there was a peculiar sanctity about it, was shut in from the rest of the garden by hedges of fragrant, flowering shrubs, and methought, as I looked through these screening sentinels ranged about the blessed infants, that a company of angels floated away into the upper air, and it really seemed to me as though I heard them singing as they went, "In Heaven the angels do always rejoice in the presence of God their Saviour."

I went down over these little slumberers with trembling, and touched my lips to their beautiful foreheads, but they felt not my carressing, for their brows were cold and hard as marble, and gave as little token of decay. I would have been glad to have lain beside them there, with that same tranquil smile reflected from the soul upon my

face. I could not but weep as I looked upon them, but they were happy tears, and as I arose again my spirit answered those winged messengers, the Guardian Angels—"They are of the kingdom of Heaven!"

And once more we resumed our way through the seemingly interminable paths of the garden. By many a rapidly decomposing form we went with flying footsteps, and I heard the heavy groaning of my guide, and I saw how she shuddered as we went by them. Well might one tremble, even if ignorant of all that fearful decay portended, but the awful significance attending that return of ashes to ashes, was certainly enough to make even a spirit mourn—for thus explained she to me the frightful spectacle:

"Soon, of all these decaying forms, there will remain only the fleshless skeleton; and thus, in the great city of life from whence we are come, there remaineth of them now, in the places where they once moved full of life and vigor, only *a fearful example*. The birds of prey will pierce even to the solitariness of this garden, they will feast on these decaying forms, and even so, ere this, has many a human soul banqueted on the deadly fruits of the lives of these, and such as these! There will spring up from the ground, which will be so fattened by these decaying forms, no pure and fragrant flowers, only the vilest and most poisonous of weeds; and not only will they spring up here, but in the busy city; in its streets and gardens, they will flourish, and through by-ways and hedges, in narrow lanes crowded with miserable life, and by the hearth-stones and in the hearts, those living seeds will fall, and quicken, and multiply, after their most ruinous kind. Let us away from them!"

Once more we paused, and then we were looking on a scene that caused me to weep and lament, for close beside the hedge, which enclosed the garden, one other of these slumberers lay.

A wreath of roses encircled her head—there were thorns among them, they had pierced her forehead and drops of blood had gathered and fallen on her brow. There were also garlands of withered gay flowers in her hands and in her bosom—how my soul sickened within me as I beheld them, such hateful mockeries they seemed! The maiden's hair was faded to a dull gray color, but the long tresses, once her pride, had fallen mostly away from the head. Her eyes were opened wide, and, ah! the horrid look of those motionless, bright blue eyes, I wish I might forget it! her arms were bared and adorned with many bracelets of gold and jewels, but their roundness and beauty was gone, and the gay dress in which the withered form was arrayed seemed "satirizing her despair!"

I knew, as I looked, that this was a daughter of the Pleasure Queen before me decked out in such fantastic array, with the look of stubborn woe upon the face, ah me! once so very fair! The tiny feet were dressed as for a dance, but for that fearful dance with him who led her forth was she prepared? Forgotten and forsaken! with the mocking of former beauties in her hands, and on her brow! I could not repress the wondering thought, if that woman ever imagined the possi-

bility of *such* a change, when she revelled in the dance, and delighted in the paltry honors men bestowed upon her, when she rejoiced and shone in the gay train of her queen.

"Vanity of vanities," sighed the spirit, "but *she* has done with vain things now—nothing but the terrible real awaits her on that morning."

Almost before I was aware we had gone forward and entered into a little winding path, that was pleasantly shaded by an extended grove of poplars. Through the branches of these trees the wind went sighing mournfully, softly sighing like a whispered wail, and through the thick leaves the moonbeams crept, and looked down on the holy countenance of him who slept beneath.

He was an aged man, and on his countenance was an expression different from all I had yet observed on the faces of the slumberers; it seemed to me as though he had gained a nobler end, and as if an infinitely deeper satisfaction attended his rest. I fancied, and yet it was not a merely foolish imagination either, that even in those hands so motionless I could see that which assured me they had done holy work; that they had taken little children in them and blessed them—that they had sprinkled fair young creatures with the waters of baptism, and that, with the sacred sign of the cross, he had set many apart to be "Christ's faithful soldiers and servants;" that they also had broken the bread, and given the cup of the blood of the merciful, the crucified, to repentant mortals. Here also is peace, thought I, and a deep, a wonderful significance attended that word, as I applied it to him. It was the peace of God that passeth all understanding that had settled upon and become the everlasting portion of that man!

Therefore I was not startled when the spirit whispered to me—I felt that I should hear these words:

"Servant of God well done! rest from thy blest employ!"

Turning from this green and pleasant path we entered another; how hot, and desolate, and dreary it appeared, in contrast with that quiet shady place where we had the moment before stood! The road we now passed was narrow, and covered with stones; the grass had perished in its desperate attempt to live, and not a bud or leaf was there springing by the wayside. Passing through the toilsome, cheerless way, I began to wonder to what bourne the path should lead, for no end to it was visible. We were far above the level of a great part of the garden, and as we persevered in the ascent, how green, and oasis-like seemed the pleasant shady place beneath, where some of the sleepers were laid!

At last we came to a sudden bend in the road we were treading, and following that I discovered (all too soon, I thought then,) why the spirit had bade me climb this ascent. On the great pile of barren stone, whose summit we had reached, one lay stretched upon the ground, and, through my newly-given power to look into the secrets of the past, I saw that this was a man who had once filled all the great city with the noise of his name, and how that men had learned to listen with reverence when his deeds were spoken of.

After a life of amazing, and almost incredible

exertion, he had at last reached the heights of ambition, and these were they, even the heights *his own hands* had reared!

Each stone that paved the dreary way, each stone that swelled and exalted the rugged mountain, his will had laid, until at last all was completed, and he mounted on his pyre to the wonder and admiration of the world, and then men deemed that *he* was satisfied!

Throned in his state, and almost unapproachable, he had dwelt in the city, and throned in state and shelterless, he lay in the garden of the slumbers!

When I gazed upon that man I knew that all his honor had been dearly bought, he looked so weary, and there were scars upon his face, that bore witness to the fierceness of his "battle of life"—deep furrows marked his brow, and he seemed old and worn; but above all there was in his countenance such a record of disappointment, and dissatisfaction, and of self-disgust, and loathing, that I felt though the world had flattered,

carressed, and envied him, he had won in his own estimation "hollowness—weariness!"

Intensely fell the hot rays of the sun upon the sleeper—for him there was no shady place of rest, no eventide. He slumbered in the full blaze of light, and no cool breath of air swept over him to make him dream of angels and all blessed things.

In haste, and with fear, I turned away from that strange monument, and the voice of the spirit sounded in my ear as I went, "He has trodden in the ways of death—what he has won thou seest!"

Then I said, "I beseech thee let us hasten away from this place—it is too dreadful. I am wearied, and terrified, there is so much that is horrible here, let me go home again."

And the spirit made answer, "Thine eyes are at last opened, turn back if thou wilt; go into the great city of life and I will go with thee—but thou shalt see wondrous, strange, and horrible things there also—go forth, go forth!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONEY—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

"Put money in thy purse."

THIS is ever an opportune and sage suggestion, for without money a man is sure of soon losing caste, popularity and friends, as well as the comforts and necessities of life. Next to securing his soul's salvation, money is the principal thing, and thus it necessarily becomes the one thing needful. The inconveniences of an empty purse are indeed so manifold that it would be a hopeless task to attempt their enumeration; and since few comparatively pass through life wholly exempt from at least an incipient taste of this painful pecuniary calamity, a detailed description is the less demanded. A purse in a state of collapse is only inferior to a confirmed case of cholera; the effects are moreover, somewhat similar, for in both instances the patient is crippled, cramped, and bowed down. It is hard to be without money, says Hazlitt; to attempt to get on without it is like travelling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money alluded to, is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labor, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to

spend remains after the means are exhausted—the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it—the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or dollar and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring, however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first, aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and dare the worst; but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams, (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams,) and be told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one—to meet the frown of the world—or to borrow a shilling of a friend.—He may beg at the corner of the street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self.

With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger, and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn oneself and look round—and time in this changeful world is everything. It is among the miseries of the want of money, not to be able to pay your reckoning at the inn—to be stopped at the turnpike-gate, and forced to turn back—not to be able to pay for a letter lying for you at a country post office, especially if the missive be expected to contain a remittance, or a reply from your fair *inamorato* with a fortune for her dowry. Another of the manifest infelicities resulting from a paucity of cash is the appearance of a dun at your door—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor—the wish to meet and yet the fear to encounter his demands. And if anything further need be added to the list of annoyances, arising from straightened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—or when pity is lavished upon us by sympathizing individuals who have nothing more available to offer; for, says the old adage:

“Pity without relief—
Is like mustard without beef.”

It has been assumed that there is a principle of compensation in the human mind which equalizes all conditions, and by which the absence of anything only gives us a more intense and intimate perception of the reality; that insult adds to pride, that pain looks forward to ease with delight, that hunger already enjoys the unsavoury morsel that is to save from perishing; that want is surrounded with imaginary riches, like the poor poet in Hogarth, who has a map of the mines of Peru hanging on his garret walls; in short, that “we can hold a fire in our hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus;” but this hypothesis, however ingenious, can only be admissible in a limited and qualified sense. Let this suffice for the dilemmas incident to a slender purse. As much might be adduced touching the various expedients to which men resort for obtaining money and disbursing it. Some people are always poor, although their receipts are munificently liberal—simply because they either *muddle* away their money, or waste it in prodigal extravagance and folly. Others there are who are always in want of the needful from the want of spirit to make use of it: such people, perhaps, are more deserving of pity than all the rest. They live in want in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them, are afraid to say their soul is their own, have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars, and scarcely allowing themselves food or raiment—in fine, they seem even to welcome the otherwise dread event by which they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram:

Here lies Father Charles,
Who died to save charges!

Says the admirable essayist and critic, already referred to, “I am one of those who do not think that mankind are exactly governed by reason, or a cool calculation of consequences. I rather believe that habit, imagination, sense, passion, prejudice or words, make a strong and frequent diversion from the right line of prudence and wisdom.

I have been told, however, that these are merely the irregularities and exceptions, and that reason forms the rule or basis;—that the understanding, instead of being the sport of the arbitrary and capricious decision of the will, generally dictates the line of conduct it is to pursue, and that self-interest is the unvarying loadstone of our affections or the chief ingredient in all motives, that, thrown in as ballast, gives steadiness and direction to our voyage through life.” Money-lovers may be classed in two orders—those who hoard up, and those who disburse. The former, in its extreme development, we designate the miser—the latter the spendthrift or prodigal. Thanks to the improvements of the public taste, or the increased love of luxury, the miser is a character much less frequently met with than formerly; while that of the opposite category have vastly increased in number. The prevailing tendencies of the age are for the *utile et dulce*—and who will regret the token they presented of improved mental and moral cultivation? We do not speak of extreme instances—such, for example, as the case of Beckford, who expended a million sterling in the erection of Fonthill Abbey—or those who suffer their ambition and vanity to be challenged by every new caprice of fashion, or extravagant indulgence of the opulent. Imaginary wants are more numerous far than those which are real; and of the two evils, doubtless, he who is lavish in the distribution of his wealth is a better friend to society than he who keeps his income and expenditures more accurately regulated—however much he may infringe his own true interests by the act. After all, it is with the lust for accumulating money, as with the indulgence of the tender passion, every consideration is sacrificed for its sake:

Masterless passion sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

There is no character, it has been said, more truly despicable and wretched than the miser. He is unhappy because he is unsatisfied with what he has acquired, whatever be the amount, and because his plans for accumulating his gains are often frustrated. He envies the man who is more prosperous than himself, and he gazes around him on the hard-earned possessions of those less fortunate, if, perchance, by cunning and deceit he may acquire them at half their value. Not only does he not sympathize with the sufferings of the needy, but he “grinds the faces of the poor,” for he cheats without remorse if he can only do so without detection. To amass wealth by every expedient that will not subject him to the criminal laws, and to place it in security, are the great and ultimate objects of his pursuit. Mammon is the great idol he adores, and whatever the specious and plausible pretences he may assume, he pays homage at no other shrine. In his selfish isolation, he surrenders himself up to the domination of his debasing passion—a voluntary exile from the endearing offices of friendship, and the gentle charities of domestic and social life. The benign and blessed influence of heaven-born Peace sheds not her halycon rays upon his dark and desolate heart. A victim to the sordid lust of gold, his mercenary spirit is susceptible of no

generous impulse, or sentiment worthy of an immortal being—every thought and desire being absorbed in his insatiate cravings after riches. In the words of Dr. Dick, who presents the miser's portrait in all its hideous deformity, we may add—all the avenues to true enjoyments are interrupted, and closely shut up by the cold-hand of avarice. He denies himself those sensitive comforts with which Providence has so richly replenished the earth, and has placed within his reach; and even almost starves himself in the midst of riches and plenty. As he approaches the close of his career, and descends to the grave, whither his coveted wealth cannot follow him, his passion for gold acquires an increased intensity, and he clings to his useless but ardently cherished treasures with a fearfully tenacious grasp." The prodigal, it is true, "spends his substance in riotous living," but it is in the delusive attempt to secure present enjoyment; and the distribution of his money is at least a benefit to society; but the covetous man is alike injurious to himself and all around him. The vice of avarice is not only detestable in its nature and destructive of every virtue, it is also a disease like that of drunkenness, that seldom, if ever, admits of cure. "Other passions have their holidays," says an old writer, "but avarice never suffers its votaries to rest."

O, cursed love of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds—
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

"Joshua" says Ambrose, "could stop the course of the sun, but all his power could not stop the course of avarice." The sun stood still, but avarice went on. Joshua obtained a victory when the sun stood still; but when avarice was at work Joshua was defeated." The ancient Israelites were doubtless as deeply infected with the "gold fever" as the dwellers, or rather diggers at California of our day; for their leader and legislator found it necessary to adopt rather a severe and novel expedient for checking the disease—in reducing the golden calf they had erected and worshipped to powder, which they were compelled to partake of in solution, as a beverage to assuage their inordinate thirst for the precious metal. We have other recorded facts in sacred story illustrative of the crime of cupidity. Achan's covetous humor made him steal that wedge of gold which served "to cleave his soul from God:" it made Judas betray Christ; and Absalom to attempt to pluck the crown from his father's head. To a reflective mind it may well cause surprise that the world at large set such paramount value upon the acquisition of immense wealth. To what voluntary inflictions, sufferings and life-toils, will not men submit for their attainment? The "Battle of Life" is a constant strife as to who shall secure the greatest amount of the glittering spoil: yet, "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Vast wealth brings with it increase of cares, and with multiplied resources we find usually ever growing wants yet to be supplied. What material difference is it to us, provided we may inhale the perfume of the rich parterre, whether it belong to our neighbor or ourself: or whether the fair estate be the property of and called after the name of another, while we

are refreshed with the vision of the ever-changing, glorious landscape, with its upland, lawn and hill, its glowing trees and gurgling stream? We share a community of interest and personal participation in all the fair and beautiful things of earth; and the poet's lip and painter's hand have oft done grateful homage to our common inheritance.

For nature's care to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man will deign to use
them.
His the city's pomp, the rural honors his—
Whate'er adorns the princely dome, the column and the
arch,
The breathing marble and the sculptured gold—
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tanelust breast enjoys.

The classic page furnishes many illustrious examples of a noble contempt of wealth, and a virtuous preference of poverty over venality and lust of riches. These, however, are rather exceptions to the rule which sustains the converse of the proposition; and before turning to the bright side, let us briefly refer to one or two instances of the baneful effects of avarice on the human heart; and would that the poet's words might prove true with respect to the present case:—

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.

Among the frequent concomitants of wealth are pride and arrogance. "Take away pride and boasting," says an ancient scribe, "from rich men, and there will be no difference between a poor and a rich man." The names of Xerxes, Demetrius, and Alcibiades, might be quoted as cases in point. The inordinate desire of wealth has been productive of more mischief and misery in the world, than almost any other passion that affects the human heart. It has proved the prolific and malignant source of some of the direst evils with which the world at large has ever been afflicted. To go no further back than the records of the New World, we find the evidences of its too fearful effects. No sooner had Columbus solved the problem of the Western Continent, than the accursed lust of gold began to fire the sordid hearts of his successors. Every species of perfidy, cruelty and inhumanity, towards the inoffensive Indians, was practiced against them, in order to extort from them their treasures. These mercenary wretches, forcing the natives of Hispanola so mercilessly to delve and toil for the much coveted ore, that they actually reduced their numbers, within less than half a century, from two millions, to about one hundred and fifty. The conquest of Mexico, by Cortez and his followers, impelled by the same insatiable passion, was accompanied with horrors, atrocities and slaughters, more dreadful and revolting than almost any other scenes recorded in the annals of our race. To prepare the way for enjoying the plunder they had in view, the unoffending Indians were butchered by thousands; while carnage and every species of heartless cruelty marked their progress of spoliation. In the siege of Mexico alone, no less than a hundred thousand of the natives were sacrificed; and, as if to add to the effrontery and depravity of the act, it was perpetrated under the standard of the cross, and with the invocation of the God

of armies to aid the conquests. The frown of offended Heaven has rested upon the sanguinary dead, marking it with the curse of righteous reprobation. The like atrocities and execrable propensities were displayed in the expedition of Pizarro and his crew, for the conquest of Peru. Under perfidious professions of amity they captured the *Inca*, butchering some four thousand of his unresisting attendants. The unfortunate emperor, vainly hoping to regain his freedom, offered them as many vessels of gold as would fill an apartment twenty-four feet long, sixteen wide, and eight high; and after having despatched messengers to collect the promised treasures, he had fulfilled his engagement, when they vilely broke truce, and burnt their wretched victim. The booty they thus acquired—the fruits of their execrable crime—was valued at about ten millions of dollars. What a fearful catalogue of crime might be cited from the history of religion—Pagan, Papal and even Christian. Well might the love of it be characterized as the “root of all evil.” But the “field is the world” at large, which discovers the baneful effects of avarice—whether displayed in individual conduct or among communities of men. We must content ourselves with referring briefly to a few instances of the former, as illustrative of the force of this debasing evil.

In the year 1790 died at Paris, literally of want, the well-known banker—Ostervald. This miserable victim of the disease, a few days prior to his death, resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. “True, I should like the soup,” he said, “but I have no appetite for the meat; what is to become of that? it will be a sad waste.” This poor wretch died in consequence of the privation, when at the time he was possessed of £125,000 sterling, equal to nearly 600,000 dollars! Another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike of the most revolting kind, and whose accumulative property was yet estimated at £800,000 sterling. Among other characteristic incidents related of him, it is said that on the approach of that dread summons which was to divorce him from his cherished gold, he exclaimed, “I will keep my money—nobody shall rob me of my property;” but the “King of Terrors” did, notwithstanding. We meet with the name of Daniel Dancer, whose miserly propensities were indulged to such a degree, that on one occasion, when at the urgent solicitation of a friend he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat—“better as new”—to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eighteen pence. He was in the habit of carrying a snuff-box about with him, not for the purpose of regaling his olfactory organ, but what does the reader suppose? to collect pinches of the aromatic dust from his snuff-taking friends; and when the box was filled, he would barter its contents for a farthing rushlight! He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun, to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel. Other like capers and eccentricities are chronicled of this remarkable “case”—such as lying in bed during the cold weather to save the cost of fuel, and eating garb-

age to save the charges for food: yet this poor mendicant had £3,000 per annum, besides immense riches. There was a Russian merchant—never mind his name, it is too barbarously burdened with consonants to spell or pronounce—who was so prodigiously wealthy, that on one occasion he loaned the empress Catherine the Second, a million of rubles, although he lived in the most deplorable state of indigence, deprivation and wretchedness. He buried his money in casks in his cellar, and was so great a miser that he subsisted, and seemed almost to thrive, not upon wholesome food, for he was an utter stranger to that, but the intensity of his passion for accumulating gold. He had his troubles, however, for reposing his trust for the security of his possessions upon the fierceness and fidelity of his favorite dog, his bulwark of safety failed him. The dog very perversely died, and his master was driven to the disagreeable alternative of officiating in the place of the deceased functionary, by imitating the canine service—going his rounds every evening and barking as well as any human dog could be expected to do.

M. Vandille, of Paris, was one of the most remarkable instances on record of immense wealth being combined with extreme penuriousness; he lodged as high up as the roof would admit, as certain poor poets are said to do, and lived on stale bread and diluted milk; notwithstanding he possessed great property in the public funds. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he meanly maintained himself by taking the office of milk-taster-general at the market, by which he treated his “inner man” to good milk free of cost, which of course made it doubly sweet to his niggardly taste. Chancellor Hardwick, when worth £800,000, set the same miserly value on a shilling as when he possessed but £100; and the great Duke of Marlborough, when near the close of life, was in the habit of exhibiting singular meanness to save a sixpence, although his property was over a million and a half sterling. The cases we have adduced are extreme instances of the influence of avarice; but it should not be forgotten that the principle of covetousness is the same in its tendency wherever it exists, and it is only in consequence of the counteracting force of circumstances that all its victims fail to present the same degree of degradation and wretched moral deformity. Let us, in conclusion, glance at the effects of an opposite disposition, as illustrated in a few examples of distinguished benevolence. Alfred the Great, among other noble traits of character, exhibited, on a certain occasion, an instance of exemplary sympathy for the suffering under circumstances which tested unequivocally the goodness of his heart. Shortly after the retreat from his enemies, a beggar came to his little castle soliciting alms: the queen informed him that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in quest of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied “give the poor Christian one half of the loaf: He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half loaf suffice for more than our necessity.” His fortitude and faith

were rewarded, for the messengers and adherents of the monarch, it is added, soon after returned with a liberal supply of provisions. The late King of Prussia affords another instance of benevolence. On a certain occasion he rang the bell of his cabinet, but, as nobody answered, he opened the door of the ante-chamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him; but, on coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out, and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows: "She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary and sent to her, which had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it, and, if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully and conscientiously, he would not fail of success and prosperity in this world." Upon reading this the king stepped softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke, and came into his closet. "You have been asleep, I suppose?" said the king. The page could not deny it, stammered out an excuse, put (in his embarrassment) his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "What is the matter with you?" said the king. "Oh," replied the page, "somebody has contrived my ruin: I know nothing of this money!" "What God bestows," resumed the king, "he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother—give my respects to her, and inform her that I will take care both of her and you."

Take a similar passage from the Life of Washington: "One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about one thousand pounds. While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably General Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia after the arrival of his petition in that city brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their 'beloved Washington.' Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the one thousand pounds, with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged; Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of

their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the general, to avoid the pleasing impertunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money, only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did."

There is an interesting fact related of the hero of Poland, indicative of his customary practice of alms-giving. Wishing to convey a present to a clerical friend, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Teltner, desiring him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, the messenger informed Kosciusko that he would never again ride his horse unless he gave him his purse at the same time; and on the latter inquiring what he meant, he replied: "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the animal immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is bestowed upon the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I had to feign giving in order to satisfy the horse, and induce him to proceed." This noble creature deserved a pension, and to retire from active service for the term of his natural life, on account of his superior education and refined moral sensibility.

Among the bright gallery of noble names, that of John Howard will ever take prominent rank in the list of benefactors. After inspecting the receptacles of crime and poverty throughout Great Britain and Ireland, he left his native country, relinquishing his own ease, to visit the wretched abodes of those who were in want and bound in fetters of iron in other parts of the world. He travelled three times through France, four through Germany, five through Holland, twice through Italy, once through Spain and Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and part of Turkey—occupying a period of about twelve years.

We ought not, however, to close our citation of cases of beneficence, without alluding to a name, enshrined with grateful affection in the hearts of many in our midst—we refer to that of Geritt Smith. His many munificent bequests have rendered their author eminently worthy of the distinguished reputation he has long enjoyed, of being one of the benefactors of his race. Without the few bright spots in the world's arid waste of selfishness, that occasionally irradiate the gloomy lot of the oppressed and poor, what a dreary life of deprivation and sorrow would be their portion. Man is necessarily a selfish being to a certain extent, but the social principle is no less an essential attribute of his nature; and the divine injunction requiring him to love his neighbor as himself, was doubtless imposed for the preservation of the weak and dependent, as well as being the palladium of all the virtues of our social economy. As a class the poor are, indeed, often prodigal of their gifts, while the affluent are no less penurious; the former may almost be said to rob themselves, while the latter defraud society of the common inheritance of mankind. To choose between the two conditions, indeed, were not difficult; the "golden mean"—neither poverty nor riches—should be the aim of all; yet, in the words of the prince of poets,

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless is as poor as winter
To him that even fears he shall be poor.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY GIRLHOOD.

BY IDA GRAHAM.

"Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft, up the stream of time, I take my sail;
And view the fairy haunts of long past hours,
Marked by far greener shades, far fresher flowers."

How entirely I had forgotten myself! It is so perfectly still this summer afternoon, save the busy hum of the insect world that rises from the garden, and there is something so soothing in the gentle motion of the shadows of those leaves waving back and forth upon the floor where the sunlight steals in, that I have fallen into a reverie. How long has it been? A whole hour! Master Willie, you have given your mother an unusual respite this afternoon. Poor child, you have played hard to-day. Those busy feet have not been idle for a moment. Dear boy, I had forgotten, so far back did my thoughts stray, and so absorbed was I in reviewing the scenes of my girlhood, that I was now a wife and mother—and I might almost have awoke with reluctance to the remembrance, had not my love for thee, my little treasure, and the consciousness that you were all my own, made me happier than I ever was in those careless, youthful days. I am graver, and more thoughtful than I was then, but my happiness is still and deeper. It is a careless and fleeting happiness that of youth. But now that I have known that of loving and being loved; of suffering and sacrificing, am I conscious of a far deeper enjoyment. What would I have said, four years ago, had I known that my life was to be passed in a small Western town? That, as the wife of the doctor of the village, I must be the village doctress, and have herbs, and simples in store, and kind advice, and nursing, for my husband's patients, and must be compelled, since money is scarce, and we are trying to buy this little cottage, to be maid, and cook, and nurse, to bake, and wash, and scour, and even milk Molly sometimes in the sickly season, when Charles is out all night. Many times were my eyes blinded with tears through the first hard year, and once or twice I did almost wish for the moment that I had not married, and was in my happy Eastern home still. But after Willie came it did not seem so hard, and now I am really quite happy, especially in the long winter evenings, when I can have the doctor to read to me. Yet, it is very dull here with no agreeable society, and I cannot help a few tears coming when I look at my hard, red hands, and think how my dear, tender mother would grieve, could she look in upon me and see how much I have to work and the little pleasure I find. But Charles says I have become more of a woman in these three years, and he hopes that he may some day, when he has laid up a few thousands, return to New England, and practice in one of its pretty towns, where people know how to live so comfortably. And Charles' life is a much harder one than mine. Poor fellow! all this sickly season he has been riding day and night without sleep or rest.

Mrs. Farrar, in her "Young Ladies' Friend," advises every young lady, when she takes her sewing, to commence learning some piece of poetry—do something which will keep her thoughts from idle rambling. But, Mrs. Farrar, you would not be so cruel as to deny me that precious privilege now. I look forward through the whole busy morning to the pleasant after-dinner-time, when I may take my work and forget that I am thousands of miles from my early home, settled in this wild, prairie land, but fancy myself sometimes in the midst of my dear sisters, in our pleasant parlor, and review, one after another, each youthful scene, and am happy as I was then.

"When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand—"

No! I will not finish with that line. What has made me think so much of Lizzie Campbell this afternoon? Poor girl! I could almost fancy that some ill was happening to her, so much has she been in my thoughts all day. Oh! I remember. As I was putting Willie in his cradle, I wondered if she had any dear child to love and joy in. I trust so, for I cannot but believe that her heart requires some channel through which its strong affections may flow out. Of all my schoolmates it is she that makes the deepest impression upon my memory. Some have married, and are sedate mothers like myself. Some have died. All are scattered, and I remember each with distinctness, many with affection; yet Lizzie is the only one for whom my heart beats almost as for a sister.

Five years since, (I was then seventeen,) my health being delicate, my parents removed me from the school in Boston, which I had attended for three or four years, and placed me at a small boarding-school in the western part of Massachusetts, among the green hills of Berkshire. For the first week every thing was strange, and my heart heavy. But the kindness of the delightful family in which I was placed, and the cheerfulness and ready sympathy of my new companions, soon won me from my sadness, and I entered by degrees with zest into their various enjoyments. My studies, pursued with persons of intellects so highly cultivated, had a new charm, and the bracing air of the country, and our long walks, restored me to that physical vigor I had lost in the impure atmosphere of the city. I had been there about four weeks, when our teacher announced to us, one day at table, that we were to have a new companion, a little Kentucky girl, "and I would wish to remind you, my dears," she said, "that she comes from a country where every thing is different—where manners are freer and warmer than with us. We must not let her

pine and languish among us cold northerners, but take her to our hearts at once."

The little Kentucky girl became at once an object of eager interest. How soon would she be with us? In a week, was the answer. As for myself, I had a great admiration of southerners, and I looked eagerly for her arrival. My sister Julia had met in Philadelphia, while at school, a young Georgian, whom she had passionately loved. I had seen the letters that passed between them, and been struck with the enthusiastic glowing manner in which the young southerner had expressed her love. And I had longed to possess such a friend. And now, perhaps, the long desired was about to be obtained. Most fortunately, too, she was to share my apartment.

The week had elapsed, and one night a carriage stopped at the door just as we were all taking our evening promenade on the front piazza, and from it alighted a pretty, aristocratic looking Southern gentleman, and a slight, lovely, dark haired girl of fifteen years apparently, who advanced, leaning on her father's arm, with graceful ease to Mrs. S., and received and returned that lady's embrace with a simple yet polished grace which charmed me. I remember how I marvelled at her entire freedom from diffidence, recalling my own blushing, downcast look at a similar presentation a few weeks before. Yet there was no boldness in the expression of face and manner, but, as she was presented to each of us in succession, her eyes were lifted to us for a moment with an expression of inquiry, and then, as she read the affectionate interest expressed there, a sweet smile follows as if she felt herself among friends. She said little that evening, but we were all ready to love her, so sweetly graceful were her manners with a sprightliness and humor to which we were unaccustomed. And when she spoke, that flat southern accent was so different and so charming. She seemed to me, as I contrasted her bewitching softness and elegant ease, with the lively, and pleasing, but somewhat abrupt and angular manners of our New England companions, like a being fallen from a different sphere. Her personal beauty too was so great. Such dark eyes shaded by long lashes, so heavy that it seemed they must weigh the delicate eyelids down; the wealth of long chesnut ringlets, the delicate mouth, the little hand and foot. I could not take my eyes from her. She had captured my heart at once.

When we retired for the night many were the enquiries she made of me as to our mode of life, the characters of our companions and teachers. She feared, she said, that she should be unhappy, for she was unused to study, knew nothing of books, and so far from her home and friends. Oh! she knew she should be miserable. But she felt from the first, she said, that she should love me, and we promised to be, and were from that moment, friends. The description she gave me of her home and mode of life, seemed to me like those of an enchanting romance. My own life hitherto, my home even, how dull and tame in comparison!

Next morning Lizzie's father took leave of her, after first having a long private conversation with

Mrs. S. in her parlor. I noticed Lizzie's eyes followed them anxiously as they moved away, and when they returned were lifted to the face of Mrs. S. with a searching expression. When he took Lizzie in his arms to bid her farewell, she burst into an agony of grief. She begged of him not to leave her, so far away, among strangers. "Oh! take me with you father, or I shall die!" she implored. Tears sprang to the father's eyes. "Be obedient, my child, and you shall return to us again," he whispered, but so distinctly that I heard every word. I noticed that she shuddered and turned pale, as if a sudden remembrance startled and pained her.

When her father had gone she remained for hours in a state of the wildest grief. But she rose from it by degrees, and gradually entered into our pursuits and pleasures with somewhat of interest.

Alas! for our little Kentuckian in the school room. She was ignorant as a little savage of all those branches in which we had been drilled from childhood. And she did not disguise that she hated them. In accomplishments she far surpassed us. She sang with enchanting melody, and played with wonderful skill, and she danced and rode bewitchingly. However, our sympathy and the encouragement of our teachers roused her to exertion, and she soon went beyond our expectations in her proficiency in her studies.

But, though Lizzie was at times radiant with gayety, yet, as I came to know her better, I could see that there was some untold sorrow at her heart, and watching her more carefully, after this suspicion was awakened, I could see at times that her gayety was assumed, and after her brilliancy of spirits had charmed us for the whole evening, when we had held one of our social dances, I have heard her, when she thought me quietly sleeping, sob, sob as if her heart was breaking, my heart aching for her and yet I dared not ask the cause of this mysterious grief. On the arrival of certain letters she always shut herself in her room for a while; then there would be strong traces of tears, and she would be dejected for days.

I felt sure that it was not the natural grief consequent upon a separation from home and friends; but, coupling this with the parting words of her father, I suspected that it was some attachment unsanctioned by her parents which tortured her heart.

Days and weeks passed away, but, though Lizzie became daily more dear to us, her unhappiness and anxiety seemed to increase. She turned pale when a letter was put into her hand, and I began to fear that the nervous agitation she evinced would seriously undermine her health.

Spring had long since left us, and June and her glowing sister July had also gone. How delicious was the climate of that beautiful region. We had explored every secret nook of the wood and forest. The beauties and wonders of nature were pointed out to us by those dear friends, whose cultivated tastes and hearty love of nature had the power to give additional charms to all we gazed upon. That happy, beautiful summer, shall I ever forget it? Often, as I turn back to it, it looks out a fresh green oasis in the arid desert of

school day existence through which I had hitherto travelled. And that summer, too, there came among us that wonderfully gifted woman, whose genius, displayed in her readings of Shakespeare, is just now astonishing the enthusiastic Bostonians. How we young and ardent girls hung on the honeyed music of her words! And when, one night to gratify us, she read that greatest of all Shakespeare's plays, *Hamlet*, it seemed that we hardly knew at which to marvel most, the genius that could conceive and execute, or that which could so powerfully set before us that conception. Not a sound broke the stillness as we gazed and listened as she recited—the expression of her face each moment changing, in the deep, melancholy tones of *Hamlet*, or, making our blood run cold, in the low, slow, monotone of the *Ghost*, or her face, losing entirely its fierce, wild, expression it wore when *Hamlet* spoke, softened into the beauty of delicate, sensitive maidenhood, and the pure, gentle tones of *Ophelia* were heard. Our hearts thrilled, we looked upon her from that moment as hardly one of the same race with ourselves. But do not we feel our sex ennobled by the possession of such a woman?

August came, and from the heated cities came the refined and cultivated persons of whom the charms of our little society attracted yearly so many.

Our kind guardians had not forgotten their own youthful days, and in place of the usual restrictions of a boarding-school, secluding young girls entirely from the society of the opposite sex, we were allowed to visit freely, and to receive the visits of numerous young gentlemen, friends of Mr. and Mrs. S., who came to pass their college vacations in Berkshire. Oh! many a heart has been lost and won in those beautiful summer months! To the young student, the society of these young enthusiastic girls had many fascinations. Many an innocent flirtation has wrapped those soft moonlit evenings, and those sweet summer twilight, and beautiful green woods, in poetry for the young heart. And the result? Perhaps, an exchange of a golden circlet, a lock of hair or so, at parting, with hopes and promises to meet again. But the dream died with both with the autumn, except, perhaps, in a few cases; but it gilded the life of those few bright years with the bright romance of which the heart of youth is so fond. Oh! trouble, and care, and worldliness, that dries and withers up the heart, will come full soon, but let the maiden rest for awhile among the bright clouds her fancy has painted. Life is not to her, yet, the hard and toilsome path. Let her for a few years dream on. She will love some day, more deeply; but with that love comes suffering, and full soon the veil is torn aside and life appears to her as it is: if bringing happiness, not that of which youth dreams, but that which comes from a successful conflict with evil. "These first loves are the essays which the heart makes preparatory to arriving at the grand passion." So dream on, fair maiden! The retrospect of these dreams shall make fair the prosaic path you shall afterward tread.

By all our visitors, Lizzie was ardently admired. The lively Kentuckian, with her sprightly man-

ner and proud and dignified ease, seemed to bewitch all hearts. Yet for no one did she show a preference. She would laugh and talk with a species of half-coquetry, but any display of particular preference on the part of any gentleman seemed displeasing to her. Once, when we were jesting with her in regard to the attentions of a young law student, who had displayed especial admiration, she laughed and said—"You would not talk with me thus if you knew that I was a married lady," pointing to a plain gold ring which she wore on her left hand. A sudden impulse made me look up searchingly to her face. She caught my expression, and a deep blush suffused her face and neck. She laughed with some embarrassment and turned away.

But the hero of Lizzie's romance must some day present himself. And he came, in the form of a melancholy, intellectual youth, whose ill health and pale face roused our sympathy, and whose thoughtful, quiet manner and conversation, though so different from Lizzie's own, seemed to have a new charm for her. He became the companion of her strolls and of her evening hours. Still, I knew that their speech was not of love. He seemed struck with the freshness and quickness of Lizzie's mind, and delighted in pointing out to her the beauties and wonders of nature—talked to her upon subjects in which her enthusiastic mind delighted, while he recited to her, with low, melodious voice, passages from his favorite poets, while he received the flattering compliment of the glowing cheek and the eye suffused with emotion.

Still, I did not believe that Lizzie felt yet any love for him; but it was soon evident to us that the pale student had found the creature of his dreams.

One day I ventured some trifling jest on the subject. She started as if a hidden thought had struck her. From that time she avoided young Sargent; but though I applauded this conduct, I saw that the deprivation of his society was painful to her.

But, suddenly, Lizzie became unusually agitated and excited. Her cheeks burned with constant fever, and her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy. If she sat sewing or reading, her thoughts were evidently far away; and any sudden noise would make her start with alarm. Poor Lizzie! it was not idle curiosity which led me to wish to solve this mystery. I would gladly have been her confidant and counsellor, could I have been of service to her.

One day a note was handed Lizzie as we sat together. She broke the seal in tumultuous agitation, turned very pale, and left the room. That night she walked forth at an earlier hour than we were in the habit of taking for our ramble, and alone. When she returned she came at once to our room. This concealment on her part, and the effort to appear unobservant on mine, had of late, by degrees, produced a restraint between us painful to both. This night little was said. But after we had retired, suddenly she threw her arms around me, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed—"Oh! Ida, I must tell you this which is making me so miserable! I must speak to some

one! I cannot bear it longer; and you love me, I know, and on your secrecy I can rely! Would you believe, dear Ida, that I am a married woman? that I went out this night to meet my husband? You are astonished: you cannot believe it. Oh! would to Heaven that it were not so! Oh! Ida, may you never deceive as I have done, and suffer, as I suffer, the misery of that deception! If there be justice in Heaven, I would believe that my sufferings for the past six months must have almost absolved me from my sin. You have noticed, I know, my unhappiness—my fits of abstraction. Listen, and judge if I have not cause! You saw my father: you witnessed his fondness for me, his only child. I cannot tell you what an idol I have been from my birth to him and my mother. They sought every wish in order to gratify it. I was the pet of the whole plantation. The negroes extolled “young missus’s” beauty and sweet temper; the guests saw how they could best please, and caressed and admired me. Fortunately, I had by nature a wonderfully sweet disposition, or such unwise treatment would have made me become extremely disagreeable. As it was, I received naturally the impression that every wish of mine ought to be gratified. I had lovers and admirers, as a matter of course; for in Kentucky we are engaged and married at an age when girls in New England are considered almost children. I coquetted not a little, but never fancied myself in love.

While in Louisville, last winter, with my father, I was introduced one evening, in the ball-room of the Galt House, to a gentleman who I had observed frequently watching me at dinner. He was a gay, handsome, dashing fellow, danced elegantly, evinced great admiration for myself, remained by my side almost the whole evening, and I received his attentions with pleasure. Day after day he was with me. My father, occupied with his business and friends, was at first ignorant of the state of affairs till his attention was called to it by a friend. Then he was alarmed and angry with himself at his previous blindness. He spoke to me seriously, described the young man as profligate, and the last person in the world whom he could ever allow his daughter to marry. He was angry with me for the first time in my life when he saw my obstinacy, and forbade me ever to speak to the young man again. But, spoiled child that I was! this attempt to control my wishes roused me to rebellion. Beside, I fancied myself really in love with Beauchamp, and had suffered myself to be drawn into a half engagement, dependent on my father’s consent, which I had never doubted of obtaining; but this engagement I was now determined to fulfil. My father took me home at once; but before we left Louisville, I contrived to send Beauchamp a note, acquainting him with what had passed. Shortly after my arrival at home, a note was brought me by one of the negroes, who had been bribed by Beauchamp, begging me to meet him that afternoon at a spot he named. I mounted my horse, and accompanied by the same servant, whom I knew to be faithful to me, I rode thither. Afterward, our meetings were frequent; and when he

was absent, notes were conveyed me by the same bearer. My father had thought the matter at an end, but he did not know the obstinate, persevering temper of his child. One day, a note which I had dropped was picked up by a servant and carried to him. He read it with astonishment and grief. The thought that I could have deceived him so, was torturing to him. He said nothing to me, but I had missed the note, and knew from his manner that the discovery had been made. Long and earnest were his conversations with my mother; and so sadly and reproachfully did she look upon me, that I felt at times a longing to throw myself on her tender bosom and renounce Beauchamp, but my pride stood in the way. However, I received no more notes, and was not suffered to ride out again without my father’s company. Very soon he announced to me that I was to be sent to Massachusetts to school. I cannot tell you how miserable the prospect made me. It made me, too, more angry and rebellious than ever. I determined that they should not conquer me. I bribed a poor white man of the village to take a note to Beauchamp, and I told him all, and the time that we should be in Louisville. The night of our arrival there, though my father watched me too closely to admit of a meeting, I received a long note from him, urging me to a private marriage next morning. The letter was full of ardent protestations, of love and devotion. He begged me to save him from misery—from the constant fear that I should be torn from him by becoming his before I left him. Alas! what evil prompter was beside my conscience at that moment! I did not realize the full extent of the step I was about to take. There was a romance in the affair which struck my fancy: my haughty self-will demanded to be gratified, and I did not—no! I did not know, in my girlish ignorance, the solemnity and duration of the contract I was about to make. Oh! Ida, is it not dreadful to think how in one little hour we may decide our destiny of misery for life! Oh! why had not my protecting angel been beside me then? Next morning, I—mad, unhappy girl!—rose at an early hour; and while my father supposed me sleeping, I was united by solemn vows to Henry Beauchamp. We parted at once, and till this morning I have not seen him. My father left with me the same morning. Alas! poor man, he did not know how deeply his daughter had deceived him! He placed me here to save me, but I had already wrought my misery. When you have seen me so wretched, it was in the moments when the consciousness of my situation rushed upon me too powerfully to be resisted. What shall I do? What will become of me? My parents must some day know of this, but I cannot endure that they should ever know their child’s ingratitude and deception. They would not believe it possible. The letters that have so agitated me from time to time were from Beauchamp. After the first excitement passed away, my eyes have gradually opened to my situation, and—Oh! Ida, I fear it was not love which urged me to this rash step, and which would better enable me to bear the consequences. More dreadful than all is the consciousness that with

icy tread has by degrees crept over my soul, that he was unworthy of my love, and that the lover who could thus lead a daughter to deceive, could not claim my respect as my husband. And, Ida, I have felt this in its full force since I became acquainted with Frank Sargent, when I found him so different from any one I had ever known—so lofty and high-minded. He seemed to unlock the powers of my mind, and rouse me to thoughts I had never known before. I dare not think how interested I was unconsciously becoming in him when your jest, the other day, roused me to the remembrance that I was—oh, dreadful!—married: solemnly married to another. And I shunned him. Yesterday, a note from Beauchamp was put into my hands. He was here in L. He wished me to meet him the same evening. My blood ran cold as I read those words, but I must obey. I met him, and I cannot tell you the impression he produced upon me. Indignation on account of the step which he had led me to take, together with the entire loss of respect I had for him, and the contrast I was continually making between him and the noble-minded Frank Sargent, gave me feelings of aversion, of loathing to him. He wished me to announce my marriage to my parents, to call for their forgiveness, and to return to Kentucky openly with him, as his wife. But, Ida, I may be his wife by the laws of man, but I cannot be in the eyes of Heaven, with this feeling in my heart towards him. Tell me, what shall I do, for it seems to me, at times, I shall go mad? Sometimes, I think I will write to my father and tell him all, but you know not how I dread the effect of my words."

"Write to him, Lizzie," I said, "and tell him all. He is your best friend. It will be hard for both of you, but you will then feel at ease, and if any thing can be done he will know, and do it. Is there no way in which a divorce can be obtained?"

"I know not; but, Ida, I am firmly resolved upon this: I may bear his name, but I will never live with him—never be his wife. He may have my fortune, if the law gives it to him. I will work, beg, starve, rather than share it with him."

Not an eye was closed by us that night. Next morning, Lizzie despatched a long, repentant, heart-rending letter to her wronged father, confessing all.

A fortnight must elapse before we could hear from him; and during that time it was necessary, in order to keep Beauchamp silent, that Lizzie should meet him frequently; and I was her companion. I sat just so far from them as not to hear their conversation, but I could see them distinctly, and there was something in Beauchamp's look and manner extremely repulsive. He was handsome, but it was a physical beauty entirely. No lofty soul lit up those chiselled features. And the profligate looked out from those bold eyes and that dashing manner. How Lizzie shrank from him! Yet it was necessary that she should conceal this. Had he been of a different stamp, she might have thrown herself upon his generosity and mercy, and entreated him to leave her; but we knew this would rouse him at once to

defiance. He would declare every thing to the world, and publicly claim her as his wife. No! silence and concealment were all that remained for us now.

"Oh! how doubly unhappy I am!" said Lizzie to me, one day. "Do you see how wretched Frank Sargent appears? He loves me: my treatment makes him miserable, and yet I cannot alter it or explain to him. What will become of me?"

"Could you not confide in him, he is so noble?"

"Tell him, bring myself to confess my degradation, and bring upon me his contempt! You know not what you say! Expose myself to his pity! No! that would be the last drop too much! And to tell him now too, while my father is absent, would be like throwing myself on his protection. And I am too proud for that. No! some day I may, I will do so, that he may understand my present conduct, that he at least may exonerate me from evil toward him."

How wearily the days of that seemingly interminable fortnight dragged away. With what dread Lizzie shrank from every meeting with Beauchamp. He, too, was waiting like herself for a reply. But he did not know the whole purport of the letter she had written. She must stoop to concealment now for safety. Alas! she had done so once before to her cost.

The fortnight was at an end, and the letter anxiously watched for. One night, as Lizzie and I were sitting alone in our parlor, the other girls having gone out for a walk, the door was thrown suddenly open and a gentleman entered. We both started. Such a surprise, at the present time, naturally made us tremble. It was not Beauchamp, as was our sudden fear, but joy unexpected, it was Lizzie's father. Poor, poor girl, she ran forward with a loud cry and threw herself into his arms, and there she sobbed, and cried, and clung to him, till I feared her heart was actually breaking. Poor thing, so long she had borne and suffered in silence, and now her faithful friend had come, and she could root herself on his bosom and feel at peace. He could counsel and guard her. Poor man, how sadly, and lovingly, and pityingly, he looked upon her. It was plain that he forgave all in pity for her sufferings. At last, when she became composed, he talked with us of the unhappy affair and his plans. Lizzie should never be given up to Henry Beauchamp. By the laws of Kentucky, a marriage contracted between parties under age might be declared invalid, and he should take steps that it should be so. He had come hither in order to force Beauchamp away. As for herself, she had better remain here until the affair was concluded.

That night, the first time for weeks, Lizzie slept peacefully. She had thrown off her troubles upon another.

Next day Mr. Campbell sought out Beauchamp, and demanded his instant return to Kentucky. He assured him that he should never consent to his marriage with his daughter, and that he should take instant measures for a divorce which he could not fail to obtain, that resistance was useless. However, he offered him a large sum of money, on condition that he departed immediately, and

silently submitted to farther proceedings. He stormed and threatened at first, but finding resistance useless at last yielded and took his departure.

Honor and necessity required that Mrs. S. should be acquainted with the state of affairs, which she was by Mr. C. before his departure. Then he bade us farewell, leaving Lizzie happier than she had been for months.

After his departure Lizzie, pained by the manner of Sargent, which had changed to one of cold and haughty pride, for he naturally felt himself injured and unjustly treated, told me her determination to confess the whole to him.

"He may despise me for my duplicity," she said, "but he shall exonerate me from all blame, as regards himself. I respect him too much to be willing to forfeit his good opinion."

"But can you explain without giving him to understand that you have seen his love for you, and, according to your account, he has not in words declared it?"

"Leave that to woman's tact to manage. The anxiety of mind I have felt, would of itself engross me sufficiently to withdraw one from him."

Noble girl, it seemed as if she wished now, by her frankness and truth, to make amends for her former deceit.

She told him. His astonishment, as may be imagined, was extreme. She waited but for few remarks on his part, but, having told all, left him.

One day, a week or two after, I happened to be alone with him. I wished to know his opinion of the affair, and introduced the subject. He confessed to me that he had been strongly interested in her, but that his feelings on hearing her story had been almost disgust at her conduct. He hardly knew whom henceforth to trust, she so guileless, so simple apparently, and yet of what deceit and ingratitude had she been guilty. Still he admired her frankness in this last painful confession to himself, and he believed that, with such a character as hers, this very false and wicked act would not be with her as with many others, the first in a long line of degradation, a gradual descent easy to make after self-respect is gone, but that, sincerely repenting of it, and opening her eyes to her own weakness, she might become stronger and better. It was not delicate of me, but I hazarded the remark that at some future day, two beings so suited for each other might—. But I did not finish, for he started up indignantly, and exclaimed:

"Do you think I could ever forget what has passed, that I could ever take a woman so situated for my wife? You mistake me! I may pity and feel interested in her, but my wife must be like Cæsar's, 'above suspicion.'"

"Arrogant, conceited, man!" I said to myself, as I turned away with my heart swelling with anger, "may you search the whole world through, and when you find one before whom you would lay down that invaluable treasure of your heart, may she hold it as far beneath her acceptance as you do now that of dear Lizzie Campbell!"

Letter after letter went to and fro, between

Lizzie and her western friends, and at last all was settled and ended, and she was free.

But now I must bid farewell to dear Berkshire, my school life was finished, and I was summoned home to take the elder daughter's busy office in the family circle, for my mother was in delicate health. It was not long before I met and became engaged to the dear doctor, whose wife I now am. The correspondence between Lizzie and myself continued with spirit and unabated affection for a long time. She wrote me of the continuance of friendship between herself and Sargent; friendship in which no mention was made of love; then of her return to Kentucky, and her efforts by study and thought to discipline her wayward and impulsive character. School yourself as you may, little Lizzie, you can never transform yourself into the grave, dignified, proper personage. Your wild, artless, fascination of manner cannot be thrown aside.

But Lizzie never spoke of Frank as if love could have place between them now. I heard of her occasionally, through person visiting Louisville, as admired and followed, but indifferent to all attention, deaf to all vows of love.

But after I became the poor, hard working wife of a western physician, I discontinued my correspondence with most of my friends—and even wrote to Lizzie only at intervals, and now months have elapsed since I have heard from her. I must write her at once.

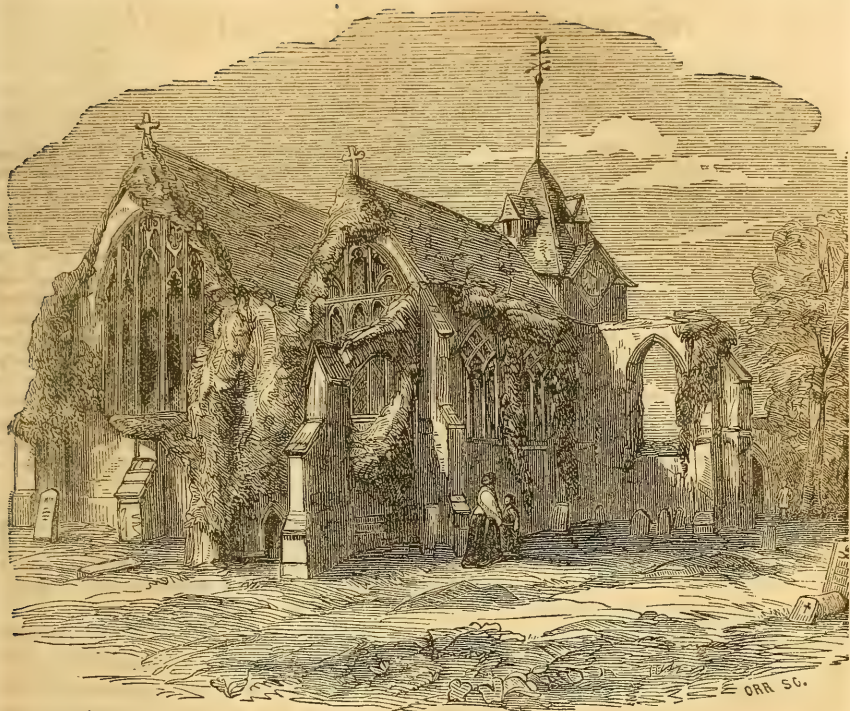
Ah! I hear you, little Willie! Mercy, how I have dreamed away the afternoon! Why, Willie, did you not rouse your mother sooner? It is six o'clock and no fire made, the cows are coming home from the prairies. Fanny, opposite, is mounting her horse for her evening ride, and there, alas, comes my poor doctor, tired almost to death I am sure, and his idle wife has no tea ready for him. This comes of indulging in idle reverie!

But the dear doctor did not scold, though he had such ample materials. He sipped his tea, when it appeared, most benignly. But I shall take pains in future not so entirely to forget the sober actual, during my wanderings in dream land.

A few evenings after, looking over the Louisville Journal, I read to my astonishment the marriage of Elizabeth H. Campbell to Frank Sargent, of Boston. Ye who cherish half-hidden, favorite beliefs in dreams, presentiments, ghosts, and such dear things, rejoice, for the marriage took place on the evening of the very day on which my memory and heart were so busy with Lizzie. I am delighted and yet half vexed. I hope, Lizzie, you made him sigh, and "peak, and pine," full long before you listened to his vows. But then I never told you of his disdainful, arrogant remark. To-morrow I will write Lizzie, and congratulate her, and ask all.

Dear girl, your short life has been heavily overshadowed at times. But may the future be the brighter from its contrast with the past, for, says the poet:

"There are no shadows where there is no sun,
There is no beauty where there is no shade,
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light above and gold inlaid."



WINCHELSEA CHURCH, ENGLAND.

Of all the decayed old towns Winchelsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of the ruins, and put on an appearance of smartness. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant bye-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel, or an old house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached on, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge of the size of the town. The church is partly ruinous; only the chancel, which is used as the present parish church, remaining entire. But a considerable portion of the walls are standing, clad in a venerable mantle of ivy. Originally, the church must have been very large, and extremely handsome. In its semi-ruinous state it is a noble fragment—more impressive, perhaps, than when perfect. The interior shows many signs of former grandeur. There are several fine monuments,—three are of Knights Templars, one of them, which is within the modern vestry, being in an unusually perfect condition. There is also a monument of an abbeſs, that deserves notice. It is said that, beneath the wide-spreading ash tree which stands against the west side of the church-

yard wall, John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. Another very beautiful ruin is that of the Chapel of the Virgin, which formerly belonged to a monastery of Grey Friars. It now stands outside the town, within what is called the Friary Park—and can only be seen on Mondays. It is exquisite of its kind, and should be seen, if possible. Of the three gates which remain, the most perfect is the Land-gate, through which you pass on your way from Rye. It is a picturesque old pile, having a wide gateway, between massive round towers. Looking through it from the inside, the town of Rye is seen seated on its hill, as though a picture, set in a heavy antique frame. The effect is very curious. Strand-gate, which is a mere shapeless mass of stone, does not appear to have ever been of much consequence. But New-gate, about a mile along the Icklesham road, has been much finer. It is now quite ruinous, but it stands in a lovely spot, half buried among trees, and leading into a lane, the high banks of which are, in the spring, literally covered with primroses. There are many other old buildings, or vestiges of old buildings, to be seen, but we cannot speak of them now. Few of our readers, perhaps none, will follow us through our whole route; but we counsel any who may be lovers of antiquity, or of picturesque beauty, if they be any way near Winchelsea, to visit it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CAMPAIGN.

BY W. C. H.

THE ALARM.

THE eleventh day of May, in the year 1846, was indeed an eventful one for the town of Galveston, the seaport of the State of Texas. It was about ten o'clock in the morning of that day, and the red signal, which indicated the approach of a steamer, had been run up on the staff, some hour or two before. The pilots on the observatory had answered the many inquiries of, "Where from," by one word, and that was "Below." Yes! it must be the New York, and from Brazos St. Iago! News! News! and a crowd might have been seen gathering on the long wharf which ran out from McKinney and Williams' store, and at which the steamer usually stopped. It was well known to the inhabitants that *war* had been declared by the President of the United States against their ancient foe, and though no decisive blow had been struck, yet it was fully expected, and news from the army, who, at last accounts, were encamped at Corpus Christi, was anxiously looked for. That news had also given notice to the Galvestonians of the intention of General Taylor to remove his camp to the banks of the Rio Grande, and since that no vessel had arrived. No wonder, then, that McKinney and Williams' wharf was crowded with anxious spectators. No wonder, then, that earnest conversation and low murmurs passed among that crowd. Meir, Goliad and the Alamo were fresh in the memories of all. Engraven as with a pen of iron upon their hearts a firm resolve of revenge had been registered. The steamer was now rounding the lower point of the island, and entering the harbor, and as she reached the lower wharf conversation ceased, and all eyes were fixed upon her. Not a movement was made, not a murmur was heard, as the noise of the dash of her paddle wheels fell upon the ear. The gallant vessel threw the spray from her bows, and rapidly approached. Soon a line was cast ashore. It was quickly caught, and as quickly drawn in, and the hawser, to which it was attached, thrown over the timber-head. The wheels made a few more revolutions, and the boat was at the wharf. The round, good humored face of Captain W. was seen upon the upper deck, and when the shout of "What news" was given, a smile passed over his countenance as he answered, "Plenty of news! Old Zack is hemmed in between Point Isabel and Matamoras, and wants assistance. C. is aboard with a requisition on Henderson, and goes up this afternoon. Now is the time to show your patriotism, boys, and pay off old scores!" It was even so. The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca del Palma had been fought, though unknown to those on board the steamer, and the little army of Taylor had won already bright laurels. But to return to the wharf. There was no excitement, no shout, but a low murmur passed through that crowd, and the spectator might have seen dark frowns and compressed lips

on many of the faces around him. The time for action had arrived at last. At last! for this moment had been long desired. Many among those who stood there had mourned the loss of a father, or a brother, cut off in the prime of life, by the Mexican bullets. Some could even speak, in tones of agony, of burning homesteads and outraged sisters. With such there was no halting between two opinions, and a look of triumph passed over their countenances as the word "Revenge" was hissed between their closed teeth. Some consultation was had, and the crowd dispersed to their respective homes, but to collect again; for hardly had a half hour's sands rolled through the glass ere the alarm bell on the Tremont House rang a long and lengthened peal. Clang! clang! and as the clapper struck the side, each heart bounded with excitement. Men, women and children hurried along the streets, and collected in front of the building. Young and old, rich and poor, with clenched hand and burning eye, stood before that balcony and listened to the eloquence of those who addressed them. But they needed no appeal to their feelings, they were Texans, those who loathed the sight of a Mexican, and whose hearts burned with no imaginary wrongs. "Fellow-citizens,"—the voice of General J., of the Texian army, rose loud and clear upon the air, and the multitude were spell-bound—"the hour has arrived in which the vengeance which has so long slumbered in your breasts is about to be satisfied. Listen to the tolling of that bell, it rings the funeral knell of our departed brothers. The loud tocsin of war has sounded, and you are to obey its summons. I have no gift of speech. I cannot plead eloquently, and if I could, you need no fuel to the fire which burns within you. I can act though. I hold in my hand a paper, headed with this pledge, that those whose names are attached will at once form a company, and offer their services to General Taylor, and here," said he, taking the pen in his hand, "goes my name." Five minutes sufficed to fill the paper, and, appointing a president until their officers were elected, the company dispersed once more to make their hasty preparations. Groups were seen gathered at the corner of the streets. Men were seen hastening from one place to another. Almost all possessed arms, for, in the unsettled state of the country, they were much in use, and the different members of the company were soon prepared as far as *war* was concerned. But there were other things to be provided besides powder, ball and shooting irons. In these matters, those who remained at home were not idle. Cooking utensils and camp equipage had to be provided. Money was cheerfully advanced by the citizens, and those who had no money gave what they had. The old bowling saloon was provided as a rendezvous while the preparations were being completed, and

as frying pans, tin cups, coffee pots, spoons, blankets, &c., &c., were purchased, they were brought to this place and deposited until distribution could be made. The agent of the United States government procured an old French barque, (known by the name of *Blaze*, and which the men soon dignified with the title of "*Old Blazes*,") to transport us to Brazos St. lagoon. In addition to the troops she was to carry, she was also laden with stores and ammunition for the army. Meanwhile the officers were elected, and the company was ready to embark. The ladies of Galveston, also interested somewhat in the welfare of those who were about to depart for the scene of conflict, had made for the company a flag, which was to be presented before our departure. The afternoon of Monday was chosen for the presentation, and the company being now in uniform were paraded before the ten pin alley, and then marched to the mayor's house, where the satin banner was to be duly delivered to their care. Gathered there was the beauty of the town of Galveston. The beautiful Miss P., a niece of the celebrated Colonel P., of Louisiana, had been chosen to present the flag. She stood a little in advance of those who were on the balcony. We halted immediately in front, faced, and came to an order. For a moment or two there was silence, but it was broken by the clear ringing voice of the young lady. "Citizen soldiers,"—as the words escaped her lips, she bowed her head gracefully,—"*Citizen soldiers: in behalf of the ladies of the town of Galveston, I come forward to address you. You are on the eve of departure from your homes and friends to the land of your enemy. You are about to leave your peaceful occupations, to be engaged in scenes of turmoil and strife. War, with all its horrors, is upon your borders, and your country calls upon you to defend her. Your mothers' and sisters' hearts, although they beat with anxious fear for your safety, yet exult with pride that they have sons and brothers who have made no pause when the loud tocsin sounded. You have shown yourselves ready and willing to defend them and your country's honor. Citizen soldiers, as a slight memento of their love for you, and of the pride which fills their hearts, they have made this simple flag. Bear it with you, and when, in the hour of battle, your spirits falter, cast your eye to that flag, and recollect those you have left behind. Strike then for it, for them, and for your homes. Citizen soldiers, sad tears have fallen upon your flag; sad, for you are dear to us, and may never return; joyous tears have fallen upon your flag; joyous, for we can but hope and foresee victory your attendant. Let not then your flag be stained with dishonor, and when the olive branch of peace shall be extended by your foe, receive it, and bear back your flag with justice and mercy inscribed upon its folds. Citizen soldiers, I have done, our hearts are with you, and we go to pray for your success.*"

The effect of this speech was electrical, and the remembrance of that hour will never be obliterated. Collected there, it was true, were mothers, sisters, and loved ones, and this simple speech brought home to the minds of those who listened the truth that some of us might never return.—There were none whose eyes were not dim with

tears, and the little banner that had been wept over by those who were dear to us was from that hour sacred in the eyes of all.

W. B., afterwards adjutant of Colonel Johnson's regiment of foot, had been commissioned to receive the flag. At the commencement of the speech, he had advanced from the ranks, and now, as his fingers closed round the little staff, his eye sparkled and his cheek flushed. "In behalf of the Galveston Riflemen I receive this flag, and in speaking my own feelings I speak theirs. Words fail me, but I have only to point to the faces of those who are before you, and say to you, *Ladies of Galveston, we thank you. Your flag will be cherished. We have needed no memento to remind us of our homes, or of you, but this simple banner will be to us a stay in the hour of conflict; where it waves will be found those who are dear to you. It will never be stained with dishonor, and shall be returned unsullied when peace shall again visit our borders. Again, I say, we thank you.*"

He fell back into his place in the ranks. Attention! company! shoulder arms, present arms, carry arms, by the right flank, right face, forward, march. The music struck up the national air which had been adopted by the lone star republic, and we rapidly retraced our steps to the rendezvous. The boat which came from Houston on that afternoon brought down a company who were soon provided with rifles by the United States agent, and all were now anxiously waiting for orders to embark.

On Tuesday morning the Galveston Riflemen received another flag from a Miss Coombs, then residing in Tremont street, and the Houston company also received one from Miss O., at present, it is believed by the author, a resident of Galveston.

Impatient to be on their way, the members of the different companies grumbled not a little, and the order to sleep on board the vessel Tuesday night, as we were to sail in the morning, was gladly received by all. Once more the ladies gave us a farewell, for at the head of the wharf were nearly all of them. We halted and gave three cheers, and passed rapidly on. At daylight on Wednesday morning all was confusion. The vessel was loaded with boxes of muskets, ammunition and camp equipage, and the addition of one hundred and twenty men, with their property, literally filled her. The steamer New York was to tow us out, and at half past nine was attached to us. Hands were grasped and mutual salutations were given, and at ten o'clock we swung off from the wharf. As we passed the arsenal the roar of artillery announced our departure, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the tops of the houses which we passed told us we were not forgotten. As we rounded the point, we manned the shrouds and gave three cheers, and then turned to prepare our accommodations. As we crossed the second bar, the tow line was cast loose from the steamer, and three cheers having been given, she altered her course a point or two, and proceeded on her way. It was somewhat difficult so to arrange things upon deck as to make all comfortable, inasmuch as considerable room was re-

quired for those who worked the vessel, and strewed upon deck were boxes of muskets, camp equipage, &c., &c. Had she been a full-rigged vessel it would have been still more so, but being only jury-rigged there was required less room.

The barque had been brought into Galveston some month or two before the opening of our story by the crew and captain, and had been condemned by a competent court and sold as unseaworthy. Captains M. and De L., two of the pilots of the town of Galveston, had purchased her, and had been for a long time fitting her up to sell. She was not complete when chartered, but an additional force had been added, and two short masts, with four sails, completed her sailing apparatus. But to return to the accommodations for the men. The hold was filled with a variety: boxes of muskets, powder and ball, camp equipage, and commissary's stores. On deck, on both larboard and starboard side, were the long boxes of muskets, destined for the use of the regular army, and stamped U. S. These were stowed two tier deep, and formed a wide platform, leaving a narrow way on each side between the combings of the hatch and the ends of the boxes. On these the men spread their blankets at night, and laid along, side by side, fifty in a row. There was no turning over after you were once settled. Our captain and Captain V., of the Houston company, arranged their plan of operations in the cabin while we were being towed out, and soon after the New York left us came upon deck and gave their orders. One sentry was placed over the main hatch, one over the forward, one at the water box, and one at the cabin. We were busy all the morning forming messes and arranging mess furniture.

That some of the readers of these sketches may better understand the art and mysteries of house-keeping, and to show them how foolish they are in remaining single when so little is required to commence the world, let them read attentively the following list of cooking utensils used by a mess of eight full-grown, able-bodied men. Eight iron spoons, one frying pan, one coffee pot, one iron pot, two forks, one minus the handle, the other with only one prong, eight tin cups, and eight tin plates, and this large family was accommodated.

Extensive purchases had been made of segars and tobacco before we left Galveston, and now that every thing had been rendered comfortable as far as practicable we sat down on our *bedstead* to take a smoke. Nobody thought of dinner until late in the afternoon, when a certain craving of the inward man awoke at least our mess, and it was unanimously resolved to prepare something to satisfy the not-to-be-mistaken pangs of hunger. But how! who was to be cook? What a downfall to our pride. Glory and victory had occupied our minds, but now, who was to be cook? It was an important question, the magnitude of which had never struck our imaginations. There was the provision, consisting of fresh beef and salt pork. There were the utensils, the frying pan, the gridiron, and there was an immense box filled with sand, which was to serve as the fire-place, but who was to be cook?

"There is no use setting on these boxes," said one, "and asking that question over and over again; the cooking has got to be done; now let us divide it off. I will get all the wood for the fire."

"Good," said another; "I will get the water."

"First rate," said a third; "I will fry the meats, and boil all the boils, and roast all the roasts, and stew all the stews."

"Capital," said a fourth; "I will bake all the bread, and make all the pancakes."

"Excellent," said the fifth; "I will tend to all the dishes."

"Very good, gentlemen," said the —; "I will tend to procuring the provisions, and make the fires and the coffee."

Thus was our mess formed, and immediately the various departments hastened to prepare things for our fashionable dinner; fashionable, for it was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The first essays of those who undertook the performance of these various duties were truly ludicrous. The quantity of wood brought for the fire was certainly enough for a dozen. The steak that was broiled was raw at one end and burnt to a crisp at the other; but, as practice makes perfect, before the end of the campaign the mess were cooks of the first order, who might easily have commanded a large salary if they had been so disposed. But there was to be no grumbling; because, in the first place, it was of no use, and, in the second place, the mess was ambitious even in the cooking line. There yet remained an hour or two to dark, and this was occupied in arranging knapsacks. — The varieties which were produced were wonderful; some, more provident than others, had brought with them needles, thread and scissors; others had provided themselves with books, while again others had thought of nothing but two shirts and a bundle of tobacco. After the contents of all the knapsacks had been *shown up*, the writer's was brought forward and carefully looked over; every thing was stowed back again in its place, until one small suspicious bundle remained.

"What is it?" said J. M. "It is tobacco."

"No! it is a piece of pumice stone."

I saw there was nothing to be done but to satisfy the gentlemen of the mess; so the paper was taken off, and a large piece of tallow exposed to view.

"What in thunder is that for?" said one.

"You going into the candle business?" said another.

"No, you foo-foo, Charley got that to grease the lock of his rifle so she would go off easy."

"Now, mess, no sight, that is enough; I got that piece of tallow on the advice of an old campaigner, so just shut your ugly faces, or when you get blisters on your feet as big as a dollar, and come howling to me for tallow to grease them, I won't give you any."

There were blank faces enough, and the tallow was divided among them. The sun was now setting, and as there was no way of making an artificial light most of the men spread their blankets down and thought of sleep. A light breeze springing up, the vessel rolled and pitched *extraordinarily*; in fact, so much so, that if we had

not been packed somewhat like east-butts in a hardware cask, we should have been rolling round like peas. It was amusing to listen to what was passing round one: one verse of a lone song, one verse of the Marseilles hymn, one verse of Fanny Gray, a sentence of a story, a long snore, a word or two of an interesting conversation, mingling with the flap of the main-topsail and the dash of the waves against the sides of "Old Blazes," so confused one's ideas that reason forsook its throne, or rather consciousness, and the author went to sleep. Excitement and fatigue kept all in the chains of Morpheus so strongly bound, that it was an hour after sunrise ere there was any movement of any consequence on board the vessel. The pangs of hunger, however, soon brought all around the sand fire-place, which H. called Nicholas Biddle's spitting box, and the deck of the vessel presented a busy scene. One hundred and twenty men cooking their own breakfast. Forward was one group busy washing their faces in a bucket of water drawn from the briny deep; interspersed, here and there, were the waking ones, having passed a restless night on their hard couches.—But to sum up all, steaks were fried, coffee was boiled, biscuit distributed, and breakfast ended.—The fire was kept up, and the process of melting lead and moulding bullets was commenced. Many of the men were provided with Colt's revolvers, and consequently required plenty of ball. One or two, however, after spilling their lead and burning their fingers, gave up the matter in despair.—Groups might have been seen on different parts of the deck playing cards, others reading, others cleaning fire arms, while a few had formed a club, styled the Talkative Club, regularly organized, and bound by their by-laws to sing songs, tell stories, and give riddles.

In the afternoon of that day the attention of the sailors was called by the presence of two sharks, who were following the vessel, and preparations were made to catch them; but, really reader, sharks have been so often caught by travellers, and the description of the said process given so minutely, that the author will only say, one was caught and brought floundering upon deck, where he was duly cut up into steaks, to be fried, smoked, or broiled, as the owners pleased. Night, not at all disturbed by the fact that we were going to join the army, came on as usual, and an hour after dark most of the stalwart forms which composed our force were busily engaged trying which could sleep the hardest. Which gained the victory it is impossible to say, as none were left as judges, the matter being contagious.

Another morning's sun arose, and with it a gale of wind, and now all was anxiety and fear. The reader will recollect we were but jury-rigged and a gale was one thing we were hardly prepared for. A sort of half-and-half breakfast was prepared, and even amid our anxiety there were some scenes truly ludicrous. Coffee pots were upset, meat seemed to have a strange desire to make acquaintance with the fire, and about half the men got nothing to eat. The mess took advice, and did not attempt to cook any, but solaced themselves with some hard biscuit and water. Meanwhile the barque was rolling and pitching like

——, (cant fill that up,) and some of the men were hanging their heads—over the side.

"Another of the pleasures of a soldier's life," said H.; "but, gentlemen of the mess, just think of the glory and victory that awaits you."

"Victory or death," said J. W.

"No, sir! Victory or most awfully crippled is my motto," replied H.

Our gale, however, was of short continuance, for before night the wind had blown out, though the sea was still running with great velocity, and tossing and pitching us about as if we were not even respectable. Another night passed away more uncomfortably than either of the other two, and at daylight the next morning Brazos St. Iago was in sight. The news spread like wildfire through the ship, and in a very few minutes every body that could get up in the rigging was gazing earnestly upon the little speck which was seen in the horizon, dead ahead. Some even commenced making preparations to go ashore, but they were to be sadly disappointed. The little speck remained about the same, though we sailed and sailed, and late in the afternoon there appeared but little change. Now commenced the grumbling.

"You may as well make yourselves comfortable, men; you will not see Point Isabell to-night." Such were Captain M.'s words; the captain of the vessel and most of the men took his advice, while some still d—ned the old barque, Uncle Sam, and declared they would pay the Mexicans off for this.

Again darkness covered the face of nature, and sleep again visited the eyelids of the anxious ones. The morrow's dawn brought the island of Brazos St. Iago, three points on our starboard bow, distant eight miles, full in view, with its beach of sand and surf rolling not quite mountains high. But to go on shore was impossible. In the first place the barque drew eleven feet of water, and on the bar there was but eight, according to the chart; on the inner bar, still less.

During the passage down the water had been used without any care, and now we found ourselves running short. It was impossible to say when we were to land, as no steamboat dared to visit us with the sea running as it did, and anxiety really began to be felt. The whole day passed away, and nothing was seen coming from the Point. The flag was hoisted, union down, as a signal of distress, but it had no perceptible effect on those on shore. Night came and went, and at the dawn of day a steamboat was seen firing up at the Point. An hour or two afterwards she was seen heading for us, and a shout of joy arose.—There was still a very heavy sea, and the boat could not come alongside, but she lay-to, within about one hundred feet, and the small boats plied between us; load after load was taken, and about twelve o'clock all had left the barque without a particle of regret. Hey! for Point Isabell.

"What a blessing," said H., "to be enabled to stretch one's legs; I never felt it to be one till the present time, after being drawn up almost into a knot on board that barque."

It was a relief; the confinement had been very irksome, so many of us together, and tossed about as we had been, it was a relief to be able to stretch

one's limbs, and walk twenty feet up and down the deck of the Cincinnati without tumbling over some box or the legs of some sleeping individual. An hour's steaming brought us opposite the commissary's stores at Point Isabell, and here another change was made. Two large flat-boats had been provided, as it was impossible for the steam-boat to come up to the wharf, and into these boats the men were re-shipped and carried ashore. We were now, however, in still water, and there was little or no trouble in bringing the boats close to the side of the vessel, and tumbling boxes, rifles, kegs and men into them. The wharf was distant about three hundred yards and was soon reached. While the boats were going and returning we had an opportunity of surveying our new abode, though its appearance was not very inviting. Immediately in front of the cabin windows was the main fort, with its heavy fort guns and pacing sentries. The whole place is enclosed by the fort; on the sea side as described, on the inland side by a heavy embankment and deep ditch. It was garrisoned by three companies of the fourth artillery of the regular army, and the reveille and retreat was as regularly beaten, as at the old fort at Governor's Island. In the centre of the fort a number of buildings had been erected, used for storing provisions, ammunition, &c., &c. Some of the sutlers of the army had also set up a number of tents, at which could be found almost every thing in the eatable, drinkable, and useful line. In the middle of these buildings was the hotel; yes! start not, reader! a veritable hotel kept *a la St. Charles*, of New Orleans, where a man could find board and lodging very—dear.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we all had

landed, and were drawn up in line awaiting orders. The captain had reported to the commanding officer that there were forty men under his orders, ready to charge upon any quantity of provisions, and the commanding officer had duly informed our captain that the provisions were anxiously waiting to be charged upon. A cart or two was provided, and the knapsacks and camp equipage was placed upon them, while the company, coolly shouldering their rifles, marched out of the east gate on to the prairie to their camping ground. The sun was somewhat warmer than any we had been accustomed to, and the perspiration rolled down the faces of the men. A half an hour brought us to the spot, and soon all were busy in preparing for the night. When we left Galveston something had been said about tents, but the agent of the government had none to give us, and here we were without any thing to protect us from the noon-day sun and the midnight dew, two things to be dreaded by every one who goes to Mexico or California.

"Beautiful!" said H.; "another one of the pleasures of a soldier's life."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and the adage held true, for before long forked sticks were cut and stuck in the ground, on which the blankets were spread, and temporary tents were thus erected, which, at least, were better than nothing.

But now something new came up; water was wanted, and the first cry was, "Sergeant, where are we going to get water?" "Dig," was the only reply; and water was found.

But I have wearied my readers already, and shall only say, "Look out for *Point Isabell and the Camp.*"

THIS EARTH IS NOT MY ABIDING PLACE.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M.D.

I FEEL I am a mortal man :
My life, at best, is but a span,
My body but a clod.
Who knows how soon the stern decree—
"O, Man, I ask thy soul of thee!"—
May emanate from God?

The dreary grave shall swallow me,
And night surround me constantly—
My flesh and love decay;
And worms consume my mould'ring frame,
And ev'ry title, ev'ry claim
On earth, shall pass away.

O, folly! if I craved fame,
Or strove to get, through wealth, my name
Exalted as a God—
If e'er the world's base flattery
Had raised my pride and vanity
On ev'ry path I trod!

Almighty God! if vain desire
Should rise in me—in me conspire
Against my good and Thee,
I pray arrest my idle thought:
Teach me to strive, as well I ought,
For deep humility.

When morning's dews bedeck the earth,
When evening's breezes wander forth
To cool my feverish brow,
Then let my mortal knees be bent
To Thee, the Lord Omnipotent,
From whom all blessings flow.

Thy gen'rous hand provides for all:
Not only on this earthly ball,
But in the land of bliss.
Soon, soon my soul shall take to wing,
And upward, upward, upward swing,
To everlasting peace.

Oh! thought of immortality,
Which fills my heart with ecstasy,
And makes me happy here,
Expand still more my humble breast,
And ev'ry vain desire arrest
Which in me would appear.

Give me, O, Thou who art so free
With gifts that cheer and profit me,
A pure and holy heart!
Make others great, who want it so,
And wealth, on those who wish, bestow;
But grace to me impart!

PULPIT PORTRAITS; OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES. BY SIGMA.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XXXI.

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE AMITY STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

[We sincerely regret that the beautiful trait which Sigma has presented as forming so marked an element in Dr. Williams character should have manifested itself in exactly the way that it has, for it has proved an obstacle to the presentation of a Portrait of the distinguished Divine which no argument of ours could dissipate. Our patrons, therefore, must excuse the deficiency, and put the best face they can upon it, for we can present no face at all. Sigma says truly, "There may be an excess of modesty."—ED.]

WE confess to a peculiar hesitation in attempting a sketch of Dr. Williams. It is a serious work to present the life and character of any man. To present a truth is not so serious—for the oneness of the truth renders the work simple, while its impersonality, its isolation from all the interests of life, of present, sensible, mortal being, lessens the responsibility and the delicacy of the task. The truth wrongly apprehended by one, is set right by another. The distorted caricature of to-day gives place to the faithful portrait of the morrow. To present a principle is not so serious, for the principal can be contemplated till every phase is manifest, and analysed till every fibre is radiant. To describe a painting or a statue is, not so serious, for the statue and the painting are individually the embodiment of but one sentiment, the sentiment conceived in the mind of the artist, and which genius enables him to set forth in the enduring and eloquent language of art. To describe a landscape is not so serious, for its permanence affords continued contemplation, and consequent accuracy. The winds cannot sweep away its identity, and the cloud-shadows leave no marring footsteps. But how serious is it to describe a man, the truths of whose being are infinite in number; the principles of whose character are ever changing and developing; the facts of whose experience are so numerous, and the most essential so deeply hid and so sacredly guarded; who embodies such a variety of sentiments, of opinions, of thoughts, that the bosom friend of a life time may not have scanned them throughout; upon whose nature the passing cloud of adversity sometimes leaves a lasting shadow; which the sunshine of prosperity sometimes warps and withers, and the storm of temptation sometimes disfigures and destroys.

But in these "Sketches" we pretend to no elaborateness in the description of character. They are indeed "sketches"—mere outlines—by which we strive to picture the striking points as they are revealed to all in public life, with an accuracy sufficient to ensure their recognition. We do not aspire to the completeness of the painting or to the finish of the engraving. But the description of certain characters is especially difficult on account of those very perfections which render the description so desirable. A character which is

harmonious, balanced, disciplined, without peculiarity or excrescence, is admired and loved, but is never much talked about. It is thought of but is not prattled of. It moves the depths of the heart but not the vibrations of the tongue. It cannot be so much talked about, for there is not so much to talk about. There are no odd points, startling incongruities, strange peculiarities. It appears alike on all sides, from all portions, in every light. There is not the variety produced, or the interest excited, by jagged corners, obscure recesses, bold projections. It moves in its appointed orbit, with the steady ongoing of a planet, whose very perturbations are caused by the same undeviating law which ensures its progress—and whose track once tracked is known forever—and all unlike the comet—which excites remark and notice by the very eccentricities which demonstrate the emptiness of its nature. Moreover there is a sacredness surrounding a true and harmonious character, which exalts it above the sphere of every day discussion, and shields it from the ken of curiosity. It stands on a higher plane, and the mass of people do not altogether understand it, and know not what to say about it. They have the feeling that they cannot speak understandingly.

But while the completeness of the character disheartens the one who attempts the description, it also inspires in the same proportion. It is felt that the task, though a serious, is a worthy one. The desire that a larger number should know and admire and love such a character, is a constantly impelling power. It does not seem right that a favored few should monopolize the knowledge of its existence, or a cherished corner receive all the advantage of its example; that the humility which will allow of no excellencies should limit the circle of appreciation; and the modesty which trembles at the thought of reputation should palsy the tongue of praise. But, my friend, thou who art reading this, how much we would prefer to take thee by the hand, and leading thee aside to some silent corner, talk to thee trustingly of him whose teachings have won our love! We would talk of him when in a thoughtful, pensive mood, when no cares of business were harassing us; when no wild desire for wealth or honor were inflaming us; when ambitious thoughts and proud designs were banished from our minds; when

longings for better things were felt; and when we should be inspired to press on in the path of right, by contemplating the example of one farther advanced—yes so much farther advanced, that inspiration to imitate well-nigh fades into despair of success.

It is then and there, dear reader, that we would talk earnestly and reverentially of this religious teacher. We would not discourse of his achievements in eloquence or of his contributions to literature, for these have not been remarkable or numerous; neither would we recount strange circumstances of his life, for its calm surface has scarcely been relieved by a single ripple, though its depths have been at times agitated; neither would we describe his appearance on some great occasions, for on great occasions he is not present: but we would talk of the rare and beautiful traits of his character; of his gentleness, his modesty, his devotion to the cause of truth, his christian love; and we would read together from his discourses and learn of him by his writings. And still, if we were holding such confiding converse with you, we would not eulogise the subject of our conversation, for we would bear in mind that eulogy is specially distasteful to him. Indeed, we think that modesty, genuine, Christian modesty, is a marked characteristic. He does not thirst for the praise of men, but rather loathes it; he does not strive for publicity or prominence, but rather shuns it. His highest ambition is to "do the will of his Father and to finish His work." On entering the ministry he seems to have banished all thoughts of self-aggrandisement, nay, to have forgotten self and only to remember that he was "bought with a price," and it was therefore his duty and his privilege to "glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are God's." Such complete disenthralment from all worldly ambition, such forgetfulness of self in the love of the truth, such freedom from all desire of distinction, even on account of the influence it ensures, and the consequent advantage to the cause of truth—a desire generally deemed laudable—is rarely seen in this world. We all love it when we see it: we prize it the more highly for its rarity. It specially becomes a preacher of that gospel first proclaimed by the "meek and lowly one;" and among the clergy will it more frequently be found. But even by them it is not always the favorite guest. It is refreshing, in this world of rivalings and jostlings, of envyings and jealousies, of self promotion and self laudation, to find a man so earnest to win the praise of Heaven as to forget that the praise of men is of any worth, and so devoted to the cause of truth as to lose sight of the cause of self.

But this characteristic, so strongly and so interestingly developed, does not entrench upon independence of opinion, or make individuality of thought subservient to prevailing notions. Dr. Williams is far from manifesting timidity in declaring an opinion which is demanded, or hesitation in defending one which is assailed. He is alike removed from that excessive readiness in propounding individual sentiments which savors of conceit, or that perseverance in their defence which betokens obstinacy.

It is an innate consciousness of weakness which produces these. Conceit is a cloak to hide deficiency: obstinacy a prop to hold up feebleness. Nor does his modesty spring from self depreciation, which roots out all originality and dries up all the energy of self-reliance. He is conscious of mental strength, for he has it to be conscious of. And knowing what it is, he recognises it and respects it in others. He forms his own opinions, and forms them by his own investigation. They are the result of a careful scrutiny of the facts, and are based upon philosophical principles. When thoroughly established and suitably grown they are sent into the open day where the world may see them, without hesitation. They are never recalled because of the strength of opposition or the well-meant advice of politic friends. Their author only disowns them when a clearer reason shall have revealed their fallacy, or a deeper philosophy demonstrated their unsoundness. He did not inquire in their adoption whether they would suit "the brethren;" but whether they would harmonise with truth, and hence opposition by the brethren is no argument for their rejection, but only the opposition of reason. It is very seldom that a man who loves the truth, and is honest and faithful in its search is arrogant or timid in proclaiming opinions, or is either obstinate or hesitating in defending them. Modesty and decision are the two graces that mark the good, great man. Respect is shown, not subserviency; regard felt, not adoration; modesty acted, not servility.

In the following paragraph Dr. W. sets up the standard which should guide the Christian pastor in regard to the union of independence and humility, a standard which he has not followed "afar off:"—

"Serving God, the Christian pastor serves the church of God, amid all its human imperfections, divisions and scandals; not as the mere creature of their choice, the drudge of their caprices, and the victim of their spiritual tyranny, fawning for their favor, and twining in the very dust before them when threatened with their high and puissant displeasure; but in love to Christ and to the church loved of his Lord, he meets as he can the spiritual necessities of that church, and ministers to its continual profiting, and firm and free, though meek and long-suffering, bearing much, loving much and doing much. Placed in a station of authority, and endowed as a teacher, he is yet, in the congregation of disciples, to shew himself, by his gentleness and diligence, the servant of all those over whom he is set as ruler in the Lord. Thus blending superiority in influence with lowliness in feeling, he serves the Church. He remembers those higher servants of his Lord, "the angels that excel in strength;" but who are yet busied in the lowliest missions of mercy and condescending ministration to the infirmities and wants of God's earthly children. With powers that would fit them to lecture our Newtons and Bacons as mere novices in science; and competent as they are to teach the Homers and Miltons of our earth lessons of a loftier sublimity and a sweeter melody, he sees them not thinking it scorn to task their

angelic intellects, and to soil their empyrean plumage, in arranging a beggar's funeral flight to Heaven; and hands that had strung the harps of Paradise find it no defilement to bear Lazarus from his dunghill to the bosom of Abraham. He goes higher and sees the Son of the Father, of whom that Father said: "Let all the angels of God worship him;" washing the feet of the disciples that are about, as He well knew, to sleep at his side in Gethsemane, as he weltered through his bloody baptism of anguish, and to forsake him when standing in the hall of Pilate. And, at that sight, the Christian pastor learns that it is not his right to slight the least and meanest, the most forgetful or the most perverse in the kingdom of Heaven. But whilst honoring all, he is the bondman and flatterer of none. He is not required, he is not permitted, to have men's persons in admiration because of advantage, or, in deference to the wealthy and refined, to surrender the control of Christ's flock to his more affluent parishioners, and thus to allow the pastor and the Church to slide together into the prison formed by the meshes of some rich man's purse."

Dr. Williams is gifted with a mind of uncommon power. There are not many men in this country, in any profession, who can do the head work that he can do, and do it with equal ease. When he was a young man, in the law office of the distinguished and discriminating Mr. Jay, it is said that Mr. Jay replied to a friend, who casually remarked, "I understand that you have in your office a rather smart son of a Baptist minister." "My friend, there is not now in the city of New York a lawyer of profounder talent than this young Williams."

His intellect is grasping. It lays hold of strong subjects and subdues them, manages them, handles them, however rough and ungovernable they may have been when approached by other men. His mind penetrates into the hidden masses of dark sombre mystic subjects, and drags forth into the broad daylight the hidden treasure buried there. He has the power also of straightening out entangled, knotted subjects. He finds the right end of the thread, loosens and unties the knots, laying it out to the view of humbler intellects, with a clearness that charms and an ease that astonishes. We recall the main points of an incident that occurred in New York some years ago, which is strikingly illustrative of this very thing. There occurred, between one of the Insurance Companies and some private individuals, a certain matter of litigation of peculiar difficulty and entanglement, and involving, we believe, some twenty thousand or thirty thousand dollars. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court, on being informed of the facts in the case, advised that it be decided by private arbitrators—that it was one of peculiar complexity, and would require much research and continued application to its proper solution. The advice was adopted, and three of the best men of the city selected. One of the three happened to know of Dr. Williams, and to know of his rare felicity in the solution of difficult problems. He went to him, stated the conviction of his own incompetency to discover the right of

the case, laid before him the documents, and requested, as a personal favor, that Dr. Williams would examine them. Dr. W. declined in his usual quiet but decisive manner, on the ground that he was no longer a lawyer, that he had forgotten what he once knew of law, and that his courses of thought were in totally different directions. But the arbitrator pressed his suit, and finally, in a state of desperation, left the papers in the faint hope of an ultimate relenting on the part of the divine. After he was gone Dr. W. commenced the examination of the papers as a matter of curiosity, and very naturally made certain minutes as he plodded through them. In a day or two the friend called again to renew the request. It was already granted. Those memoranda revealed to the delighted man the truth of the case clear as sunlight, and those very notes of Dr. Williams formed the sole basis of the decision.

Dr. Williams is not confined in his researches to one class of subjects. His mind does not plod around in one beaten track like a cider-mill horse, always grinding out the same sort of juice. His range of subjects is remarkably extensive and comprehensive. Upon subjects strictly theological he is well versed, as becomes a theologian. But in addition to this, he is an accurate scholar in other departments. He is thoroughly read in ecclesiastical and general history. He has made extensive literary acquirements and has a refined literary taste. He is on friendly terms with German writers as well as with the elite of his native tongue. He has gathered stores of learning and gems of thought from most of the departments of the intellectual world. He is remarkably familiar with the current literature of the day, keeps a watchful eye on the popular magazines, and does not allow political or general intelligence to pass unheeded. So extensive and varied has been his reading, that few subjects can be introduced upon which, in his quiet way, he does not appear perfectly "at home," or few authors mentioned about whom he has not formed one of his well-grounded opinions. If one meets him in the arena of theology he would pronounce him to be, *par excellence*, a theologian; if in the broad field of history, he shines as an historian; and if literature and belles-lettres are the prominent theme of discourse, it might be supposed that to them he had devoted an undue attention. Moreover, he has a keen appreciation of the beauties of works of art, and exercises thereupon a discriminating judgment. We speak of this wide comprehension of the literary pursuits of Dr. Williams, because of its unusual existence among the members of his profession. Ministers are quite enough inclined to be theologians, and to be nothing else but theologians. There is a tendency in the profession to exclusiveness of pursuit, and to a confinement of thought. They are apt to study theology, think theology, preach theology, feel theology, till they imbibe the idea that there is nothing else to be studied and thought and preached and felt, but theology. They build a wall of theology about them so thick and high that the world of science, of literature, of politics, is entirely shut out, and they lose a consciousness of its existence. No thoughtful

man will doubt that theology is the noblest of sciences, and the most exalted of studies, but to be suitably apprehended it may not be exclusively followed. The man who pursues any one study to the exclusion of all others, can hardly fail to become a narrow-minded man and a bigot. The religious teacher, above all other men, should be generous in his notions, far-reaching in his views, wide-embracing in his acquirements. Religion has such an intimate relation with the whole man—it so manifestly involves the perfection of the whole being, that its exemplars, its dispensers, should specially attain thorough and complete development. They should do this for the good of their congregations. Every congregation is made up of individuals whose pursuits, tastes, mental powers, associations, embrace the most diverse varieties. The true Christian minister wishes to reach the inner being of each one of these, and mould it. He can only do it by meeting each on his own ground. This one is gained by close reasoning, that one by an appeal to the feelings. The truth is made vivid to this one by an illustration from science, to that one by an historical fact, to the other by an analogy drawn from the existing events of real life. Politics, literature, poetry, can all be made subservient to the enforcement and elucidation of religious truth. The preacher must be "all things to all men."

They should do this for their own good. The Christian minister needs to divert his thoughts at times from the main object of their devotion for the relief of his mind, else it will become morbidly affected. The mind cannot continue vigorous and healthy and effective when it is bent down year after year to one absorbing task. It is not unlikely that the freshness and force of Dr. Williams' intellect; after so many years of severe, unmitigated application, are so excellently retained in consequence of the wide scope of his studies. He presents an example worthy of imitation. But, thus esteeming and thus prosecuting general knowledge, he does not exalt it above its true position. He thus forcibly expresses his view of its comparative importance:—

"There is pleasure in the discovery of all truth. It is so even in the material world. The miner who strikes, in his slow and toilsome labors, the true and rich vein of ore; the navigator who sees, like Columbus, the shores of a new world emerging from the long untravelled expanse of the dark, wide sea; the scholar, who ascertains some great principle or fact, overlooked by all previous investigation—all rejoice in the truths they bring to light. All these truths are but parts, and they are but lesser parts, of God's ways. They are the hems and fringes of his outermost mantle, that veil of his creation in which He envelopes and behind which He hides Himself. It is the practice of some to content themselves with such truths, and to neglect religious truth. It is like the conduct of some savages, who, on the arrival of a traveller, handle in curiosity the texture of the stranger's robes, but neglect to entertain their guest, obey his wishes, or receive his instructions. It is in the Bible that we find renewing, sanctifying, saving and eternal truth. There we see not

His robes, but Himself;—His unveiled countenance beaming with the smiles of paternal adoption; the face of God in Christ Jesus, who is 'the express image of the Father's person.' * * I must have learned to love Him, and trust Him, and distinguish His voice, and maintain the unutterable but undeniable converse of the devout heart with its Saviour and Lord; and having learned this, I shall hold Him, and the knowledge of Him, high above all other knowledge. When I see the irreligious philosopher, the profane but sceptical jurist, the undevout astronomer, and the infidel geologist—scholars, it may be, well acquainted with man and matter, and the works of God, but unacquainted with the written word of God, and still more ignorant of Christ and living Word of God—I see in them men who have truth, much truth, and valuable truth even; but they have not *the Truth*."

Whoever has heard Dr. Williams in his pulpit ministrations has, we doubt not, been impressed with the spirituality of his preaching. He appears thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the truths he utters. He is most serious, most heartily in earnest. He proclaims his divine message, not as something he has read about or heard about, but as something he has himself felt and loved. His words are the breathings of his own lips, the outpourings of his own heart. They are pervaded with a seriousness which rises from a rare appreciation of the infinite value of the glorious gospel sent, and an earnestness that betokens an holy inspiration. Christ is the great theme of his preaching, the glowing center of his thoughts. The following extract is a fair example of his prevailing style, and though there may be some who will not sympathise with the sentiment, we think there will not be found one who will not respond to the sacred music of the expression, or be gladdened by the warm light that pours over the page:—

"It was not explicit prophecy alone that witnessed of Christ, but history itself often was made to hold out, centuries before his Advent, emblems and anticipations of the long promised, and long expected Messiah,—the Hope of the groaning world, as that world panted and struggled towards its redemption. Does this seem to any a strange feature in history? Let them remember that the Ruler of the world's history, and the Author of the Scripture prophecies, is one and the same God; that all events, near or remote, minute or vast, are woven into the one web of the Divine purposes and Providence; and that Christ and Christ's coming are the great central facts, binding together all the changes of the world's history, gathering into order, and knitting into symmetry, all its ravelled threads, and to which all the past, all the present, and all the future have a necessary and inseparable reference. The manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary are the points around which the whole history of the world has crystallized, and taken thence its shape and place. Pluck Christ from the record, and the annals of the race are a chaotic enigma, a maze without a clue. Restore that great fact,

and the mystery of the world's course and destinies becomes soluble, the ways of God are justified, and the ways of man have a light, an aim and an end that else were wanting. History, when she first came out of the garden of Eden, looked forward to Christ's incarnation; and to that incarnation History will steadily look backward, until she completes her last inscription, and furls her finished roll in the last judgment at the foot of the great white throne. History is but the annalist of Providence, and Christ is the administrator of Providence. The patriarchs caught far off glimpses of the Redeemer on his earthward way. "Abraham saw my day," says our Saviour, "and was glad." Nor Abraham alone saw it, but Jacob, and Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Daniel discerned and hailed Christ, as some of them also prefigured him. Like clouds that catch on high and transmit to us the kindling glories of the rising sun, ere he is actually risen upon us, and they shine like the sun, and with the sun's rays, and yet are not the sun; so these figurative forerunners of Christ caught and reflected the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, before he had emerged above the horizon; and who thus shed healing from his wings, ere he had actually risen upon the world. These types served, to the Church before Christ's time, the same purposes that the ordinances serve to the Church since Christ. The types were the morning clouds, ere his rising; the ordinances are the evening clouds that reflect the sun's rays, after his course has been run, and he has set below the horizon."

Dr. Williams has a great command of language. He always speaks in the pulpit or in the parlor with a beautiful flow of words that charms like the music of a summer stream. He has unusual refinement of expression and finish of pronunciation. He infuses into his sentences a rhythm and an harmonious modulation that never weakens their force, while it arrays them in the fair adornment of poesy. His fertility of thought is so exuberant, and words are such willing ministers to his thoughts, that his sermons are usually extended to as great a length as the minds of most hearers can continue in an attentive state. It is not unusual for him to preach for more than an hour.

Whether this be deemed an error or not it is not the result, as in most instances, of verbosity. He does not employ a redundancy of words in expressing any one idea. The redundancy is rather in ideas. Any and every subject opens, widens, enlarges, ramifies, under his inspiring touch to such an extent, that it is difficult to compass its luxuriant growth within the prescribed limits of a single discourse. Still he does not wander from the highway of his main thought into by-paths, turning into every open lot where the bars may be left down as Dr. Cox is so apt to do—who sometimes even takes down a length of fence that he may make a lively turn in some pleasant meadow by the wayside, when he should be marching bravely and directly on to his journey's end. Dr. Williams has digressions but not episodes. If he stops by the way it is but for a moment to gather some fruit, or pluck some flower, which it would have been hard to have

passed unnoticed. And he never stops for even these, however nourishing or beautiful, unless they conduce to a better progress. His principle of association is always logical, that of Dr. Cox hardly anything but illogical.

He extemporizes to a great extent, and is never unable to extemporize. Such is his familiarity with language that he does not fail to express readily and gracefully the thought within him. We may with safety say, that his most splendid sermons have never been written. We may justly liken him to Dr. Tyng in the power of extempore speaking—whose remarkable gift in this department of eloquence we have dwelt upon in a previous sketch. But in the manner of extempore speaking he differs greatly from Dr. Tyng. The precision of pronunciation, the downright emphasis, the apparent consciousness of power characteristic of this distinguished platform orator, he has not. But there is more simplicity, more quiet ease, more unconscious grace, in the manner of Dr. Williams, while there is less effort, less prominence, less boldness. At his "Tuesday evening lectures" it is that his genius in extemporaneous speaking soars on the strongest pinion, and takes the highest flight. There, in the comparative seclusion of the lecture room, surrounded by a small circle of disciples, he makes his most pungent appeals, and pours forth his freest eloquence with the freshness of a first enthusiasm. We happened to know of an Episcopal clergyman of New York, one who sedulously and successfully employs the best means for improvement in public speaking, who, not long since, was regularly attending Dr. Williams's Tuesday evening lectures, as affording the best opportunities for his own cultivation. It contributes a practical tribute to rational excellence, as interesting as it is rare.

Dr. Williams has not the rugged strength of Henry Ward Beecher—nor does he awaken the conscience by those thrilling explosions of eloquence in which this orator abounds. Williams touches "the harp of a thousand strings" with a greater delicacy; Beecher with a bolder, freer movement; both with uncommon skill. Beecher will bring music out of an instrument that has lain unstrung for years; Williams requires a certain preparation of heart on the part of the hearer.—Beecher's eloquence startles and flashes like an exploding meteor; that of Williams burns with the planet's calm and healing light. After hearing Beecher, striking and detached sentences are the more readily recalled; after hearing Williams, the great thought of the discourse is the more strongly impressed—one admires some splendid feature in the sermon of the former, but the general bearing in that of the latter. Both preach with great solemnity; both present the truth in its length and breadth without any trimming to fit peculiar tastes, or any smoothing for the accommodation of delicate sensibilities. Both appeal to the conscience with the directness that is always solemn, and sometimes awful. Williams imparts more instruction than Beecher. The latter strives to awaken the mind rather than to feed it.—Beecher would attract the larger circle; Williams the choicer one. Williams would not be called an orator by the many; Beecher is not called an

orator by a few. Both are independent thinkers, bold proclaimers of opinions, and unflinching defenders of their views of truth.

Differing thus essentially in style, they differ even more in their manner of delivery. Beecher uses his muscular arm vigorously and freely. He abounds in energy, enterprise and action. Williams moves his body but little and rarely gestures.—When he does throw out his arm, it seems to have been an act of self-forgetfulness which he would gladly recal. This confinement of manner is doubtless in some degree consequent upon a slight bodily imperfection. He frequently bows his head closely down to his notes while speaking, a constraint which Beecher is careful to avoid.

The voices of the two are entirely different. That of Beecher is bold, strong, and at times painfully loud. That of Williams is low and gentle, with but little volume. His vocal organs are constrained and feeble in their action.

There is a certain peculiarity of pronunciation, united to a sad monotone of inflection, which strikes the stranger unpleasantly, as having the unfortunate appearance of affectation. That this manner is not based on the simplicity of naturalness is manifest, and hence it is in one sense affected. But that it is not affected in the sense in which the word affectation is popularly employed—to imply vanity and conceit—we are entirely confident, since any thing of the kind is so utterly at variance with his character, and so nauseous to his tastes. It may be a fault acquired in childhood, and chargeable to a careless teacher, but it is at the best a fault, and one so essentially interwoven with his delivery as to forbid all hope of its removal. It may be an affectation of manner induced by diffidence, for he is strangely diffident for one who has been throughout his life a public man. There may be an excess of modesty which may dwarf influence, and an excess of sensitiveness which may engender groundless distrust. In this trait of character we may detect the reason why the fame of Dr. W. is not proportioned to his talents. He shuns promiscuous public gatherings, and is rarely if ever seen on the platform at anniversaries. But while he never appears as the prominent controller of public bodies of men, his influence is never unfelt and his counsel never goes unsought. In cases of difficulty or of peril, he is demanded as the pilot. He must be placed on important committees, and he must draw up difficult reports. It is at times like these, when a quick apprehension, an intuitive judgment, and a despatch in execution are demanded, that Dr. Williams is called upon to act. Then he evidences his power of concentration and of abstraction. His reports and his digests are unsurpassed.

Dr. Williams' interest in the education of the young is a particularly pleasing and interesting characteristic. Ever since his entrance upon ministerial duties he has met with a class of children on Saturday, for religious instruction. Thus has he had several generations under his special care, and his pupils, as they pass from beneath the divine influence of their loved pastor, ever retain the liveliest impressions of the truths he made radiant to their view, and an abiding regard

for one, the faithfulness of whose teachings was only surpassed by the winning gentleness in their presentation. The following extract manifests the earnestness with which he regards the young :

"Thus, too, will you bless your children, as your fathers have benefitted many of you. I see around me some whose fathers and mothers, wont here to worship the God of Jacob, are gone to be now with the patriarch and with the patriarch's God. Perhaps, their prayers and tears for you through weary years seemed fruitless ; and they went down to their graves ere you, their children, were converted. But within the veil they have heard it—they have heard it. It swept new melody from their harps. And to their vision it threw new glories around the throne. So labor for your children ; even if, like your parents, you leave those children at your death yet unrenewed, to muse on the heritage of a father's prayers, and the counsels and tears of a mother ascended to the God of her salvation. And if here there be, as I fear there are, the prayerless children of praying parents, who once besought God within these walls that you, their Ishmaels, might live ; be persuaded, my friends, to take up the work of prayer, which a departed parent cannot continue. Joshua said of the stones reared on the margin of Jordan, which had heard the vows of Israel, that those stones would witness against them, if they forsook God. And so say I to you, the very ground beneath your feet, where your Christian kindred so often remembered you, it shall witness against you if you persevere in neglecting Christ. The walls bared and blackened with fire that once stood here, and that were levelled in the dust, they are, methinks, yet standing before God ; and all over they are covered with inscriptions which record how often you were warned, how often the secret tear here trickled for your impentence, and the prayer went up—'God of mercy, have mercy on my unbelieving child.'"

We fear that the friends of Dr. Williams would ascribe a sad incompleteness to a sketch which did not allude to the peculiar unction and devotion of his approaches to the throne of grace. But this is a matter that we shrink from discussing. Prayer is too sacred a duty, and too heavenly a privilege, to be otherwise than most seriously criticised, if criticised at all. Whenever we propose to ourselves to utter terms of commendation of a public prayer, we are startled from it by the comment made on a prayer of Edward Everett, at his early appearance in the pulpit. It was called "the most eloquent prayer ever delivered to a Boston audience!" Whether Everett was at fault, and this was said in scathing sarcasm, or whether the author of the remark was so impious as to be unconscious of his impiety, we know not. But we have an aversion to prayers eloquently delivered to audiences. Of Dr. Williams it may be said, that "in prayer he steeps the seed of the word which with prayer he scatters."

Those who have heard him have felt their thoughts exalted above this world, and inspired with the holier breath of Heaven. At the family altar his ministrations are specially gifted—so

clearly does he apprehend peculiar wants, and so beautifully adapt the words to their expression.—Perhaps in this act of public worship, even more than in his preaching, does he manifest the solemnity with which he regards the duties of a Christian minister, and the weight of responsibility which he feels as one of those who “watch for souls as those who must give account.” He has expressed his feeling in regard to it in the following words:—

“In reviewing the requisite traits of the faithful and accepted servant of Christ and his church, the sense of our deficiencies and dangers, fathers and brethren, may well grow upon us. From how many sides is the Christian pastor exposed, and how largely and continually does he need a new access of Divine grace. A man may be unfaithful to God’s service, by his doctrine or by his practice, or by both. He may deify reason with the Sadducee, or compile and adore traditions with the Pharisee. He may, like Nadab and Abihu, corrupt the worship; or, like Hophni and Phinehas, corrupt the worshippers. With the high priest Urijah, he may propitiate the favor of the powers that be, by reforming the altars of Jerusalem after the heathen fashions of Damascus; or, with another high priest Caiaphas, he may proceed to make Christ himself a sacrifice to the fancied interests of Christ’s church, and to the speculations of a godless policy. How needful it is, environed with such perils, and encompassed with so many infirmities, that the Christian minister should remember his mission and its end, the source of his strength, and the day of his reckoning. Others, in worldly science and art, labor at best but upon the “fashion of this world that passeth away;” his business is with the realities of another world imperishable and eternal. Into all his seclusion he needs to be followed by the cry of a perishing world, and the echo of his Master’s last summons, that brings him and that world to judgment. As against his study door, he should hear the surges of eternity, hour by hour, breaking in their awful and incessant roar. For his hourly doings affects three worlds: Heaven that watches his execution of its message, and whose angels rejoice at his success; Earth, blasted by his neglect, or blessed by his fidelity, as he moves between the living and the dead; and Hell, defrauded by his prayers of its prey, or by his apathy glutted to the full with victims. With Ezekiel’s watchman, to our skirts clings the blood of those dying unwarned; and with Aaron and his sons, we may, in some subordinate sense, be said to ‘bear the iniquity of the sanctuary, and the iniquity of the priesthood.’ ”

Dr. Williams has published but little. His unaffected humility has resisted most of the solicitations which have been made for a wider circulation of his sermons and essays. A little incident will illustrate this. At a certain meeting of an association of Baptist ministers, which met at short intervals for mutual improvement and criticism, Dr. W. was appointed to bring in an essay upon Theological Instruction—or the true method of Theological Seminaries. At the succeeding meet-

ing the chairman alluded to the appointment, by remarking that upon such a difficult subject he presumed Dr. Williams had not as yet been able to prepare anything, but he would like to know the prospects of an essay at some future time.—Dr. W. replied by drawing out of his pocket some scraps of paper, saying that having had a little leisure, more than he might have for some weeks, he had improved it by putting down a few imperfect thoughts, which, however, might be of some service as a nucleus for further discussion. He commenced reading and read on. The interest of his audience quickly awakened grew to admiration and swelled into astonishment—and when he had finished, words seemed totally inadequate to express the delight so deeply felt. Those scraps of paper he put into his pocket again, and never to this day have his brethren been able, by any argument, to persuade him to publish them to the world.

We understand, however, that he has consented to prepare a History of the Baptist Denomination, having been lately appointed to that arduous task by the “Hudson River Association.” This is an undertaking for which he is peculiarly fitted, and the denomination may congratulate themselves on the attainment of their earnest desire.

The external life of Dr. Williams is unusually barren of incident. He was born in New York in the year 1804, Oct 14th. There he attended school. There he passed the four years of college life, having been graduated at Columbia College when he was eighteen years of age. There he studied law three years in the office of Mr. Jay—and spent one year in the practice of law in the same office. And there he has spent all of his ministerial life, having been installed pastor of the Amity Street Church at the time of its formation in the year 1831. He has twice visited Europe, having spent about a year abroad when he was a lawyer, at the close of the one year’s practice in Mr. Jay’s office, and a few months in addition since he became a pastor. He was never graduated at any Theological Institution.

His habits have been remarkably studious and retiring from very infancy. When his schoolmates were at play, he would be found crouched in some hidden corner absorbed in a book. His manners retain the quiet delicacy, with an occasional “absentmindedness,” which are in natural harmony with such a disposition and such a life. Various efforts have been made to entice him from New York and place him at the head of a literary institution, where some of his most judicious friends are exceedingly anxious that he should be stationed, as the position where his talents would have the freest scope and the greatest efficiency. But hitherto all entreaties have failed to persuade him to dissolve the strong bond that unites him to his devoted church.

He is the son of Rev. John Williams, who in the year 1825 resigned the pastoral charge of the Oliver-street Baptist Church of New York, which he had held during 27 years, for a priesthood in the church above. He was a native of Wales, and came to this country in the year 1795, leaving home, kindred, and a flock of whose affections he was entirely possessed, that his country-

men, who at that time were emigrating to this country in large numbers, might not be as "sheep having no shepherd," scattered from the fold of the church. He was a man of deep and fervent piety, and of uncommon native vigor of mind. He labored with great zeal among his people, not only dispensing the bread of life with an unremitting earnestness, but also distributing charities to the poor from his own limited store, visiting the sick, comforting the afflicted, consoling the desolate.

The following description of his character is given in his Memoir. Who will fail to recognise the likeness of the son in the portrait of the father? The mantle of Elijah descended upon Elisha:—

"Few men equalled John Williams in the consistency of his Christian character, as a whole. We frequently see some one individual excellence carried out into glorious exercise at the expense and to the neglect of other virtues; but in his character, all the traits of true Christianity seemed to unite their beauty, without giving to any one feature an unseemly prominence. His zeal was ardent, but united with the greatest prudence. That prudence, instead of degenerating into craftiness, was accompanied by the most perfect simplicity; simplicity was tempered by meekness, yet his meekness had for its basis strong decision of character and unbending firmness of principle. He never insulted charity by offering to sacrifice on her altar the truth "as it is in Jesus," and yet he never hoped to advance the cause of truth by bringing to her defence bigotry and intolerance. He loved the image of the Saviour wherever he found it, and it was not the barrier of his own sect, or the badge of another, that could prevent him from acknowledging his union in spirit with those whom the same Redeemer had purchased with the same blood."

Thus stands the brief epitome of the life of Wm. R. Williams, and such are the leading traits of his character. There may be some who will skeptically remark that *they* "have never heard much of Dr. Williams," and attribute to this sketch the fault of eulogy. To such, if there be any, we would quote as nearly as memory allows a remark made by a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian Church of New York, in the presence of a number of clergymen, on being asked, by an individual from abroad, for his candid opinion as to who was the greatest man among the clergy of New York: "If undoubted piety, unexampled humility, most comprehensive scholarship, wide acquaintanceship with history, unusual attainments in literature, together with a refined taste, and rare genius as a writer constitute a great man, then William R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, is the man for whom you enquired." We think that there are few clergymen who enjoy the regard and esteem of all denominations, to the extent to which it is appropriated to the subject of this sketch. His modesty is loved, his independence is respected, his talents are honored, his acquirements are admired. But as we learn the results of such a life, how few can estimate the toil of its upbuilding or the solicitude of its progress! We scan it in its completeness, admire, pass on and forget—unmindful that the sighs were the mementoes treasured beneath its corner stone, and that tears cemented its foundation!

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in looks
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?"

"HE NEVER WROTE AGAIN."

His hope of publishing went down,
The sweeping press rolled on;
But what was any other crown
To him who hadn't one?
He lived—for long may man bewail
When thus he writes in vain:
Why comes not death to those that mourn
He never wrote again!

Books were put out and "had a run,"
Like coinage from the mint;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one they wouldn't print.
Before him passed, in calf and sheep,
The thoughts of many a brain:
His lay with the rejected heap—
He never wrote again!

He sat where men who wrote went round,
And heard the rhymes they built;
He saw their works most richly bound
With portraits and in guilt.
Dreams of a volume all forgot
Were blent with every strain:
A thought of one they issued not—
He never wrote again!

Minds in that time closed o'er the trace
Of books once fondly read,
And others came to fill their place
And were perused instead.
Tales which young girls had bathed in tears
Back on the shelves were lain:
Fresh ones came out for other years—
He never wrote again!

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Kaloolah, or, Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri: an Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

We noticed, last month, this new work very briefly, and now shall give our readers as large an extract as we can afford room for from its pages, that they may be able to judge of the correctness of our opinion of its author's talent. Dr. Mayo, the *soi-disant* editor, but real author of *Kaloolah*, is, as might be guessed from the first part of his narrative, if not a native of Nantucket, at least of Nantucket parentage. He seems to have inherited from his aquatic ancestors a fondness for wandering and wild adventure; what he has not experienced he has invented in these singularly vagabondish fancies of a roamer. A sober, well constructed tale, or a rational continuous narrative, like that of Gulliver, or Robinson Crusoe, or even Baron Munchausen, would be an impossibility with such a writer as Dr. Mayo, whose genius is nothing if not of a roaming nature. The Doctor's style is flowing, easy, and often eloquent, sometimes piquant and always rapid; but it lacks character and individuality. If he had taken time to rewrite, prune, cut down, and correct his manuscript, omitting here and there an extravaganza and digression, *Kaloolah* would have found a great number of readers, and would have stood more distinctly out by itself among the numerous class of works to which it belongs. But, with all its redundancies it is a very readable, exciting, and amusing work, and those who read a part of it will be very sure to go on until they reach the end. As for the story it would be a difficult matter to analyze it, and, as for the style, some idea may be formed of it from the following descriptions and reflections, which we have selected at random:

THE TROPICAL FOREST.

"For a long time had we pursued our way through the sombre forest, all silent—subdued in spirit, and disposed to bow reverentially to receive the blessing which the religious old trees, with outstretched arms, seemed invoking upon our heads. From all sides arose curious and horrid noises, that, like the grotesque grinning faces of Gothic architecture, served only to increase the prevailing solemnity—the screeching of parrots, paroquets, and an infinite variety of birds unknown to naturalists even by name; the clattering of myriads of monkeys; the occasional laugh and growl of animals of the hyena family; the wild rush and whirl of startled deer, harts, roe-bucks, and the gliding, rustling sound of huge snakes, moving along the ground, or around the gigantic trunks, and among the verdure of the garbled branches.

"The great river is in front of us," replied Hassan; and in a few minutes we emerged from the dark forest, and stood upon its banks. There lay the broad stream, some fifty or sixty feet beneath us, and beyond it a vast expanse of open, rolling country, dotted with clumps of trees, an undulating with rounded hills, through which opened up long vistas of surpassing beauty. In the middle ground the hills grew more varied in their forms, and more abrupt, serving to link, by an easy transition, the milder beauty of the river's bank with the lofty grandeur of a chain of towering mountains in the back ground.

"From the foot of the bank upon which we stood extended a wide beach of dark grey pebbles and sand. It took us some time to find a spot at which our animals could descend. From the beach the view was much restricted of the country on the other side of the river, but the loss was made up by the pleasing outline of the bank, and the magnificence of the masses of rock and verdure that towered above us behind, and extended as far up and down as the eye could reach. Gigantic flowering creepers, splendid specimens of the rock hugging cereus, and a magnificent flower, like a morning glory, but as large as a man's hat, and of a brilliant blue and gold, covered and concealed the angular points and rough projections of the cliffs. Among these, as in the forest we had passed, revelled a thousand different kinds of birds of the most glorious plumage; little paroquets, be-

decked in all the prismatic colors; humming-birds; golden and purple woodpeckers, and a little bird that *Kaloolah* clapped her hands at the sight of, and called the *kinkapal*, or gem-bird. Around its head and neck were little tufts of plumage of different hues, that reflected the sunlight as brightly as a brilliant of the first water. The wings and body were of a plain grey, while the head and neck were clothed as with a little casque and corselet of diamonds, rubies, and opals. Here, too, floated several specimens of the *front bell*, a bird which may justly be pronounced one of the greatest ornithological curiosities in the world. Its body is about the size of a wren, and without wings, but from every point on its surface come out the most delicate feather streamers, a foot or more in length. Wonderful is the delicacy and lightness of this large mass of plumage in which the little body of the bird is concealed. The finest feathers of the ostrich or the bird of paradise are coarse in comparison. The outer extremity of each feather is of a pure white, but towards the body the brightest hues of green, blue, purple and gold, so that the wind, parting the masses of graceful plumage as the bird floats slowly along, reveals each moment new combinations of color to the delighted eye. But not the least curious part of the *front bell's* structure is the machinery with which, in the absence of wings, it is furnished for locomotion. The bill is simply a tube, open at both ends, and extending directly through the head, so that one orifice is directly in front, the other behind. From the middle of this tube, or from the top of the head, rises a hollow, cartilaginous globe, capable of expansion and contraction; this communicates with the tube, in which are two valves, the one in front opening towards the globe, the one behind, away from it. When the globe is expanded a vacuum is produced, and the air rushes in through the valve in front. When the globe contracts, the valve closes, and the air is forced out through the other valve behind; and thus, by an alternate action of suction and propulsion, the *front bell* is able to move along slowly, when the wind is not too high. The flexibility of the neck enables the bird to direct the tube to any angle of elevation, and thus, aided by the legerity of its plumage, to ascend to any height, although it generally flies low in search of small insects and animalculæ, which, when sucked into the globe, are retained in the convolution of a lining mucous membrane, and afterwards transmitted into the stomach. The passage of the air through the valves occasions a pleasant flute-like sound, which varies in tone and quality with the size of the bird and the rapidity of its motion."

KALLOOLAH.

"Hitherto *Kaloolah* had not had the advantage of having been seen through the magnifying glass of the imagination. She had been too near to admit of it, but now that there was evidently a distance growing between us, my fancy began to have more scope. For the first time I took a fair look at her through my mental telescope, adjusting the focus for parallel rays, and putting on a high power, so as to fill the field of view with her manifold perfections. As I sat and watched her lithe figure, swaying with every emotion—one tiny hand half hidden in the lion's mane, the other gracefully moving in expressive gesture—her black eyes now beaming, now melting; her fruity mouth; her rich hair waving in clustered ringlets; and her laugh and voice, so eminently persuasive and thorough-bred in its simple and earnest abandon—as I sat, and with sharpened senses drank in all this, a slight feeling of anxiety, for the first time, came over me. It was difficult to repel the idea, that perhaps this star, now culminating so brilliantly in the zenith of love, might turn out to be a comet moving in a path of such eccentricity and inclination as to put the chance of its intersecting my orbit again, out of question entirely."

THE THRONE-ROOM—FRAMAZUGDA.

"Slowly we moved up the gorgeous hall, which now seemed, by contrast, as silent as death. The guards on either side presented their gongs, which proved to be shields, and stood with their heads bowed low, immovable as statues. We reached the upper end, and, emerging through an arched doorway, hung with heavily embroidered curtains, entered a large circular room of at least a hundred feet in diameter. The roof was curiously arched and gowned, and appeared to be of white marble, and from it depended several large chandeliers of alabaster, rock crystal, and gold, which diffused a brilliant but mellow light around. A large carved and gilded ring ran round the room for a cornice, and from

this depended curtains or hangings of crimson and gold, which, at equal distances, were pulled aside and looped up, disclosing the walls, empanelled in blue and silver. Two-thirds of the floor was a rich arabesque mosaic, representing a variety of nondescript and fanciful vines, leaves and fruits. This portion of the room was ornamented with vases of flowers, and was occupied by several groups of dignitaries, habited in flowing robes of gorgeous feather cloth, worked with gold and gems, and in crimson and blue head-dresses, from which waved the inimitable plumage of the froul-bell.

"The other third of the room was elevated the height of two broad steps, and covered with a richly-figured carpet of asphaltum, with tufts of cotton and wool of the kind that I have before described. In the middle of this portion of the room was a small carved ivory platform about eight feet square, and approached on three sides by three low steps, running the whole length. From this platform arose a curiously constructed wide cushioned chair. The legs and arms were made of solid tusks of ivory, inlaid with gold and silver. The back was formed of an immense gold shield, which was held in the claws of two large silver lions rampant, at the sides of the chair. One broad step, upon which, at either end, had been placed two cushions, led up to the throne, over the arms of which, somewhat like a shawl thrown carelessly across a chair, was a purple cloth, sparkling with gems. This drapery hung neglected in flowing folds—on one side, half hiding the lion supporting the shield—and falling away to the right and left, in graceful amplitude, rested far out upon a carpet to which it was firmly anchored by tags of solid gold, about the size and shape of a six-pound shot.

"From the ceiling depended a monstrous canopy, formed by eight winged serpents. They were represented as twisting their tails around a golden ring at the roof, and after uniting their bodies, descending, until at a proper distance over the chair, they diverged like the radiating serpents in a sky-rocket, and, spreading their wings, formed a large spherical dome. The necks of the serpents continued off beyond the circumference of the canopy, and, twisted in all directions, served to support long pendent necklets of precious stones. In the mouth of each serpent was a small bunch of natural flowers."

SINGULAR SALUTATION.

"As we entered the room the groups of dignitaries I have mentioned as occupying the paved portion of the floor, made way for us. Silently, and in obedience to the signals of an old fellow, with a long white wand, they arranged themselves in three parallel rows on each side, between the arch by which we were entering and the steps leading to the elevated portion of the room. Another wave of the wand, and each noble put his hands to the floor, and with a very dexterous and graceful jerk, kicked his heels up in the air, and stood perfectly straight and motionless upon his hands, with his head downwards. As we passed on, they successively resumed an upright position. I could not but admire this new mode of salutation—it was so graceful, such a pleasing exemplification of the line of beauty, such a beautiful combination of natural liteness with acquired dexterity, and so profoundly respectful."

Letters from Abroad. By Henry Coleman. 2 vols. Boston, 1849.

MR. COLEMAN is an Unitarian clergyman, a native of Massachusetts, who was employed by the Legislature of that State to make survey and report of its agricultural resources. This he did in a manner which showed his fitness for the duty. We have read few books on agriculture with a greater degree of interest than we perused his agricultural reports. After this labor was completed he removed to Genesee County in this State, and there commenced farming, and undertook the publication of an agricultural journal. He soon abandoned these employments and went to England for the purpose of making a report of the condition of agricultural science in that country and other parts of Europe. His work on European agriculture excited a good deal of attention. The "Letters from Abroad" were written while he was abroad, but without being intended for publication. Since he returned he has very properly given them to the public, and, as they are written in a very pleasant, unambitious and gossiping manner, and abound in de-

scription of English life, in particular of a kind which we have hitherto been unused to, we doubt not that the "Letters from Abroad" will be much more extensively read, and will do more good, than any of his more serious publications. Mr. Coleman's mission and letters gained him free access to the best society of England, and domiciliated him in some of the best and richest houses in the kingdom, and his descriptions of English interiors have more novelty than we have been accustomed to find in the letters of other tourists. Here is a delightful description of an English Parsonage:—

"You see the date of my letter (Nottinghamshire), and I have seldom in my life passed a more agreeable Sunday. I have been twice at church, and am staying with the clergyman. He is a gentleman of fortune, and though without title himself, he married a lady of rank, and his family are allied by blood or marriage to some of the highest aristocracy in the kingdom. He specially invited me to come and pass a few days with him; and I came by appointment yesterday, and shall leave to-morrow, as my engagements do not admit of longer delay, though he has urged me to remain. He has a small church; a parish, with the exception of a few families, composed principally of tenant farmers and laborers. His salary is £900, that is about \$4,500, and a house and glebe of about forty acres. His father, a man of great wealth, lives directly in his neighborhood.

Imagine a beautiful country, not naturally fertile, but made one of the most productive by cultivation, and every where covered with a most luxuriant vegetation; imagine roads as fine as can be trodden, without a pebble to impede the carriage, and bounded with green and neatly-trimmed hedges; imagine here and there a substantial farm-house, surrounded with acres and acres of green crops, and many of them with stacks of wheat and barley made in the most finished and beautiful manner, in some cases twenty, thirty, and even forty in number, containing, by estimate, two hundred and three hundred bushels of grain each. (I am only stating facts); imagine your approach to a large cluster of ornamental trees, through which you see the turrets of the house rising, and occasionally appearing and disappearing as you approach; imagine several smooth avenues, bordered with shrubs and flowers of the richest description; imagine an extensive lawn, stretching far away in front of one side of the house, as smooth as Milton describes it, with the sheep and cattle grazing upon it; imagine a beautiful mirrored lake of half a mile in length, and with corresponding width, glistening and sparkling at the foot of the lawn; imagine a grove of magnificent forest trees, in the rear of the parsonage, with the towers of the old church mantled with ivy, showing its gray and venerable image among these trees, with its church-yard, and marble and moss-grown monuments, where Old Mortality might find congenial employment for days and months, and you will have some little notion of the exterior of my transient resting-place. Now enter the house, and find the libraries stored with books, and the drawing rooms, elegant in their plainest attire, but crowded with the most beautiful objects of ornament and curiosity, and fitted up with every possible appendage of luxury and comfort; imagine an elegant dining room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art, and the vintage and the fruit garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed chamber, a bright coal fire, fresh water in basins, in goblets in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, aluminettes, a night lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am, and indeed a pretty accurate and not exaggerated description of my residence for the last three weeks—four weeks—five weeks—three months—I cannot say how long, and then judge whether it is not likely to spoil me. For the last fortnight, for example, with the exception of one day, I have dined off of silver and porcelain, and have sat down each day to a table as sumptuous and abundant, and various and elegant, as I ever saw at any dinner party in Boston; indeed, more so, and much of the time with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, as elegant in dress and manners as you can meet with; never with less than four men servants, many times with eight or ten, and in one case I counted eleven, eight of whom were in elegant livery, trimmed with silver and with silver epaulettes, &c."

Mr. Coleman also had the privilege of being entertained by a Duke, whose manner of living is thus pleasantly described :

"I had supposed I had seen, several times before, the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this I confess went beyond what I had met with ; and the beauty of the whole was, that though there were so many parts wheel within wheel, and one spring depending for its tension and movements upon another, yet there was not the slightest jarring or creaking, and although, for aught I know, there were one hundred servants about, and I do not believe there were many less, you would scarcely have supposed, from any noise by night or day, that there was one within a mile.

"I asked, when I re tired, what time do you breakfast ? The Duke replied, "Just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine precisely, and found the Duchesse at her breakfast. About half-past nine the Duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after. At breakfast, the side table would have on it, cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the table were several kinds of the best bread possible, butter always fresh, made that morning, as I have found at all these houses ; and if you ask for coffee, or chocolate, it would be brought to you in a silver coffee-pot, and you helped yourself ; if for tea, you would have a silver urn to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small tea-pot, and a small caddy of black and green tea to make for yourself, or the servant for you. The papers of the morning, from London, (for a country paper is rarely seen,) were then brought to you, and your letters, if any. At breakfast, the arrangements were made for the day, and if you were to ride, choose your mode, and at the minute, the horses and servants would be at the door.

"At two o'clock is the lunch, which I was not at home to take, and very rarely do take. A lunch at such houses, is in fact a dinner ; the table is set at half-past one, not quite so large as for dinner. Commonly, there is roast meat, warm birds, warm or cold, cold chicken, cold beef, cold ham, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, beer, ale and wines, and every one takes it as he pleases, standing, sitting, waiting for the rest, or not, and going away when he pleases ; dinner at seven, sometimes at eight, when all are congregated in the drawing-room, five minutes before the hour, in full dress. I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses, there is always a bill of fare—in this case written, I had almost said engraved, on the most elegant and embossed colored paper ; always in French, and passed round to the guests. Three days in succession, we had different kinds of excellent fish, taken from ponds directly in the neighborhood of the house, on the Duke's own grounds. After dinner, we had, every day, peaches, nectarines, grapes and pine-apples in abundance. There were six of us at dinner, daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery ; the livery here, consists of light yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white cotton or silk stockings, and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulets on each shoulder, and white cravats ; those out of livery were in full suits of black, and if you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of dress. After dinner, in half an hour, the ladies retire, and in another half hour the gentlemen meet them in the drawing room. Then do what you please ; read, play, talk, look at pictures and books, wait the retiring of others, or, at your pleasure, you may find a candle in the passage, and go to your chamber, where you find a good fire, and everything requisite to your comfort and convenience, in perfect readiness and order. If you want a servant, there is one at your elbow ; if you require a laundress, your valet will take your clothes, and they will be returned as soon as possible, in the best order, with the bill. Now adieu.

P.S.—I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day, after using your basin, you would find it clean, and the pitcher replenished on your return ; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau, and at the dressing hour before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for use. I never saw more attention. I can hardly conceive of more perfect house-keeping, for you scarcely ever see or hear an outcry, unless you ring a bell, when a servant instantly appears before you, as if from the waistcoat. I hope these details, as they are all designed for your personal gratification, will be to your taste.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By John Ruskin. With Illustrations. Drawn and Etched by the Author. New York : John Wiley. 1849.

As Mr. Wiley is an honorable and conscientious man, we

wonder at his publishing a work which bears a falsehood on its title page. Those illustrations are neither drawn nor etched by John Ruskin, nor are they even etched at all ; they are, on the contrary, very coarse lithographs by Saroni and Major of New York, and what such a sturdy lover of the truth as Mr. Ruskin will say, when he sees how his book has been reproduced on this side the Atlantic, his name traduced, and his labors appropriated without pay or recompense, it is not difficult to conceive. We suppose that the printing of the title page was an inadvertence, but it is an inexcusable one. Having said all that we have to utter against the publication, we must thank Mr. Wiley for furnishing the reading public of our country, in a handsome form and at a low price, one of the most important works on art that has yet been given to the world. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture* is something more than its title indicates, it is a philosophical essay on the ethics of art, and we know of no work upon the subject which contains a tenth part as much truth and profundity, unless it be the "*Modern Landscape Painters*" of the same author, for John Ruskin and the "*Oxford Graduate*," whose criticisms on Turner have caused so great a sensation among artists and connoisseurs, are one and the same person. The title of the *Seven Lamps* is purely fanciful, but, under this title, the author divides his subjects the ethics of architecture, into seven distinct heads which are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, Obedience.

As it is quite impossible, in the circumscribed space to which we devote our notices of new books, to make an analysis of this masterly work, we must be content with stating that the perusal of it afforded us a higher degree of satisfaction than any work of artistic criticism that we have ever examined, and has left an impression upon our mind of the author's power that no other writings on the morality of aesthetics ever effected. There is no lack of architectural writings, but, not to include such as are purely theoretical, we regard *The Seven Lamps* as the highest, most eloquent and philosophical that has ever been written. Those who have read the author's first publication, and were charmed with his earnestness, his religious enthusiasm, his love of nature, his extensive knowledge of art, his independence of thought, boldness of expression, and eloquent style, need not be informed that the work before us is marked by these qualities. They will take as much for granted. For the benefit of those who have not read the "*Modern Painters*," we give a few extracts from *The Seven Lamps*, rather as specimens of the author's manner, than to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the contents of the work :—

FROM THE LAMP OF POWER.

And first, of mere size : It might not be thought possible to emulate the sublimity of natural objects in this respect ; nor would it be, if the architect contended with them in pitched battle. It would not be well to build pyramids in the valley of Chamouni ; and St. Peter's, among its many other errors, counts for not the least injurious, its position on the slope of an insupportable hill. But imagine it placed on the plain of Marengo, or like the *Superga* of Turin, or like *La Salute* at Venice ! The fact is, that the apprehension of the size of natural objects, as well as of architecture, depends more on fortunate excitement of the imagination than on measurements by the eye ; and the architect has a peculiar advantage in being able to press close upon the sight such magnitude as he can command. There are few rocks, even among the Alps, that have a clear vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais ; and if we secure a good precipice of wall, or a sheer and unbroken flank of tower, and place them where there are no enormous natural features to oppose them, we shall feel in them no want of sublimity of size.

"While, therefore, it is not to be supposed that mere size will ennoble a mean design, yet every increase of magnitude will bestow upon it a certain degree of nobleness : so that it

is well to determine at first, whether the building is to be markedly beautiful or markedly sublime; and if the latter, not to be withheld by respect to smaller parts from reaching largeness of scale; provided only, that it be evidently in the architect's power to reach at least that degree of magnitude which is the lowest at which sublimity begins, rudely definable as that which will make a living figure look less than life beside it. It is the misfortune of most of our modern buildings that we would fain have an universal excellence in them; and so part of the funds must go in painting, part in gilding, part in fitting up, part in painted windows, part in small steeples, part in ornaments, here and here; and neither the windows, nor the steeple, nor the ornaments, are worth their materials."

In this country of almost unvarying sunshine, the importance of the following extract ought to be immediately recognised.

"So that after size and weight, the Power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity (whether measured in space or intenseness) of its shadow; and it seems to me, that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men (as opposed to those works of art in which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or of pleasure) require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life; and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its misery; and thus it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting; and I do not believe that ever any building was truly great, unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface. And among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton; but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value: all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by the twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noon day sun."

FROM THE LAMP OF MEMORY.

"As regards domestic buildings, there must always be a certain limitation to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts, of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins; and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honorably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathise in all their honor, their gladness, or their suffering—that this, with all the record it bore of them, and all of material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honor, or that our own

lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalised minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless designs of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonored dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gypsy, by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change."

FROM THE LAMP OF OBEDIENCE.

"A day never passes without hearing our English architects called upon to be original, and to invent a new style; about as sensible and necessary an exhortation as to ask of a man who has never had rags enough on his back to keep out cold, to invent a new mode of cutting a coat. Give him a whole coat first, and let him concern himself about the fashion of it afterwards. We want no new style of architecture. Who wants a new style of painting or sculpture? But we want *some style*. It is of marvellously little importance, if we have a code of laws and they be good laws, whether they be new or old, foreign or native. Roman or Saxon, or Norman or English laws. But it is of considerable importance that we should have a code of laws of one kind or another, and that code accepted and enforced from one side of the island to another, and not one law made ground of judgment at York and another in Exeter. And in like manner it does not matter one marble splinter whether we have an old or new architecture, but it matters everything whether we have an architecture truly so called or not; that is, whether an architecture whose laws might be taught at our schools from Cornwall to Northumbria, as we teach English spelling and English grammar, or an architecture which is to be invented fresh every time we build a workhouse or a parish school. There seems to me to be a wonderful misunderstanding among the majority of the architects at the present day as to the very nature and meaning of originality, and of all wherein it consists. Originality in expression does not depend on invention of new words; nor originality in poetry on invention of new measures; nor, in painting, on invention of new colors, or new modes of using them. The chords of music, the harmonies of color, the general principles of the arrangement of sculptural masses, have been determined long ago, and in all probability, cannot be added to any more than they can be altered. Granting that they may be, such additions or alterations are much more the work of time and of multitudes than of individual inventors. We may have one Van Eyck, who will be known as the introducer of a new style once in ten centuries, but he himself will trace his invention to some accidental bye play or pursuit; and the use of that invention will depend altogether on the popular necessities or instincts of that period. Originality depends on nothing of the kind. A man who has the gift, will take up any style that is going, the style of his day, and will work in that, and be great in that, and make everything that he does in it look as fresh as if every thought of it had just come down from heaven."

Dante's Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation. By Dr. Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

A translation like this, of a poem of which everybody has heard, but, comparatively, few have read, is a god-send to general readers as well as scholars. Dr. Carlyle is a brother of the Carlyle whose profound criticisms, mystical philosophy, queer style, and fine imagination have rendered the name immortal. Dr. Carlyle appears to be as honest and straightforward a man as his illustrious brother, and he has given us here a key to the man and poet Dante, which all

other translators have miserably failed to furnish; in fact the other Englishmen who have attempted to translate Dante have only given us a weak paraphrase, but in this literal rendering of the thoughts of the mighty man, who went down to hell and described what he saw there, we get an idea of the Dante who is to Italians what Shakespeare is to us. We wish that Homer could be rendered into English in a similar manner, and that some Frenchman would undertake to give his countrymen such a rendering of Shakespeare, for in the wretched translations of Shakspeare into French which now exist, our Gallic friends have no more idea of the great dramatist than they have of a true republic. Dr. Carlyle explains in his preface so well the method which he pursued in his translation, and his reasons for adopting a manner which, at first, seems so unnatural, that we prefer giving an extract from his preface to one from the translation itself, which we advise our readers to procure if they wish to become well acquainted with the immortal work of Italy's great poet.

"No single particle has been wittingly left unrepresented in it, for which any equivalent could be discovered; and the few words that have been added are marked in italics. English readers, it is hoped, will here find a closer, and therefore, with all its defects, a warmer version than any that has hitherto been published for them.

"The Italian text, carefully collated from the best editions, is printed beneath, in order to justify and support the translation, which is perhaps too literal for standing alone; and likewise to enable those who have any knowledge of Italian to understand the original itself more easily, and with less obstruction enjoy the deep rhythmic force and beauty of it, which cannot be transferred into any other language.

"New arguments or explanatory introductions, intended to diminish the number and burden of indispensable notes, are prefixed to the cantos. The notes themselves are either original, or taken directly, and in no case without accurate reference, from the best Italian commentators and historians; and above all, from Dante's own works, wherever anything appropriate could be met with. Illustrative or parallel passages are quoted in them, from the Bible, and from Virgil and other ancient authors, to show the way in which Dante used his materials; and more sparingly from Chaucer and Milton, both of whom had read the *Divina Commedia* with poetic warmth and insight, before producing any of their own great works. The endless passages which might have been quoted from Italian writers, are excluded for the sake of brevity, and as being far less near and less interesting to us.

"Finally, the doubtful, difficult, or obsolete words are explained between the notes and the original text or in the notes themselves. A brief account of the most remarkable editions, comments, and translations, is given at the commencement, together with a sketch of Dante's Hell and his journey through it. And the volume concludes with a complete index of the proper names that are mentioned or alluded to.

"Now this simple statement will sufficiently show that the present undertaking is upon a plan quite different from that of the other English translations; and therefore enters into no competition with them, and requires no apology. I am persuaded that all who know anything of the manifold significance of the original, or of its old and recent history, will be glad to see another faithful effort made to bring the true meaning of it nearer to English readers. But, for several purposes, and more especially for the guidance of younger students, it may be useful to state also, in a few words, the reasons that have gradually led to this new experiment, and the feelings and convictions under which it was begun. They are as follows:

"In the year 1831, being called to Italy by other duties, I first studied the *Divina Commedia*, under guidance of the most noted literary Dilettanti of Rome and other places. I heard them read it with wondrous gestures and declamation, and talk of it in the usual superlatives; learnt by heart the stories of Francesca, Ugolino, &c., and could speak very fluently about them. But, as a whole, it took little serious hold of me at that time. The long, burdensome, incoherent jumble of contending notes in the Paduan edition of 1832—recommended as the best—had helped to darken and perplex every part of it that required any comment.

"During the seven years which followed, I often studied it again, at leisure hours, along with the other works of

Dante; and got intimately acquainted with various Italians of different ranks, who, without making any pretensions to literature, or troubling themselves with conflicting commentaries, knew all the best passages, and would recite them in a plain, sober, quiet tone—now rapid, now slow, out always with real warmth—like people who felt the meaning, and was sure of its effect. To them the *Divina Commedia* had become a kind of Bible, and gave expression and expansion to what was highest in their minds. The difference between them and the Dilettanti seemed infinite, and was all the more impressive from the gradual way in which it had been remarked.

"The contemporary Historians, or Chroniclers, of Florence and other parts of Italy, were afterward studied, in connection with Dante and his earliest commentators; and here the meaning of the great Poem first began to unfold itself in detail, and apart from its mere literary merits. It became significant in proportion as it was felt to be true—to be, in fact, the sincerest, the strongest, and warmest utterance that had ever come from any human heart since the time of the old Hebrew Prophets. Diligent readers of those contemporary historians will find that the Poet, among other things, took the real historical facts of this age, and took them with surprising accuracy and transcendent impartiality, extenuating nothing, exaggerating nothing, though often rising into very high fervor and indignation. And they will also find that there was enough in those old times to excite a great, earnest, far-seeing man, such as Dante; and send him into the depths and heights of Prophetic Song. Those times had already produced Sicilian Vespers, and tragedies enough; and carried within them the seeds of Bartholomew Massacres, of Thirty-Years' Wars, and French Revolutions, and the state of things that we now see over the whole continent of Europe and elsewhere. They were times of transition, like our own—the commencement of a New Era, big with vast energies and elements of change; and 'the straight way was lost.' It is only the phraseology, the apparatus, and outward circumstances that are remote and obsolete; all else is the same with us as with Dante. Our horizon has grown wider than his: our circumnavigators do not find that Mount of Purgatory on the other side of the globe; the Continents of America stands revealed in his Western Hemisphere of Ocean; the Earth is no longer the 'fixed and stable' Centre of our Universe; but the great principles of truth and justice remain unaltered. And to those among ourselves, who, with good and generous intentions, have spoken lightly and unwisely concerning Dante, one has to say, not without sadness: study him better. His ideas of Mercy, and Humanity, and Christian Freedom, and the means of attaining them, are not the same as yours: not the same, but unspeakably larger and sounder. He felt the infinite distance between Right and Wrong, and had to take that feeling along with him. And those gentle qualities of his, which you praise so much, lie at the root of his other heroic qualities, and are inseparable from them. All anger and indignation, it may safely be said, were much more painful to him than they can be to you. The Dante you have criticised is not the real Dante, but a mere scare crow—seen through the unhealthy mist of your sentimentalisms. Why do you keep preaching your impracticable humanities, and saying Peace, peace; when there is no peace? Is there nothing within your own daily observation or experience to make you seek for surer footing, and prevent you from trying to heal the foulest sores by merely hiding them, and talking mildly about them? Have you not this very year beheld the whole of a great nation, frantically, and with world wide re-echo, proclaiming universal Brotherhood, and Freedom, and Equality, on hollow grounds; and then, within four short months, as a natural and inevitable consequence, slaughtering each other by thousands? The humanest men of all countries are beginning to grow sick and weary of such expensive sham humanities.

"It was under such impressions as these that I first thought of publishing a correct edition of the Original Text, with English Arguments, and Notes explaining all the difficult passages, allusions, &c. But this plan, I was told by the best authorities I had an opportunity of consulting, would 'make a piebald, monstrous Book, such as has not been seen in this country'; and therefore, not without reluctance and misgiving, I resolved to attempt the Literal Prose Translation at the same time, and send forth this first volume—complete in itself—by way of experiment. The process of breaking in pieces the harmony and quiet force of the Original, and having to represent it so helplessly and inadequately in another language, has been found as painful as was anticipated, and the notes as hard to compress; but from beginning to end, all the difficulties of the task have at least been honestly fronted; and readers who are already familiar with Dante and his commentators, will be able to estimate the quantity of labor required for the performance of it."

The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the organization of Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. Vol. 1. Harper & Brother. New York, 1849.

To those who prefer fact to fancy, and who have sufficient information and capacity of reasoning to draw just inferences from known truths, such a history as this new record of facts by Mr. Hildreth will be far more acceptable than if it were embellished with the romantic beauties and philosophical reflections which so abound in Macaulay's history as to nearly smother the facts which he uses as the foundation of his work. For our own part we confess to a preference of Mr. Hildreth's manner of dealing with history; not that we are insensible to the felicities of Mr. Macaulay's style, or the beauties of his romantic and picturesque descriptions, but we prefer in an historical work to have nothing but the raw material, disencumbered of all extraneous matter. Such a history is Mr. Hildreth's. The style is plain, transparent, and sufficiently vigorous. It is free from affectation and is simple to severity. He gives us all that we desire to know on the subject of which he treats; he is content to give us facts, for which we are grateful, and has too much respect for us, to force upon our notice his own opinions of what might, could, would, or should have been done. If he has any imaginative activity he keeps it to himself, for which we are grateful; and he has the modesty to take it for granted that his reader has some knowledge of affairs in general as well as himself. There will necessarily be a great many opposing opinions respecting the merits of this work as compared with other histories; those who are too indolent to do their own thinking will call it unphilosophical, while those who lack imagination will call it dry; but to those who like to think for themselves, and have imaginations of their own, it will be a very acceptable record of the most interesting point of the history of the world. It will be completed in three volumes, and we think that we have already said enough to give our readers a clear idea of its general quality; but, as a matter of justice to the author, we make one extract to show the style of his narrative:—

VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

"By degrees, however, and in small parties, they escaped to Holland, and established themselves at Amsterdam, where there was already a church of English exiles. Between that church and some of the new comers disputes presently arose, to avoid which John Robinson, one of the recent emigrant preachers, removed with his followers to Leyden, where they remained for several years in the enjoyment of their separate church organization.

"But they found it difficult to obtain a livelihood; they did not like the free manners of the Dutch, which partook but little of Puritan austerity; their children left them, some as soldiers, others as sailors; and their congregation was thus in danger of dying out. Colonization in America, which had lately come into vogue, seemed particularly suited to their circumstances. They had thoughts of going to Guiana, where the Dutch already had some trading posts on the Essequibo. To that region of fabulous wealth public attention had just been attracted by the last unlucky voyage of Sir Walter Raleigh, which he had been released from the Tower to undertake, and which resulted in his execution under the old sentence, kept so long hanging over his head.

"They preferred, however, on second thought, to remove to Virginia, provided they might establish a separate settlement, and be allowed to arrange religious matters according to their own ideas. Robert Cushman and John Carver, two of their principal men, went to England as agents. A grant of land was readily promised by the company; and there was even a prospect of obtaining from the king—not, indeed, the desired guarantee on the subject of religion, but a promise that they should not be molested. A bare promise of this sort was not quite satisfactory, and an attempt was made to procure the countenance of the Dutch government for a settlement at or near the mouth of the Hudson, which some Dutch merchants trading thither were ready to assist in planting. That scheme having failed, as already mentioned, Cushman again proceeded to England,

in company with William Brewster, the ruling elder of the congregation. The patent promised by the Virginia Company was readily granted, and some merchants of London, among the most active of whom was Thomas Weston, east of sympathy with the religious views of the proposed emigrants, agreed to advance the necessary means; upon a bargain, however, not very favorable to the colonists. For every ten pounds paid in (less than fifty dollars), an interest was to be acquired in the joint stock equivalent to that of an able-bodied emigrant who contributed his personal services to the enterprise. The whole property was to remain a joint stock for seven years, at the end of which a division was to take place.

"It was arranged that Robinson should remain behind with such of the Leyden congregation as were not yet ready to embark, or were not thought fit for pioneers. After a fast, a sermon, and a solemn parting from Robinson and his flock, the selected adventurers, under the guidance of Brewster, the ruling elder, passed over to Southampton in the *Speedwell*, a small vessel purchased in Holland for the use of the colony. Here they were joined by Cushman in the *Mayflower*, a London ship hired for the voyage, and having on board their provisions and outfit. The passengers were distributed between the two vessels, which soon set sail; but the leakiness and bad trim of the *Speedwell*, which belied her name, joined to the faint-heartedness of her hired crew, not very well disposed to a service which would detain them as exiles on a distant and unknown coast, obliged the little squadron to put first into Dartmouth and then into Plymouth. At this latter port the leaky vessel was given up as unfit for the voyage. Some of her passengers were accommodated on board the *Mayflower*; but Cushman, with some twenty others, unwillingly remained behind.

"Thus deprived of her consort, the *Mayflower* recommenced her lonely voyage. Haulson River was the point aimed at; and, guided by difference of latitude merely—for the difference of longitude was as yet very imperfectly known—the master of the vessel expected to find it at no great distance from Cape Cod. After a tedious and bitter passage of two months, the extremity of that famous headland was seen. The ship was then turned to the south, but soon became entangled among shoals. The crowded passengers were very anxious to land; and, under the circumstances, it was judged best to enter Cape Cod harbor, a spacious haven at the extremity of that long and crooked promontory. The tale has often been repeated that the Dutch, alarmed for their trade on the Hudson, had bribed the master of the *Mayflower* not to land there. The contemporary documents find no fault either with the honesty or the skill of the master, who, it is probable, was no Dutchman, but a citizen of London, where the *Mayflower* belonged. The jealousies which afterwards arose between these colonists and the Dutch of New Netherland, might easily give rise to this story first told by Secretary Morton many years after the foundation of the colony."

Lady Alice; or the New Una. Appleton and Co.: New York. 1849. 2 vols.

Lady Alice is a regularly constructed novel, or, more properly, romance, of English high life; there is hardly a personage in it lower than an Earl, and all its personages are not only nobles but of the highest nobility. It is steeped in aristocracy; there is not, from beginning to end, a liberal or republican sentiment in it; it is all high church and high blood; one would think, from reading it, that it must have been written by some royal Prince, at the very least; the author appears to have studied hardly anything but books of the peerage and the books of ritual of the Catholic Church. If he was not nursed upon the lap of a duchess, one would think he had at least been cradled by a countess. From his elaborate descriptions of finery and flummery of all kinds, he seems to have been designed by nature for a tailor or a milliner, yet his serious and earnest defence of dancing, as a religious ceremony, seems to point him out as a dancing master, while his evident acquaintance with the pharmacopœia, assures us that he has spent some years behind the counter of an apothecary's shop. From certain unmistakable marks, we know that he has been a devout student of Bulwer and D'Israeli, and, from his theology, we have little doubt of his being an admirer of Bishop Hughes. Altogether the *New Una* is a very curious book, such an one as we might

naturally expect from the king-loving high churchmen of England, but we could hardly look for such a work from a son of our soil. But the *New Una* is an American book, although it was first published in London where it excited a good deal of attention, and was as extravagantly praised by some as it was dispraised by others. The author is Rev. Jedediah Huntington, a native of this state, and brother of the well known historical painter of the same name. Mr. Huntington was once a physician, he afterwards studied for the priesthood, and was settled as a pastor over a small congregation of Episcopalians in Vermont. He quitted his charge and travelled three or four years in Europe, where he seems to have acquired an inordinate love of the outside parade of the Catholic Church, and the pomp and trumpery of high life. The story of *Lady Alice* is extremely simple yet artificial, and the chief interests is almost smothered under loads of useless digressions. *Lady Alice* is the daughter of a Scotch Duke, and is an Episcopalian who crosses herself and goes to mass, and avails herself of a confessor. She falls in love with a Mr. Clifford, one of the impossibilities of perfection common to boarding school novels, who is a Roman Catholic. She converts him over to her very peculiar kind of protestantism, they are married, and the story closes. It is prettily written, and the story is ingeniously constructed, so that it can be read without weariness. But it contains no nature, and none of those touches which make the whole world kin.

We make the following extract from the closing chapter of this strange romance, which will afford a pretty good idea of the authors descriptive powers, and furnish a specimen of his peculiar love of ceremonials and ecclesiastical finery.

"It was on a brilliant morning of the auspicious month of June that the Chapel of Lennox House was filled with the *elite* (as they say) of Britain, assembled to witness the double marriage of Alice Stuart and Grace Clifford.

"By one of those peculiar privileges of the chapels of this princely house, of which we have already had occasion to speak, the nuptial mass, (as in the language of rituals it should be called) celebrated on this occasion by the Hon. and Rev. Herbert Courtenay, was ordered according to the rite of that portion of the Catholic Church to which the Duke, as a North Briton, necessarily belonged. On this occasion, for the first time, also, the celebrant and assistants—the latter the Duke's six chaplains—were arrayed in the vestments appointed by the law of the Church—in chasuble and dalmatic of white silk and gold, in albes of lace, like bridal veils, and richly bordered stoles. The sanctuary was hung with tapestry and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Wax lights—twelve in number, perhaps to signify the Apostles—burned in the golden candlesticks of that carved marble altar which has been already described. The credence glowed with the splendor of the sacred vessels. The cup was offered in a jewelled chalice of elaborate workmanship, presented by Alice as a bridal offering. On the same day she endowed a bishopric in a distant colony, and a church in a poor and populous district of this overgrown metropolis. Those who think that the rich and great ought to reserve their splendor for their own tables and retinue, and leave the table and the service of the Lord in poverty, we refer for the patterns of all this, to an old-fashioned book called the Bible.

"The ceremony, in short, was such as has not been witnessed in England since the early and yet unspotted reign of the sixth Edward; it was such a service as Cranmer was wont to celebrate, which it would have gladdened the heart of Ridley to witness, and which exhibited the purified Church of England as she was in the beauty and love of her espousals, before an adulterous tampering with the foreign reformation had led her to prevaricate in her fidelity to the Eternal bridegroom, and to hide under a bussel the hallowed light which once burned so clear on the altars of the Lord.

"The procession moves down the beautiful cloisters of the new house! We shall leave the bridesmaids and the dresses, the bishops, and the presence of Royalty, to the Morning Post; but we may mention that the difference in the behavior of the two birds was much observed. Grace could never be otherwise than high-bred and self-possessed.

Her mien might have been quoted as the ideal of patrician dignity softened by the timidity of the woman. All agreed that her manner was perfect.

"Alice was evidently absorbed in the religious solemnity. So profoundly hushed was the thronged chapel, so clear her own articulation at the moment of repeating the vows, that every syllable was distinctly audible, even to those who could barely gain the portal; and though it was in silence, and bowed within the silver gables of that sumptuous sanctuary that she listened to the chanting of the nuptial psalm, from the commencement of the Eucharistic office her voice blended with the burst of the response, adding its volumes of sweet sound to the harmonies of the *Ter Sanctus*, and surprising you into the belief of an angelic unison in the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

"This, and her air of rapt devotion, as if she had been a St. Cecilia, as were observed, were severely criticised. Yet, after all, when we consider the suffering which had preceded her happiness, when we remember by what a scene in her own history that chapel had been additionally hallowed, we may perhaps pardon her for forgetting the surrounding crowd, and thinking more of her Maker and Preserver and His Heavenly Court, than of measuring her inspired and holy passion of Love and religious gratitude by what might approve itself to these slaves of convention.

"Let us transfer the scene to a spot which no such unmeet presence is permitted as yet to profane—to the stately and picturesque courts of Bronswold, the bright gardens in which they are embowered, and the majestic sylvan solitudes surrounding all.

"That I should live to see this day, Excellenza! But I thought, when I saw the Signor Fitzalan enter our rooms that first morning, that our troubles were over."

"And you knew the Signor Fitzalan, Luigi?"

"Did I know her Ladyship? But what was I to do, your excellency? Do I ever know what is in your mind, Monsignore? If your signory took no notice, I supposed that your signory had your reasons. Had I ever known your excellency's penetration at fault before in so many years? Till I saw your excellency fallen on the bed, and heard your delirium, I could not persuade myself it was possible you had been deceived. Ah, what days were those! *Giorni benedetti!* But they are over, and your signory is happy at last!"

"We have described Edith's nuptial evening—a license rarely taken by the moderns;—it cannot be supposed that Alice's was less beautiful and solemn, in the house where she was at once a hostess and a bride. The chastened joy of her parents, the seriousness of her friends, the pious reverence of her brothers, the sympathy of her sisters, found all a place.

"May we perhaps fitly describe a room where Clifford at one time found himself?—a room panelled with lilac silk in pale gold mouldings, and decorated with many fine works of art. Two high mirrors reflected the planet-like light of its silver cresset lamp. Two statues, less than life, adorned it;—the Flora of the Capitol; and the draped Antinous of the Lateran, the angustly beautiful head of which Alice had fancied to resemble her lover's. On one porphyry tripod was an Etruscan vase—the design an holocaust; on another, a huge patera of exquisite form, on which was delineated the solemnity of an ancient oath. The mantel-piece, of white statuary marble, was a bas-relief of singular beauty, by one of Alice's friends, representing the *Pleiades* mourning forever their lost sister. It has been his own gift, at Rome. Above it, hung the *Departure from the Sepulchre*, the gift of her mother, yet the most serious and affecting of her own works.

"The adjoining room is green silk in the same moulding of pale gold. It has a carpet that muffles the step; it seems the bower of one who is a Princess in the land. On a table of ivory, a branch candlestick of gold contains two ornate wax lights—the nuptial tapers. As many slender vases, of the same material as the branch, contains each a lily and a rose. The chairs are all of ivory; but the chief object in the soft light and stillness of that bridal chamber is the ivory couch, classically formed, profusely carved, and half enveloped in clouds of lace. On the counterpane of the bed—the white satin brilliantly embroidered in gold and colours—the work and gift of Clarinelle St. Liz—reposes the same memento of the divine sufferings that have purchased and sanctified all human bliss, which formerly protected the bed of the lonely Fitzalan.

"A door is open into an oratory, where are that same altar and its furniture, and the prayer-desk, and the very books of prayer, from her dear room in the Pontefice; and here shall now be sung once more, and not once more only, by their blended voices, the cheering psalms of the holy *Compline*."

The Woodman: A Romance of the Times of Richard III.
By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper and Brothers.

There being a prevalent opinion afloat that all of Mr. James' novels commence by the description of a horseman, that might have been seen emerging from a dark wood at the close of a wintry day, we give the beginning of this new novel, by Mr. James, to show that he can be original when he has a mind to be:

"Of all the hard-working people on the earth there are none so servicable to her neighbors as the moon. She lights lovers and thieves. She keeps watch-dogs waking. She is a constant resource to poets, and romance writers. She helps the compounders of almanacs amazingly. She has something to do with the weather, and the tides, and the harvest; and in short she has a finger in every man's pie, and probably more or less effect upon every man's brain. She is a charming creature in all her variations. Her versatility is not the offspring of caprice; and she is constant in the midst of every change.

"I will have a moon, say what you will, my dear Prebend; and she shall more or less rule every page of this book.

"There was a sloping piece of ground looking to the southeast with a very small, narrow rivulet running at the bottom. On the opposite side of the stream was another slope as like the former as possible, only looking in the opposite direction. Titian, and Vandyke, and some other painters, have pleased themselves with depicting, in one picture, the same face in two or three positions; and these two slopes looked exactly like the two profiles of one countenance. Each had its little clumps of trees scattered about. Each had here and there a hedgerow, somewhat broken and dilapidated; and each too had toward its northern extremity a low, chalky bank, through which the stream seemed to have forced itself, in those good old times when rivers first began to go on pilgrimages toward the sea, and like many other pilgrims that we wot of, made their way through all obstacles in a very unceremonious manner.

"Over these two slopes about the hour of half past eleven, post meridian, the moon was shining with a bright but fitful sort of splendor; for ever and anon a light fleecy cloud, like a piece of swans-down borne by the wind, would dim the brightness of her rays, and cast a passing shadow on the scene below. Half an hour before, indeed, the radiant face of night's sweet queen had been veiled by a blacker curtain, which had gathered thick over the sky at the sun's decline; but as the moon rose high, those dark vapors became mottled with wavy lines of white, and gradually her beams seemed to drink them up.

"It may be asked if those two sloping meadows, with their clumps of trees, and broken hedgerows, and the little stream flowing on between them, was all that the moonlight showed? That would depend upon where the eye of the observer was placed. Near the lower part of the valley, formed by the inclination of the land, nothing else could be perceived; but walk half way up toward the top, on either side, and the scene was very much altered. Gradually rising, as the eye rose, appeared, stretched out beyond the chalky banks to the north, through which the rivulet came on, a large, gray, indistinct mass stretching all along from east to west, the rounded lines of which, together with some misty gaps, taking a bluish white tint in the moonlight, showed it to be some ancient forest lying at the distance, probably, of two or three miles from the spot first mentioned.

"But there were other objects displayed by the moonlight: for as those soft clouds, sweeping rapidly past, varied her light, and cast bright gleams or gray shadows on the ground, every here and there, especially on the southwestern slope, a brilliant spot would sparkle forth, flashing back the rays; and a nearer look showed naked swords, and breast-plates, and casques, while every now and then, under the increasing light, that which seemed a hillock took the form of a horse or of a human being, lying quietly on the green turf, or cast motionless down beneath a hedge or an old hawthorn tree.

"Were they sleeping there in that dewy night? Ay, sleeping, that sleep which fears not the blast, nor the tempest, nor the dew, which the thunder can not break, and from which no trumpet but one shall ever rouse the sleeper.

"From sunset till that hour, no living thing, unless it were fox or wolf, had moved upon the scene. The battle was over, the pursuers recalled, the wounded removed; the burial of the dead, if it was to be cared for at all, postponed

till another day; and all the fierce and all base passions which are called forth by civil contest, had lain down to sleep before the hour of which I speak. Even the human culture, which follows on the track of warring armies to feed upon the spoils of the dead, had gorged itself upon that field, and left the rich arms and housings to be carried away on the morning following.

"The fiercer and the baser passions, I have said, now slept; but there were tenderer affections which woke, and through that solemn and sad scene, which no light but that of the moon, with no sound but that of the sighing wind, some four or five persons were seen wandering about, half an hour before midnight. Often, as they went, they bent down at this spot or at that, and gazed at some object on the ground. Sometimes one of them would kneel, and twice they turned over a dead body which had fallen with the face downward. For more than an hour they went on, pausing at times to speak to each other, and then resuming their examination—I know not whether to call it search; for certainly they seemed to find nothing if they did search, although they left hardly a square yard of the whole field unexplored.

"It was nearly one o'clock on the following morning, when with slow steps they took their way over the rise; and the next moment the sound of horses' feet going at a quick pace broke the silence. That sound, in the absence of every other noise, might be heard for nearly ten minutes; and then all was stillness and solitude once more.

"Years had passed, long years, since the little scene took place which I have described in the preceding chapter. The heads were gray which were then proud of the glossy locks of youth. Middle life was approaching old age and children had become men.

"It was evening. The sun had gone down some two hours before; and the lights were lighted in a large, comfortable, well furnished room. The ceilings were vaulted. The doorways and the two windows were richly decorated with innumerable moulding; and the discolored stone work around them, the clustered pillars at the sides, the mullions which divided the windows, and the broad pointed arches above, spoke that style of architecture known as the early English. The tables, the chairs, the cupboard at the side, were all of old oak, deep in color, and rich in ornament. The floor was covered with rushes, over which, in the center, was spread a piece of tapestry; and the stone work of the walls between the pillars was hidden by tapestry likewise, on one side representing the siege of Troy, on the other the history of David and Goliath, and on a third the loves of Mars and Venus, which, though somewhat too lascivious for our irritable imaginations, did not in those days at all shock the chaste inhabitants of a nunnery. The fourth side of the room was untapestried, for there spread the immense, wide, open chimney, with a pile of blazing logs on the hearth, and, in the open space above the arch, a very early painting of the Madonna and child with gilt gloires around the heads of both, and the meek eyes of the virgin fixed upon the somewhat profuse charms of the goddess of love on the other side.

"This is description enough. The reader can easily perceive the parlor of an abbess toward the end of the fifteenth century, the heterogeneous contents of which would be somewhat tedious to detail.

"Let no one, however, form a false idea of the poor abbess of Atherton, from the admission into her own private chamber of such very ungodly personages as Mars and Venus. She had found them there when she became abbess of the convent, and looked upon them and their loves as upon any other piece of needle-work. Nay, more, had it ever occurred to her that there was anything improper in having them there, she would probably have removed them, though to get a more decent piece of tapestry might have cost her four or five marks. Not that she was at all stiff, rigid, and severe, for she was the merriest little abbess in the world; but she combined with great gaiety of heart an infinite deal of innocence and simplicity which were perfectly compatible with some shrewdness and good sense. Shut up in a convent at a very early period, exposed to none of the vicissitudes of life, and untaught the corrupting lessons of the world, her cheerfulness had been economized, her simplicity unimpaired, and her natural keenness of intellect unblunted, though there might be here and there a spot of rust upon the blade. It was without her own consent that she had gone into a convent, but neither with nor against her wishes. She had been quite indifferent; and never having had any means of judging of other states of life, she was not discontented with her lot, and rather pitied than otherwise those who were forced to dwell in a world of which she knew nothing."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



INCE the commencement of the hot weather death has been busy among the renowned names, not only of Europe, but of our own country.—Within a few brief days the nation has had to mourn the loss of some of the bravest of our heroes. Gaines, Worth, and Duncan, who had escaped all the perils of war, were suddenly cut down by the breath of pestilence. Duncan was the youngest of these heroes, and, at the time of his death, which occurred in Mobile, he was

but thirty five. His history was remarkable. He was the son of very poor parents, in Ulster County in this state, and was born in the vicinity of West Point. He was employed in assisting his father to draw wood to the Point, and some of the officers noticing his sprightliness and intelligence, asked him if he would like to be a cadet, the boy's hopes were awakened by the question, and he quickly replied :

“ Yes sir, and I would graduate at the head of my class.”

Interest was made in his behalf by the officers at the Point, an appointment was obtained for him, and, true to his promise, he did graduate at the head of his class, and proved one of the bravest and best officers that the institution has produced. He was a Colonel at the time of his death, and was Inspector General of the Army.

The late President Polk is another of the distinguished men who have been laid low during the past month. The Cholera is still raging in every part of the country as we write, and we fear that we shall have but a sad record of events in our next number.

POOR TOM MOORE.—Among the sad events of the past month may be enumerated the melancholy intelligence of the utter prostration of the Poet Tom Moore's mortal faculties. He is said to be already dead in mind, although he still lives in the flesh, as did Swift, and Southey, and Walter Scott, previous to their final dissolution. We had intended saying a word on this subject, but we find, in the *Louisville Journal*, a tribute to the genius of the Bard of Erin, from the pen of its poet editor, Prentice, which we copy for its tender and delicate appreciation of one of the most brilliant minds which our century has produced :

“ **POOR TOM MOORE.**—Alas,

“ The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled !

“ Another of those glorious minds that rose in the firmament of English literature at the close of the last century has passed beneath a cloud, and henceforth its light will be closed to human vision. For fifty years it shone with the steady splendor of a planet, and thousands and tens of thousands, who watched its course through the heavens, worshipped it with an idolatry only less devout than that which the Ghebis of the East feel for the rising day-god when from some mountain height they catch his earliest beams of gold. Tom Moore, the exquisite bard, the brilliant wit, the cutting satirist, the unsurpassed lyrist, the genial biographer, the erudite historian, is now laboring under a fatal mental eclipse, from which he will not emerge until that other and last eclipse falls upon his form and all that is mortal of him is consigned to the clod. The fate of Swift and other great men is his, and he is dying at ‘the top first’—his physical structure is surviving his mind, and he has degenerated and has become

—“ a driveller and a show.”

“ A great mind in ruins is one of the most melancholy spectacles that the dark experiences of this world display.—When the body reels and falls prostrate and lifeless on the bosom of its mother earth, and the immortal mind rises like an eagle from its perch and soars with all its glittering thoughts, cherished aspirations, and dazzling powers undepoiled, on undimmed pinions to the land that lies beyond the shadow and the cloud, the world admires while it mourns. But when the body becomes the mind's sepulchre, when the palsy of death first touches and withers up the glory and the pride of the man, when

“ ‘The dome of thought, the palace of the soul,’ decays while the animal powers retain much of their accustomed vigor, it is one of those achievements of fate over which pity must blend with wonder. A bard, over the harp strings of whose soul

“ ‘Decay's effacing fingers’

have rudely swept, untuning them and blasting their sweetness and their melody which have witched the world, is certainly a sad living commentary on this world's pride and splendor. Such a man seems born to illustrate the immense difference between the finite, however glorious, and the infinite—between the power of the greatest of created minds, whose grasp comprehends all the present and the past of this world while its thoughts wander through eternity, and the power of that Almighty Being beneath whose slightest will a planet or a mine alike falls into irrevocable ruin.

“ Tom Moore—Lord Byron thought nobody would know to whom reference was made if one should speak of *Thomas Moore*—was born in Dublin in the year 1780. He was therefore on the confines of three score years and ten when the calamity under which he now labors overtook him. In 1800 he made his bow to the public as the author of a translation of *Anacreon*. The public, that is the learned portion of the public, immediately perceived the justice which had been done to the elegance, lightness and sweetness of the old Greek poet, who was so fond of blending sensuality with sentiment, by the youthful candidate for their favor, and awarded him due credit for his masterly performance. In

the following year he published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Little, in which filth and wit, brilliancy and sensuality, beautiful sentiments and unholy desires, were mixed up together like nightshade and roses, hellebore flowers and lilies in a bouquet. It was dangerous to touch it, and yet it was so fascinating that every one was impelled to do so. This rank defilement of the bands of wedlock by marrying vice and virtue together is the most serious offence that Moore ever gave the public. He has long since repented of his graceless attempt to delight and corrupt his readers, and has endeavored to expiate his early sins by the publication of works in which the pre-eminence of the religious sentiment is duly and fervently acknowledged. Now that he is lost to the world, let his ill-considered works, those of his poems in which vice lies coiled like a viper in a vase of flowers and perfume, be consigned to oblivion, and the deadly and hateful henbane be torn from the wreath of laurel of which he is so worthy.

"We do not think that Moore's longer poems, his *Lalla Rookh*, *Loves of the Angels*, &c., are as much read as they were twenty or thirty years ago. It was long ago predicted by Byron that his friend Moore would be known to posterity as the author of the *Irish Melodies*, and time seems to be steadily verifying the prediction. And yet who that ever read Moore's most elaborate efforts did not regret their termination—did not wish for more? Every page is brilliant with intellectual jewelry. Sparkling metaphors and radiant sentiments are lavished with astonishing and unsparring profusion. In all literature there cannot be found another instance of such prodigality in the use of gems. The *Fire Worshippers* absolutely blazes with diamond sentiments and dazzling metaphors. It is the most brilliant poem in the world.

"But it is on the melodies that Moore's fame will securely repose. His longest poems are too artificial for literary longevity. In them he proved that an English writer might so baptize himself into the spirit of the Orient, might so completely orientalize his feelings and his fancy, as to seem really and truly Asiatic. He appears to be a genuine Persian, cast by some strange trick of fate on the coast of Ireland. Hafiz himself never did more thorough justice to Eastern life, manners, customs, feelings, and scenes than Moore has done.—His tales are perfect specimens of their kind, but their kind is not of the indestructible. They may live in some museum in which the curiosities of art are deposited, but they do not belong to those flesh and blood resemblances which the world takes to its heart and there cherishes for ever.

"It is on his shorter poems, on his lyrics and his national melodies, that Moore's chance of a niche in 'Fame's proud temple' must depend. And here his dependence is surer.—Each song is essentially perfect. Who has ever thought that any one of Moore's songs could be improved by subtracting or changing a word, or by the addition of a line? Each one is a most complete and finished production.—Burns is the only song writer the world ever saw who can stand a moment's competition with Moore. We have not room in this article to examine their relative claims to the throne of English song, a task which, under more fitting circumstances, we should love to perform. We will only add that, while Moore has more eloquence, art, polish, and delicacy, Burns has more tenderness and nature, and, while the former wins the suffrages of all minds, the latter runs away with all hearts.

"Moore's political satires are the best in the language.—The *Two Penny Post Bag*, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, &c. &c., are full of the most cutting satire and withering and blistering sarcasm. No poet ever more thoroughly saturated

his productions with wit. Moore surpasses both Sheridan and Curran in felicitous and witty sayings. He is the wittiest man that ever sprang to life on Erin's prolific bosom. Not one of her devoted children ever loved her with a fonder love, or strove with more fervor to infuse some of that wild love into the world's wide heart. His patriotism is as lofty and devoted as Grattan's, and he has in many a memorable poem done justice to his country's beauty and wealth of historic scenes, to her glorious daughters and chivalric sons, while he has poured forth the hot and hissing wrath of his soul on all her foes, with terrible effect. His patriotism glows with the intensity of flame throughout his history of Ireland. In that work, so eminently creditable to his erudition, research and genius, his heart swells with pride whenever he has occasion to refer to those days of fiction and fable in the long, dim, and dusty past to which poets have given glory and on which chroniclers have expended much falsehood. There is enough in Erin's past annals to inspire her children with almost a surfeit of both pride and lamentation, lying on this side of fable. Moore had gladdened many a heart by his pictures of Ireland in the days of her olden glory, and has saddened as many more while he has portrayed the sorrows and the agony which have for centuries preyed on her gushing bosom. We earnestly hope that he has completed the history of his country, and that we may have the pleasure of descending the river of Irish history in the company of so delightful an annalist.

"The lives of Sheridan, Byron, and Fitzgerald are most agreeable biographies. They do not rank among the best works in that department of literature, but they are eminently pleasant books. The *Epicurean* is a splendid poem in prose, and deserves more admiration than it has yet received.

"Many subjects of interest associated with the career of Moore would claim our attention if we had more space than we have at present. We intend to recur to Moore again, when we shall take occasion to notice several points at which we have not yet glanced. Meanwhile we cannot but express the deep regret we feel at the melancholy obscurity of a mind of so much splendor. Wordsworth is now the only remaining member of that band of poets who began their careers about the beginning of the present century, and who contributed so largely to the wealth of English poetry. That patriarch of song still survives, having seen around him fall,

"'Like leaves in wintry weather,'

all of his early competitors for the laurel. Coleridge, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Southey, have one by one departed;

"'From sunshine to the sunless land.'

Moore, it is true, still survives, but his mind is gone, and Wordsworth stands, like some lone oak that has escaped the axe which has brought all its early companions of the forest to the ground, in solitary grandeur and gloom waiting the blast which is to lay him low. Long may he linger above the pigmy poets of this day, a relic of those days when 'there were giants on the earth.'

NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE.—The following is an extract from an article by J. R. Lowell, in the last number of the *North American Review*, on Longfellow's *Kavanaugh*:

"This demand for a nationality bounded historically and geographically by the independent existence and territory of a particular race or fraction of a race, would debar us of our rightful share in the past and the ideal. It was happily illustrated by that parochially national Gascon, who would have been edified by the sermon had it been his good fortune

to belong to the parish. Let us be thankful that there is no court by which we can be excluded from our share in the inheritance of the great poets of all ages and countries, to which our simple humanity entitles us. No great poet has ever sung but the whole human race has been, sooner or later, the wiser and better for it. Above all, let us not tolerate in our criticism a principle which would operate as a prohibitory tariff of ideas. The intellect is a dicious plant, and books are the bees which carry the quickening pollen from one to another mind. It detracts nothing from Chaucer that we can trace in him the influences of Dante and Boccaccio; nothing from Spenser, that he calls Chaucer master; nothing from Shakspeare that he acknowledges how dear Spenser was to him; nothing from Milton that he brought fire—from Hebrew and Greek altars. There is no degradation in such indebtedness. Venerable rather is this apostolic succession, and inspiring to see the *vatai lampada* passed thus from consecrated hand to hand.

"Nationality, then; is only a less narrow form of provincialism, a sublimer sort of clownishness and ill manners. It deals in jokes, anecdotes, and allusions of such purely local character that a majority of the company are shut out from all approach to an understanding of them. Yet so universal a demand must have for its basis a more or less solid substratum of truth. There are undoubtedly national, as truly as family, idiosyncrasies, though we think that these will get displayed without any special schooling for that end.—The substances with which a nation is compelled to work will modify its results, as well intellectual as material. The still renewing struggle with the unstable desert sands gave to the idea of durability in the Egyptian imagination a preponderance still further increased by the necessity of using granite, whose toughness of fibre and vagueness of coloring yielded unwillingly to fitness of outline, but seemed the natural helpmates of massiveness and repose. The out-of-door life of the Greeks, conducing at once to health and an unconscious education of the eye, and the perfection of physical development resulting from their palestra exercises and constantly displayed in them, made the Greeks the first to perceive the noble symmetry of the human figure, for embodying the highest types of which Penteleus supplied the fittest material. Corporeal beauty and strength, therefore, entered largely into their idea of the heroic, and perhaps it was rather policy than dandyism which hindered Alcibiades from learning to play the flute. With us, on the other hand, clothed to the chin in the least graceful costume ever invented by man, and baked half the year with stoves and furnaces, beauty of person has gradually receded from view, and wealth or brain is the essential of the modern novelist's hero. It may not be fanciful to seek in climate, and its resultant effects upon art, the remote cause of that fate-element which entered so largely into the Greek drama. In proportion as sculpture became more perfect, the images of the gods became less and less merely symbolical, and at last presented to the popular mind nothing more than actual representations of an idealized humanity. Before this degradation had taken place, and the divinities had been vulgarized in marble to the common eye, the ideas of the unseen and supernatural came to the assistance of the poet in giving interest to the struggles or connivances between heroes and gods. But presently a new and deeper chord of the imagination must be touched, and the unembodiable shadow of Destiny was summoned up, to move awe and pity as long as the human mind is incapable of familiarizing by precise definition the fearful and the vague. In that more purely objective age, the conflict must be with something external, and the struggles of the mind with itself afforded no sufficient

theme for the poet. With us introspection has become a disease, and a poem is a self dissection.

"That Art in America will be modified by circumstances we have no doubt, though it is impossible to predict the precise form of the moulds into which it will run. New conditions of life will stimulate thought and give new forms to its expression. It may not be our destiny to produce a great literature, as, indeed, our genius seems to find its kindest development in practicalizing simpler and more perfect forms of social organization."

THE POPEDOM.—Although the papacy still exists and Pope Pius still exercises his spiritual authority, yet the prestige of the papacy has been so terribly shaken recently by the spread of republicanism in Rome, that the strength of the popes may be said to have been broken. In Trumbull's "Genius of Italy," recently published by Putnam, we find the following in regard to the predecessor of Pio Nino, which shows that the revolution in Rome was not a very sudden event, or, at least, that it was only an outbreak which had been a good while coming to a head:

GREGORY THE TIPPLER.

"In the year 1831, the Papal conclave, after a confinement of fifty-six days, during which time they had balloted and counter-balloted for a worthy successor of St. Peter, at last, by the voice of the Cardinal Dean, announced an election in the following manner: 'Magnum vobis annuncio gaudium. Habemus Papam. Dominum Cardinalem Capellari qui sibi nomen assumpsit Gregorium XVI!' Never was a more unfortunate choice, though the result of such a long succession of ballotings, and the presence, as claimed by the conclave, of an *infallible* Spirit! Cardinal Capellari, a native of Bellano, born a Venetian, and an Austrian subject, had led the life of a recluse. In consequence of some distinction as a theologian, and his success in a negotiation on behalf of the Papal court, he had been raised to the dignity of cardinal; but he possessed no force of character, no knowledge of affairs. A mere monk, advanced in life, feeble and timid, he was utterly incapable of discharging the duties of the pontificate, at a time, especially, of great political excitement and financial depression. Narrow and bigoted also, in his religious views, he dreaded liberty and detested science as the greatest of all evils. In his encyclical letter of the year 1832, he describes *liberty of conscience* as 'that most pestilent error,' and denounces the *liberty of the press*, as 'that worst and never enough to be execrated and detestable evil.' His whole pontificate consisted of a series of mistakes. The evils under which the Papal States groaned at his accession were aggravated; justice was badly administered; the people were oppressed; science and freedom were proscribed. The dungeons were filled with state prisoners, and thousands of the noblest citizens were driven into foreign exile. Averse to business and timid to excess, with low and carnal appetites, and habits of indolence, he was preserved from deposition only by the strong arm of the Swiss guards and Austrian bayonets. In a word, he was thoroughly detested by his people, and condemned by foreign nations. On this account his death was hailed with secret rejoicings. When he was crowned, he distributed *copper* coins to the populace, saying: 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee.' At his death he left money and personal property to the amount of two millions of dollars to his *nephews and nieces*; for of course none of the Popes have any *direct* heirs. He was in the habit of receiving from the French, and other governments, large presents of champagne and other wines, when

they wanted any favors from him ; and his cellar, after his death, contained, it is said, twelve thousand bottles of choice wines, since sold by the order of his more abstemious successor. This circumstance was made the subject of the following *pasquinade* in Rome at the time of Gregory's death. It represents the deceased knocking for admittance at the gate of Paradise.

" ' Who wishes to enter ? ' asks St. Peter.

" ' Gregory, your successor at Rome.' "

" ' But,' replies St. Peter, ' Gregory the Great died and came here a long time ago. Who are you, that have taken his name ? ' "

" ' Why, they called me at Rome Gregory Bevone (Gregory the Tippler !) "

" ' Oh, I have heard of you ; come in.' "

This shows the spirit of the Roman populace, and their estimate of Gregory Sixteenth. But the following, which appeared at the same time, is still more expressive, and withal of keener wit.

" St. Peter and Gregory are represented as going to Paradise. The journey being hard and tedious for an aged man, he complains to St. Peter thus :

" ' How is it, St. Peter, that our journey is so long ? I did not know that Paradise was *so far from the Vatican*.' "

" St. Peter replies, ' If you had allowed the construction of railways and steamers in your states, we should have arrived long ago ; but now you must stop for a while in purgatory.' "

" After remaining some months in purgatory, where (as the story goes) he met his friend, Daniel O'Connell ! Gregory set out with St. Peter again on his eternal journey.—Coming in view of Paradise, the Pope asks St. Peter, ' why the angels and his last predecessors in the papal chair did not come out to meet him ? ' "

" ' Dear Gregory,' replies St. Peter, ' as for the popes there *are few of them in heaven*, and the news of your death has not reached there ; as it would have done had you established *telegraphs*, and granted the *freedom of the press* ! ' "

" When the saint and the pope arrive at the gates of Paradise, St. Peter asks Gregory for his key, which, after some time, the pope finds and hands to him, but it proves to be the *key of his wine-cellar*.

" Presently St. Peter is admitted within the gates, but Gregory somehow is lost in the fog.' "

AMERICAN HUMOR.—Some stupid John Bull or other has given currency to the opinion that we Americans have no humor. No humor ! They might with about as great a degree of truth say that we have no waterfalls. Another Englishman who wrote a book of travels about us said that our birds have no music, and our flowers no perfume ! And yet this prejudiced John Bull had heard our bobolinks, orioles and mocking birds, and had snuffed the breath of our woods rich with the odor of a thousand gorgeous flowers.—But, if we had no humor then, we have a plenty of it now, and that of the best kind. Lowell and Holmes have each enough to give us a character as a mirth loving and humor-distilling nation. The following specimen of scholarly humor is from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes :

A SONG,

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

" When the Puritans came over
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer :
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,

That make folks' heads look queer ;
O, the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year !

" The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'r a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn ;
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every Sabbath morn.

" But soon they knocked the wigwags down
And pine tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim ;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little schoolhouse shot
To keep the boys in trim.

" And when at length the College rose,
The sachel cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by ;
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper colored children all
Ran, screeching, to their squaws.

" And who was on the Catalogue
When College was begun ?
Two nephews of the President,
And the Professor's son !
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun ;)
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one !

" They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *homony*
Were smoking on the board ;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

" God bless the ancient Puritans !
Their lot was hard enough ;
But honest hearts made iron arms,
And tender maids are tough ;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel on the shell
The British found so rough ! "

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.—We are indebted to Mr. Charles S. Francis for a copy of a book full of elevated thought and practical wisdom, called *Friends in Council*, which has been republished in Boston from the London edition. It came too late for a notice under the review head, but we acknowledge its receipt and give the following brief extract from its pages :

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

" What, then, are a nation's possessions ? The great words that have been said in it ; the great deeds that have been done in it ; the great buildings and the great works of

art that have been made in it. A man says a noble saying—it is a possession, first to his own race, then to mankind. A people get a noble building built for them; it is an honor to them; a daily delight and instruction. It perishes; the remembrance of it is still a possession. If it was, indeed, pre eminent, there will be more pleasure in thinking of it than in being with others of inferior order and design.

"On the other hand, a thing of ugliness is potent for evil. It deforms the taste of the thoughtless; it frets the man who knows how bad it is; it is a disgrace to the nation who raised it; an example and an occasion for more monstrosities. If it is a *great building*, in a great city, thousands of people pass it better. It must be done away with. Next to the folly of doing a bad thing, is that of fearing to undo it. We must not look at what it has cost, but at what it is. Millions may be spent upon some foolish device, which will not the more make it into a possession, but only a more noticeable detriment."

PORTRAIT OF OLD KNICK.—The July number of our venerable cotemporary, the Knickerbocker Magazine, contained the following modest announcement, just at the end of the "Editor's table:"

"There appears elsewhere in the present number, reader, the counterfeit presentation of two brothers' twins; one of whom has 'fallen asleep,' but the other, by the blessing of Heaven, 'remains unto this present,' and for some fifteen years has variously chatted and gossiped with you in these pages. As idle from the great faithfulness of this picture, as a double-likeness, we hope it will not be considered amiss for us to say, that neither painter nor engraver, both of whom, by universal concession, 'lead the van' in their separate professions, have ever exceeded the late example of their united skill which is herewith laid before you."

This almost timid notice refers to a portrait of the editor of that most respectable and most popular of the monthlies, in fact the father of all American magazines, or, for that matter, the grandfather, Lewis Gaylord Clark, twin brother, as he says of the poet Willis Gaylord, who has fallen asleep. The portrait is altogether an admirable one, and a credit to the art of line engraving in this country. It was painted by Charles L. Elliot and engraved by Cheney. We regard it as the finest specimen of portrait engraving that has yet been published in this country, and we wish that some of the magazines which pride themselves on giving a dozen or two of engravings each month, besides a fashion plate, would, now and then, publish something, like this admirable portrait, that would be worth preserving. It is now fifteen years since Mr. Clark took the editorial charge of the Knickerbocker, and he has ever since maintained the distinctive character which he imparted to it at first, surprisingly. He lays himself out in his work, gives his days and nights to it, thinks of nothing else, does nothing, and, we believe, wishes for nothing else. When we see him out, humming and carousing like a jolly humble bee in a flower garden, apparently thinking of no thing but his own personal enjoyment, he is then gathering honey and pollen for his Knickerbocker hive, and for the good of his readers. His success in his favorite work is a happy illustration of the benefits of playing upon one string. What he attempts to do he does well. His monthly table of fun, wit and pathos is looked for as regularly as the new moon, and it is sure to come with as much regularity, but not always with borrowed light. The success of the Knickerbocker is no doubt, owing, in a great degree, to its having a character of its own, which is the great lack of our periodical literature; the Knickerbocker is perfectly reliable, its character is well known and unvarying; but the greater part of our magazines which are edited by chance comers, are one thing to day and another to-mor-

row. Everything by turns and nothing long. Many of the readers of the "Old Knick," who have probably imbibed the idea that the editor is a venerable old gentleman with a pipe in his mouth, a tankard before him, and his fore finger knowingly resting on the side of his nose, will be surprised to see so young, sprightly, and well dressed a personage, as the real editor appears to be. As fifteen years do not appear to have effected the least change in his gaiety or industry, he is probably good for a half a century more, and any of his subscribers who wish to pay him a little compliment might safely send him their subscriptions in advance for that length of time.

THE PRAYER OF KOSSUTH.—The Hungarian patriot leader, Kossuth, is both a prophet and a general to his countrymen. The following is said to be the prayer which he offered up, kneeling amid the multitude, at the grave of the Magyar heroes who fell in the battle of Rapoylna, and was originally published in the *Oppression*, a journal of Pesth:

"Almighty Lord! God of the warriors of Arpad! Look down from thy starry throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascend to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of thine Omnipotence. O God, over me shines thy sun and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen brethren; above my head the sky is blue and under my feet the earth is dyed red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors. Let the animating beams of thy sun fall here that flowers may spring up from the blood, so that these hulls of departed beings may not molder unadorned. God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors, and which the arm and the soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny as it forges its chains. As a free man I kneel on these fresh graves, by the remains of my brothers. By such a sacrifice as theirs Thy earth would be consecrated were it all stained with sin. O God! on this holy soil above these graves no race of slaves can live. O Father! Father of our Fathers! Mighty over myriads! Almighty God of the Heaven, the Earth and the Seas! From these bones springs a glory whose radiance is on the brow of my people. Hallow their dust with Thy grace that the ashes of my fallen heroic brethren may rest in peace! Leave us not, Great God of battles! In the holy name of the nations, praised be Thy Omnipotence. Amen.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF KOSSUTH, THE HUNGARIAN LEADER.—It is related of Kossuth that he paid a visit to the Jewish Synagogue at Grosswandem while the Israelites were at prayer. After the service was over, he addressed them in his peculiar style, and requested forgiveness, in the name of the nation, for the unjust acts done and burdens imposed upon their race during so many centuries; he thanked them for their bravery and devotion to the public cause, and gave them a solemn assurance that from hence-forth the law would acknowledge no distinctions between individuals based upon a difference of religious belief.

THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS.—There are in London two brothers named Mayhew, men of genius and learning, who write well, and produce books in partnership. We have often given our readers extract from their works, the best of which, the most humorous and the most humane, was the "Greatest Plague of Life; or the Adventures of a Lady in search of a good servant." They have recently produced another, an admirable book for all readers, called "The Magic of Kindness, which we hope to see republished here soon; we give the following specimen of its quality:

THE INTELLECT EVOKED.

"But among these wonders was seen the greatest wonder of the whole. There stood one who for many years had been an idiot in his intellect, his inclinations, and even his senses—a creature in utter discord with the human world without; signalled by a voracious, indiscriminate, gluttonous appetite—a hideous, insatiable, craving—and a blind and terrible instinct of destruction. He was wholly an animal—without attachment, without tact, intelligence, power of attention, or sense of property or right. His eyes were never fixed, and seemed to act without his will; his taste was depraved; his touch obtuse; his ear scarcely recognised sounds; and he barely seemed to be possessed of the sense of smell. Devouring everything, however disgusting; brutally sensual and passionate; breaking, tearing, destroying, whatever he could lay his hands upon, and, if prevented, then pinching, biting, and scratching himself, until he was covered with blood. He walked with difficulty, and could neither run, leap, nor exert the act of throwing.—Sometimes he sprang like a leopard, and his sole delight was to strike one sonorous body against another, and—to put the last ghastly touch to the degrading picture—he was so attracted by the eyes of his brothers, sisters, and playfellows, as to be continually striving to push them out with his fingers.

"And now what a magic change had untiring care and loving-kindness worked! There stood this same poor idiot-boy, docile in his manners, decent in his habits, and capable—though not without some little effort—of directing his vague senses and wandering attention, so that his memory was stored with some little knowledge, and he could tell the names of the simple objects and figures that surrounded him, while he had become affectionately conscious of the presence of his kindly teachers and friends. Redeemed from the constant dominion of the lowest animal propensities—with a few fragments of faculties that had been left him, cultivated—and others even called into life—it was most affecting to see the poor little fellow come forward and hear him sing his little ballad, and recite his little prayer—to see him write as steadily and as well as most youths in his station of life—and watch him count by means of marble or small pieces of wood. Sometimes, it is true, the poor half-witted lad would fail in his answers; but, soon encouraged by the kindly voice of his master, he would make a second effort and rectify himself—the crowning glory of the marvel being that, whilst the senses, the muscular powers, and the intellect had received some culture, the habits had been improved, the propensities regulated, and play given to the affections; so that a wild, ungovernable animal, calculated to excite only fear, aversion, or disgust, stood transformed by the wondrous magic of the Spirit of Kindness into the likeness and manners of a man."

THE following is extracted from a book just published, in two volumes, in London, entitled "History of the National Constituent Assembly from May, 1833. By J. F. Cochran, Esq.:"

LOUIS BLANC.

"Figure to yourself a very small person—the very smallest you had ever seen above the species of the dwarf. With his back turned to you, you would be inclined to suppose that the glossy black hair and blooming shoulders belonged to a girl in male disguise; the face turned round, you were struck by the prominent, clear dark eyes, the olive complexion, and the disappearance of effeminacy in the strong jaw and chin. The general expression was rather melancholy.

Had you heard of him only as the author of the '*Histoire des Dix Ans*,' a book so polished and so piquant of such lively narration, such sparkling antithesis, such finished portraiture, you would rather have believed that you had a hero of the saloons, than the president of the delegates of workmen—the evil genius of the revolution. The work which formed Louis Blanc's title to a seat at the table of the provisional government was, probably, in the minds of Lamartine and Marrast, the elegant satire that had done so much to undermine and discredit Louis Philippe and his family; but the work which gave him credit in the eyes of the working classes, and on which he himself took his stand, was a brochure, unknown or forgotten by the republic of letters, on the organization of labor.

"It has been said that Louis Blanc possesses the sensuality and sensibility of the Southern races, with a deep seated pride that induces him rather to shrink from the society of gross men; that he is touched with misanthropy, and little respects the masses whose champion he became. Such inconsistencies find their explanation in marked sensibility and deep-seated ambition. It is not the philosophical temperament; and no man can be less a philosopher than the ardent apostle of a new society. '*The Organization du Travail*' is a true picture of the author's mind. His analysis of the composition of society, his painful statistics of beggary, prostitution, ill-regulated labor, of lives closed in hospitals—all this is in the most painfully fascinating style of narration; the cry that rises from his pierced soul against society thrills through the reader; but there stops the part of the inquirer."

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent of the *Mercantile Journal* furnishes a personal account of the Rev. Dr. Barnes:—"He rises at four o'clock, and keeps at his books till two. He has a study in his church. The building is surrounded by a high iron fence—the gate is locked when he enters upon the toils of the day. He locks his church door also, and then across a wide vestibule he enters his room of toil. He is beyond annoyance. And those who wish to see him must call on him at particular hours. When he was first settled in Philadelphia the watchmen threatened to arrest him.—They did not believe that he was about the church at four o'clock in a winter's morning for any good purpose; the clergymen of Philadelphia, they said, were men that kept better hours.

"He does not look like a student; he is tall, large framed, and full and fair in the face, like a man who says to his soul, 'take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' He has no gestures in the pulpit, unless the occasional rising of one finger in a measured manner can be so called. He is stationary in the pulpit, almost motionless, with his head slightly inclined towards the right shoulder. Yet no man that I ever heard has the power to enchain an audience for so long a time."

UNREASONING WOMAN.—Some women are, at times, very unreasonable, and the cause probably is that they cannot reason, at least so says that old English Divine Sherlock. And we fear that the ladies are about the same now that they were in his day. He says:

"The perception of woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is in tuition almost instinct. By a glance she will draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it, and she cannot answer the question; while she trusts in her instinct, she is scarcely ever deceived, but she is generally lost when she begins to reason."

So, if you would not lose a woman you must not reason with her.

We found the following sonnet to Kossuth in an English Journal :

TO KOSSUTH.

Kossuth ! illustrious scion of the race
Of patriots of all lands, who fought and died
For deathless truth, in freedom's sacred cause—
Thy deeds, that wake a wondering world's applause,
Enthroned thy name on glory's loftiest place.
Statesman and prophet ! Hungary's martyr-guide !
Who in the dungeon fed'st thy heart on dreams
Of thy loved country's future, whose great past
Shed on thy soul, in many colored gleams,
The hallowed light of freedom's vestal flame.
Kossuth, thy genius, in thy land's dark hour,
Gathering new might, no despot's rage can tame,
From a roused people's wrongs, shall soar to blast
The armed oppressor in his pride of power.

THE FIRST METHODIST MEETING HOUSE IN AMERICA.—A book on "Church Architecture," recently published in London, contains the following interesting notice of the first Methodist meeting house in America :

"The first Methodist meeting house in America was a log hut : but subsequently, through the interest of Captain Webb, a piece of ground was procured upon Golden Hill, a rising ground near the borders of New York, now named John street. Materials were purchased and contracts entered into, in the names of those individuals who joined Captain Webb in the undertaking. The building was 60 feet long by 42 feet wide. It was opened on the 30th of October, 1768, by Mr. Embury, who, being by trade a carpenter, had himself constructed the pulpit from which he preached. It had an area in front of about 30 feet square, separated from the street by a wooden fence. There were three square headed windows surmounted by a circular, one near the roof, below which was an arched door, and subsequently side entrances by steps to the galleries. In order to reach the galleries when first erected it was necessary to mount by a ladder and then to sit upon platforms, and for a long time benches only with backs were provided below. Such was the construction of the first Methodist Chapel in the Western World."

AN ANCIENT PURITAN APPLE TREE.—The editor of the New York Express, having been on a summer tour among the Puritan towns of New England, gives, among his notes on that part of the country, the following account of a venerable apple tree in Plymouth :

"Plymouth boasts of an apple tree planted in 1648 by Peregrine White, the first Englishman born in New England. Apples have grown upon this tree for one hundred and fifty years, and the old tree now stands to keep green the remembrance of the first child born in the settlement. There is hardly a town in the neighborhood that has not possessed some such monument of its growth and age, and the example is worthy of all praise. The enduring marble may be well to commemorate the lives and record the virtues of men pre-eminent in the history of the nation, but in itself it is as lifeless as the dead whose deeds are written upon its tablets. A noble elm or oak is almost as imperishable as marble, and each year finds 'tongues in trees' to speak a living, fresh and fragrant praise, in honor of those for whom it was planted. It is pleasant to watch the growth of trees, to water them, support them, and find companionship in their development, from the tender twig to the full grown monarch of the forest. There is a music in the rustling of the leaves, and the sighing of the winds through their branches, which speaks in language of audible praise to Him who made them all.

In no part of the world is learning treated with so much respect as in Massachusetts. At the recent commencement of Harvard College, business of nearly every kind was suspended in Boston, and the day was kept as a solemn festival. A letter writer in one of our daily papers writing from Boston says :

"All the Banks of Boston closed on Wednesday, it being Commencement at Cambridge College. The Custom House was not open for the day. The National Lancers paraded and dined at Burlingame's, in Brighton."

Is it any wonder that Massachusetts men are so distinguished, when they show such a reverence for learning ? The last three ministers to Great Britain have been Bostonians. Edward Everett was succeeded by George Bancroft, both of them graduates of Harvard, and both of them Unitarian clergymen ; George Bancroft has been superseded by Abbot Lawrence a Boston merchant.

AMONG the victims of the cholera we regret to record the name of Arthur Young Greeley, an only son of Horace Greeley, the widely-known editor of *The Tribune*. A correspondent of the Boston Chronotype, in noticing the death of this bright boy, says :

"On Thursday afternoon, the only son of Horace Greeley, a remarkably intelligent and lovely child, a little over five years of age, was seized with the prevailing scourge, and died in less than four hours from the commencement of his attack. This noble boy possessed a great precocity of intellect, was fair to look upon as an angel, and his transparent complexion and expressive face indicated the enjoyment of the highest health. He was an object of admiration and pride to the extensive circle of friends of the family, and his sudden and premature departure has called forth a sincerer and deeper sorrow than is often felt at the decease of an older person. It is like a streak of light amidst the usual turbulences of the city press, to see papers that never fail to give a hit to the editor of the Tribune, now expressing their sympathy with his private sorrows, in a way that shows it comes from the heart."

FATHER MATTHEW.—Since our last number was issued the great apostle of temperance, Father Matthew, has arrived among us, and, after being duly shown as a lion, has entered in earnest on his pious labors. Highly as we esteem Father Matthew, and as much as we think of his labors in the holy cause of temperance, we still cannot help thinking that his place of duty was among his own suffering countrymen at home, who are in great want of all the consolation and aid that can be conferred upon them. In a letter from the doomed district of Skibbereen, dated June 24, a Mr. William O'Callaghan thus writes to a Cork paper :

"At the instance Mr. Henry Newman, Poor Law guardian, the recipients of outdoor relief in the parish of Caleragh, in this union were on Wednesday last called together at Killeenleagh, for the purpose of ascertaining whether these parties were fit objects of relief. Many of the famished creatures had to walk over seven miles to the place. Whilst their names were called over a scene of the most distressing nature occurred. A miserable looking man named Matthew Sullivan, was found dying of hunger ; the Rev. Mr. Nehen was got to prepare him, and had scarce finished his sacred office when an aged woman Mary Shukas appeared in the death agonies ; but it did not stop here. Another and another followed in such quick succession, that the priest requested any having sufficient strength left to repair to their hovels, and promised that he would go through the whole parish and administer the last sacrament, as in his opinion

the entire population was in a dying state. I understand there is to be a similar review in all other electoral divisions. It is hoped the guardians will exhibit more humanity upon those occasions than has characterised the meeting at Killeenboy, for there the crippled and the deaf who were not fortunate enough to be in time were erased from the lists, notwithstanding the assertion of the relieving-officer, that they would perish before the next board-day. In this locality death is doing its work to a fearful extent; 100 human beings weekly are consigned to pits in the graveyard of Abbeystowry. Landlord power is not abated in the least; upwards of 40 families were turned out of their cabins in the townland of Lick and the island of Skerkin. The sick were dragged from their sops of straw and placed by the ditch. Two houses were however spared, the occupants being all in cholera, from which even the drivers recoiled with horror, choosing to incur the blame of their master rather than approach this fearful epidemic. Another wholesome eviction is taking place while I write on the lands of Rosough."

MEMORIALS OF THE JONES FAMILY, OF QUEEN'S COUNTY, LONG ISLAND.—We have received from Messrs. Stanford and Swords, the publishers, a very handsomely printed volume entitled, "Memorial of the late Honorable David S. Jones. With an appendix containing notices of the Jones family, of Queen's county." It is from the pen of Mr. William A. Jones, and is a graceful and honorable tribute of filial affection to the memory of a father of whom his children might well feel proud. Of Mr. Jones, the author of this little volume, we have often had occasion to publish our opinions when reviewing some of his writings, which he has lately given to the public too rarely. But, we are happy to learn that a new volume of essays and critical papers from his pen will be published in the Fall. The memoir before us is not properly a subject for review, it having been prepared rather for the gratification of a numerous family circle than for public reading. But, as a brief memoir of one of our good men, who conferred honor upon the legal profession by the purity of his life, it will, doubtless, be read with pleasure by many who did not know the subject personally during his long professional life. It appears that the founder of the Jones family of Queen's county, Long Island, came to America in 1692, and settled first in Rhode Island, whence he removed to a tract of land on Long Island called Old Fort Neck, and thereon built a house which stood entire during 140 years.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travelling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to

advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

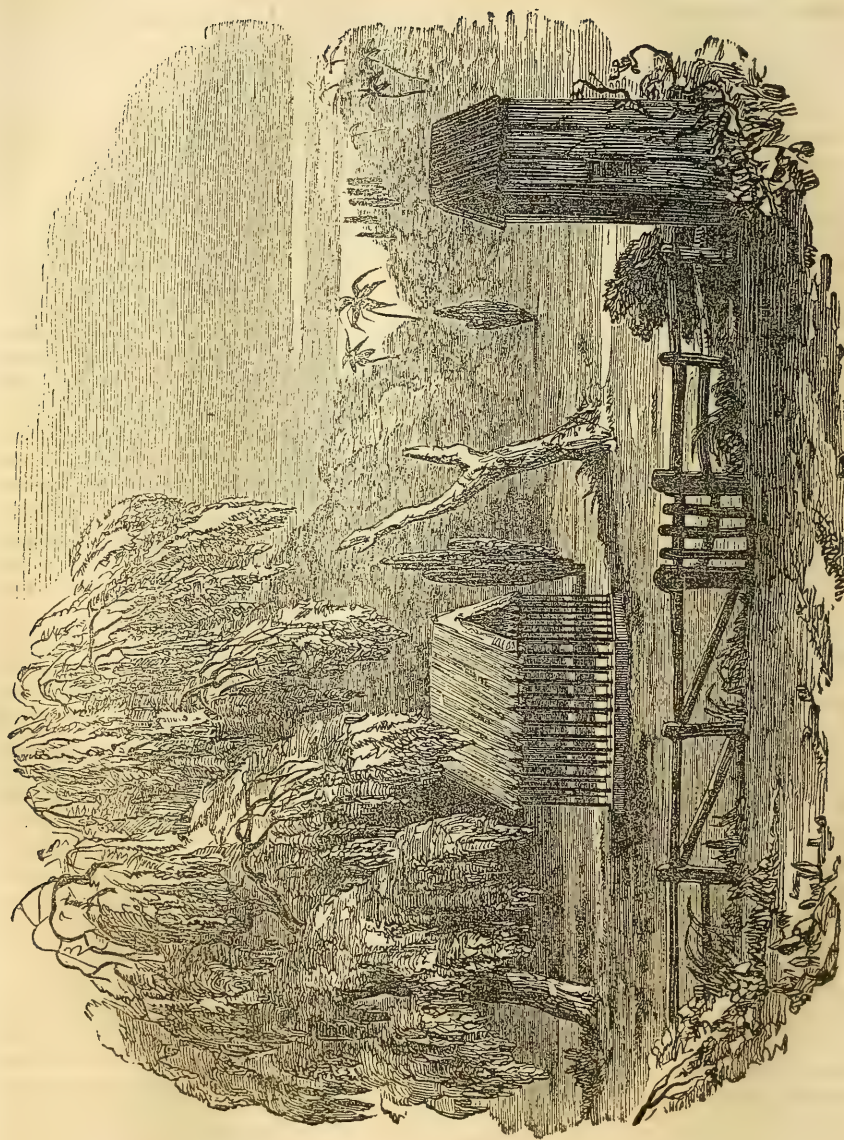
As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.



THE FIRST GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1849.

NO. III.

THE FIRST GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

OUR frontispiece this month is a well engraved and accurate representation of the present appearance of the spot where the corpse of Napoleon was first buried. Although it no longer holds the moulding ashes of the mighty conqueror, yet, as having been hallowed by his dust, it will forever remain one of the memorable spots of the earth—like the first resting places of Charlemagne, Columbus and Washington. It would have been better if the French nation had allowed the bones of their idolized hero to remain where they were first interred; but they are a people too fond of parade and show to miss an opportunity for a pageant, so they exhumed the decaying body of their once Emperor, and conveyed it with solemn pomp to Paris, where it now lies under the dome of the Hospital of Invalids. The artist who made the sketch, from which the illustration is engraved, gives the following account of the present appearance of the former grave of the conqueror:

“After ascending a long and tiresome road up the steep side of a mountain, I found myself near a pretty building, called ‘The Alarm House.’—From this elevation the breeze was a grateful relief to the burning air; the shipping in the roadstead dwindled to mere boats; whilst James Town tapered up from the deep vale beneath like a range of huts. My route now lay through plantations, the road edged with the sharp aloe, and here and there brightened with the wild blushing geranium and other flowers in tropical luxuriance. A short turn soon opened to a gentle slope, leading to Slane’s Valley, in the depth of which the remains of Napoleon were interred, according to his own special request. Having paid the fee demanded at the entrance to the ground, an old pensioner led me to the site of the vault, around which a few cypress trees displayed their sombre foliage. The place is inclosed with iron railings, upon which is placed a thatched roof, to prevent the rain from filling the vault during the season of heavy rain. The descent into the tomb is by a short ladder kept for the accommodation of visitors, hundreds of whom have scribbled their names upon the stone; the sunken space at the bottom, in which the coffin was deposited, still remains.—

The willow beneath which Napoleon used often to sit, in consequence of so many persons carrying away portions of the tree as relics, has become a leafless and decayed stump. The willow that still droops over the opposite end of the grave is a scion of the above tree. The sentry-box is here; but the ‘beat’ of the sentinel has long been grass-grown, and aids the solitude and desolation of the scene.”

It matters little where the perishing remains of Napoleon may be deposited, any spot of earth which he may have trod upon while living is as sacred as that in which his body was buried; his name will never die, the good and the evil which he did live after him, and will always live. The influence of his deeds are still felt, and the turmoil which is now experienced in every part of Europe, save Austria and England, is no doubt a rebound of the Napoleonic wars. Men have continued to write, to preach, to argue, and to differ, in relation to Napoleon, some hailing him as a blessing and some as a curse to the world.—Even now, so long after his death, and when nothing can be gained or lost by his authority, it is impossible that a just and impartial estimate of his character can be formed. The immense popularity of Mr. Headley’s Napoleonic histories, and the election of Louis Napoleon as the first President of the French Republic, show, that in this country and in France, the popular sympathies in favor of the dead Emperor are, almost, if not quite, as strong as they were during his life. It is certain that no man ever before made so strong an impression upon the minds of the people as Napoleon, and, if we look for the secret of his power, it will be found to lie in his intellectual superiority over all other men. It was his mighty intellect that entranced the world and made the nations stand a-gape at his deeds. Tried by any standard of greatness he was the foremost man of all the world, and so will be esteemed until a greater shall arise.

ROYAL CLEMENCY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FOUCHET.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW MONARCH.

LOUIS XIV surrounded during his whole life by a crowd of courtiers, the only portion of his subjects in whom he took any interest, had been abandoned by them all as soon as approaching death had destroyed the power of the king, though it had not yet put an end to the life of the man. The future fortunes and hopes of an exhausted kingdom were now left in the hands of the dauphin—that is to say, a puny and delicate child. It seemed as if the contagion which had destroyed all his relatives, one after another, had infected him also.

The great king was dead then ; but the court lived still, for the court never dies, and it had assembled at Versailles to salute the new monarch. Among the gay throng might be distinguished the Marquis de Dangeau, a complete type of the courtiers, such as Louis XIV had rendered them, that is to say, compounds of meanness and vanity. Dangeau was now old, but his smirking, simpering face had received no dignity from years. Courtiers have no age, court habits are always new, and white hairs are never seen in perukes. It seemed difficult to believe, in truth, that Dangeau had actually reached his eightieth year. Those around him had been so accustomed to find, in all his habits, in all the changes of his life, a concealed design to please the late king, that they generally thought that he had grown old out of flattery merely, and almost expected to see the reign of an infant monarch restore to the adroit nobleman, all the freshness of youth.

The courtiers were conversing in groups, discoursing chiefly of the dangers of the country, delivered over as it was to the tottering guardianship of a regent, against which the illegitimate children of the late king were secretly conspiring.

"And to defend a kingdom reduced to irreparable misery, and so near its total ruin," cried the Duke of Saint Simon, "we have a king in a jacket."

"A king in a jacket," rejoined Dangeau in a tone almost of indignation, (he would have fallen into a downright passion if the etiquette of the palace had not forbidden it,) "and what can be more touching than sovereign authority clothed in the garb of innocence? Is it not now still more incumbent upon us to devote ourselves to the service of the king, when we behold him so worthy of respect from his very feebleness?"

But the old courtier, who, from habit, still hoped from the young monarch a career of favor which his eighty years scarcely permitted him to expect, bit his lips as he finished this pompous phrase, for the sovereign authority had just entered the hall, and it had laid aside the *garb of innocence*. This

was enough to tempt Dangeau to hang himself; he had not foreseen that his majesty would put on breeches this very day.

The young king was clothed in a habit of rich brocade, the skirts of which, rising behind, formed a sort of fan; his blue cordon was passed in striking relief over this costume, and the child displayed all that grace and beauty so peculiar to the race of Louis XIV. At the sight of that fair and noble brow, a murmur of admiration pervaded the gay throng.

"Poor little fellow!" said the duke of Saint Simon, "may the empoisoned breath which has destroyed the illustrious lives of thy parents, at least respect thine!"

"He is all the handsomer in breeches!" said M. de Dangeau, timidly.

"You stand on ill terms with his majesty's tailor, my lord marquis," rejoined the duke, "since he has neglected to forewarn you of this important revolution."

But, after reviewing all these faces, which beamed with joy and admiration, the young monarch found one, upon his passage, whose plebeian sadness formed a singular contrast with the aristocratic satisfaction which shone around him. It was that of the youthful Marceline, the niece of the king's nurse. She was present with her aunt, for both had admission to the palace, a favor which had been accorded also to the nurse of the late king during her lifetime.

"What is the matter, my little Marceline," said the child, raising himself upon tiptoe to embrace the young girl, "it almost seems as if you had been weeping."

"It is nothing, sire; pay no attention to it," replied her aunt, quickly; "she is very happy."

"Yes, sire, I am very happy," said the maiden, hurriedly, and fear seemed, for a moment, to banish the expression of sorrow from her features.

"You are deceiving me; something troubles you," said the king to her in a whisper. A moment after, when the aunt had turned her back, he added—"Try to return and see us alone; we will grant thee a private audience—we will protect our little Marceline."

With these words he passed his hand complacently over his *cordons bleus*, upon which (Heaven pardon us for saying it!) some sharp eyes had ventured to remark a stain of sweetmeats.

CHAPTER II.

RECRUITING.

To say that Marceline appeared sad, and that Marceline was a young maiden, is sufficient to inform our readers that she suffered from disappointed love. She had been brought up at Mar-

ly, her native place, with the son of a farmer, named Thierry; she had loved him, and was accustomed to look upon him as her future bridegroom, for she was far from foreseeing the grandeur which would one day separate them from each other. But fate, alas! had decreed that the *valet-de-chambre* of the young king's father should be charged with the duty of finding a nurse for the royal infant. By a series of low intrigues he obtained the post for Marceline's aunt, Madame Ferrand, the wife of a rich farmer of Marly. Duval (this was the name of the diplomatic *valet-de-chambre*) was far from being disinterested in his choice. He had remarked the beauty of Marceline, who was still a child, and counted upon her paying the debt of gratitude contracted by the aunt. At the moment when our narrative commences, he had entered the service of the Regent; having obtained leave of absence from his master to celebrate his nuptials, he had just claimed the price of the service which he had rendered to Madame Ferrand. The latter had received his proposal with the more joy, as, puffed up by the grandeur of her new position, she had not waited for the suit of the prince's valet to discourage Thierry's hopes.

Some days before, when the latter presented himself formally in his Sunday attire to ask for Marceline's hand in marriage, Madame Ferrand, covered with lace and jewels, looked with disdain upon Thierry's coat of coarse grey cloth.

"Madame Ferrand," he said, "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What do you desire, my good fellow?" replied Madame Ferrand, in a patronizing tone; "work at the farm? We have too many hands at this moment."

"Madame Ferrand," rejoined Thierry, with a faltering voice, "you remember, without doubt, that I love Marceline?"

"No, my good lad, I have forgotten it; and if I must speak plainly, you should have done so likewise."

"Forget it!" exclaimed Thierry, in consternation.

"Without doubt, my good fellow; do you think that we can give our niece to a poor farmer?"

"Poor!" cried Thierry, giving way to his indignation, "your father did not say that to mine when he received a loan from him that saved him from ruin."

"Come, come!" rejoined Madame Ferrand, "I will wager that this Thierry, who was formerly so rich, could not, if I should grant him Marceline's hand, find five hundred livres for the wedding expenses."

But for the thought of Marceline, Thierry would have replied to these harsh words only by contemptuous silence; but he smothered his anger.

"For Marceline, I would find this sum in an hour," he replied.

"Well, I will give you until to-morrow," rejoined the farmer's wife, "and if by that time you can count down before me five hundred livres of your own legitimate property, then—I promise nothing, but we will see."

Thierry had gone quite too far in promising to find such a sum; he was a poor farmer, and the year had been a bad one. In asking the hand of Marceline, whom he warmly loved, he had not thought of the demands of her aunt. Two industrious hands were all the fortune which he could dispose of.

In vain he went from house to house throughout the village; so considerable a sum, and the probable delay in repayment, would, even in more prosperous times, have alarmed those peasants who felt most willing to oblige him.

Thierry returned home with a heart torn with grief, bewailing the chance which had sent the king's *valet-de-chambre* to Marly to find a nurse for the prince, and cursing the distrustful lukewarmness of his pretended friends in the village.

He was deeply absorbed in these reflections, when he heard a knocking at his door; he opened it, and found himself face to face with two soldiers, a sergeant and a private of the guards, who requested hospitality for a while. Thierry gazed with respect at their scarred visages, while the latter cast complacent glances upon the herculean form of the young farmer.

"Welcome, my brave fellows!" said Thierry, "you might easily find a wealthier host, but not one better disposed to receive you."

Thierry then brought out a few bottles of wine which he still had left, and placed them before the new comers.

The soldiers vied with each other in doing honor to Thierry's hospitality, and, remarking his dreamy and melancholy air, they urged him to impart his griefs to them and to seek consolation in wine.

"You can confide in me, my young Endymion," said the subaltern officer, "for you seem affected with the same malady which disturbed the lover of the moon. I have fought at Steinkerke, at Nerwinde, and at Denain, and an old war-dog like me can sometimes give good counsel."

"Alas, if I had only need of counsel!" said Thierry, "that is not difficult to dispense, but I am lost if I do not find five hundred livres before to-morrow."

"Five hundred livres! the d—!" cried the sergeant; "you are right: if this is the counsel you need, a man should have a fine imagination in his purse to supply you with it. But, never mind, there is a remedy for every thing except a cannon ball in the pit of the stomach, and perhaps we shall find some reserve to come up in time to save you from rout."

"What! you think!—" cried Thierry.

"Drink first! that sharpens the wits."

Thierry, although not prone to excess, was no foe to wine, and as soon as he had found a gleam of hope, vague as it was, which could authorize him to silence his anxieties, he drank freely to Marceline's health.

"Hold!" said the subaltern officer, "you are an honest fellow, as the people all said who told us to pay you a visit; and I have the sum about me which you need. I intended to carry it home for my civil and pacific amusements; but, by my faith, since your happiness depends upon it, I will

amuse myself a trifle less; take this money, and sign this little acknowledgment."

With these words he cast five hundred livres on the table, before the wondering eyes of Thierry, who at once signed the acknowledgment, and then threw himself upon his knees before his generous benefactor. He rose to leave the house in order to carry the money on the instant to Marceline's aunt; but his comrades reminded him that it was already night, and that he had until to-morrow to keep a promise, which he was now certain of being able to fulfil. Besides, there remained two bottles to be drained, and it would be cowardly to retreat before them, when he had so many reasons to be of good courage. At last Thierry, drunk with joy, sank at his third bottle, into a deep lethargic slumber, dreaming of the morrow.

When he awoke he was in the barracks. The acknowledgment which he had signed was an engagement to serve in the army, and the two worthy combatants at Nerwinde, Steinkerque and Denain, were simply recruiting officers.

The reader can imagine Thierry's fury and despair; he had fallen asleep a happy bridegroom and a peaceable farmer, and he awoke a bachelor and a soldier. His prayers, his tears, his threats, were of no avail. An epidemic had, shortly before, decimated the regiment of the guards at Versailles, and the most prompt orders had been issued to fill up the vacancies which the scourge had left in this fine corps, impunity being promised, in advance, for every method which might be resorted to in enlisting recruits.

Besides this, they were but slightly scrupulous at this epoch as to the means employed in finding defenders for the state, above all, so fine ones as Thierry. The furious remonstrances of our poor friend led to no result, except to cause him to commence his military life in the guard house. But in the course of a few days he had ceased all resistance, and obeyed orders like an automaton. He had heard that Madame Ferrand had granted Marceline's hand to Duval, and he thought the maiden an accomplice in his misfortune.

Some time had elapsed. One evening, when Thierry was standing sentinel in one of the most deserted quarters of Versailles, a woman with her head wrapped in a mantle approached the motionless soldier; she seemed to hover around him, and still she did not recognize him, for Thierry's head was sunk upon his bosom.

"Thierry," she said at last, with a timorous voice.

"Marceline! oh, Marceline!" was his first exclamation; then gazing upon her with distrust and grief, he said: "What has brought Madame Duval here!"

"Who? Madame Duval!" replied Marceline, "I the wife of another! Is it possible that you think that, Thierry?"

"Can it be true then! But why not have told me sooner?"

"Because I did not dare to seek you out in the midst of the regiment," cried Marceline. "You think that I have been unfaithful! You know how I fear my aunt's violent and imperious character; yet, she has not been able to force from me

a single word of consent to the marriage which she has resolved upon. A few days since she brought me with her to Versailles, to the abode of that hateful wretch to whom she destines me, (you can see the house from here,) in hopes that, exposed incessantly to his suit, he might succeed in gaining my affections. Well, I have remained insensible to flatteries, to prayers, to threats, and, what is still more, I have ventured, without my aunt's knowledge, to speak to the king."

"To the king?"

"Yes, to the king in person, who has promised that to-morrow, Thierry, you shall obtain your discharge and a dowry, and my aunt's consent into the bargain."

"The king! can it be? Ah, what an angel he is! I have now but one regret in quitting the service—I cannot lay down my life for him."

"It is better to live for me; be calm and hope; we shall succeed without doubt; but not a word till then; and give my aunt no reason to suppose that I have dared to have credit at court."

"Marceline! dear Marceline!" cried the enraptured soldier, covering the hand of his mistress with kisses.

"Gently, my good sentinel!" said Marceline.

"There, they are coming to relieve you, and my aunt, doubtless, is waiting for me."

"Oh, the accursed sergeant!" said Thierry, as he perceived his comrade advancing in the distance. "When shall I see you again, Marceline—your life, my happiness, my hope?"

"Try to be on guard to-morrow at this place and this hour—and who knows—chance—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the sergeant was now quite near them; she disappeared in the obscurity.

"Comrade!" said the soldier, who came to relieve Thierry, "it is a pity that a man cannot take your companion when he takes your place. It seems that you are in luck my lad."

Thierry did not reply; his thoughts were elsewhere; all the happiness of heaven seemed to have descended upon his bosom.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROYAL PUPIL.

AFTER the solemn reception at Versailles, the king had become a child again. To the triumphal pomp of a new reign had succeeded the labors of the school boy, and his majesty, Louis XV, with a book in his hand, was listening with a wandering and wearied air to the lessons of the Abbe Fleury, his preceptor. After long dissertations on ancient and modern history, the abbe had passed to state policy. He had taken clemency for his theme in the presence of his royal pupil.

"M. de Dangeau does not come," said the king in a low voice, "if I could only have a game at ball, while waiting for him."

"Sir," continued the preceptor, illustrating by an example the theories of clemency, which he sought to instil into the young king's mind, "one of your glorious predecessors, Charlemagne, had

delivered into the hands of justice certain conspirators, who had made an attempt upon his life. At the moment when their chief was about to bend his head beneath the axe, Charlemagne appeared.

"What brings thee here, sir king?" said the criminal; "is it to insult my last moments, and to triumph over my headless trunk? Begone! When a man condemned to death, a headsman and a king meet together, it is for the king to blush at his vengeance and to retire!"

"Thou art in error," replied Charlemagne, "when these three men meet, there is one indeed who should retire, but it is the headsman—thou art free!"

"Clemency, sire," continued the abbe, "is an attribute so inherent in the presence of kings, that their appearance in every place of punishment or of torture has, since that time, been always an instant pardon."

"But they promised me," interrupted the king, "that I should see the hawks fly to day; did they not, Abbe?"

Fleury sighed, and bowing low, he left his pupil to enjoy the recreation of which he had been so long desirous.

The king began at once to leap around the chamber, like a slave escaped from his chains, and tearing in pieces all the papers which he found within his reach, themes, versions, or treatises on morals, he at once gave them those rude shapes of little boats or birds which are the first essays of children in the imitative arts.

A few moments afterward, some one knocked timidly at the door, and a valet announced M. de Dangeau.

The old man entered, suffering from a severe catarrh, but repressing a cough, the free indulgence of which might be contrary to the rules of etiquette.

"Well, sire," he said, with all the graciousness of a practised courtier, "are you satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" said the king; "with what?"

"Why, with the result of the steps which I have taken in favor of the young soldier, in whose welfare your majesty deigns to interest yourself; it is not for me to boast, but I have put myself to a great deal of trouble. Yesterday, notwithstanding the bad weather, I went to the house of the minister of war, who was not at home, and I was obliged to wait for him; from there, to Monseigneur the Regent's, without whose consent the minister would do nothing. At first, his Highness refused; he spoke of the necessity of keeping up the number of the guards, of the discipline of the service, which did not permit him to grant favors to one soldier more than to another, and said that requests of this kind had been refused to the most influential personages. But I had the honor to repeat to him so often that your majesty took a particular interest in the liberation of this soldier, that, at last, Monseigneur the Regent yielded; and armed with his consent, I repaired again to the minister of war, where the necessary formalities detained me last evening until the hour when your majesty deigns to retire. I was then fortunately able to return home and repose from my fatigue, and nurse the catarrh that I

have caught in the service of the king, and which will confine me to my bed for a week at least. I have left my house only to learn if your majesty has condescended to be satisfied when you found the soldier's discharge on your table this morning, where I had the honor to direct your *valet-de-chambre* to place it."

"What! this discharge was placed upon my table?"

"Without doubt," replied Dangeau, "in order that your majesty on waking might have an agreeable surprise."

"Ah, my dear M. de Dangeau, you must go then and get me another. I did not know that this discharge was there; I dare say, I have made a boat of it; I must have it, that I may send it to poor Marceline to-morrow, who will come for nothing to-day."

At the thought of repeating his toilsome round, M. de Dangeau's face (we say it with pain,) was drawn into a grimace, contrary to all respect, but a sense of his duties as a subject checked the rebellious muscles of his visage, and his revolutionary distortion (we hasten to proclaim it,) ended in a smile of the most submissive loyalty.

CHAPTER IV.

MUTINY.

On the day following the evening on which Thierry had been so unexpectedly restored to hope, he employed the whole morning in racking his invention to find means to procure the same post at which he was stationed on the preceding night. He was obliged to treat, first, the sergeant, and then the soldier, who finally agreed to resign to him this fortunate place. At last, however, he attained his end, and never did a king of France, upon entering the cathedral of Rheims, on the day of his coronation, feel prouder or happier than Thierry felt when he took possession of his post.

He was to stand sentinel for two hours. The first passed away in useless expectation. At every sound of steps which was heard in the deserted street, his heart beat violently, yet nothing came—but night. His eyes were perpetually fixed upon the house which contained the objects of his hatred and his love. Time passed, and Thierry had given up all hope, when, at a distance, he beheld a close carriage drive up to this habitation, and at the same time he distinguished, as he thought, the form of a woman dragged along and forced into the vehicle; cries of distress reached his ear; he recognized the voice of Marceline. Soon the carriage rapidly approached and passed the young sentinel. He could no longer doubt, some one called him by name. His blood was at once on fire; his senses forsook him; he forgot the obligations of discipline and the inflexible duties of a sentinel, that living rampart which death should find unmoved at the post that has been entrusted to him. He cast away his musket, which impeded his progress, and rushed after the flying carriage. He had scarcely

proceeded twenty steps when an officer barred his passage.

"Whither are you running, Thierry?" he said. "Reflect, unhappy man; you are abandoning your weapon and your post."

"Captain! captain!" exclaimed Thierry, "let me—let me pass! My affianced bride has been basely torn from me! I must rescue her! Oh, let me pass!"

"You are mad, Thierry! If they are really carrying off your mistress, she shall be pursued and restored to you; but remain at your post—your life depends upon it."

"Oh, let me pass!" cried Thierry. "See! the carriage is almost out of sight!"

"Thierry," continued the officer, grasping him still more firmly, "if you do not return to your post I will arrest you."

Thierry's sole answer was a blow, which struck the officer to the ground.

Some soldiers, who had hastened up at the noise, raised the captain from the earth, who pointed to the flying sentinel.

"Poor Thierry!" said one of them, dashing away a tear; "it is a pity! he was a good fellow!"

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT.

IN the meanwhile, Thierry had continued to run in pursuit of the carriage. Soon the sound of its wheels was heard anew, and he began to catch a glimpse of it in the darkness. He was upon the point of overtaking it, when his foot struck violently against a stone, and he fell, hurled by the force of the shock to a distance of several paces. In vain he tried, some moments after, to rise from the ground, but he had wrenched his left ankle and could not stir.

He was obliged, therefore, to renounce all hope of rescuing his beloved Marceline. This bitter thought was soon followed by another; he was pursued doubtless. Hoping to escape the search of his comrades, he dragged himself with difficulty to a ditch, where the darkness of the night would probably hide him from all eyes. A few moments afterwards, in truth, the mounted patrol passed by, casting watchful glances along the road, but without discovering the fugitive.

But poor Thierry had still another enemy to contend against—it was pain. In a short time his sufferings became insupportable, and he regretted that he had not given himself up to captivity or death. In the mean while night was advancing; the road was deserted at this spot; the cries and groans of the unhappy man were unheard in the darkness. At last he heard the rattling of a carriage, slowly approaching. He resolved, whatever might happen, to appeal to the compassion of its occupant, and approaching the beaten road, he called out with a voice rendered powerful by despair—"Stop!"

The carriage at once stopped. A trembling voice said, addressing the driver, "Stop!" and

the coachman, leaping from his seat, threw himself upon the earth with his face to the ground. An old man, enveloped in furs, appeared at the window, and stammered forth:

"My good masters! worthy brigands! deign to do me no harm! Here are twenty louis; I am deeply grieved that I cannot offer you more, gentlemen, but I shall be more fortunate, perhaps, at our next meeting."

"Alas!" replied Thierry, half raising himself from the earth, "I am not what you think. It is a poor crippled soldier, who implores from your humanity a place in your carriage, that he may return to Paris; his life depends upon the promptness of his arrival."

During this while the coachman and his master had had time to scrutinize Thierry, and to convince themselves that they had nothing to fear from the encounter. The old man replied to the prayer of the supplicant with all the anger of a coward who feels his superiority over his assailant.

"Are you mad, my friend? Do you imagine that I, Philippe Courcillon, Marquis de Dangeau, have nothing to do but to pick up all the adventurers who lose their way upon the high road which I am traversing in the service of the king? Is it not enough that you have exposed me to a pleurisy by stopping my carriage here in the night?"

"In pity!" said Thierry.

"Lapierre," cried the Marquis de Dangeau, "mount upon your seat, and drive on to Paris."

"Oh, if you knew how I suffer!" said Thierry.

"What!" cried the marquis; "it seems to me that is the uniform of the guards! *Pardieu*, you can tell me, perhaps, whether I shall find, at Paris, or at Versailles, one of your comrades, named Thierry."

"What would you of him?" exclaimed Thierry, trembling with anxiety.

"I would most willingly send him to the d—l, I hate the fellow so," replied Dangeau; "it is impossible to abuse a gentleman more than this clown has abused me. Here, for these two days, I have been running around, at the king's order, to obtain his discharge from the service."

"Can it be?" cried Thierry.

"And at last," continued Dangeau, "I have obtained this accursed discharge, which has added a rheum to my usual catarrh. The king has directed me to place the paper in the hands of a certain Marceline, who lives in Versailles, and I have just now been told, at the house of this maiden, that she is in Paris, whither I am following her, though I do not know where I am to find her, for I must needs obey the king. But if I should happen to meet with this soldier, I suppose it would amount to the same thing."

"Well then," replied Thierry, whose soul hung upon the marquis' words, "I am Thierry; this discharge is for me, this maiden is my betrothed. They have torn her from me, to entangle her in some infamous snare! In the name of heaven, my lord marquis, grant me a place in your carriage, that we may reach Paris—that we may save her—that we may avenge her!"

"Indeed!" replied Dangeau. "I am nearer my bed in Versailles than my bed in Paris, and I

shall at once return; as for you, my good friend, here is your discharge; you are free to go wherever you please."

"But how can I stir?" cried Thierry. "I have wrenched my ancle, and I suffer the most excruciating pain."

"If you have seen fit to wrench your ancle," replied Dangeau, "that does not concern me; thus far, the king has not comprised, in the duties which he has imposed upon me, that of healing sprains and dislocations; all that I can do for you is to take you back to Versailles."

"But Marceline is not at Versailles! if we delay she is lost, perhaps; and do you think that the king will not demand an account from you of the honor and safety of this young girl in whom he takes such interest?"

"It is true, perhaps," said Dangeau, sighing and trembling, at once from cold and weakness, "I shall catch some malady, that is sure; but my future prospects depend upon it. Come, Lapierre, help this man into the carriage!"

"A soldier of the guards in the carriage of the Marquis de Dangeau!" he sighed, as Thierry was assisted into the vehicle. "Ah, if my future prospects did not depend upon it!"

When Thierry was extended upon the cushions of the carriage, the coachman resumed his route.

"To-morrow morning we will search after the maiden," said the marquis.

"Not until to-morrow!" re-echoed Thierry, with a heart filled with anguish.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

MADAME FERRAND had been informed, by an officious neighbor, that her niece had seen Thierry at Versailles, and that this interview had given her new courage to resist her will. She saw, therefore, that there was no means to insure her obedience, except to separate her from the accomplice in her rebellion, and it was she herself who had concerted this sudden abduction with M. Duval. Marceline, who was continually expecting a message from the king, had struggled in vain. In vain had she spoken of the support which the young monarch had promised her; this disclosure served only to increase Madame Ferrand's anger, who, besides, felt strong in the protection of a man about the regent's person. In the evening the young girl was taken to the house of an uncle of Duval's, and all was prepared that the marriage ceremony might be performed without delay on the following morning; for they were afraid to celebrate it at Marly, where the young soldier had, still, too many friends.

Marceline, at first, defended herself courageously against her persecutors. During the whole night, Madame Ferrand in vain employed every means of persuasion; toward the middle of the following morning, however, half from weariness, half from terror, the young girl offered but a feeble resistance. A peasant, whom she had dispatched secretly to Versailles, in order to warn Thierry

of what was passing, did not return to bring her news of him. At last, faint and exhausted, she suffered herself to be borne to the carriage which was to take her to Saint-Germain-des-Pres.

At this moment an equipage stopped before the house. A man, dressed in uniform, stepped from it, and, leaning upon a domestic, advanced, tottering, toward Marceline, who uttered a cry of joy.

"Let us enter the house," he said to Madame Ferrand, "I have something to say to you."

"How, my brave soldier?" said Duval, with a sneer.

"I am no longer a soldier," said Thierry, "and woe to those who compel me to take up the sword again!"

"Let us send this limping fellow to the hospital," cried Duval. "Come, mother-in-law!"

"One moment," said M. de Dangeau, in a hoarse voice, as he, in his turn, alighted from the carriage.

On seeing him, Duval started, involuntarily, and turned pale, but at a sign from the marquis all entered the house. Dangeau, who, notwithstanding the severity of his rheum, was resolved to make a last effort in favor of the king's *protege*, recounted all the interest which young Louis took in the union of Marceline and Thierry. Madame Ferrand, greatly alarmed, consented, notwithstanding Duval's opposition, to defer the ceremony indefinitely.

"At last," said Dangeau, wiping his forehead, "you are about to be happy, and I, I can repose. Were it to obtain the cordon of the order, I do not think I would take another step out of my house, before I am well and duly cured."

At this moment a domestic entered in great haste.

"My lord marquis," he said, "here is a very pressing letter for you from Versailles."

"Ha!" cried the marquis; "the king is taken ill; I must return; if I were not one of the first to inquire after his health, it were all over with my future prospects."

And, descending the steps as rapidly as his gout permitted, he threw himself into his carriage.

"The king ill!" cried Marceline; "we are deprived then of our only protector. Fortunately, you have your discharge, Thierry."

"You are not yet married," said Duval, with an oath; "in the meanwhile remember that you are in my house."

"I have not forgotten it," replied Marceline. "Come, aunt, let us return home, and take this poor Thierry with us into the country, since he is free at last."

Madame Ferrand mechanically followed Marceline, who supported Thierry by the arm. When they reached the door they found some horsemen of the patrol in front of the house.

"Thierry," said the officer in command, "we arrest you for having deserted your post, and raised your hand against an officer. You will be tried to-morrow morning by a court martial."

"But he is no longer a soldier," cried Marceline; "he has his discharge."

"Yes, now, indeed," replied the horseman, "but he was a soldier when the offence was committed, and nothing can arrest the course of jus-

tice. Mademoiselle," he added, turning to Marceline, "it is to you, doubtless, that we should return this billet, which a peasant brought this morning to Thierry's barrack, and which has put us upon his track."

"Ah, it is I, then, who have destroyed him!" cried Marceline, in despair.

"I told you," cried Duval, triumphantly, "that you were not yet married!"

CHAPTER VII.

DESPAIR.

Two days afterward the Marquis de Dangeau, although still suffering from his rheum and his gout, had risen very early in order to repair to the palace to inquire after the king's health, who, although convalescent, could not receive him. He was returning to his apartments in Versailles, and was traversing the great court, when he felt some one grasp him by the arm, and, looking around, he beheld Marceline, pale, bewildered, and scarcely able to support herself.

"My lord marquis," she cried, "you have been so kind to us, save us still, save Thierry, who is about to die!"

"Still this accursed Thierry," exclaimed Dangeau, "has he sworn then not to leave me a moment's rest? It is true the king takes great interest in him. Well, well, I will speak to his majesty by and by."

"By and by it will be useless; to-day, in three hours he is to be shot. He has been condemned to death by the court martial. I have not been able to obtain admission into the king's presence, and the infamous Duval has resumed his service near the person of the regent, expressly to defeat all my attempts to obtain a pardon from his master. My lord marquis, in the name of heaven, save him! save him!"

"And how do you expect me to save him, if monseigneur the regent refuses, and if the king is invisible? Besides, his majesty can now do nothing for him, doubtless."

"Oh, yes! his majesty can do anything, he knows that I shall die if Thierry dies; he will not suffer his little Marceline to die. Oh, you are a marquis, you are a friend of the king's, you are known at court, you have the right to make your way into his majesty's presence, even if it were necessary to violate the rules of etiquette."

"Violate etiquette!" cried M. de Dangeau, in a tone of mingled terror and indignation, "violate etiquette! enter the king's presence by force! why it is felony, it is high treason! And even if my future prospects depended upon it, there should never be an example of such a crime in the history of the house of Dangeau."

"But reflect," cried Marceline, "a man's life is at stake; in a few hours he will face death! The king himself will thank you for having saved Thierry; he will never pardon you if you fail to warn him of his danger."

The Marquis de Dangeau appeared to hesitate for a moment; he took a few steps toward the king's apartment; but, suddenly, he recoiled as if the spectre of etiquette had risen before him.

"No," he said, "enter his majesty's presence without permission! I can never do it!"

"Oh, heavens!" murmured Marceline in despair, "will you let him die then?"

At this moment one of the king's valets approached the marquis.

"His majesty has seen you from his window, my lord marquis," he said, "and he has ordered me to lead you and this young girl into his presence by the private stairs."

"Ah, we are saved! My God, thou hast heard my prayer!" said Marceline.

And she hurried after the valet, leaving the marquis far behind, who could boast of nothing youthful, except his zeal as a courtier.

"What!" cried the young king, when the weeping Marceline had told him all, "they know the interest I take in this soldier, and they are going to shoot him; why, that must not be. I will write and send a letter to the place of execution."

"They do not know your signature, sire; that of monseigneur the regent alone is affixed to all the acts of the government, and his highness is now at Paris. A letter would not save Thierry!"

"*Mon dieu!* what is to be done?" cried Louis XV. "Come, come; courage, Marceline!" he said, turning to the weeping maiden, "perhaps we will find a way."

"But you forget, sire, that at this moment they are loading the weapons which are to slay him."

"Can it be?" said the king, "what is to be done! Ah, I remember! M. de Fleury, my preceptor, has told me that the presence of a king at the place of execution—yes, that's it!—oh, if I can arrive in time they shall slay me before they harm a hair of his head. My fur pelisse and my carriage!" he added, addressing the valet who was in attendance.

"But it is very cold, sire, and the physicians do not think that your majesty can leave the palace without danger."

"We will go out by the secret stairs," replied the king, "nobody will see us, and you will say that I am in bed, and wish to receive no one."

"Ah, sire," said the valet, "if any misfortune should befall you, I am lost!"

"Well, then," said the king, "I will have you hanged most certainly, if you do not obey me—and if you do obey me, here are fifty louis which they gave me for spending money: take them, and I promise you as many more."

The valet left the apartment, and a moment after returned.

"Sire," he said, "a carriage is waiting for your majesty at the foot of the stairs, but I risk my head in attending you."

"You will accompany me also, M. de Dangeau," said the king, "you will testify who I am, if necessary."

M. de Dangeau, placed thus between the king and the laws of the court, felt a deadly paleness suffuse his cheeks. "Sire," he stammered "if it is necessary to expose your royal health, to save an obscure soldier—"

But the young monarch interrupted him, and wrapping himself in his pelisse, he dragged him onward with a strength hardly to be expected

from a child so young, and scarcely recovered from a fit of illness.

"To the plain of Grenelle, near Paris!" said the valet to the coachman.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PLAIN OF GRENELLE.

To the southeast of Paris lies a dreary and barren field, which has preserved even to the present day its name of *plain*, although now covered with shops and houses. This gloomy spot had been set apart, for more than a century, as the scene of military executions. The unhappy men who perished there could see the *Invalides* from their place of punishment, and contemplate, from the borders of the tomb, the asylum which seemed to have been promised to their old age.

It was on this spot, that, on a winter's morning, a platoon of musketeers halted, followed by a carriage. The platoon drew up in line, and Thierry, leaning upon a cane, alighted from the carriage. He was calm; all his anguish had been exhausted during the two preceding days. He walked forward, alone and unsupported, to take his place in front of the platoon.

"If I stagger," he said to his comrades, as he passed them, "it is because my limb is weak, not my heart."

The soldiers were even more gloomy and more sad than Thierry, for discipline exacted a cruel duty of them on this day. They acknowledged its right to make them martyrs only, and it made them executioners.

The morning was cold and gloomy, the ground dry and hard, the sky black and covered with clouds. Thierry listened tranquilly to the last exhortations of the priest. He requested the privilege of giving the fatal signal, and he refused to have his eyes bandaged. Suddenly a sunbeam pierced the clouds, and cast a bright light upon the ground on which he stood—a sunbeam, that living emblem of hope and of life—a sunbeam, that eternal youth of nature.

At its mild warmth Thierry felt his courage melt; the love of life awoke within his bosom; a few tears stole down his cheeks, then he cast his eyes upon his uniform and blushed at his weakness.

"Oh, put on the bandage!" he cried; "put on the bandage that I may not see the sun."

They bound a handkerchief over his eyes, and the officer, turning to his men, uttered the first orders.

"Captain," said a drummer, "I see a woman running towards us, waving her hand. Do you not hear? she cries 'pardon' I believe."

A thrill passed along the ranks, and every soldier seemed about to open his lips to implore delay.

"This man is condemned," replied the officer; "monseigneur the regent has refused to pardon him; this young girl can do nothing. Be quick before the unhappy man has seen her. Take aim! fire!"

Ten muskets were at once discharged; but it was not Thierry who fell; he stood erect, still supported upon his cane; it was Marceline. As the poor maiden approached the fatal spot, the carriage advanced too slowly for her anxious

fears; she had leaped to the ground, and, although bruised by her fall, had rushed, like the wind, toward her lover. At the sound of the discharge, she fell swooning at a few paces from the place of execution.

"I am not wounded," said Thierry, who, fortunately for his firmness, had neither seen nor heard Marceline, who was concealed from him by the soldiers.

"What means this?" said the captain, turning toward the platoon.

All kept silence—to give time for the confirmation of their hopes, they had fired over the culprit's head. The thought had flashed spontaneously across the mind of each, that the moment employed in re-loading their muskets might, perhaps, render them useless.

"A carriage! a carriage!" they cried on all sides. And, in truth, the king's equipage now approached, and a valet, leaping from it, raised Marceline from the ground.

The carriage stopped at the place of execution, and a beautiful boy hastily alighted from it.

"Hold!" he cried; "I forbid you to touch this man!"

"Who are you?" said the officer, who could not have credited the king's presence on that spot, even if he had recognized him.

"I am Louis XV., King of France and Navarre."

"What evidence can you give me of it?"

"I pardon him," continued the king, not heeding the officer's question.

"But monseigneur the regent has refused to interfere in behalf of this soldier."

"The regent is only regent, and I am king," replied the boy, with an air of lofty pride, "and I command you to set this poor Thierry at liberty."

M. de Dangeau, who had now left the carriage, trembling with cold, testified to the identity of the monarch; but the officer still hesitated to liberate his prisoner, when another carriage drove rapidly to the spot. The Abbe de Fleury and several gentlemen of the king's train alighted from it.—They had discovered Louis' absence, and, filled with anxiety, had followed him at full speed.

"Ah, sire, what imprudence!" cried Fleury, clasping his pupil in his arms with great emotion; "and you were still so ill!"

"I am ill no longer," said the king, "I have arrived in time. But where is my poor Marceline?"

Marceline, who had been transported to the king's carriage, had by this time recovered her senses. She was led to Louis XV., who, beckoning the bewildered Thierry to approach, joined the hands of the young people, and said, with comic gravity—

"My children, I unite you. And now," he added, placing his hand upon his stomach, "this fresh air has given me an appetite. M. de Dangeau, do go and get me a cake."

He entered the carriage, followed by the benedictions of Thierry and Marceline, and by cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" uttered, long and loud, by the soldiers and the people.

"Sire," said the abbe, "to-day, despite your youth, you are truly King of France. An act of clemency is a genuine coronation."

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

It has become fashionable among some to speak complacently of the resistless march of revolution, as though it were an earthquake or whirlwind. Such seem to treat even the French Revolution as a blind impulse, for which the actors were no more responsible than for an earthquake. How little truth there is in such an assertion is evident on close inspection.

The "September Massacres" have acquired as clear a notoriety as that of St. Bartholomew's day. The cry of Marat was like that of a hungry tiger in a jungle, and the burden of it was "blood, blood, blood." Let us draw aside the heavy curtain of mystery which has concealed the power giving impulse and ferocity to those bloody events. We do not now come into the hall which had shaken with the eloquence of Mirabran, and the fierce wranglings of Verguiani and Robespierre, nor yet into that room occupied by the municipals of Paris. These bodies are too unwieldy for such designs. A committee, consisting of some thirty most sanguinary zealots, was assembled in a small room. There was Collot d'Herbois, his face blazing with the passions which soon after secured him an immortality of infamy at Lyons by massacres, not less brutal than those at Paris.

In fact, it may be said, Collot d'Herbois was learning at Paris how to be infamous at Lyons.

There sat Hebert also, learning how to edit properly that horrid libel on human nature the "Pere Duchesne," a paper which vied with "the friend of the people" in its ravings for blood. Yes, Hebert was there, the pimp, and the seducer, a man so thoroughly and so meanly corrupt, that once employed to take the tickets at the door of a theatre, he cheated his employer and was dismissed, and afterwards robbed a physician who gave him work to keep him from starvation. He too is in a fair way to secure an unenviable place in man's memory.

That council board was made up of men, of whom let these suffice as specimens.

The master spirits we have not yet pointed out. At the head was a figure once seen ever to be remembered. He was a paragon of deformity and unseemliness. His lower limbs, which were very crooked and thin, had an appendix in the shape of two huge sprawling feet. His arms and hands were shapen after the same style. His fleshless bones were covered with a shrivelled skin, enhancing his general ugliness. His features were restless like the waves of the sea, and expressed well the demoniac fury of his soul. This was "the friend of the people," Marat, who, by his incessant howlings after blood, had become almost deified among the rabble. If these *Sansculottes* had any acknowledged deity, perhaps the man who presided over that memorable committee occupied the place.

"France is dying of bad blood. We must drive in the lancet and let it out. Curses on all

aristocrats. Paris has thirty thousand, and all France two hundred thousand. To the guillotine with them all!" It was Marat who spoke.

"Dr. Guillotine is the leech for France just now, and his machine for blood letting by the wholesale will draw off the bad humors of the body politic! I, too, say to the guillotine with every aristocrat!" It was "Pere Duchesne," Hebert, who spoke.

"That is too easy a way of ridding France of tyrants. Chop off a man's head and he only suffers a moment. Ingenuity should protract the tortures of those vultures who have rent the vitals of France for centuries! Let us swear to exterminate all tyrants!" It was Collot d'Herbois who spoke.

And forthwith those thirty men, with a frenzy not unusual in those days, sprang to their feet with the cry "we swear it!"

Those men had a dim perception that some bloody business was on hand, but what it was the most did not yet know. Ever and anon Marat's eye turned towards the door with an uneasy gaze, as if expecting some one important to the enterprise. At length a heavy step fell on their ear, and the giant of the revolution strode in with the majesty of a king. He towered above them all, and, in physical outline and strength, France had not his equal. His voice was so loud, that it could be heard by a mob in its stormiest moments. He had those passions which are indispensable to the full mastery of a mob, and, at the same time, talents which produced burst of eloquence as grand as ever fired the Athenian democracy. The man was made every way on a gigantic scale. Already had he been guilty of leading the populace to perpetrate infamous crimes. Conscience was not dead yet. He strove to retrace his steps, but his enemies drove him back with stinging words, and now he was plunging headlong into deeds compared with which the former were innocent. Such was Danton on that eventful night.

"How fares the right, Citizen Danton?" asked Marat, in a cracked, harsh tone.

"Bravely, bravely, citizen comrades," replied Danton. "The decree is passed to search Paris for aristocrats and traitors. Malliard is collecting his troop of heroes. The order is dispatched to every section to drag the wretches out and imprison them. Right bravely goes on the work of purging Paris. Let us get these traitors in prison, and the 'friend of the people' can tell us what to do with them!"

This last allusion was followed by a coarse, hideous laugh from the speaker himself, in which all joined except Marat, who replied as soon as the laughter subsided.

"Do with them? Butcher them all at the shortest notice!" Even some stout ones in that assembly of select assassins turned pale and shuddered as Marat uttered all his bitter soul in those few words.

Such was the agency which before the morning dawned had distributed its emissaries throughout the city, and actually imprisoned five thousand persons obnoxious to the revolutionists. Previous to this event the same power had crowded the prisons of Paris with multitudes of persons of every age and station who had become suspected. Suspicion was enough to cause an arrest, it mattered not from what source the suspicion arose. The trade of informers was not at a premium, and occasions and victims were not wanting to swell the company of candidates for Marat's theory of blood-letting.

Lamartine records a thrilling incident of Robespierre the evening before the massacre. His companion, St. Just, and he had been wearied by the sittings of the Assembly and the Jacobins, and late at night returned to St. Just's lodging. Already the bells of Paris were calling the assassins together for the massacre of the morrow. As soon as the door was closed the wearied St. Just thrust off his clothes.

"What are you doing?" asked Robespierre.

"I am going to bed," said his disciple.

"What! can you think of sleeping on such a night?" was the wondering interrogatory. "Do you not hear the tocsin? Do you not know that this night will, perhaps, be the last to thousands of our fellow creatures, who are men at the moment you fall asleep, and when you awake will be lifeless corpses?"

"Alas! I know that murder will be done this night," was the reply; "I deplore it, and wish I were sufficiently powerful to moderate these convulsions of society, struggling between life and death; but what am I? *And after all those who perish this night are not the friends of our ideas.* Good night!" And the young revolutionist slept soundly as though he were again a child and cradled in his mother's arms. Who can fathom the mysteries of human nature?

But Robespierre did not sleep. He was agitated, perhaps, with remorse, which he quieted by casting the blame on the revolution. But the frenzied ringing of the bells, the occasional report of fire arms, and the shouting of men in the streets disquieted him. He did not sit. He walked the room all night. At daybreak St. Just awoke, and, seeing his friend there and supposing he had just come in, asked:

"Robespierre, what brings you back so early?"

"What brings me back? Do you then think I have returned?"

"What!" exclaimed his young companion; "you have not slept?"

"Sleep! sleep! while hundreds of assassins murdered thousands of victims! and their pure or impure blood runs like water down the streets!"

And then a bitter smile gleamed over his face as he remembered some of his mighty and envied companions.

"Oh, no! I have not slept! I have watched like remorse or crime; I have have had the weakness not to close my eyes; but DANTON, HE HAS SLEPT!" He was just in his estimate of Danton. That man, after concocting the measures for executing Marat's idea, and having already set in motion the agents for a most unparalleled butch-

ry, laid himself down and slept. Himself, calm in the storm he raised, slept like an infant whilst that storm was piping its fiercest blast. It must be confessed that humanity was more honored by the remorse of Robespierre than by the seared indifference of Danton.

September 2d has dawned, and as if to make the crime stand in its darkest shade it was the Sabbath. All Paris was in an uproar, and the tragedy was opened by a scene of gross brutality. Thirty priests were on their way to prison under a feeble escort. The mob closed around them and insulted them with opprobrious epithets.

"There are the conspirators who meant to murder our wives and children while we were fighting the battles of France!" was shrieked by the multitude. The match was applied, and the explosion took place. One creature sprang on a carriage and drove his sword into a priest. The people were not prepared for this, and the wretch, waving his bloody weapon, cried out, "You must get used to look at death!" And again it was thrust among the shrinking, shrieking priests.

The prison was at length reached. A vast multitude was there under the guidance of Malliard, the man so conspicuous in the insurrection of the women. The priests were butchered one by one as they got out of the carriage. The skies were saluted with yells of delight as the work progressed. Two hundred priests in another prison were killed in the same way, and then Malliard, reeking with sweat and blood, petitioned in person the proper authorities "for wine for the brave laborers who were delivering the nation from its enemies!" The request was granted!

At the Abbaye, which was full of prisoners, a tribunal of twelve judges was organized. And such judges! they were cobblers and butchers and what not? They were men whose qualification for the post was a heart of adamant. Malliard, a grim man, whose countenance betokened no more emotion than cast iron, presided. When he said, "*Sir, to La Force*," the rabble butchered the prisoner, but when he said, "*Let this gentleman be set at liberty*," his order was obeyed. All day long that terrible word, the meaning of which was unknown to the prisoner until he learned it in death, was pronounced from this tribunal.

The scenes of that day beggar description. The Swiss soldiers were first arraigned. They numbered one hundred and fifty.

"Sirs," said Malliard, fiercely, "you were the murderers of the people on the 10th of August."

"We were attacked and only defended ourselves in obeying our officers," they replied.

"Well, well," said Malliard, "you are only to be transported to La Force!"

The soldiers perceived the sinister meaning of the words, and some of them, on their knees, cried out, "Mercy, mercy!"

The tribunal and the people were impatient, and one judge asked, "Who will be the first to go out?"

"I will. I will set the example: show me the door—which way must I go?" It was a young officer of splendid form who made this reply. His beauty for a moment dazzled the assassins. It was but for a moment, and he fell pierced on every

side. So died the one hundred and fifty, bravely, and with the cruellest aggravations.

Louis's valet was killed with the wonted barbarity. He cried out, "God save the king," and a rough pike was driven through him.

"Bring torches hither," cried one, "let us burn 'God save the king' out of him!"

The poor royalist's face was scorched to a cinder, and yet he was alive. And now transfixed with a pike they compelled him to crawl.

"How like a fly with a pin through him!" said a shrill voice. It was a woman's voice giving the last touch of the infernal to these orgies. The multitude were convulsed with laughter as this scene went forward. Alas for the capabilities of human nature! Let us look at the extremes of which it is capable, keeping in mind that multitude laughing immoderately at the victim crawling with a pike through him.

An old man of venerable appearance was arraigned and condemned. His daughter saw him and sprang into his arms with piteous cries, "Oh save my father, do not kill my father!"

Even they relented, but there was one test which she must yet endure. They scooped up a pot of blood and presented it to her saying fiercely even in their mercy:

"Drink, drink, the blood of the aristocrats!" She did not shrink but quaffed the horrid draught. The father escaped and the multitude applauded. Nay, another daughter, a girl of queenly beauty saved her father also by entreaties. And, says some historian about the matter, "*tears trickled from the eyes of the murderers*, and yet in a moment after, away they went in quest of fresh victims!" To make the contrast as striking as possible, we have but to look at another prisoner who escaped death almost by a miracle. A company of the assassins, all besmeared with blood, begged it of him as a favor to accompany him home, that they might sympathize in the joy of his family. They did so, and then returned to their work! Never had the sun looked on such freaks of ferocity and tenderness in the same persons and in the same hour! Nay, what was stranger still, when some prisoners thus acquitted offered to compensate the sympathizing savages, who with tears witnessed their happy reunion to their families, they rejected it, "The nation rewards us for *killing men*, not for saving them."

"Honor among thieves" is said to be common, but such an equality of natural rights as these assassins claimed is not common. Only a few victims were slaughtered, before there was a cry that those nearest the door of the prison enjoyed all the pleasure of executing the orders of the tribunal! This complaint was rectified on the proper principle of prolonging the torture, and thus giving all a chance! The men ranged themselves in long rows, and each prisoner must run the gauntlet to death.

During the earlier part of the day the spectators stood, but having nothing to do but to look, they became tired and demanded seats. They were provided, some "for the gentlemen, some for the ladies." Women were there, mingling their shrill laughter and obscene wit with the louder curses, and profaner merriment of the men.

"Strike straighter, you awkward loon," cried a rawboned hag to one of the executioners, whose sword spent its force on a large brass button of a prisoner's coat without injuring him.

"Not quite so tart, mother of Satan," was the rejoinder of the man.

"Mother of Satan, eh? So you are my son, are you?" And all shouted with laughter at this ribaldry, even while a fellow creature was suffering the most exquisite torture.

"Don't strike that fellow on the head," cried another woman, "for it is thick as a mortar, and has got as little brains!"

"Ha, aristocrat, how does that go?" cried another, as two well aimed blows deprived a victim of his arms, from which the blood was spouting.

"Here, Jacques, skewer this fellow with your pike, and let us see him wriggle! Good, ha, ha, ha, how funny! I have seen flies do that, but this is richer fun than that!"

"Heigho, it is getting too dark to see the game. Lisette, get some help, woman—help I mean, and go to the authorities and demand proper lights! A pretty thing tr'y, to get up so rich a game to amuse the people, and yet too niggardly to furnish a little light on the occasion!"

Away hurried a company of hags on the errand, and in a few minutes a large lamp threw its light over the scene, revealing the atrocity of each murder in the best style. And there continued that depraved multitude to witness the scenes, which even at this distance of time make us shudder.

These men were promised wages by the city authorities, and at midnight demanded the fulfilment of the promise. Such a train of smeared and begrimed men never before surrounded a paymaster. The same weapons which had killed the aristocrats, were now brandished threateningly before the alarmed municipals. Books are now extant in Paris, in which are the original entries of money paid to these murderers. More than fourteen hundred livres were paid and entered.

The morning dawned and the work was not yet done. Mothers, wives and daughters, were seen bringing refreshments to the men who had urged on their executions for twenty-four hours. These tender assiduities were continued from time to time with great regularity, the women remarking, with commendable coolness, that "the men at work at the Abbaye must be braced up with nourishment, or they would die before the work was done!"

About two hundred victims perished at this one prison, and the cells once more were ready for other unhappy persons.

Meanwhile deeds of the same kind were perpetrated at the Convent of the Carmelites, the Cloister of the Bernardins, the Conciergerie, the Chatelet, the Hospital of La Salpetriere, and the Hotel de la Force. At the Chatelet the ferocity of woman was guided by the ingenuity of woman to render exquisite one death. A young female, whose personal charms had procured for her the title of "the beautiful flower girl," was imprisoned on the charge of attempting to stab her lover.—

Fifty infamous women, maddened with envy of the poor girl because she was so much more beautiful than themselves, were the executioners. In a former number we have spoken of a noted favorite of the mob, Theroigne de Mericourt. She now guided these furies. They stripped her naked, and in a most indecate position fastened her to a stake.

"A pretty creature truly to be jealous! One would think her virtuous enough for a saint!" cried one hideous woman.

"My dear girl, how delicate your complexion!" exclaimed another, as she singed her face to a crisp with a wisp of lighted straw.

"You have sold flowers, my beauty; what think you of this red rose?" hissed another, as she pressed a blazing bundle of straw to the victim's nose.

"Ha, my lady vixen, did you ever sew for a living? Here is a small pointed needle of a gold color!" said another fury, as she thrust a red hot pipe into her quivering flesh.

"Good strong lungs, my dove! Never had the consumption of the breasts, eh?" shouted another, more diabolical than the rest, as, by dint of force, she cut away one of the victim's breasts with a dull knife!

Shrieks and groans and entreaties only gave the greater relish to the enjoyment of the hour. At last death, too long delayed, and more merciful than those who inflicted it, ended the diabolical scene.

It were vain to attempt, in so brief a space, to

relate the barbarities of those days in September. Every gentle affection and kindly prompting of human nature suffered a temporary annihilation. The beautiful Lamballe, although acquitted, was brutally murdered, and her remains more brutally insulted after death. An eye witness declares that when this deed was perpetrated, men, women and children were delirious with delight.

"They vociferated, they sang, they danced. It was the Saturnalia of Hell!" The crowd saw his emotion and would add one drop to their already exquisite enjoyment. The decapitated head, with its gory tresses, was thrust into his face. No wonder he shrieked and fainted. The same pen records the fact that one of the principal actors in that foulest murder died while Napoleon was First Consul. He was suffocated while interspersing a meal with the most awful oaths. His death was horrid beyond description.

From six to twelve thousand victims had been assassinated in the prisons of Paris during those three days. What a fiend is man, given up to his own dark passions! Let such an one strive for freedom, and yet his cruel excesses will verify the saying,

"The sun that rose on Freedom rose in blood."

If the French Revolution be a fact among human excesses in all cruelty, then the Holy Scriptures cannot be wrong when they speak of men, given up to themselves, as "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness."

"ODE ON SOLITUDE."

HAPPY the man whose wishes here
Are bounded by his narrow doom,
Content to breathe the atmosphere
Of his own room.

Whose day with suns, whose night with moons,
Whose chickens answer him for clocks,
Whose sheep yield summer pantaloons
And winter socks.

Blest who when day comes in or out
Is always smiling, always glad,

Who has no tooth-ache, corns, or gout,
To make him mad.

Sound sleep by night, a feather bed,
To want to sleep and then be able,
And have the best of victuals spread
Upon the table.

Thus may my night times by me roll,
Thus may I eat my meals by day,
Hide from the world and not a soul
Know where I stay.

SUMMER.

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

SUMMER is lending
Joy to us now,
Diamonds and roses
Shadow her brow.

Forests are waving,
Meadows are green,
Nature is smiling
Over the scene.

Fragrance is loading
Mountains and "braes,"
Songsters are hymning
Creation's praise.

Zephyrs are kissing
Pearls from the bow'rs—
Angels might envy
Banquets like ours.

GRAVE OF MARGARETTE MILLER DAVIDSON.

BY ANGELA, OF GLEN COTTAGE.

In a corner of the little square, in the remotest part of the Saratoga Village burying ground, is a beautiful monument of white marble, erected by her brothers to the gifted genius who was cut off before she had attained her sixteenth year, but whose Remains and Memories, by Washington Irving, will be read and loved when this monument shall have fallen to decay. Its form is that of a broken shaft ascending from a pedestal, on one side of which is the inscription to her memory, and on the other, beneath a "laurel wreath," the following touching lines from her own pen :

"A few short years have rolled along,
With mingled joy and pain,
And I have passed—a broken tone—
The echo of a strain."

Now, by her side, in the same enclosure, rests the form of one of these brothers ; and that mother, also, whose life was one scene of alternating joy and sorrow, sleeps calmly there by that clay she loved so well !

VISIT TO THE TOMB.

It was the month of
Flowers—the deep-green "leafy" month, and nature
Looked her loveliest in each wild haunt, as
Well as garden bower. Sweet blossoms, pure
And fresh from the Creator's hand, lay on
The soft warm bosom of the sunny earth,
Like infancy, in a fair young mother's arms,
Smiling in bright, fresh loveliness.

Celestial beauty
Gleamed from each created thing, and music,
Such as art can never imitate, unwritten
Music, filled the sweet air with choicest
Harmony. It was the glad hymn of praise—
And, oh, how sweet *that* concert *ever*, in
The Great Temple of the Universe !

I stood beside a
Grave ! and in a land of strangers—I had
Gone to hold communion with the dead !

I turned me from the
Halls of pleasure—from the gay scenes of life
And fashion—from all the living throng that
Pass or mingle in those shaded haunts, or
Meet beside the fountains—to find a solitary
Grave ! 'Twas hers, the ceased young Poetess, whose
Strains have long since ceased from earth but to
Begin in Heaven, to swell the song of
Purer spirits there.

A tall white monument,
Reared by fraternal love, told us it was a
Sister's Grave—"lovely in life in death—
That she had reared herself a monument
Of Fame that would outlive the marble."

That precious name thrilling
In many a heart, was traced upon her
Tomb—and, when I read it there, I thought
What hopes had died—what brilliant expectations,
Even in their spring time of buds and blossoms,
Had perished there ! and even now affection's
Thought comes here to mourn the early dead !

The "laurel wreath" that
She had won so early—emblem of her
Toils, her loved pursuits, unstained and pure
As a fresh snowy garland, was placed in
Beauty by the skilled artist's hand above
Her lonely bed !

The broken shaft,
Befitting well her youthful grave, told a
Sad tale of deepest sorrow. Its low unspoken

Accents fell on each responsive chord of
Human sympathy, and the whole soul was
Filled with dirge-like sadness. The parted links
Of love's own chain seemed to be drooping there,
The sparkling fragments glittering round her tomb !

The heart that "holds its
Dead"—that counts its graves—has a keen power
To feel—knows but too well the faintest sign
Of woe, and understands its tokens, when
The unpracticed eye discerns them not !

The dewy flowers—
Twined in a living wreath, and brought to breathe
Away their little day of life upon
Her grave, like her slight form had faded from
The earth, and lay like withered hopes upon
Her own green place of rest.
The plants her mother placed to deck her lowly
Bed, now sweetly shade her own, as side by
Side they rest. Those clinging roots, striking so
Far within the soil, was a clear emblem
Of that clinging love so strong and deep that
Holds to its dear object even though in
The grave ! There now, above them both, the leaves
And blossoms fall to show how frail a thing
Is life.

Though the cold, lifeless
Form, once fair and sweet, lies here, lone as the
Crumbling castle in its mouldering ruins—
Yet *here* sleeps not the soul ! That music breathing
Low, charming a *world*, breathes now in *heaven*—
The earthly lyre exchanged for one that angels
Use, pours out a mingled strains of harmony
And love, that holds the seraph listener !
That radiant light that gleamed through the clear
Eye, now glows above near to that Sapphire
Throne !

This is the Christian's
Triumph over the Tyrant's power. Trial,
The portion here, but now all danger past
How *peaceful* is their rest ; their sweet communings,
Free from the fear of death, or sin, how blest,
How blest in that bright home above !
Neglected hangs the broken lyre as on
The drooping willow. Earth, home, and heart,
All desolate and sad—but *joys received*
Outweigh all grief of ours ! "The price" so great—
Who can conceive their value—or estimate
Their worth ? Oh, blessed thought, "the undying
Soul in bliss—*has found its place in Heaven.*"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;
OR THE
VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER XIII.

I LEFT the hospitable and beautiful city of Charleston for the gay and more commercial one of New Orleans. The way was long and the journey was tedious. On the low flat shores of Florida I wandered on her golden sands, and sheltered myself from the noon-tide sun in the sequestered bowers of her orange groves. Through her dense hammocks I often became bewildered, and often have I slept on the tussock in her swamps, with the oozing slime around me, and often as I awoke in the morning have I seen the spotted snake coiled by my side.

I stopped in Tallahassee. It was a terrible night on which I arrived in that place. The thunders muttered deep and loud in the folds of cloud that hung as a dark pall above. It was a fearful night! The tempest was up—raging with a fury that I had never before witnessed. The lightnings flashed around, and the winds, bent on mischief, were uprooting the forest trees, and unroofing the houses in the city. Dark and cheerless was the scene around!

It was midnight—solemn midnight, and the tempest was howling madly as the inmates of Pandemonium. The darkness without was of that Plutonium blackness that is so visible on the confines of Erebus. I had dozed on the cushioned chair where I sat, and, in my dreams, had been transported to my beloved, in the Crescent City. It seemed that I was sitting by her side, drinking in the sweetness of the burning words that fell from her lips. They were eloquent—soft as the radiance of the moonbeams, and bright as the stars that shine from their quiet homes above. I thought that lights were flitting around my chamber window, and that they glimmered palely through the open casement. A solitary lamp burnt its perfumed oil, sitting on a bronzed pedestal by my side, and on the other side was sitting Sarah Wilson. Her hands were clasped in mine, and the electrical touch had thrown my soul into a flame of fire. It seemed that she stooped down to kiss me, and, as she did, I awoke, and saw before me, not Sarah Wilson, but another, more beautiful than any thing I had ever seen upon earth. Her dark lustrous eyes beamed into mine an expression that I can never forget. There was a smile upon her cheek, dimpling the radiance of its blessed halo, and quite extinguishing all love that I had ever before had for woman. I did not know how to address her, for there was a fascination in her looks that made me quite dumb. She saw my confusion—my abstracted air, and, in a

voice sweeter than a bird's, said, "Kind sir, it is late—so take this lamp, and, in the adjoining room, you will find a couch for the repose of your weariness." As she uttered these brief words, she darted from my presence, and I was left to the solitude of my own thoughts.

As she left the room, I rubbed my eyes to see if I was fully awake, and, on doing so, I found out that I was not haunted by a dream, but that some corporeal substance, beautiful in its mould, and exquisitely wrought in every limb, and with the most delicate and softest coloring, had been actually present with me. What did it mean? That maiden, I thought, was no waiting-maid in the hotel. She was too beautiful for such menial employment. There was too much grace in her movements, too much intelligence in her eyes, and too much of refinement in what she said, for any one for a moment to entertain the belief that she was a chamber-maid.

* * * * *

It was morning, and a bright and balmy one. The streets of Tallahassee were thronged with her dark-eyed *senoretas*, and every one that passed along I gazed into her face, with the hope of seeing the beautiful one that had haunted me on the previous night—but, alas! I did not see any one that looked like her. None so beautiful! none so divine! I strolled out into the streets, thinking that I might come across her in my way, but I met no one so lovely—no one so exquisitely moulded.

On leaving the city of Charleston, I had directed the post master there to send my letters to this place. So, with the thought of receiving some letters, died partially away the intense and burning passion for the unknown one. I hastened to the office, and there asked for letters. I received four. One was from Sarah Wilson, and is as follows:

NEW ORLEANS, ———

MY DEAREST ONE,—Oh! what is this that holds me in its powers? Is it love? It is something more than it is. What is it, then? Tell me, oh! tell me, what it is! Thou can't tell me, for it is thou that hast bound me in this spell. The mesmeriser has not more unbounded power over his subject than thou hast obtained over me. Thou art not one moment from my mind. During all the day thy image is the idol of every thought, and in the visions of the night thy spirit holds me in its chains. I am no more *what I was*, I am endowed with a new being—I have new feelings, new thoughts, and new sensations. And thou

hast given them to me. Hast thou the power of making thyself invisible? Yes, it must be so! Did'st thou not last night, upon the wing of midnight, seek my couch, and wrest me from the arm of sleep? Yes, yes, I know you did. For is not thy kiss still burning on this breast? and is not this heart still throbbing with the intensity of the deep and burning passion thou did'st kindle in it? Oh! will you come again to-night? Oh! do! that I may again feel the rapturous joy thy touch communicates. Oh! what a moment was that, when I felt thy lips to mine, and thy heart moving mine to its own wild beating. Ages of bliss were in that moment, and I only wished to die ere I should awake from that—but it was not a dream, for I dreamed that it was not! What was it? Were you really here? You must have been. Oh! such ecstasy! such thrilling, thrilling joy! I awoke in a transport of joy, still clasping in the wild delirium of that untold, that frantic rapture! But thou, thou wast not here! I called thee again and again, but thou would'st not come back. Oh! the keen disappointment of that waking moment.

I could not sleep again! I could only wish to have thee there, right there, just as thou wert lying with thy arms encircling me and mine thee—with thy lips to mine pressed so tightly it seemed they could never again be parted—with thy heart teaching mine its gentlest and its maddest pulsations: while all thy love, thy burning love, was melting into mine, and drawing out the very life-blood of my soul, and drinking then, most deeply drinking of its *new creating* power, that thou might'st give to thine a newer and a quicker being. Oh! earth I never knew before that thou had'st a bliss so heavenly! Shall I ever be permitted again to taste this sweet joy? Answer me, sweet power, that holds me captive! Tell me, shall I again feel all of the rapturous bliss of that moment? Yes, I must—I will if earth can give it; if earth cannot, I'll seek it in some other world.

My dear friend, (oh! what a cold inanimate word) I will not have it. Who does not say friend? The traveller to the passer by says friend, and then it graces well both giver and receiver. The school girl to some kind companion sweetly speaks the name of friend, and the heart in sweet response, returns it with a tone of added kindness; even the man of many cares forgets it not, nor the accents in which he loves to pronounce it—and it is well. But shall I call one who has brought me the dearest joy the heart can feel—who has blest me with the sweet outpouring love of one of the noblest, warmest and dearest of hearts. Shall I name him with that cold word, and call him friend? No, I will not thus abuse the love he gives me! I will make some new name, that shall mean all I'll have it mean, and then I'll call him that. And what, what shall it be? Alas! that I could make one—but I cannot—cannot make one out of the cold and frozen English to which I was born. Would that I had been born to some warmer one—some one that breathed the passion of the heart and the deep love of the soul! Then would I know what to call you by.

Italia's dark eyed maiden, as she madly drinks

the love *whose very telling* moves each heart alike, answers to the amorous youth who fires her young heart's untold passion, answers as she springs to meet his wild embrace—and answers with a simple word—yet it tells of love, for it is a word of love—it means all that love means, and it means more. And I, I will steal that simple word, and I will give it to you, and I will call you always by it—always when no cold ear is by to hear it.—Yes how sweetly can I breathe it at the midnight hour—and here it is, "*amour*," I send it to you now, and it is thy name for ever! Let no one steal it from thee, lest some other might breathe it first and steal thy heart, ere I can seal it with this mood of the heart's own eloquent love.

My own sweet amour, you have asked me many questions, that I know should by love be answered to love, but yet I cannot find any words by which I can send them to thee—could I, I would. But if, to be assured that thy deep love should always meet a kind response, that I shall always find my sweetest pleasure in the things that to you are the dearest—that thy most burning passions should always meet a ready sympathy from mine—that all the burning love of thy dreaming hours has lived, most joyously lived in mine—if these can make you happy *then be happy*, for of all of these can I assure you.

I am moulded in beauty's choicest mould, with a form perhaps too voluptuous, and with a soul capable of the keenest enjoyment. If it were otherwise I would tell you, for I have a soul that scorns deception, as it scorns the trail of the viper upon its pathway.

You have called me cold hearted, and accused me of writing to you coldly. If I have appeared to be the former be assured that I am not, and for the latter pardon me, and I know you will when you consider calmly upon the different natures of *man* and *woman*, and take into consideration all the circumstances of our somewhat novel and romantic acquaintance. I know you have spoken to me in love, and for this, if my pen has not, how has my heart blessed you. You fed my soul for the first time, with food for which it was languishing. For though my heart was melting away in the excess of its love, yet was unable to meet its own congenial spirit, and only lived upon the flitting fantasy of some fond day dream, or spent itself in a dreaming hour upon some spirit sent to guard my slumbers.

But you sought my notice, and I became a new being. I reached forth to grasp the fond reality of all my dreaming visions, and yet then, *even then*, I doubted, for it seemed too heavenly for reality. I could not believe it possible that I was to be thus blest. Condemn me not to severely for this, remember I was believing this one of whom I had never seen, or of whom I knew not one word, (nor do I yet) save what he has told me of himself.

That I have spoken coldly, while I have felt all the wild passion of love moving my heart, is only because there is something in my nature still holding me back, each time I would utter the feelings of my bosom. It is perhaps the nature of woman, I know not, but I know it is my nature not to love to talk about every thing. (And you know you have talked to me about every thing

that nature or man has ever fashioned.) And all my feelings—they are like yours, just like yours—and the only difference between us is, you love to *feel love*, and I love to talk about it, and I love to feel it, and listen to you. You say I shall talk to you, and though I cannot write you, yet I feel I could talk to you if all around was darkness and you could not see my face. Yes, let me bury my face in your bosom, and then, yes, then, I can talk to you of love—can talk for ever.

I wish you had never called me cold-hearted. I am afraid, if you believe me so, when we meet you will believe me so then, for I feel that when I meet you there will be such a crowd of overwhelming emotions that my heart will almost cease to beat, and that I shall scarcely be able to speak to you. Indeed, I know it will be impossible to appear at my ease, or even natural. Oh! would that the meeting were over, for, as much as I wish for it, the thought of all that I must feel makes me unhappy.

Do not censure me for writing you such a stupid letter, but feelings, which words could but poorly describe, are pressing upon my heart, feelings of I know not what, for I can only grasp them in the distance as the eye grasps some scarcely discernable object, too distant to be distinctly seen, yet describing an outline that by its novelty and beauty engrosses each faculty.

That I am yours—that I have no thought apart from you—that I only long for the time to come when I can be yours in body, as I am now in spirit, is all I know, is all I feel. Must I speak on? I have only this to say, were I to attempt to say any thing else I should only say this again.

Your dear and precious letter, (the last one,) shall I tell you how often have I read it over? Every day, yes, every hour of the day, have I read it, until I know it by heart. Every sentence is engraved upon its tablet in characters that cannot be obliterated.

And you love me just as I wish to be loved. All the deep and anxious longings of my heart are at length filled, and my yearning spirit has found its sweet reciprocation. How truly am I blest! Blest above all—yes above all of my sex—for what woman was ever loved as you have loved me. I am too happy to speak, and I am too happy to keep silent, I cannot write, and I cannot stop.

Could you be assured that you were loved as deeply, and fondly, and passionately, you could not help being happy I know—then be happy, be happy, my dear amour! for woman never loved man with a deeper, more fervent passion than I love you. If I cannot as eloquently tell my passion as you can, yet does it live as glowingly, and burn with as steady a flame.

I send enclosed in this letter something, for which you have asked me so beseechingly, I could not refuse you. What is there I could refuse you? May Venus and all the gods pardon me for this. But most may they pardon you who made me do it. I know no other woman ever did the same—I know no other lover ever asked the same. But have you not loved me as never other has? Yes, and well can I afford to grant you any boon for which you ask. You shall never ask of me any thing I will not grant thee! no! never!

And now, my dear amour, when you get this letter write me at this place, and I will live upon it until we meet, which will be far too long. Yes, write me as soon as you receive it, and let it be one of thy dear passionate letters—those dear letters that are so dear to my heart.

Adieu, *mon cher ami*! may guardian angels care for and preserve thee until the happy time when I can set my watch about thee, to keep thee and to bless thee.

SARAH WILSON.

This letter completely unsettled my understanding. I scarcely knew what to do. On returning from the post office to the hotel I met the beautiful woman I had seen the previous night, and she smiled upon me as I passed. She was exceeding beautiful—with the most voluptuous bust that ever graced a woman. I was completely beside myself—mad with love and completely intoxicated with her fascinating and bewitching beauty. What could I do in the presence of so much loveliness? Nothing! for I was weak, and weakness must ever yield to the influence of beauty.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was many hours before I could bring myself to believe that I was not bewitched by this beautiful, but yet to me unknown one. The flame that burned within my heart had been kindled so suddenly, that, on thinking of it calmly and deliberately, I ascribed it to some supernatural agency. How could it be otherwise, I thought, when every action of my life had been directed by some power, over which I had never yet been able to exercise any control. The power was irresistible, and did not in any way depend on my own will, but led me on in spite of everything I could do. Oh! how I wished to get rid of this invisible power, that was leading me along, whithersoever it fancied, in chains I could not break. Terrible was the thought, and my condition was most unenviable, yet fate, inexorable fate, would not suffer my release, and I had to submit to her unalterable decree.

There was one peculiarity in the mental constitution of my nature, one singular idiosyncrasy, that for years I had endeavored to break myself off, but never have I been able to do it. It was the abominable practice of using pet phrases. Many words, and even sentences, had become so *stereotyped* on my heart, that, on looking into it, they were the first to meet my gaze.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The fact here alluded to, is certainly no anomaly in the mental constitution of Mr. Toddlebar. He is certainly correct in the position which he assumes, if one is allowed to judge of this matter from the answers to his letters. He certainly has accused his sweet hearts, all of them I believe, of being *cold-hearted*, a phrase I have no doubt he has indiscriminately used in addressing all of them. The words, however, for certain purposes not designated in the sense of an antiphrasis, have been used by him in the sense of the premises laid down. Of this matter the reader will be the best judge—and, for fear I may be mistaken in the position assumed, I at once withdraw the odious imputation.)

The other three letters I received I will now give to the public as I read them. The first one I opened was from J. Fennimore Cooper, a novelist of great celebrity, but much *perverseness* of will. In many respects he is certainly the first *nouveliste* of the age, and were it not for the *odieux entêtement* of his character, his popularity would be as unbounded as is his merit. As a delineator of Indian character, the red man of the forest as he stands there in his nomadic and pristine beauty, and in his majesty of form and bearing, he is incomparable and unapproachable. But in his disquisitions of society he is ever futile. When the storm is on the ocean, and the waves are lashed into fury by some fiend below, and the muttering thunder bellows in the clouds, and the lightning is seen streaking their dark folds with its lambent flame, it is then that Cooper is seen rising in his strength, and grasping with his mighty arm the terrible *manes* of this waste of waters. He is then a God, mighty in his strength and invincible in his power. But when he comes down from the heights on which nature intended him to stand, and attempts to analyse the intricacies of polished and civilized life, in simple and plain words he makes a fool of himself.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—If Mr. Toddlebar was in a position where the law could reach him, I am of the opinion that suit for libel would at once be instituted against him by the authority of the "Pioneers." Mr. Cooper has a great *penchant* for lawsuits, so much so, indeed, that in some of

his *idiosyncracies* it amounts almost to *monomanism*. If by any means he could be induced to cast aside these shadowy *neants*, that are so haunting his imagination with gloomy phantasies, he would be much more respected by the *litterateurs* of both hemispheres.)

OTSEGO HALL,
COOPERSTOWN, NOV. 8th, 1841. }

DEAR SIR,—Your letter has come a long way to obtain an object as trivial and unimportant as my hand-writing. However, as you appear to desire to possess it, I have pleasure in sending it to you.

In this age of railroads, Tennessee is not quite as far from New York as it used to be when the word was first familiarized to my ears, and the time may yet come when we shall consider each other as neighbors. You have more claims than that of being a mere Tennessean, honorable and sufficient as the last might be, for I see you date from "Jackson," Tennessee, which is literally putting the best face on, which is always sufficiently respectable.

As you speak of the Mohicans and the Prairie, it emboldens me to tell you that I have recently added two works to the series of the Leather Stocking works, the Pathfinder and Deerslayer, which my friends appear to prefer to the others. Perhaps they might serve to consume a leisure hour some winter's evening.

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully, yours,

J. Fennimore Cooper.

The chirography of Mr. Cooper is decidedly a bad one. In one respect the *brusquerie* of his nature is very well shown in the hand-writing, but in all others there is nothing indicative of that mental superiority by which he has so long held the world captive. He forms his letters, *brélique-breloque*, as if his fingers were all *cramped*, and the pen was too *brusque* to make a hair stroke.

The next letter was from Samuel Warren, barrister at law in the City of London, and author of "Ten Thousand A Year"—a work that, if it had been reduced one-half, would have been a thousand times more readable. As it is, however, like all works manufactured to order, it has had its day, never again, I honestly believe, to see the light. There is nothing in the spirit of the age congenial to the republic of letters, but every thing tending to their downfall. If a fellow now-a-days should happen to catch hold of either the head or tail of an idea, he spins it out to such an enormous length that when he lets it go there is nothing left of it. The best work of this author is the "Diary of a late London Physician," and had he stopped with this work his fame would have, in all conscience, been enduring enough for any earthly purposes. But, as it is, he has simmered it down in the alembic crucible until there is scarcely a particle left of it.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The truth is, that works now-a-days are like the fabled leaves of Italia's groves multiplying so greatly that there are not ideas enough in the world for

the ground-work of the one thousandth part of the books that are printed. The wizard pen of Sir Walter Scott, with a soul as big as a mountain, and with a heart as large as a god's, did, in his day and time, for the space of thirty years, enchain the world with the rapture of his song. But he, too, like the thousand and one scribblers that are now in the world, exhausted before he died the fountains of his mighty genius. For his fame Goldsmith trusted to a single work, the incomparable "Vicar of Wakefield," and Doctor Johnson seemed disposed to let his laurels rest on his "Rabelais." These men therefore have built for themselves an enduring fame, while others, far less gifted than they were, are piling for themselves volumes upon volumes, until they almost reach the sky, without once recollecting that the first wind that comes along will sweep the monument from its base.)

The autograph of Mr. Warren gives a very correct idea of the entire MS. His hand-writing is what would be called a good one, and by many would be pronounced very beautiful. There is nothing in it, however, that is either *pittoresque* or *bizarre*, but it is plain, simple and uniform—no doubt having been modified by the arduous duties of his profession.

35 WOBURN PLACE,
RUSSEL SQUARE, LONDON, }
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1841.

SIR,—I sincerely assure you that I have been much gratified by the receipt and perusal of your letter, dated Nov. 3, 1841. I should have earlier answered it, but for very numerous engagements.

I am certainly the author of the work entitled "Ten Thousand A Year," but I am not "Doctor" Warren—I am a member of the English Bar, and

the mistake originates in the circumstance of my being also the author of "The Diary of a late Physician." I have had a very great number of complimentary communications from different parts of the world on the subject of the former work. But with the tone of none of them

have I been so much gratified as with that of yours.

If you really value them, be assured that you have my good wishes for your prosperity and health.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Yours, faithfully,

Samuel Warren

The subject of this brief sketch is the Hon. Solon Borland, United States Senator from the State of Arkansas. This gentleman has great versatility of talents, and in any position of life in which he is placed, he would shine as a bright and luminous light. As a counsellor of law his opinions were highly valued by the most profound jurists of his country. As a physician, Dr. Caldwell, of the Louisville Medical College, pronounced him the most *talented* student that had ever graduated there. In Mexico, as a major of the Arkansas regiment of cavalry, he won for himself much military renown. In the quiet fields of literature he has walked with Goldsmith, and in the shades of Parnassus has had many a pleasant *tete-a-tete* with the shades of the departed bards.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—His eulogy on the lamented Chesley Ashley, pronounced in the Senate of the United States, is the best thing of the kind that has been written for years. The Hon. Mr. Borland at once has a mind excellent and discriminating—with a judgment always to be depended on, he will never go far astray in the exciting turmoil of politics. I know of no one whose general information is more extensive, and whose critical opinions are more to be relied on.)

WASHINGTON, August 3, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of July 10 is before me, and is most welcome. To be remembered by one's friends is always pleasant. To receive the warm hearted congratulations of one like yourself, who has ever been kind, is a most grateful incident—truly an oasis in this arid world. "Arid," did I say? Ay! *arid*, and nowhere is the term more applicable than to the world of

politics; for, verily, there is little in it that the heart can lay hold on. And yet, strange infatuation, how even the heart yearns toward it! There is a philosophy in this—but it lies deeper than I can, just now, dive for it.

I sent in your communication to the Union; but, as I have not yet seen it, I fear my sending it has done it some prejudice; for some reason I am no favorite in that vulture's nest, brooded over by Buchanan, Ritchie, and Co. Perhaps because I sometimes take the liberty to deny their infallibility—and express the belief that they are, in some degree, responsible for the diminution our party has suffered under their management.—*Mais n'importe!*

So, you are in the author line again! Well, it is a noble pursuit—the best (not most profitable, *pecuniarily* speaking) the world affords. Just think of it! To throw out one's thoughts upon the magic wings of the press—as the forest tree scatters abroad his fresh germs upon the wind—to people the world (of mind or matter, in the one case or the other) with a new and more vigorous growth! Who shall fathom the satisfaction which swells up in the author's heart? Who shall tell the results of his labors—ay! even of his lightest thought? God prosper you in the undertaking. I shall look anxiously for the forthcoming coinage of my friend's brain, and have great satisfaction in receiving them.

If our friend Mason is near you, present me most kindly to him and his.

Accept my kindest regards, and the assurance that I am ever faithfully your friend,

Sam Borland

THE SLUMBERERS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

PART II.

"Where their works do follow them."

"This is Life!"

"WILT thou," I asked of the Spirit, as we pursued our way on those wings that were fleet as the wings of thought, "wilt thou show me where all these Slumberers shall be when they awaken?"

"No, the time for such revelation has not yet come," she said, "when these thou hast looked upon shall waken, thou too shalt be of them, thou too shalt have rested long!"

Then I knew it was the long sleep of death of which my guide spoke, from which none awake, nor can, till the Almighty shall speak the reviving word.

We were drawing near the city—there was a confused sound arising in the forward distance; multitudes of striving life were gathered within those walls—and, midway between heaven and earth, suspended over the whole extent of the thickly populated metropolis, was, what seemed a dark heavy cloud, the gathered sin of all that multitude, which arose and stood a terrible witness before the face of heaven!

As we pursued our way, the sound of life we heard became louder and more distinct—the busy crowds of men became more clearly visible. Soon we stood within the city gates, amid the crowds of its inhabitants—life and activity surrounded us there in their every form and stage. My brain was at first sadly confused with looking on the constantly changing figures. I was astounded as I perceived the incessant striving, the irresistible impulse to labor, which influenced such a multitude. There was nothing calm, quiet, or stationary—the bird of peace had never found rest even for the sole of its foot in that city—the commingled floods of ambition and necessity had never subsided. Every one seemed to me obeying a voice that cried, continually, "Onward! onward!"

One moment we hovered over the city gates; there was a long and apparently a never-ending train, going forth to the garden of the Slumberers. Oh what a wretched looking company was that! Their heads were drooping, their countenances white as marble, and they moved on with such a languid step, as though they were out-wearied by the rush and confusion about them.

And yet, weak and weary as they were, some of them would oftentimes turn back one feeble step to look with longing eyes on the busy scenes through which they had been passing—and when they were compelled to move forward again, their dull eyes drooped despairingly, nothing but gloom and hopelessness was in them. Many of these, when they had quite reached the gates, delayed there long under various pretences, and when they were at last forced to pass through, they shrieked and groaned, as though it were fearful agony for them to depart for ever from the sounds and the show of life!

But there were a few of that great company on whom it was a joy to look—for the heart became convinced that they were going *home*—their eyes were raised upward, and beamed with love and confidence—they were glad the summons had come at last, they had waited long for it and so patiently!

We moved among the impetuous busy crowd, and ere long I found myself infected by that Spirit which impelled the mass in the desperate struggle to get forward: though with many who seemed to be unaware of the object and means for which and by which they came to fill the places which they then occupied, as well as quite ignorant of the purposes for which they were there, I scarcely knew, so confusing was the tumult, for what I had suffered myself to be hurried into that wild vortex.

Exhausted at last by the continued struggle, I turned hastily aside from the course of the great current to a quiet path that led me to an humble edifice, which, from the cross-surmounted spire, appeared to be a church consecrated to the worship of God; and I went in at the opened gate, and sat down there to rest.

Presently, many others came in at the wicket, and stood in the shade of the trees which were planted thickly in the little yard. These people were chiefly clad in miserable garments, and they looked poor and needy, but from the expression of every face I knew that they had often sought that holy place, and that they knew they should find rest and comfort there.

There was an old woman—her hair was perfectly white, and her shrivelled feet were bare—and coarse and scanty was her clothing. She was nearly blind; sorrow and many years had dimmed her eyes and shorn her of strength, but so often had she sought those gates, that they were become familiar to her as was her own home.—Ere long there came a youth of rough appearance and repelling manners, who joined the aged woman, and sat down beside her on the steps of the temple.

I watched the two, who were evidently connected only by poverty and religion—soon I heard the woman say,

"It was just at this time in the morning he always met us here, and went with us into the temple, and he'd always pleasant words for us poor creatures."

And the boy answered, and I was astonished to hear such soft tones from the ill-looking youth.

"Yes, he *was* like an angel to us—it seems to me as though a light had gone out, and a cloud come over the sky of a sudden, now that he is gone."

"He was a light indeed," said the old woman; "when I sat in that wretched hovel of mine

without any hope or joy, only wishing that my time to die would come, and cursing the day that I was born, he came to my door, and he was to me, who was such a poor, forsaken mortal, just as an angel of God! Jem, he spoke such beautiful words, and said how if I would harken to him, he could tell me where I might get a light for my dark home that would never go out, but which would grow brighter and brighter till the morning came. And when I grew bold from listening to his kind words, and told him of my beautiful girl who had come to be a shame and a curse even to my poor life, oh, it was sweet to hear him say, 'if she will, she may yet be a blessing to you.' Every day he came to my hovel; and if a flood of gold had been rolled through the doors, we could not have been happier than when he came there and spoke to us words that were better a thousand times to us than meat and drink. Here, to this very place, he prayed we would come to meet him, and there were tears in his eyes when he asked it. He said he would tell us here more about the riches which, if we were faithful servants, should at last be ours, and of peace and true happiness—but it was not such peace and happiness as rich people have who live in great houses! And we did come, Jem, and we found that what he said was true; there are treasures and joys which will yet be given to us if we continue humble and faithful. Though I come here alone now, and am growing blind, and my strength is fast failing me; though my girl he saved, and he, too, have wearied out before me, yet here I come every day, and here I *will* come, Jem, till I too shall fall asleep! He told me we should all awake some morning again, and then we would be at rest—so I know we shall meet again—yes, *we shall* meet again."

Then the lad who had listened tearfully to his old companion as she spoke with such trembling earnestness, said, in a subdued tone of voice:

"Yes, I too will call him blessed! Once, when I was running on with other boys through a broad road, and gathering all the flowers that I could find in my way, and striving to shoot all the birds I saw, *he* came to me, and tried to take my hand and stop me. When I was angry, and strove to shake off his grasp, he looked into my eyes and spoke so kindly that I was forced to listen to him. He told me how hard the road was I trod in, and when I said it was *easy*, and showed him the flowers I had gathered, and the birds I had shot with my arrows, he wept, and told me to see how the flowers were already fading in my hands, and that the birds were dead and could not sing any more, and so were good for nothing but to be thrown away. And he prayed that I would go back with him and walk in a way he would show me, but I would not, and, even while he stood there pleading, I ran away and joined the boys who had gone far on, and very soon I forgot the words the stranger said to me.

"But the next day I happened to be alone—my companions had gone in search of a bird's nest—and, while I lay on the grass, something kept saying to me, 'go back and look for the stranger.' After a while I went back, and I

found the man who was standing as though waiting for me. Oh if you could have seen him smile when he saw me! If you could have heard the kind and cheerful words he spoke, urging me so to go back with him from out that dangerous path! I followed him, and he led me to this cool and shady place. I was happier then than I ever was before—for, though my father and mother were dead, the people here were kind to me as parents could have been—they were glad to have me come here—and now I am not hungry, or tired, or friendless any more!"

An old man, who, unperceived by the woman or the boy, had joined them, spoke when the boy was silent, and his voice trembled with age and emotion.

"Boy, there was more excuse for you, though you did not wander far, than there is for me. Though I have never had power to look on earth, or sky, or any living thing, yet I had once a little guide to lead me, and had it not been for my own stubborn wickedness I should never had gone astray.

"One day my guide said, 'you are going out of the path, old man, and the road you enter is full of stones; you will certainly stumble and fall.' I answered him, 'I am tired almost to death—and I am not going to walk always in that humble little way; I shall walk here where I hear the sound of many voices, for I know these people will be more charitable to a blind old beggar than those few folks who are in the narrow path, for all their boasted charity they really seem to think I can see to work as well as they.'

"But, good people, I tell you it was a dangerous path that I had entered on! It was rough, and covered with stones, and the sunlight fell like fire on my bald head! My little guide followed me, but she did not ask alms of those among whom we passed—and when I said, 'help, for mercy's sake,' and held out my hands for charity, no one answered me, though I knew that there were many people near. Every step I took the way grew harder—suddenly the sun seemed to go behind a cloud, and the wind blew fresh and very cold. You may be sure I began to repent having turned into that road at all—for the stones had bruised my feet, and every step I took increased my pain and weariness—my strength entirely gave way, and I sat down and wept!

"Not hearing the footsteps of my guide I thought he had deserted me, but I dared not call to him lest I should be convinced of what I so much feared. My head drooped on my breast, the tears came fast—I thought, I am dying; but then I heard footsteps approaching, and a small hand grasped mine. It was my guide who had come back, and there was another with him, and they too sat down on the stones beside me, and the stranger's voice spoke kind and soothing words, but he did not bid me dry my tears—perhaps he thought that I ought to weep over my folly. After a while he said, 'Do you wish to go on further in this path? Oh, I pray you came back with me! there is ointment that can heal your wounds—your tears shall then be wiped away—only come back into the other path, for this is dreadful, it leads to death. Though you leave

traces of your progress over the stones in blood, come! and it shall be well with you—for whither I lead you there is a friend waiting who will love, and for ever watch over you—will you not come back?”

“With faltering, fainting, steps I arose at once and followed him, but he encouraged and cheered me, until at last we had reached this dear place, and it was here that he first gave to me the reviving cup of life, and bade me drink freely of it. He saved me from death, friends! let me with you join in blessing him!”

While the old man had been speaking, the church-yard was fast filling with the crowds who came to rest in the pleasant shade, and to enter the holy courts when the doors should be opened. There was such an expression of happiness and satisfaction on the palest and most care-worn faces there, that I was convinced something wonderfully lovely and good had been the subject of much of their thought—that the purifying influence of a holy example had been exerted over them.

Some of the most wretchedly clad human beings were there—some who were worn down by sickness and disease—the halt, and the blind, the old, and the young, the weak, and the unlearned were there. Unlearned, I said; but they had acquired a wisdom the world teaches not—knows not! It was enough to make one weep, the very sight of so much destitution; but there were no tears of discontent or sorrow among them!

The Spirit gave me understanding, and I knew how all this could be. A pastor, who had made it his errand on earth to spread among the poor and the heavy-laden the knowledge of the love of God, had also made it the business of his life to toil unceasingly to bind up the broken hearts—to reclaim the outcasts, to guide back the thoughtless wanderer to the ways of virtue. With performing the mere official duties of his station he had not contented himself! When he, in his youth, took upon himself the solemn vows, required of the Christian minister, it was with a due appreciation of the awful responsibility incurred—a life of ease and peaceful study had not been the fruit of that sense of duty. A diligent planter of seed—a constant tiller of the soil, a happy, thankful gatherer of grapes, in the great vineyard of the Lord, had the pastor been! No wonder that with one voice the grateful children of his heart should call him “blessed!”

Reflecting on this man, my thoughts were drawn to the garden of the Slumberers; I saw him resting from his labors there; and, as I remembered the calm and holy face of him who slept in the poplar’s pleasant shade, were recalled to me the words the Spirit had spoken so triumphantly, “Servant of God! well done!”

As I turned away from the now crowded church-yard, the temple doors were opened wide, and the lame, the halt, and the blind, the aged and the youthful paupers, the repentant prodigal, and the sorrowing outcast entered within the hallowed walls where He had gathered them so often, and, as I went on, I heard the voices of the destitute multitude chanting,

“Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thy sin, and

healeth all thine infirmities; who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness!”

* * * * *

Slowly I went on my way, musing on the blessed effects of *faithful pastoral labor*: but suddenly I was aroused from my meditations by cries of alarm, and a sudden separating of the crowd.—And lo! a gilded chariot, drawn by magnificent horses, came sweeping proudly on. There were but two seated in the luxurious car, a young man and a maiden; and upon the lady’s lip there was a scornful curl that seemed to me not comely; and with listless disdain were the eyes of the youth turned on the foot passengers who surrounded them.

When they drew near to a part of the great street that was more densely crowded, the carriage moved more slowly along; taking advantage of this necessity a woman hobbled out from the press of people, and, walking close beside the chariot, she stretched forth her withered hand and cried loudly, “Give.”

At first no attention was paid to her cry, but she became the more importunate, and even then they would not heed her. I thought it must be that the confusion and noise of the street drowned the sound of her voice, until I saw the scornful smile with which the maiden at length tossed a piece of silver to the beggar: instead of thanks, which she seemed too proud to wish returned for her bounty, execrations and bitter taunts were heaped upon those fair, but cruel children of wealth.

Loudly sounded the hoarse voice of the beggar above every other noise. “Ah! ah! go on in your gold carriage, and laugh while ye can at the sorrow and misery of the poor! my curse go with you and your ill-gotten wealth. The old man that’s asleep now, your father, would not have dared laugh so—he knew where his riches came from, and I know, and the orphans and the widows who trusted their little all with him, they know too! Go on—go on with your heavy purses, and your proud looks, and scornful smiles, but there’s my curse to go with you! don’t stop to thank me for it—there’s a day coming! be sure of that!”

So saying, the woman tossed back the silver (with more of scorn than it had been given) into the gilded carriage, and then she disappeared in the crowd—while the young man furiously bade the coachman through the crowd to force his way if need be. On, in their splendor and reckless haste, they went, and the curses of those they left behind them, and the fear of the crowd, which separated in dismay before the fiery steeds, accompanied them. I know not if the progress of the chariot be yet stayed; but there was a steep and dangerous place towards which these steeds were wending, and I fear me they have hurried over that cliff, whence they may not return again!

While the chariot had moved on slowly, I could particularly observe the features of the young man seated within, and methought it bore an astonishing resemblance to the old man who was slumbering on the hard clay, above whom no sheltering tree spread its branches, near whom no fragrant flowers bloomed, where never came a

solitary bird with pleasant songs to break the horrid stillness. And the thought *would* come, "if the cold-hearted selfishness and arrogance of those children of the rich man are *fruits of his labors!*"

After I had passed on a few steps, much surprised was I to observe the importune old beggar was following me; but my attention was soon drawn from her to a lofty and magnificent mansion which reared its proud head near by. Every thing about this dwelling-place was beautiful and attractive. Through the large windows, which were thrown open, I could see the profusion of statues, and pictures, and books, and all that wealth would care to gather in a home of luxury. Without, in the garden, a servant in livery was sweeping from the gravelled walks the scattered leaves which the unceremonious wind had flung where he would.

And the beggar stopped beside me that she too might gaze upon the beautiful place; but there was nothing expressive of admiration in her face, neither was there aught of envy, only the most intense hatred and disgust.

I looked with curious eyes upon her, for she seemed not a stranger in that place—she answered my glance by saying,

"You think this place perfect—and that the people who live here are happy?"

"The place is very, very beautiful—but the inmates, I know not, *are* they happy?"

"Yes," she answered, abruptly, "yes, happy!" And then she laughed, but it was fearful to listen to her merriment. "Thirty years ago, when I was young, we were both poor enough, the man who built this place and I. Am I poor still? Look at my rags of clothes, you need not say, you need not be told! But I was not quite so poor once! There was a little I had got together—the wages of years of hard toil, all that I had earned when I was young and strong. I gave all this money into his hands for safe keeping, for he was my friend then—*oh, yes, my friend!* That money helped to build this palace, and I—am a beggar in these streets! The two you saw riding in the splendid carriage were his only children, his heirs. And they *dare* to fling their money in my face! my curses on them! The old man is sleeping now; do you think his dreams are very pleasant with the memory of the poor and the helpless he has robbed of their all for his companions?"

"And is this all he has left behind him?" I asked; "only this magnificent mansion, and the wealth he has given his children?"

"No, not all," answered the beggar; "there is another building going up in the city, a hospital for the sick, and it is to bear his name because his money is building it."

"Then he *has* wrought *one* good deed," I said, relieved to find that there was one redeeming feature to the tale.

"Yes; for they say remorse was busy with him when sleep was coming over him—but he was almost too late—barely had time to make known the wish before his eyes closed and his hands were stiff, and he could not write any more. Perhaps, after all, when my time comes to slumber I may

go to sleep in that house of refuge his charity is building! who knows? who knows?"

I went onward, and at last found myself standing before a large building in process of erection. It was laid out on the most extensive plan, and could only be intended for public use. Over the door-way was placed a conspicuously white block of marble, and on it was emblazoned the name of the *good* man who had given of his riches to build this resting-place for the sick and the desolate. Looking upon it I could but wonder whether this last, only charitable bequest of his life made that couch on which the man slept any easier to his limbs; whether indeed it sheltered him from the scorching heat of the noon-day sun.

Moreover I noticed that by the pillars of the wide gate there was a statue of a man, made also of marble, and one hand was outstretched towards the entrance of the hospital, pointing to the place of refuge, and the other was bent towards the continually crowded thoroughfare, as though it were bidding *all* to come who needed aid and rest. Yet must I declare that all this seemed to me very like a mockery of the Spirit of Benevolence!

For I remembered how the name of this Slumberer *might* have been a living blessing in the hearts of men, instead of receiving a forgetfulness so speedy as its portion, or a memory, that, whenever it was aroused, brought with it the curses and execrations of the poor and the oppressed!

While I stood before the hospital, pondering on the sad inconsistency of man, and thinking of him, who, through a long life, had lived in total forgetfulness of God, and of His poor, and of his sudden recollection of them in the hour when he saw the vain phantoms he had pursued all his life in all their real proportions—while I stood musing on these things my meditations were broken by the sound of music and of dancing feet—and a company of maidens drew near. Wreaths of flowers were upon their heads, and twined around their beautiful arms, and the blush of beauty tinged the cheeks of every one.

Excited by the sweet music, and the fragrance of the flowers, and the charges of the dance, and by the looks of admiration which the by-standers cast upon them, they redoubled their efforts to astonish and delight. The more narrowly I observed this gay company, the more incomprehensible did the whole pageant appear; for with my spirit-eyes I could penetrate to what others saw not.

Graceful and charming as was that dance, it was attended with pain and weariness at every onward step—the cheeks of *many* of those gay young creatures wore a false bloom—their eyes were dull and heavy, and oftentimes the steps of some of the dancers utterly ceased from sheer fatigue, but after they had rested only for a moment they were in motion again, and their voices aided in swelling the chorus of the gayest songs.

When those sounds first broke on my ear I had thought the voices all in tune, and perfectly harmonious, but as they drew nearer and became more distinct, harsh and discordant proved many of them, and, by some of the singers, the words

were uttered with difficulty, as though weariness or sleep were creeping over them—yet were they determined to sing on, come what might!

At times the joyous laugh of early youth would ring out from the group, but among the elder portion scarcely a smile was visible. Sometimes for a moment their songs would almost entirely cease, and it did not seem strange that the maidens should weary of them, for they were all of one monotonous tune, and the words, though varying slightly, had each and all one meaning!

These were they who danced in Pleasure's train. I had heard oftentimes much of the gay queen and her devoted followers, I knew that she was crowned, and a reigning monarch in the great city of Life, but I could not but feel that she was a hard mistress, leading on her subjects, her slaves, without mercy, when they were weary and would fain rest; tempting them on ever to some new-promised joy, which, when they had at last obtained it, proved only cloying and vexatious.—Could you have seen, as I did, the rose buds that were wreathed mid the luxuriant curls of the dancers, they had long, long, been faded and withered, but the fair fingers of the maidens might not long enough relinquish their lutes to pluck these voiceless warnings away!

Occasionally a youth, fascinated by the really beauteous show of the dancers, would go out from the crowd of spectators and join them; *then* the initiated would for a moment pause and adorn with garlands the new comer that she might be recognized as one of them! Alas! alas!

The gay train passed on out of sight, but a mournful trace of its progress was left behind them! the grass, so green over which they had trodden, was scorched and crumpled as though feet of fire had passed over it, and it was *dead*! no rain, or sunbeam, or dew, might restore it again! And yet not alone had the maidens left traces of their progress *there*. On many a face, once calm and expressive of inward peace, was an impress of that envy and discontent which had sprung up in the heart. Mostly was this change observable in the young—the poor, who had labored through the heat of the day, in the cool of evening, and early in the morn, who had no time to waste! I thought, oh if these could only see these gay and apparently happy ones, as they really are; their pain, their weariness, their inward self-contempt, and misgiving; could they but hear the discordant notes which so often near the harmony of those songs, how cheerfully, how gladly, would they go on their appointed way, rejoicing that the awful snare had not been set for their unweary feet!

At that moment my thoughts were strangely impelled towards the garden of the slumbering multitude, and it sought out one who slept there neglected and forgotten—*forgotten* by all her companions; she who lay crushed against the garden wall, with the withered flowers and the tarnished jewels adorning her person; and I thought that it must certainly have been with the most intense loathing of her tedious waking dream, that the maiden laid down, glad to escape the sound of the singing voices, and the dancing feet. I knew then that it was she, that vanity of vani-

ties, who had gathered the host of trifling minds and heartless hearts together, and that they were living in remembrance of her, though they remembered her not!

Were not their lives a continuation of her own? but they had quite forgotten *her*. What was there, besides her deeds and example, that *could live*? Ah, there were none to rise up and call her "blessed!"

There was woe by many of the hearth stones of that city—there was sadness—bitter tears were shed, for the daughters had bound themselves slaves of the Pleasure Queen! Their homes were not the sacred, deeply loved sanctuaries they had been of yore. And, alas! there were new and wild desires planted in the breast of many a youth, and love, whose fruits were anything but blessed, had sprung up in many a heart.

In that great city still do the foolish maidens dance, and sing that wearisome, never varied, strain, and at times, in the guilt places where I wander now, come the echoes of the tinkling cymbals and the ringing of those inharmonious bells! and voices, which my ear has learned to distinguish well, break on the stillness. One by one do the gay creatures of that train become exhausted, but no good angel at such times draws nigh to bear them forth to the cool and flowery portions of the garden—where they fall as they enter within its gates, there do they lie—like her whose works have spread far and wide on the wings of example, decked with withered, scentless buds, and rayless gems, they sleep forgotten, forgetful, and unloved. And their hopes sleep with them! Oh, when the awakening word shall at last be spoken, I fear me those delusive hopes will speed away, and leave the risen ones alone—alone!

* * * * *

"Come with me," whispered the Spirit, "we will away to look on one of the most beautiful and powerful, as well as silent, of moral influences."

A young girl sat alone in an upper room of a magnificent mansion, surrounded by the profuse richness of the toilet of a child of fashion.

The maiden was very fair, but her beauty was of an uncommon cast, such as, perhaps, would not speedily attract, but which, once seen, is not easily forgotten. Her large thoughtful eyes were not resting on the splendid robes before her, nor yet on the brilliant and rare ornaments with which it had evidently been her intention to adorn herself. They were fixed upon the floor—but not in admiration of the gay carpet that was woven in an Eastern loom beyond seas.

Her attitude, her look, was that of one who had been long pondering on a thought of sudden birth. From this deep reverie she at last aroused; with the firm step, and manner of one who has settled some long agitated question, she approached the mirror, and gathering hastily up the rich ornaments scattered over the dressing table, she laid them quietly away.

Then, one by one, were folded the costly garments in which it had been the maiden's intention to array herself. I knew that this must be a festal night; I knew that girl was one who would

shine in the halls of fashion—fraught with uncommon power must have the thought that constrained her to renounce the scene of gaiety!

When her own hands had removed from sight the rich garments, and the jewels, the maiden went to an open window, and the whole western horizon was spread before her. Now this mansion stood upon a rise of ground, and its upper windows commanded a view of scenes stretching far beyond the boundary of the city. I stood beside the maiden and looked forward in the same direction with herself. It was a clear, quiet, moonlit, "heavenly night," such a night as fancy invariably chooses to spurn the chains of reason and assert her glorious independence; such a night as brings every good spirit from its hiding place—such a night as angels delight in, for then they "walk the world, and bless it."

Afar off I saw, what the young girl saw not, the garden of the Slumberers; full and brightly did the moonbeams fall upon that, consecrated spot—and there, amid the group of lovely children that were hedged in from all the sleepers surrounding them, was *one* cherub-like form and face, that was speedily and clearly defined in the soft light.

As I stood there, unseen, beside the youthful heiress of boundless wealth, while I gazed on that far-off place her mortal eyes might not behold, methought that the night seemed becoming more and more holy, and that a voiceless, breathless Spirit of Life had come forth from the garden to commune with the fair creature, for she seemed so calm, so purely beautiful in that home, so at rest, as one whose soul is at least free from all doubt, and anchored in safety. She appeared to me as one who, pursuing a difficult, intricate road without a guide, had become suddenly confused and distressed—but who, in that very moment when she doubted and wavered, had received light and the kindest counsel!

Long and silently stood she beside the case-ment, "looking steadfastly up unto heaven," as did the martyr Stephen, and I could almost believe that she also saw those wide gates opened, and that before her too was revealed the glory of God—there was such angelic tenderness beaming from her face, a light so holy was in her deep blue eyes.

It was a reflection of those moonbeams, which fell upon one of those little sleeping children, which lay so softly on her sweet countenance! Her lips moved—she prayed! but, of a sudden, the faintly uttered words were changed to a glad cry, and it seemed as though a *shadow of light*, (for there certainly was no darkness in the object swiftly flitting away,) passed from the window, and moved off in the direction of that garden.

And I knew that the spirit of that infant, the little one, the sister the young girl had loved in earlier days so tenderly, had been holding communion with the spirit of the living one.

Reader, this unseen, but felt, oh, most deeply felt, communion and intercourse of the departed with the living friend, is *not* a dream—not a fancy, which, from the intensity of our wish that the communion *might* be real, at last comes to seem actual to us.

The spirit of the dead, or rather the spirits of them who have awakened to the more actual and intense life, are about us, are with us every day. They love us, and we love them still! We love them, and with the most peculiar interest; not because we have seen them laid in the grave, *not* because they seem to us the exiled, desolate inhabitants of the narrow house; but because they are living and our companions, though unseen, still. Awe and reverence mingle with our affection, because we feel they are the exalted inhabitants of another sphere—we think upon them with longing and yearning hearts, because we know that they come nigh to us, and strive to teach us, (vainly, for they speak to us in unknown tongues,) of the glory and the beauty of the spiritual life!

And they? oh, do they not love *us* still? Probably there is not a mortal glancing over this page who has not been bereaved—every heart can answer for itself then, whether their departed do not love them yet! whether the silence, when no human tongue speaketh, is voiceless—whether the vanished dear ones *are dead* indeed—whether power has no offspring called love!

* * * *

Forth from that mansion of wealth, to a dark and dreary alley, to a cellar underground.

A man of middle age lived there alone. What a miserable abode—what a wretched inhabitant! There was not an evidence, in that damp, cheerless place, that comfort had ever entered within those doors—there was no sign that the man had ever been a moment blessed!

At times he would start up from the rough bench—the only evidence of *luxury* in the den-like looking place, and, with a sudden exclamation, that sounded very like a muttered curse, he would pace to and fro; and more than once he struck his clasped hands violently on his forehead, wildly repeating the holy name of God! It made me shudder to hear him calling *thus* on that great Being, for it was not a name that had often escaped his lips in supplication!

Again he would fling himself upon the hard floor, while his eyes would fix with long and wistful gaze on the light that burned in the cellar, untrimmed and dimly. I longed to know the cause of the man's great excitement—and with my spirit eyes I scanned the pages of his past and present life, as it had been from an opened book.

He was, in days ago, a young man struggling with misfortune, endeavoring, by diligence and economy, to better his condition in life. A wife and one infant child were his beloved companions; it was their affection that gave the young husband and father strength to wield his arm diligently and with success. Reasonably prosperous in his work, contentment dwelt with that humble household. Few and simple were their wants—they were such as honest labor could easily supply.

A day came when the young man was struck down by sickness; for months he lay on a bed of pain and weariness.

Then want took rapid strides through the dwelling; her relentless hands destroyed all the poor victim's possessions, save love for his wife and child. After a dreary length of time he recovered again, and immediately the hopeful hands and heart were

busied—and comfort came back at the laborer's bidding. That was a happy household in those days; for never, under the costliest robes, beat there hearts more deeply and truly affectionate than those of this young pair.

Alas this state of humblest, purest bliss was not destined to continue! Through the opened door of that lovely home passed the iconoclast—and not long after went forth a weeping train—through the city's busy streets it passed to a remote burial ground—the chill, heavy earth was heaped on the body of the poor man's child!

While the father was yet in the prime of life another blow fell upon him; he was but feeble, and it smote him heavily. His wife, his dear, patient, industrious, loving wife, the gentle soother of his sorrows, the companion of his labor, she also fell asleep. The bereaved man seemed to have lost all incentive to exertion then. Constant brooding over his losses weakened his mind and his physical powers—he became as one walking in darkness. But—unnerved, “unsouled,” as he was—there was in his heart and mind that which kept his hands from deeds of evil—it was the memory of his slumbering child!

By little and little the surges of want and temptation encroached on the holy recesses of the father's heart—he had quite lost that mental strength by which man can command the progress of those waves by his authoritative “thus far shalt thou go, and no further.”

Then he became the wildest, and, in a short time, the most desperate of men; rivalling the most reckless of those who became in those evil days his *friends*. Love, charity, hope, confidence, all were to him as though they were truly naught but names; adding folly to folly, and sin to sin, he has gone on till now this night he sits alone in that horrible place, contemplating a crime, from which even his perverted nature shrinks back in terror.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

In his desperation he is nerving himself to the committal of an act of guilt, from the thought of which he shrinks in fear. They would fain urge him to stain his hands with human blood! And think of it! he had well nigh conceived the plan, when, swift and bright as the flash of lightning, comes over him the thought of his dear slumbering child!

The searching breath of conscience stirs the dead sea of his heart—scattered are the foul sands which had encroached upon and concealed the beloved image! It was this reviving recollection that made the man pace that room so hastily; the thought of the unstained innocence of his little one, of the pure soul that for a few blessed months had been suffered to make its home with him, struck terror and horror to his soul as he contrasted with it his present, guilty, fallen state!

Did that guardian angel indeed know and recognize, in the wretched, sinful man, the father whose fond caresses had once been lavished on him? Had that Spirit come to warn and to save, or to condemn and to renounce?

Oh not to condemn—not to renounce! for repentant tears filled those blood-shot eyes—and grief and agony stirred all his soul: I knew there was hope *then*; that a promise of amendment, *never* to be broken, was made in that revelation of the heart's agony!

To and fro again was the desolate man pacing the gloomy cellar—calling, with broken voice, incessantly, his wife, his child—but at length he grew more calm—he flung himself upon his knees, and, with uplifted hands, cried, “Spirit of my sleeping child! thou hast conquered!”

And that bruised heart, no longer wavering, was outpoured in fervent supplication! When was the prayer of penitence unheard? The parent was saved by the sacred memory of his innocent child!

TO ———.

BY W. H. D.

WHEN midst the gay and thoughtless thy young heart is
filled with mirth,

And bright hopes of the future promise happiness on earth,
When friends are round thee smiling and no sorrow shades
thy lot,

I'll fondly trust, beloved one, thou wilt forget me not.

Or when sweet strains of music o'er thy senses gently steal,
And a thrilling joy impart which no language can reveal,
Or when thy thoughts are dwelling on some well-remembered spot,

Where words of love were spoken, then thou wilt forget me

Or when in meditation thou art musing sad and lone,
And all is hushed around thee, save the breeze's plaintive
moan;

When the murmurings of nature are heard but heeded not,
O then I know, my cherished one, I will not be forgot.

Or when sorrows cloud thy brow and no friendly one is near
To soothe thy griefs and calm thy fears or dry the falling tear,
When scarce a ray of hope is left to cheer thy downcast
mind,

Then think of one whose loving heart shall never prove un-
kind.
My soul with thine will sympathize and freely share thy
woes,

To prove how pure and true the love that in my bosom
glows,

And still through every change of life this thought shall cheer
my lot,

That by my dear beloved one I shall not be forgot.

A WORD ABOUT GRANDFATHER'S.

BY ENNA.

"You won't forget, Aunt," said some half dozen of us, as we were seated at the tea table in the middle kitchen—so was called the ancient looking dining room in which we were all gathered—"you won't forget your promise to tell us a story?" Aunt May was the oldest member of my grandfather's family; and she filled, with great stateliness, the tall straight back chair in the corner, and observed, with pious integrity, all the requirements due from "the house,"—for my grandfather's house had always been coupled with the idea of benevolence and open halls. The kitchen was literally filled with the lame, the poor, and the blind; and the beggar was never denied the corner, nor the crust. At the table, from my earliest recollection, was ever placed a vacant chair and a plate for the stranger; and, whether his knock at the great oaken door sounded or not, there was the seat, and there was always the welcome.

Pardon me, dear reader, if for a while I linger over the memories of the past, they are old friends who have clung to me so lovingly, and they ask so winningly to enter, that, for a moment, I will open my heart and bid them in—wilt thou, too, enter and be one among us, we will not call thee stranger, but will take thee by the hand and lead thee in pleasant places. I will show thee some of the pictures which hang upon the dim walls of its chambers; I will read thee some of the characters thou wilt see engraven upon its tablets; there are some tombs of hope, with crushed flowers of affection withered about them, but, at their base, are small daisies of content and the moss of time, so that even the graves are beautiful around my heart. The doorway of it is hung with great clusters of roses, and they have wound themselves throughout all the small crevices and the hinges, so that beauty and perfume are ever the guardians of its portal.

A visit to grandfather's was always hailed with delight, when, during the hot summer months, our vacation commenced, and we were consigned to the care of "Captain Ben," of the "Betsey Jane," (a sloop which regularly plied between the city and Whiteland, touching at the dock of Grove Wood to land passengers or freight.) Like the freed bird we would dance and sing all the way; and float long strings of sea-weed in the waves as the sloop slowly parted the waters, until, just in the edge of the evening, we were landed on the rocks to receive the warm welcome from my aged, but hale and hearty, grandparent. I can see him now with his sons waiting patiently for us as we wound up the long creek, and can feel his paternal kiss upon my forehead, as he would say, "Hold fast, little wild one, over these slippery stones, there is time enough to walk—don't run," and then, stooping down the long, slimy steps, (which, at low tide, we must mount,) to "draw up" another "wild one," he would speak some loving word to make us happy. Ah! thought,

swifter than motion, thou tracest no cloud upon our early dawn; joy tipped all its bright hues and gaiety sported in its mist; even fancy was a burden and had not called imagination to weave a fairy vision—our hearts were the abodes of gladness, our voices the echoes of it. "To be" was all that need be; vitality was life, life was a plaything. The old man was a perfect model, both in appearance and manners, for a picture of the olden time; his locks, which hung in thick, short white curls like a border around his neck, contrasted with the venerable smooth crown and lofty brow; and the furrows in his face were laid so kindly, that they appeared the traces of good will; and the dimples, that had deepened in his gentle countenance, showed a good natured raillery, and a mischievous twinkle at the corners of the eye, told that time had not soured his disposition to a pleasant joke. How dearly we loved to sit by him and repeat the tale that went around; for the small silver ear trumpet at his side let us know that nature had closed, in a great measure, the medium of sound. He was very deaf, but we never thought it a hardship to repeat words spoken, for the deep and pleased attention which he evinced more than doubly repaid us.

"My child," I have heard him say, "I shall never hear the birds sing again, nor know the return of spring from the croaking of the frogs in the ponds; but it is a blessing to see the beautiful things of God's creation; and the birds, when I see them, I think I hear them too, so well do I remember how they sung to me as I passed under their nests in the woods."

And as he had lived so did he die, not in pain nor distress. It was the early meal and we waited his coming; but so long did he linger, that Aunt May more than once had rung the little bell on the tray, until, feeling, perhaps, a shadow of coming evil, she arose hastily, and, on reaching the bed chamber, she got there only in time to receive the farewell look, for he never spoke again; he never again filled his chair at the hospitable board, and for a season it was vacant, for who could so grace it? And the old waiter would, for many days, still place it with the ear trumpet and the broad bottomed silver cup, that had always been his drinking cup for every meal, for aunt never dared to trust her voice when she tried to bid another fill it.

Well, then, aunt was all that was left of the "old stock," (as the neighbors used to say,) but the home was there, and we always said grandfather's when we visited it. And there were the antique furniture, and the great cupboards, with their red-painted shelves, and rows of bright pewter dishes and spices. And in the bed chambers the tall cases of drawers, reaching quite to the ceiling, and the old, very old, pictures of great uncles, in their small black frames; there, too, was a long, long closet, just back of the narrow entry-like bed room, (which the cousins' always

occupied,) and of course it was haunted, for black Kate had told us many a story of its supernatural sounds, and we never dared even to look in or scarcely to speak of it after twilight; then, too, the beautiful garden, and the sun dial, and the bower, covered with clematis, and the shady lane, with grape vines, leading down to the sweet calamus beds, with its long, marshy water flags and lilies, and the marsh willow, all dressed up with stone seats, and a swing, hung of the giant stalk of a swamp grape; and, beside these, the clear spring, with hundreds of shells for drinking and making miniature grottoes, stood just as they had been, and we could love them still. And it was one of those pleasant times, as I have told you, when we had all (some six or eight of us) gone up to spend our holiday, that we had gathered about Aunt May to hear a story.

"Well then," she began, and laying aside the round mounted spectacles, and dropping her knitting—after we had hurried to get the room in order, and placed the three legged stand and home made candles, in the polished steel candlestick, on it—"you have often asked me about the hook in the kitchen wall, and the low settee that stands by the hearth. I will give you a little history, and you will know why I love to see the boards neatly scoured of this piece of furniture. It was the workmanship of short Ned, as we called him, a faithful servant in our family; we all loved him for he seemed old when we were young, and he would gather us about him, in the long winter evenings, and tell us about the war, and how father would lie out at night to evade discovery, for they called him a rebel, and how mother would entertain the royalists with good cheer, until time should be given for him to escape; and one night how he laid out the whole night, walled up in the stone fence of the orchard, and short Ned was the sentinel pretending to guard the fruit, while he was guarding the body of his loved master. And it was this very night when the faithful creature was attacked with the disease which crippled his frame, and rendered him unable for any duty requiring strength or action; and so he fashioned the low settee, and it was his work shop, and table, and bed. He seemed quite independent in his way, employing his time in framing baskets for the workmen, renewing old chairs, and making toys for all the little folks; he was a scholar too, for he could read his bible and the almanac, and that 'was enough,' he said, 'for any body to know—the bible for holy things, and the almanac taught all *he* wanted to know about the world.' And so we all sat at his knee until we could read, and never was there a kinder master, or more loving pupils.

"Then he was time-piece, thermometer, and barometer, and no machinery of man's devising could be truer. It used to be *heart* service then with servants, and in the hay season at noon-time, when, perhaps, no cloud was in the sky, he would hasten the laborers at their meal, to lose no time, for the storm was at hand, and they could rest

before sundown—and they always heeded old Ned, for they grew to look upon him as having fore-knowledge. He was a great help to the laborers of the farm; he was flattered when the kind domestic praised his warnings, and called him the 'head man,'—for he would joke a little on the word as his limbs refused to labor. It was not the fashion in those days to crowd up the kitchen hearth with long black ranges; a whole party could seat themselves behind the narrow stuff curtain which hung under the wide mantle, and the huge timber, which blazed and cracked up the chimney, was brought to the door in heavy chains, and rolled upon the hearth by two or three stout men; but, above all, the Christmas log was a labor for the cattle, and the Christmas sports were kept in kitchen and hall with all the mirth of the old times.

"At these seasons old Ned worked late and early, so that he could frame in secret the little tokens he designed for all, high and low, throughout the house; then, too, the love charms, for the young people in the neighborhood, would be prepared; and they were always happy love charms—for the kind creature could not believe in an evil token—and he would rather suffer pain himself than cause a sigh in the heart of a believer. Christmas morning, indeed the whole day, was a jubilee to us all, but more especially to this favorite cripple; he would receive from the whole neighborhood evidences of good will, and stores of sweet things—enough to last six months, as bribes for the 'best behaviour' on the part of all the children far and near—and it was on one of these occasions that the hook was driven in the wall above his head, and the bright plated tray was presented to him to hold his food, so that he could easily help himself to its contents. I wish I could tell you just how he looked, by the blazing fire, in the evening, with his tools and work about him, as his shiny black face would seem to reflect the light. He would read lessons from the embers, as the sparks would decay, and foretell death by the winding sheet as the tallow would drop down his candle.

* * * * *

"But at last (and my aunt sighed) the day came when the low settee held the stiffened form, and the furniture of his little kingdom was gathered up, and the bright tray was without food, for poor Ned died, like his master, without additional pain, and we all gathered about his short coffin, and checked not the tears as they flowed, for never had the lips, which now were still, given utterance to an unkind word, for love was the law of his heart and the expression of his voice. He had often begged to be laid by his 'dear master,' and we all followed as mourners through the long walk of the garden, and laid him by the feet of him whom he had so loved living; and now—" but we listened in vain for the concluding sentence. Aunt May's stories were never very long, and, as the candle quietly dropped in its socket, dear aunt had dropped into her evening nap.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

MAN, the boasted "paragon of animals," performs the locomotive process in various ways,—he walks the solid earth "erect and free,"—or rides in the rail-car, for the sake of greater speed,—he breasts the wave, like the finny tribe, although not being amphibious, he prefers to make his transit over the watery depths in the steamship: but, unlike the feathered race, he cannot fly. Why "creation's lord" should be less endowed than some of his subjects is a question to refer to wiser heads for solution: all we propose to offer is a few facts in the premises, leaving the reader to his own conclusions. There are many curious coincidences and points of analogy observable between the human and the brute creation. Who can determine the dividing line between the instincts of the latter and the reason of the former? What strange anomalies are sometimes found to obtain in each: in man, for example, we occasionally find an intellect remarkably dull and obtuse, while in the dog, the elephant, and other animals are instincts as singularly acute and seemingly rational. Then again as to the industrial arts—animals are either the imitators of man, or vice versa; for, according to an ingenious, modern authority, they possess in common with ourselves a practical knowledge of many of the arts of life. For example:

Bees are geometricians. Their cells are so constructed, as with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

So also is the ant lion. His funnel-shaped trap is correct in its conformation, as if it had been formed by the most skillful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the kine killer is an arithmetician; so, also, are crows, the wild turkey, and some other birds.

The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel are electricians.

The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sail, and casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions.

The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter.

The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India ants are horticulturists, they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

Caterpillars are silk spinners.

The bird plocus textor is a weaver. He weaves a web to build his nest.

The primia is a tailor. He sews the leaves together to make his nest.

The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a

piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jacksals, and many others, are hunters.

In the matter of flying, mankind have clearly been convicted in the acts of mimicing the birds: and a sorry spectacle after all has the unfortunate bipped ever made in the fatal experiment.

This fatal fondness for flying aloft is rendered the more conspicuous by the "airy notions" of men in general. Some "build castles in the air," which, as every sane personage would predict, soon become like "the baseless fabric of a vision."—Others are for ever climbing the highest peaks, and make the ascent of Mont Blanc, Chimbarazo, or the Himalaya range the climax of their ambition. Others again have a *penchant* for balloons, and, like the ambitious student, or the fabled Pegasus, seem to scorn familiarity with all sublunary things as they leave the world beneath them. It has become one of the cant-terms of the day, moreover, to insist upon the "elevation of the masses" of society at large: and a flying-machine is actually in process of construction for carrying through the airy concave a hundred human beings at a time. It is true we have much to do with the elemental atmosphere, for we have not only to respire, and, alas! to expire; but we are instructed to aspire: and the *higher* our attainments, the more loudly become the laudations of mankind. Some people there are to be met with in all countries, who are said to be habitually inflated, or "lifted-up." others are distinctively known as "stuck-up" people,—samples of the class are frequently to be seen promenading our Broadway, whose airy steps seem to disdain the plebeian pavement and defy its contact. Others, again, are said to be in the clouds, and some are always getting out of their proper sphere, or so transparent in the characters as to be seen through: but the specific gravity of the race, after all, appears to offer a sufficient guarantee against the danger of their entire migration to another planet. Shakspeare possibly might have intended some allusion to these eccentric movements of mankind, where he speaks of those who

"Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep!"

A word or two touching the air, or atmospheric fluid, itself, may not be inappropriate as introductory to what we have to offer concerning the experiments of those who have indulged their predilection for soaring aloft. The circumambient atmosphere is the element in which we may be said "to live, and move, and have our being."—Although the weight and pressure of the air has been computed at fifteen pounds to every square inch, and the density or weight of the whole amount surrounding the earth's surface, has been supposed equivalent to that of a globe of lead sixty

miles in diameter. It surrounds our globe to a height of about forty miles.

The difference in the state of the air which our bodies sustain at one time more than another, is also very considerable, caused by the natural changes in the state of the atmosphere. The weight of the atmospheric fluid has great influence on a number of physical phenomena. It comprises all bodies, and opposes their dilution: it is an obstacle to the evaporation of fluids. The waters of the sea are by this cause preserved in their liquid state, without which, indeed, they would assume a vapory form, as we see in the vacuum of the air pump. The pressure of the air on our bodies preserves in their proper state the solids and fluids; and from the absence of this pressure it is, that on the summits of high mountains the blood often issues from the pores of the skin or from the lungs. Yet of all possible states in which matter can exist, that of the air admits of the greatest freedom of motion; this has given rise to the familiar phrase, "free as the air we breathe." So remarkable, indeed, is this elasticity apparent, and so essential does it appear to be to every kind of action which takes place upon the earth's surface, and probably beneath its solid crust, as well as into the waters, that there is perhaps no performance of what may be called the elementary functions of matter, but in substances which pass through the state of air in the course of their action. There is a striking coincidence observable between the action of the air and that of vegetation; for instance during the vernal equinox, when the winds are boisterous and the air is in violent agitation, the budding forth of nature is much more active, than under the languid atmosphere of a summer sun. This remark has been also applied by naturalists, to birds, beasts and reptiles. The bird which soars in the upper strata of the air, breathes the tempest gallantly to windward, with far more velocity than the fleetest vessel can scud before its currents—is all over a breathing instrument. Not only is its internal cavity fitted with tubes and cells, independently altogether of the lungs, or breathing apparatus, but every bone is hollowed out, so as to be a receptacle for the atmospheric fluid; and there is not an important organ or vessel in the whole body of this buoyant creature, which is not continually "bathed in this breath of life." Contrast with this some of the reptile tribes, which twine in the brakes, or crawl in the mud, and we find that their breathing is as limited as their powers of action, and that very many of them doze out the winter in one unbroken and unbreathing sleep, during which dormant condition they perform no action, and suffer little or no decay. Cut off from the all-stimulating influence of the air, by the peculiarity of their physical structure and habits, they remain almost in a condition of (if the expression be allowed,) living death. The like analogy is found to prevail among the finny tribes; the wonderful celerity of those little species of marine existence, dashing with lightning speed, are usually at the surface of the water—it being more fully impregnated with particles of air—while the whale and other ponderous bodies are vastly more measured in their movements, and are

seldom seen on the surface. We also find that the swift land animals, and the fleet fishes, very soon expire when they are cut off from the elements, while the toad and other ground reptiles exhibit contrary tendency. But we digress, our object being more especially to exhibit the various experiments attempted in an aerial navigation. Franklin said a balloon resembled a new born infant, for nobody could tell what it might come to. An air balloon consists of a bag filled with air so light, that it, together with the bag, forms a mass specifically lighter than the common atmosphere. By heating a quantity of air, to two hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, you will just double its bulk, when the thermometer stands at fifty-four, in the open air; and in the same proportion you will diminish its weight. And if such a quantity of this hot air be enclosed in a bag so that the excess of the weight of an equal bulk of common air weighs more than the bag with the air contained in it, both the bag and the air will rise, and continue to do so till they arrive at a place where the external air is naturally so much rarefied that the weight becomes equal, and the whole will float. According to respectable authorities on the subject, the first trials of this mode of progression seem to have been achieved by Grecian skill, and the most celebrated imitation of flying upon wind of ancient times, is that of the renowned geometician, Archytas, who constructed a wooden pigeon, which, it is affirmed, could fly, but which, however, if it fell to the ground, could not raise itself again. It is also recorded that during the reign of Nero, a daring aerial adventurer fell a victim to his aspiring ambition of flying on artificial wings. Till the time of Lord Bacon, no rational principle appears ever to have been suggested, with reference to this subject; although his namesake, the friar, had already written a treatise on the practicability, or possibility, of flying with artificial wings, &c. It has been contended by other writers that wings of this kind, if properly constructed and dexterously managed, might be sufficient to break the fall of any human body from a high place, so that some adventurers in this way might possibly come off with safety; though by far the greater number of those who have rashly adopted such schemes have either lost their lives or limbs in the attempt.

In the year 1709, however, as we are informed by a letter published in France, in 1784, a Portuguese projector, Friar Gusman, applied to the king for encouragement to his invention of a flying machine. The principle on which it was constructed, (if indeed it had any principle,) seems to have been that of a paper-kite. The machine was constructed in form of a bird, and contained several tubes through which the wind was to pass, in order to fill a kind of sails, which were to elevate it; and when the wind was deficient, the same effect was to be performed by means of bellows concealed within the body of the machine. The ascent was also to be promoted by the electric attraction of pieces of amber placed in the top, and by two spheres enclosing magnets in the same situation! Of this De Gusman, it is also related, that, in the year 1736, he made a wicker basket of about seven or eight feet diameter, and

covered it with paper, which raised itself 200 feet in the air, and the effect was generally attributed to witchcraft.

The Marquis de Bacqueville made an essay at flying—the latest adventure of the kind we can meet with—which occurred in 1742, which to a certain extent was successful. He rose by the aid of wings alone from his residence at Paris, and directed his flight across the Seine, towards the gardens of the Tuilleries; but just as he had advanced mid-way he appeared to lose all command over his movements, and, his wings ceasing to act, he fell against one of the floating machines belonging to the Parisian washerwomen, at the Port Royal, and broke his leg. We have seen a curious tract, by an anonymous writer, on the “art of flying,” in which the enthusiastic author insists that he has demonstrated the possibility of endowing the human biped with this bird-like faculty. “It is easy to determine that a bird is no more able to fly than a man, without the mechanical effect of wings; therefore it is only requisite to furnish a man with a pair of wings of sufficient dimensions, and for him to apply them in the same manner as the bird does, to invest him with the same function. The ostrich, in the torrid regions of Africa; the emu, in the extensive plains of Paraguay, in south America, which standing erect, is about seven feet high, its legs are three feet long, its thighs are nearly as thick as the thighs of a man; it runs so swift that the fleetest dogs are foiled by it; the cassowary and the dodo, in the Molucca Islands; and the penguin, in the straits of Magellan and the South Sea Islands; all these birds are as utterly incapable of flying as a man, none of them being provided with wings for that purpose.”

The condor, the largest and fleetest bird that flies, possesses, in a higher degree than the eagle, all the qualities that render it formidable both to man and beast, as well as the feathered tribe. Its wings are said to measure from twelve to fifteen feet across when expanded, and such is its power that it has been known to carry off a calf, or a deer, or a child, in its talons, with apparent ease. Now if we examine the quill feathers, we shall find in the shafts astonishing strength and elasticity, combined with very little specific gravity. The webs of the quill feathers are broader on one side of the shafts than the other, which causes them to open as the wings move up, and to shut as they descend. It will thus be seen it was expedient that the quill feathers should separate and open, to let the upper air pass through the wings, to facilitate their ascent, when they are struck upwards; it was also necessary that they should all shut close together, forming each wing into a complete surface or web, when they are, by the muscular power of the bird, forced down, in order to give a more secure hold upon the air below, and by that means keep the bird up. When the tail is forced upwards, and the wings are in action, the bird ascends, and forced downwards it consequently descends: but the most important use of the tail is to support the posterior weight of the bird, and to prevent vacillation.

Our learned and ingenious authority deduces from this his darling hypothesis: he says—“When

we first think of a man attempting to fly by mechanical means, we are induced, considering his specific gravity, to pronounce it impossible; and had we never seen or known of any bird larger than a humming bird, whose weight does not exceed one drachm, and whose diminutive wings measure only three inches from tip to tip; and were to be told by some traveller, that he had seen a bird with a body as large as a sheep, that had wings of twelve feet expansion, and that it could quit the earth, and ascend into the air with its ponderous body, and there fly about with as much ease as the little humming bird, we should deem it fabulous.”

The estimated weight of the humming bird is one drachm, that of the condor not less than four stone: now if we reduce four stone into drachms we shall find the condor to be 14,336 times as heavy as the humming bird: yet by the same mechanical power, and use of its wings, the former can overcome the specific gravity of its body as easily as the latter.

“But this is not all; we are informed that this enormous bird possesses a power in its wings, so far exceeding what is necessary for its own conveyance through the air, that it can take up, and fly away with a whole sheep in its talons, with as much ease as an eagle would carry off, in the same manner, a hare or a rabbit. This we may readily give credit to, from the known fact of our little kestrel, and the sparrow hawk, frequently flying off with a partridge, which is nearly three times the weight of either of these rapacious little birds.

“Let us attend to this subject a little further; let us consider these wings of the condor, which, with a *mechanical action alone*, produces a power that is capable of carrying through the air both the bird and the sheep, weighing together not less than ten stone, which would then be 204,000 times the weight of the humming bird! When this is duly considered, with reference to my plan, what encouragement does it not give to prosecute the art of flying? particularly so, when we consider that a man of ten stone weight, in a machine weighing two stone, will only exceed the weight of the condor *one-fifth part*; this is a mere trifle compared with the astonishing difference there is between the humming bird and the condor.”

“Such being the fact,” he triumphantly concludes, “in the name of reason and philosophy, why may not a man with a pair of artificial wings, large enough, and with sufficient power to strike them upon the air, by able to produce the same result?” The *modus operandi* he thus defines: a machine is to be constructed with a pair of wings and a lever to work them with, so that any person will soon be able to see how far it is likely to float. This machine may be considered as a large artificial bird, and the individual placed within the basket or car, as the motive or vital power. By this arrangement, the specific gravity of the aeronaut is sustained by the car, and, as he sits much in the same manner as if he were rowing a boat, he is enabled to bring into action his whole bodily strength, which far exceeds the strength of his arms merely, or artificial wings; he at the same time has the additional advantage

of exerting his force upon a lever. A tail of about eight feet long, and the same breadth at its extremity, fixed to the hinder part of the car, and spread out flat to the horizon in the same manner as we see the tails of birds—completes this curious apparatus.

We take leave of our author, borrowing one more extract from his luminous pages, with more special reference to the construction of flying machines. Speaking of which, he says: "I will here take the liberty of communicating a few hints, which I conceive to be of importance to the ærostatic science. Now that we know the true cause of the projectile motion of birds, and I having suggested a plan for producing the same effect by artificial means, we may be able to accomplish what Messrs. Roberts, Blanchard, and others attempted to do, but in vain, entirely from their not possessing a knowledge of this mystery of nature. I am alluding to the steerage of balloons, which they endeavored with great labor to attain, by striking a number of oars *horizontally* against the air; and if we do but take into consideration that the balloon was constantly flying from the air against which they were striking, it does not seem probable that they could, by such means, produce the effect they aimed at.

"But if we make a car from the plan which I have laid down, and upon a scale large enough to admit a small revolving steam engine, to move the lever with, we then can work, in a *vertical direction*, a pair of *very large wings*, which would produce a *projectile force* sufficient to impel the balloon forward in any point of the compass to which we might incline it; and by having a large tail fixed to the car, in an universal joint, we should be able to give it any inclination whatever; and when we have thus effected a perfect steerage to balloons, we shall be able to convey a number of passengers to any place of destination with accuracy and safety. But for this kind of navigation the balloon must be much smaller than usual, and perfectly spherical, and the gas should be kept in such a degree as not to have too great a tendency to ascend—it should be so regulated as to float in equilibrium with the atmosphere; the æronauts could then keep the machine at a moderate height—from fifty to a hundred feet would be high enough for ordinary sailing, and if it was found to be inclining too much upwards, it might be counteracted by holding the tail in a descending direction. A steam engine can be made with a one horse power, or equal to the strength of eight or ten men, that will not weigh more than eight stone; and will stand in the small space of four feet by two, with the boiler and all the apparatus belonging to it."

Doubtless the great Californian Flying Machine—announced to transmit a colony of eager emigrants to the gold diggings—has added improvements upon the lucid hints of our erudite author; and, with so much light shed upon the subject, the patient public assuredly ought to be indulged with the "grand experimental trip" ere long.

Resuming our brief sketch of the progress of ærostatic investigation, the next name of any note we meet with is that of Cavalì, who has the merit of having first experimented with inflammable air.

He first used bladders, but they were found too heavy: he then tried Chinese paper, but that proved so permeable that the vapor passed through it like water through a sieve. His experiments, therefore, made in the year 1782, proceeded no further than blowing up soap bubbles with inflammable air. The theory, however, was successfully demonstrated by the brothers Montgolfier, of Lyons, shortly afterwards. Their first experiment was made with a bag of fine silk, filled with rarefied air, which, proving successful, they tried the experiment on a larger scale on the 19th of Oct., 1783, at Versailles. The balloon had a basket attached to it, in which were a sheep and some fowls; in about eight minutes the fire which supplied the rarefied air went out, and the apparatus descended, but without injuring the æronauts. A month afterwards M. Pilatre de Rosier, accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, made the first æronautical voyage ever attempted by man. The balloon was beautifully ornamented, being composed of silk, decorated with gold and spangles and scarlet velvet: the car was a gallery large enough for the voyager to walk round, and the centre of it was hollow, containing an iron grate or brazier. This grate was open for the purpose of receiving the heated air; and that the fire and supply of rarefied air might be regulated at pleasure, port holes were made in the gallery towards the grate: so long as the æronaut wished to remain in the air, he was obliged to furnish this fire with fuel, and when he purposed descending he suffered it to decline. These aerial voyagers met with no inconvenience during their excursion, which lasted twenty-five minutes—during which they passed over a space of five miles. This species of balloon is known by the title of the Montgolfiere: it is an exceedingly dangerous one, from its liability to take fire; indeed the greater number of accidents that have befallen æronauts have resulted from this cause. M. Rosier himself perished, two years subsequently, through the conflagration of the machine in which he and M. Romain were careering aloft, with the intention of crossing the English Channel,—the apparatus having ignited, these luckless adventurers were dashed to pieces upon the rocks, near Calais.—About this time the attention of the learned was being directed to the use of hydrogen gas,—a M. Charles with a companion made a completely successful voyage from the Champ de Mars. The superiority of the hydrogen gas, over the heated air, was soon tested, but not till five persons had fallen victims to the experiment. At the present time balloons are filled with carburetted hydrogen gas—the common coal gas, which is considerably cheaper than the hydrogen: Mr. Green, the intrepid æronaut, first discovered its use; he also invented the guide rope, which is of great utility, and which is usually of 1000 feet in length. The first successful descent by the parachute was effected by M. Garnerin in 1797.

Among the most daring of aerial voyagers were Dr. Jeffries and M. Blanchard, who crossed to the French Coast from Dover, in January, 1785. After passing over several vessels, they found that the balloon was descending with great velocity, and they threw out all their ballast. This proving

ineffectual, they next threw out a parcel of books they carried along with them, which made the balloon ascend when they were about midway between France and England. Finding themselves again descending, they threw away the remainder of their books, and ten minutes after they had a most enchanting prospect of the French coast. Still, however, the machine descended, and, as they had now no more ballast, they were fain to throw away their provisions for eating, the wings of the boat, and every other moveable they could easily spare. "We threw away," says Dr. Jeffries, "our only bottle, which, in its descent, cast out a stream like smoke, with a rushing noise; and when it struck the water we heard and felt the shock very perceptibly on our car and balloon." All this proving insufficient to stop the descent they next threw out their anchors and cords, and, at last, stripped off their clothes, fastening themselves to certain slings, and intended to cut away their boat, as their last resource. They had the satisfaction, however, to find that they were rising, and as they passed over the high lands, between Cape Blank and Calais, the machine rose very fast, and carried them to a greater height than they had been at any former part of their voyage. They descended safely among some trees in the forest of Guennes, where there was just sufficient opening to admit them.

We quote from the published account of an ascent made by Mr. Baldwin from Chester, England, a brief paragraph as descriptive of some of the more delightful experiences of an aeronaut.—After traversing the airy regions for some twenty-five geographical miles, under favorable circumstances for observations, he thus writes: "The sensation of ascending is compared to that of a strong pressure from the bottom of the car upward against the soles of his feet. At the distance of what appeared to him seven miles from the earth, though by the barometer scarcely a mile and a half, he had a grand and most enchanting view of the city of Chester, and its adjacent places below. The river Dee appeared of a red color; the city very diminutive; and the town entirely blue. The whole appeared a perfect plain, the highest building having no apparent height, but reduced all to the same level, and the whole terrestrial prospect appeared like a colored map."

Among the Germans, Professors Junguis and Reichard with his wife, have acquired the greatest celebrity by their aerial excursions: others in Italy, Constantinople, and elsewhere, have also made ascents. There have been many in this country by various individuals: the first upon record, as having taken place in the United States, was in 1793, when Blanchard ascended from Philadelphia, in the presence of General Washington, and a vast concourse of spectators. In 1809, Madame Blanchard, the wife of the celebrated aeronaut, made an ascent from Paris in the night. Her car was brilliantly ornamented, and she took her departure amid fireworks and showers of rockets. One of the latter unfortunately having been misdirected, penetrating the balloon, the hydrogen became ignited, and the flames issued forth from every side. Madame B. fell from an immense height, in the presence of

thousands of agonized spectators, who were pierced with pain and grief at her cries and helpless situation. Her lifeless body was found soon after shockingly mangled.

The most memorable triumph in aerial navigation ever achieved, was the great European tour performed by Monck Mason, Holland and Green, in November, 1836. The balloon, called the Royal Vauxhall, Nassau, was of stupendous proportions, being 60 feet in height and fifty in breadth. The aeronauts left the city of Canterbury at about half past one—the vast machine rose proudly in the air, and every thing seemed to be auspicious of splendid success. After they had made about two hours sail, they despatched a billet by a small parachute, addressed to the mayor of the city—a mode of express that may possibly yet be found to supersede all other methods of post conveyance. As the twilight was deepening they heard the breakers dashing on the rocky margin of the British Channel; and, as the moon was an absentee, our voyagers were soon enveloped in the darkness of night as they passed over the waters that divide the two great rival nations. The shades of midnight still hung around them as they passed over the city of Liege—the streets and houses being marked out by lights in them, and the numerous fires blazing in the iron works in the neighborhood—all of which formed a picture of consummate beauty. Towards five o'clock the dawn gradually broke, disclosing to the travellers a magnificent map of the mighty Rhine—with here and there its cloud-capt tower and rocky peak; while, as the grey tints mellowed in the roseate hue of morning, the silver stars that stud the deep blue vault above became fainter and fainter, till all at length, one by one, they disappeared. At a quarter past six, when at the height of nearly 12,000 feet above the earth, they first caught a glimpse of the glorious king of day, attended with a gorgeous display of many tinted clouds, that seemed to marshal themselves, as in a regal pageant, to do honor to the advent of the new born day. A rapid descent here took place which again caused them to be enveloped in the thick mazes of the lingering darkness; twice did they thus alternate between the coming dawn and the mists and shadows of the lower regions of the atmosphere; the effect of this seemingly supernatural vision, can scarcely be conceived, much less described. The aeronauts, after having performed a most interesting voyage of eighteen hours duration, safely descended in the valley of Elbern, in the Duchy of Nassau, having passed over a great part of five kingdoms—England, France, Belgium, Prussian Germany and the Duchy of Nassau.

Aerostatic machines seem to be again attracting a share of prominent public attention, two aerial ships being at the present time in process of completion in our own country, designed to carry a large number of passengers; while elsewhere similar novel expedients for locomotion are also projected. Doubtless the day is not very remote when we shall see huge flying machines *en route* for California, China, and the rest of the world, darkening our daylight in their transit, and startling the feathered tribes in the *firmamento* undisturbed

possession of their native element. Then the circumnavigation of the globe, which, in Anson's time, took three years for its accomplishment, will require little over as many days as it now does of months. The aerial navigators, with their high-pressure apparatus in full blast, will be in a fair way to give old "Sol" the go-by—look out for the lost pleiad, and make a geological survey of the moon; while even we, go-a-head Yankees, shall, in the marvellous dispatch, actually find time hang heavily on our hands. The scheme strikes us as worthy the sage deliberations of the projectors of the contemplated railroad to the Pacific, as both much time and money, as well as the health and lives of travellers, may possibly be saved by adopting the super-terrestrial transportation line: by which passengers may expect to breakfast in New York; dine, perhaps at a table d'hôte, on some peak of the Rocky Mountains, and sup at San Francisco, regaled meanwhile with the bright visions of that auriferous valley. Besides their astronomical, geographical and meteorological uses, ærostatic machines are capable of being rendered eminently available in warfare, as we learn from the following extract from a recent journal:

"An English aeronaut named Coxwell, who has lately been demonstrating a novel system of aerial warfare at Elberfeld, Prussia, ascended, in company with a German gentleman, and, when the balloon had attained a considerable altitude, he

descended from the car to the ærostatic battery, and commenced a sham bombardment of the town beneath him. This performance in mid air at once amazed and amused the spectators, whilst a party of scientific gentlemen decided that the ingenious plans of Mr. Coxwell might prove available for immensely useful purposes in actual warfare.

"It may perhaps be but little known to many now living, that Napoleon frightened the inhabitants of Great Britain by threatening to invade that country by means of balloons. He said that from the great improvements made in balloons, he would soon be able to cross the Channel with his army in divisions, horse, foot and artillery. Thousands in Britain believed it, and many an old woman saw a French invader in a distant sea gull. We have seen an old poem written by a rural bard named Walker, who ridiculed the common fears in a humorous manner, by representing the people flying in all quarters on the appearance of the van of Napoleon's balloon army, which turned out to be a flock of crows.

"It may not perhaps be generally known, however, that Dr. Anderson while in France, during the old Revolution and when all French publications were prohibited from entering Germany, used to send messages away in balloons, when the wind was favorable, which were often picked up by the peasants to the great mortification of the authorities and frontier guards."

ECONOMIES.

BY REV. HENRY GILES.

(FROM THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.)

To begin, there is an economy of the individual. A true economy of the individual implies a co-ordination of life with *physical* laws,—not only because the body is the garment of an immortal soul, and should not be soiled or rudely torn,—not only because it is the soul's earthly house, and should not be undermined,—not merely because it is the soul's temple consecrated by Divine illumination, and should have no idols in its shrine and no strange fire upon its altar; for it is more than all these to the soul,—more than vesture to a wearer, than a dwelling to a tenant, than a temple to a worshipper,—it is an inseparable element in that composite unity which now, in time, constitutes the living man. And to this whole living man a life in co-ordination with these laws is that only which brings health and strength and power. Yet not for mere health and strength and power,—not even for their continuance,—has co-ordination with these laws its most impressive value.—Not by length of days is this value to be measured. Length of days has no worth in itself. Length

of days may be but a higher sort of vegetation; or it may be a long struggle with the stubborn wants of existence; or it may be a protracted succession of transmigrations from vanity to vanity; or it may be an enduring sentence to hard labor, self-pronounced and self-inflicted, from which death alone can give release, who will come at last to tell the convict that his term has expired, that he has collected gold enough and may quit the prison. It is harmony with these laws that gives fitness for the highest labor, and susceptibility to the purest things. Without it, there can be no purpose in the will, no power in the act, no dignity in the being. Men become as walking shadows to the darkened eye and the disordered head, the heavens a pestilent collection of vapors, and earth a sterile promontory. The heart, made faint, trembles amidst scenes in which purer and braver hearts exult. The brain, enfeebled or bewildered, "in wandering mazes lost," dwells often in a region between the idiot and the madman, hovers, it may be, over him for a while

and then drops into the blackness of darkness for ever. What to an untuned frame, in which remorse keeps company with discord, are the sweetness of prayer, the calls of duty, the electric tones of eloquence, the charms of art? To such a one, the whole of existence is unstrung, and all is hard, and not only unmusical, but also hopeless. Daily society loses to him its vitality and its freshness, and opportunity after opportunity passes from the sphere of the possible to that of the impossible.—Was it to one becoming thus insensate that the poet spoke?—

“O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields,—
The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,—
All that the genial ray of morning yields,
And all that answers to the song of even,
All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?”

A true economy of the individual implies a co-ordination of the life with *spiritual* laws,—with the law of thought, the law of conscience, and the law of goodness. How rich the life is, in which this is found,—how poor, where it is not! Give a certain amount of capacity, and there is scarcely a limit to what may be accomplished by diligence, industry, and vital meditation. It is not knowledge, alone, that will be gained, but plastic command over it,—the heat that melts and the talent that moulds it to the mind’s command. The thing that appeared impossible, contemplated for a while, merely seems difficult, and after more intense regard the difficulty itself is gone; that which was dark and crude, as the mind broods upon it, emerges into light, and, coming to the light, grows into order. And it may be, down below the whole there lies a lyric sweetness, to which only earnest and repeated struggles for articulation can afford a worthy utterance. Give the same amount of capacity, but with it connect indolence, listlessness, self-seeking, and self-indulgence, and years leave nothing but the ghosts of promises without performance, the remembrance of unsuccessful attempts, the consciousness of being beaten in the race, and despair of gaining the goal at any odds or in any way. When to this we add the vague ideas coming ever to the mind to mock it, telling it, like so many dim but tormenting fiends, of all that it has lost,—what treasures of memory, what stores of thought, what facility of execution, what abundance of fancy and emotion,—all of which it might have had, but sought not rightly,—we have a case which it might seem hard to make more painful. Yet so it is not. Let the law of conscience be disregarded also, let the law of goodness have been habitually violated, and then the case is far more desperate. The moral faculties give interest to all the others; they give them their depth and significance. Untrue to these, we not only waste the life, we kill it. It is not that the best affections languish, but they die.—Even the faculties that are purely intellectual suffer. To obtain the largest possible result from our minds, we must be able to call all their powers into action, into continuous action, into concentrated action; and we must be able to do this without compromise and without fear. Now, in

violating the moral laws of the spirit, we, in the first place, corrupt the sources of culture, and circumscribe its sphere, and lessen its means; we, in the second, put the faculties themselves into hostility against it. For how shall we dare to go to memory, if she can open her book only to judge us,—or to imagination, if she has only demons with which to scare us,—or to the affections, if weepings and wounds are all that they can show us? How shall we go to reason, even, if a great portion of our ingenuity has been used in contrivances to blind or to deceive her,—to silence her voice, or to belie her counsel? And thus one part of our spiritual existence must be smothered before its birth, and another part must be stunted or strangled in its growth. But connected with the moral laws, in faithful and living union, there is no need of minute detail to exhibit the wide range of being and the glorious spheres of bliss and usefulness to which this capacity would attain.

No result can be obtained, if the laws of thought are disregarded. If they be fully and profoundly carried out, despite of disloyalty to conscience and to goodness, it is not to be denied that very imposing results may be had, of a certain kind. But imposing as they may be, do they subserve the true economy of an individual life? Connect thought with any of those strong passions which despise every law but their own,—is it, in its utmost success, the best order of an individual man? Suppose it aspires to become great,—great by whatever distinction you please, but leaving out conscience and goodness,—the inward heart of a man must be blank and poor, even when it has every thing else to fullness. Let a man have missed of no pleasure that he could enjoy, what of it all remains? Let a man have secured the most ample fortune, what has he in it, if he will pause but for one moment, and occupy that pause rightly, if conscience or goodness can have no place in it? The greatest soldier that ever lived is poorly engaged, if he be engaged only about his battles when his battles are over. The lives of such men are, for themselves, as little consistent with the best order of life as those lives are which are wasted in the lower senses; while, for others, they are incalculably more injurious. What is the violence of a drunken clown to the ravages of a temperate Mahomet? “The ideal of morality,” says Novalis, as quoted by Carlyle, “has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of highest strength, of most powerful life; which also has been named—very falsely, as it was here meant—the ideal of poetic greatness. It is the maximum of the savage. . . . By this ideal, a man becomes a beast-spirit, a mixture; whose brutal wit has for weaklings a brutal power of attraction.”

In the harmony of body, spirit, and estate would consist the completeness of the individual. Economy of the individual includes not the man alone, but his adjuncts also. Economy, as merely applied to thrift and foresight, has a solemn meaning; and the possession of it, or the want of it, has most important bearings on individual power and individual destiny. Qualities are these which, even as thus practically understood, often spring from the best faculties of our nature, and enable us to exercise these best faculties in their divinest

spheres. "It is better to give than to receive;" and it is economy, in its humblest meaning, yet its highest, which enables many a lowly soul to translate this precept into practice. Many a story of god-like beauty might be written under this title,—and many a tragedy. The tragedy would not be confined to the griefs which want of economy has brought home to individual hearts, but would include wide-spread woes, which it has brought on cycles of generations and realms of nations. The same tragedy is still omnipresent,—in hearts, in homes, in states,—in sorrows, in suicides, in struggles,—working with the sadness that cannot speak, with the misery that despairs, with the convulsions that only a benignant Power above us can assuage.

The harmony, we have said, of body, spirit, and estate forms the completeness of the individual man. The derangement of this harmony, by the sacrifice of the spirit to the body, can never be otherwise than guilty and degrading. It is not so with regard to the sacrifice of the body to the spirit. Sometimes, it is true, this may be fanaticism; sometimes it may be folly; but never is it gross. It may be the highest right, and the highest right it is, to consign the body to hunger, to nakedness, to peril, to torture, to prison, and to death, when the higher life demands the lower. And this, we suppose, is the meaning of that great saying which declares, that, when a man "loses his life" in obedience to a holy faith, he "gains" it. Sacrifices thus made are truly grand. Sublime was that immolation which Milton made to the honor of his country, when he laid his sight upon the altar of its defence. And yet more sublime was that offering of life which the immortal Howard made to the good of his race,—of a life which he spent in the depths of European prisons, which he lost in an Asiatic wilderness. Neither can we help admiring the intellectual enthusiasm which, even without result, may consume the body before its time. Though the body perish, we cannot mourn, while the soul can live,—should it live but in one choice memory. But when it lives in memories without number, then we have reason only to rejoice. It is not permitted us to lament, while the soul abides in the thinker or the writer, whose visible presence, indeed, disappears, but whose being continues in immortal words or in immortal facts. And that rapture, that rapture unto death, which flashes glory on the painter's canvas, which cries with wildness in the poets' song, wretched would it be for cold prudence to condemn, rejoicing as we do in its light, and charmed as we are by its sound. When the spell has left us, sorrow, and not judgment, comes back with the thought, that the hand is stiff which illumined the canvas, that the heart is quenched which fired the song. Much less genius is lost to the world than the world fancies; still, there is genius lost. Every generous man who has risen to fame has some one to speak of, as one who deserved fame, but missed it. He will tell us of his rare intellect, of his deep philosophy, of his soul-filled eloquence, and all this he will say of his friend with an impassioned faith in what he might have been and what he could have done. If this friend has left among men any fragments of his

power, he traces out for us the design of which these fragments were but parts; and, haply, he completes the plan. Yet, ever, comes lament along with admiration, and ever, as he praises, he will confess that somewhat was wanted to carry promise to fulfilment. Incompleteness in any form is distressing. Structures in ruin sadden the heart—structures unfinished chill it. The walls which had once a roof that gave living men a shelter are not so desolate as those which never were covered; and the hearth whereon fire has burned is not so lonely as that which bears no mark at all of flame or of smoke. The aisles and cloisters that have ere now, however long ago, been quickened by meditation and by prayer, wake up the soul, yet calm it; the temple nobly planned, advanced half way, then abandoned, excites nothing but disturbing thought. Incompleteness in the humblest life is painful; how affecting, then, in any life which opened with the prophecy of being a great one! But is not a complete life a thing as yet to be looked for, whatever the kind or the degree of power? The world has had many a great man; but that man who would peacefully and proportionately fill, in all its roundness, the circle of his being, must be formed in some age different from ours; and to the utmost faith in progress, such a one must long be the "coming man."

No finite individuality is absolute. The individual human being exists no more separately than the individual atom. The laws which govern his nature bind him to others, and others to him, with enlarged and multiplied relations. There are, therefore, economies wider than that of the individual; and next beyond, we say, there is the economy of home.

Home is a genuine Saxon word; a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings,—that calls into play, and powerfully excites, so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. "*Home*,"—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. "*Home*,"—play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier, that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. "*Home*,"—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. "*Home*,"—what does it not stand for, of strongest, of most moving associations!—for childhood's grief and gladness,—for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins,—for all that brightened or dimmed the eyes,—for all that convulsed or tranquillized the breast; for a father's embrace, or for his death-bed,—for a mother's kiss, or for her grave,—for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship,—for hours wasted, or hours blest,—for peace in the light of life, or fears in the shadows of perdition. *Home*, when it is all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called home, neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home-

histories, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Not gay, not pleasant, not innocent, would all of these home-histories be. Not a few of them would be sad, dreary, wretched, and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasing and gracious memories of home.—So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age has them, when it has nothing else in memory; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust, these, not constructed, but planted, planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness, flourish to the last; when the treasures which experience has been many years collecting a few months may seem to take away, some diamonds are left behind, which even the thief, time, has spared, reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth. As every thing human has an element of good in it, that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling; it is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts on. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voices. During a lull in the hurricane of revelry, the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years, and, though loaded heavily, will be not unkindly in its tones. Through the reekings of luxury, faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb, and, though marred with grief, though pallid with affliction, turn mildly towards him, not in anger, but in sorrow. Amidst the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness, the satiated libertine may fancy, at moments, that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven, startling him from the trance of death. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain, deep down and lonely in his heart, there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation, the murmur of household prayer, and the music of domestic hymns. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations,—ministers to exhort, not enemies to accuse,—angels to beseech, not demons to scoff.—The sentenced culprit, during even his last night on earth, must sleep, and perchance may dream, and seldom will that dream be all in the present and in prison; not all of it, if any, will be of chains and blood, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers, of the scaffold and the shroud. Far other things will be in the dream. He once was honest, and spent his childhood, it may be, in a rustic home, and grew to youth amidst laborious men and with simple nature. Out of imagery

thus derved will his dream be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and the wooded lane; the boat sleeping on the stream; the rock mirrored in the lake; the shadow, watched expectingly from the school-room window, as it shortens to the noontide hour. Then there will be parents, blessed in their unbroken circle; there will be young companions, laughing in their play; there will be bright harvest-evenings, after days of healthful toil; there will be family greetings, thanksgiving feasts; there will be the grasp of friendship, there will be the kiss of love. The dream will not be entirely, if at all, a dream of crime, disgrace, and death; it will be one that reproduces, on the brink of eternity, the freshness of emotion, hope, and desire with which existence on earth began. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

The true economy of the home is not mechanical, but moral. The household is not a machine, not a collection of pulleys and springs, which it needs but skill in directing force to manage. The household is an assemblage of kindred spiritualities, a system of gradations; an association, in various stages, of human intelligences and human wills. And these can as little be harmonized by the command of authority as by the use of power. To control, and yet not enslave,—to leave free, and yet not abandon,—is a great problem in government, whether its sphere be a household or an empire. In the household, control and freedom can be reconciled only by wisdom and the affections. Love is the mediator between power and dependence; that which meekens authority; that which ennobles submission. Love is the holy and living bond, both of the equal and the unequal; that which changes the rigor of mutual claims into the grace of mutual kindness; that which brings courtesy into agreement with sincerity, and harmonizes deference with independence. Only love can subdue the selfish will in either doing or forbearing; only this can give sweetness to command, cheerfulness to obedience, and unity to companionship.

Wider still than the economy of home, there is an economy of the state.

The state, as well as the family, is an organic unity and a social necessity. It is no more a thing of chance or a thing of choice, that men dwell together in nations, than that they dwell together in families. The idea of the state is, therefore, as permanent as that of the household.—The origin of neither can be found in the dictates of prudence or the principles of calculation. They exist irrespectively of the pleasurable or painful experience of the individuals who compose them. The individual may be wretched as the member of a family, he may be miserable as the member of a state, and the influences which make him so may be found within the family and within the state. The order of humanity, however, necessitates both the family and the state, though it does not necessitate the wretchedness and misery. But man is not a member of the state in the same way in which he is a member of the family; not by the same class of instincts, not by the same class of sentiments. To rule the state, therefore, by the

methods of the family would be quite as mischievous as to rule the family by the methods of the state.

Though the state, when most excellent in its actual form, cannot but be imperfect, its worst constitution is better than barbarism or anarchy. But the idea of it rises above all forms, dimly glimmers through the basest, clearly shines through the noblest, and, whether in the one or the other, stands for grand conceptions of the social nature,—for order, for security, for freedom, justice, activity, and culture. Scarcely ever has any tyrant been so brutal, as not, in some pretence of zeal for these, to find excuse for shedding the blood of his victims. There is much that is impressive, almost sacred, in this idea—not to the superstitious alone, but to the most sober—not by tradition only, but by its intrinsic essence. Who does not feel the truth of our position, when in the presence of any human being in whom the majesty of a nation is impersonated? It is not merely the man that awes him, or the office, but the idea—the idea in his own soul, which transcends the man, which transcends the office. Parliament or Congress, statute, decree, or ukase, has from this its living life, and without it they were but as blotted paper, or as the leaf that shivers idly in the wind. King, President, or Kaiser has from this his greatness; and though sceptres be broken, and thrones be fuel for garret-fires—though monarchs drop one after another into beggars' graves—still the idea remains; nay, as time advances and virtue grows, it will spread more and more of its luminous beauty over the world. Loyalty, then, is something more than devotion to a person, it is more than reverence for an office; it is an appreciation of the idea, of which the person is only the minister, and the office a type. Patriotism is something more than zeal for the material interests of our country; it is zeal for its elevation in all that elevates man. This cannot fail of admiration, whether it support certain modes of government or oppose them. History celebrates with equal glory numbers of great souls, of whom some did the one and some did the other. The monarch Alfred was a patriot as well as the republican Washington, and the patriotism of Hampden or Sir Harry Vane is as little to be doubted as that of Leonidas or Socrates. All these lived or died in true devotion to their supreme idea. And many, we may hope, as noble there have been, whom no history has been found to celebrate. A Grecian mariner once entered the temple of Neptune, to place his portrait in it as a votive offering, expressive of gratitude for his escape from shipwreck. The priest, pointing to the many pictures given by individuals in circumstances like his own, urged the fact as a rebuke to neglect and as an argument against skepticism. "But where," inquired the sailor, "are the pictures of those who were drowned?" So, when we walk through the majestic temple of the past, and the Genius of history, as the priest of that temple, points to the portraits of the godly and the great which every age has contributed, may not we, too, ask—"Where are the pictures of those who were drowned? Where are the pictures of thousands who, in their day, did not only vow, but strive,

who yet were swallowed in the stormy surges that roll above eternal and deep oblivion?"

Whatever be the form of government, the state in its true purpose is for all. Every violation of this principle is an evil; and the measure of the evil is the degree of the violation. The state is not for the magistrate, but the magistrate for the state; and magistrate and state are, both of them, for man. The character of a genuine freedom is, to give every individual a living position in the state; and the essence of a sound civic morality is, to cause the individual to feel that he does not act for himself or for a part, but for the whole.—In this sense, he who wields the sceptre is not more for *all* than he who plies the shuttle.—Where, indeed, the mechanism of government is well constructed, less depends on the individual than where it is not, and certain coarse results cannot fail to be obtained. Yet if no positive evils were consequent on dearth of thought and dearth of principle, if no force of selfishness and no prevalence of corruption could injure or impede the working of the machine, still all the finer, grander, purer influences of the state upon society are lost. Politics are, therefore, social morals in their widest range; not, indeed, politics as meant in the party battles of the hour, but as the application of immutable principles to civic conduct.—The best condition of the state is that which stimulates individual energy, and yet combines all social forces into tranquil harmony. That is the best condition of the state, in which the state so regulates its own activities as to prevent convulsion in itself and confusion in its members—which, having organic stability, yet capacity for expansion, has security for order and vitality for progress. That is the best condition of the state, in which the man is never lost in the institutions, but in which the institutions, by inward and by outward culture, tend to strengthen and build up the man. The power of the state is wisely and well used, when it fosters, not the works alone that enrich the person, but those also which enrich the public. The wealth of the state, or the wealth of the person, is wisely used, and well, in giving grandeur to these works, in adding ornament to utility, in shedding splendor on the profitable, and in rendering every structure connected with national activity a monument of national magnificence. Art, even for its own sake, is not extravagance, but surest thrift. Add literature to art, and the saving is increased. Art and literature adorn the memory of a people when their dominion is no more. The fragments of the beautiful, that lie scattered over a nation's grave, win from eras that follow affection and admiration. After-times rake the ashes for these broken relics, and they strive to imitate when they can neither rival nor restore.

Deeper, broader than all states, there is an economy of the universe; and this is an economy that includes and embraces an economy of our race.

Not mere bulk of bodies, not mere vastness of space, constitutes this economy of the universe; but power—power boundless, ceaseless, intelligent—whose agencies we term *laws*, for want of language more exact. Laws thus regarded stand

for supreme action and supreme intellect, as we apprehend them in the universe. Answering to forms in our own spirits, they reveal to us that we live in the midst of thought and care. We recognize the law of *order*, or power directed by pure intellect. The results of power, as thus discerned, are simply dimensional and dynamical,—results true to the utmost rigor of geometry and mechanics. Strip the earth of its foliage, reduce it to a naked sphere; shear the sun of his beams, sweep the stars of their light; yet these blank orbs, desolate and dead, would contain all the data that abstract science requires. Mysterious, however, does this nature of ours appear, when we reflect that this science, which unites the mind with the universe, determines the order and character of remotest facts by conditions of a present reason, and that the phenomena which realize the thought are independent of the thinker. He cannot say, "Let them be;" but he does say, "They are," and "Thus they are,"—"They will be," and "In such or such a manner will they be." So, accordingly, they are, or so they are to be. The assertion and the prophecy are absolute. A man dogmatically propounds that the constitution of our system requires another planet. He bases his position upon pure calculation. "This planet," he says, "must be;" and this planet is.

Discernible in the universe, likewise, is the law of *wisdom*, or power directed by the practical intellect. The connection and continuity of means and ends, infinitely extended and everlastingly sustained, is in harmony with human thought,—in fact, is a necessity of human being. Experience, which is the life of the practical intellect, within the limits of man's faculties, depends on this connection and continuity. In the same manner we discern supreme wisdom through the universe in the multitude and suitableness of its provisions, and particularly in relation to ourselves. Every thing within discovered regions has its use; every such thing is sufficient for its use. Nothing is below this, and nothing beyond it. There is as much light as we can bear; as much motion, too; and so much as we require of each, so much we have. From the tint of a flower to the lustre of a star, from the structure of a pebble to the orbit of a comet, all are balanced and adjusted; all answer the conditions of their existence. While thus the quantities of things accord exactly in measure to the want of them, and their qualities are in strict relation of fitness to supply it, there is at the same time a plenitude, an abundance, that is endless and exhaustless. Energy, omnipotent energy, is audible everywhere in music, is visible everywhere in beauty; and the very arrangement that reveals its grandeur puts a veil upon its terrors.

Especially does the universe manifest the law of *goodness*, or power directed by the loving intellect. This, indeed, it is that gives God reality to the soul, and, void of it, all nature would be but an infinite and dismal sepulchre. Discern through existence Divine love as the perfect spirit acting on your consciousness, all agencies in creation and all excellence in man become then as ministers of God: life in the motion of a worm—happiness in the song of a bird—beauty in the flash of a gem,

as in the glow of noon—charity in the widow's mite, as in an angel's gift—religion sublime in the rustic's prayer, not less than in the martyr's hymn. Life has no number for its gradations, for its extent there is no measure; and according to the order and compass of every animated being, the prevailing condition of life is happiness. According to the scale of nature, God gives it to the fly whose buzz is on the sunny air, as he does to the loftiest soul that rejoices in the light of thought and glories in the strength of action. Beauty in the universe is yet as wide as life, and beauty is all for man. Beauty, indeed, is divine life, in form, in hue, in sound, in consciousness; spread over the earth, spread over the sea, filling the great dome of heaven; painted on the brain, panting in the heart; kingly in the might of man, celestial in the purity of woman; everywhere, in all things, sacred and undying; the language and the sign of the fit and fair, the utterance that breathes and the glow that blooms from the Eternal Mind.

Does not this supreme economy enter directly into the concerns of our species? Surely it does, in a universal and constant Providence. Here it works, mostly, through the ministry of man; and every man, be he conscious of it or not, is its agent, and fulfils some purpose for it, whether he hold a plough or found an empire, whether he be a malefactor or a martyr. That which is stupendous in the visible world has grown by means that are unseen. The spring that feeds the stream, and the stream that feeds the river, are remote and unnoticed in silence and in shadow. Similarly placed are the sources and tributaries which swell those currents that rush through courses of mighty destinies, and gather to the forces of stupendous power. The sword, terrible instrument as it is of human passion, is made to work for good.—Even by this, the wrath of man is compelled to serve the purposes of God. But, happily, the lyre is more effective than the sword, and more enduring. The living thought in the living word, and the living word in music—this it was that first charmed men out of barbarism; nor has it lost its power yet, and its power cannot yet be spared.—Much of humanity's education has been lyrical. History, at one time, was song; so were laws; so was worship; so was prophecy; so was philosophy: and though annals, decrees, prayers, predictions, wisdom, have become independent of verse or chant, yet that which was truth in them comes down even to our own time, and still mingles in the everlasting harmony of life. To assume that we understand the plan of Providence were daring presumption; but to rest in a plan is a necessity of reason, a necessity of faith. The origin, growth, decay, and death of nations coexist with the life, the integrity, and the progress of our race. This is no fortuity. Certainty and simplicity of result come out from the caprices and contrarities of human freedom. This is no fortuity. The army of our species is, indeed, endless, and we who speculate on its destination are closed up in a division of its ranks. We cannot quit our place to take a stand out of this army and above it, to see whence it has come and whither it is going. Yet, onward as we march, we catch

views of Calvary, and of other elevations along the path of time; and from these we can take note that we are under guidance, and not without a goal.

Thus wonderful and numberless are the relations of our being. In alluding to past ages, it is common to speak of them as dead, to speak as if we were standing on a grave. This is not true of humanity in the aspects in which we have been contemplating it. The ages are all *vital*, and over life, and not on death, we tread. Humanity is as an inverted pyramid, and every stratum of it, from the point below to its upward surface, is bound each to each by links of living mind. Over this wide surface, and down into the darkest depths, man understands man, wherever he travels or explores. The philosopher rich in all the lore of wisdom is yet a brother, and can feel his fraternal relation, to the savage of Australia. The man of this century is not cut off from the man whose existence can be traced in the profoundest abyss of time. Bring up from that abyss the darkest hieroglyphic, the man of this day pierces into its meaning and finds out its interpretation; bring up the smallest remnant of moulded clay, bring up the most rugged fragment of sculptured brass, at once he says: "The image and superscription are here of a spirit like my own; and though forty centuries lie between us, we are united by our souls." More properly, perhaps, should we find the diversity of our nature, in capacity and condition, symbolized by the creature in the first vision of Ezekiel. With feet to pace the earth, with wings to mount to heaven, with hands beneath the wings to work, fourfold in face, was this creature: and so is humanity. Backward it looks, and forward also, to the actual and the possible. Each face, too, was different, and each we may take to indicate some elevated mental or moral quality: the face of a man, conscience and intelligence; that of a lion, courage; that of an ox, patience; that of an eagle, aspiration. The creature of the prophet's trance was in the centre of wheel within wheel, glistening all around with eyes. So it is with humanity: it is in the centre of circle within circle of eternity and mystery; and though the compass of its own light be only as a speck, it is embosomed in the watchfulness that comprehends immensity and that never sleep.

The individual, then, is not mechanically, but vitally, related to the whole empire of existence. The farthest star that a man can see is a part of his life; nor is this life of his severed from stars that never will be seen. Day and darkness, the seasons, the elements, vegetation, animal beings, are not mere adjuncts of his existence; they are portions of it. The sentiment of kindred binds the individual man to his family; the social sentiment binds him to the community; the patriotic, to his country; the human, to his race. The moral sentiment binds him to men by duty, and the religious binds him to God by faith. The life of a man is not, like that of a brute, in his blood, but in his spirit, and all is the life of a man that he can embrace within the consciousness of his spirit. If a man's spirit had the range of the outward creation by sense, if human history were its memory, if its reason comprehended all known

and possible truth, if its imagination were adorned with all that is lovely, if its character had all goodness, this, then, would be the range of its life. Though far from such perfection, yet the actual life of the most bounded consciousness spreads in its relations into unbounded being. Is the time ever to come when humanity shall be in full completeness and harmony? Is the time ever to come when humanity in the individual shall be strong and independent—in the family, wise and gracious—in the state, just and disinterested—in the church, believing, charitable, tolerant—when the savage shall be raised, when the heathen shall be converted, when the grossest shall be civilized, and the worst restored—when every man, being true to his position, shall be one with his race, and his race, being accordant with its origin and its end, shall be one with God? This may always be but an idea: yet, even as an idea, it has deep and living power. It is a sublime thought.—Wherever it is strong, it kills the narrow self, and is at the bottom of all continued and admirable action. "Worlds," says Fichte, "speaking out of this faith in the infinite, produce worlds. Ages produce ages, which stand in meditation over those that have gone before, and reveal the secret bond of connection which unites causes and consequences within them. Then the grave opens—not that which men heap together in earth, but the grave of impenetrable darkness, wherewith the first life has surrounded us, and from out of it arises the mighty power of ideas, which sees in a new light the end in the beginning, the perfect in the partial; every wonderful work which springs from faith in the Eternal appears, and the hidden aspirations which are here imprisoned and bound down to earth soar upward on unfettered pinions into a new and purer ether."

As the individual is vitally related to the universe, so is the universe to the individual. All the powers of nature contribute to his wants. They are ministers to the requirements of his body, and to the faculties of his soul. The earth gives him of her fulness; the winds are his servants; the mines are his treasure-places; the mountains are his watch-towers; the clouds refresh him with shade and showers; the sun covers him with splendor; above his head are the heights of air, and beneath his eye the depths of ocean. All energies are working to support, to educate, to bless him; and not these only, but whatever men have done or suffered, whatever has made the life of ages, whatever has made the life of nations. The whole has been acting for the individual soul. For that patriarchs had visions sent them from the opened heavens. For that prophets beheld a glory to be revealed in distant times. For that Jesus himself appeared in the world, was wounded with many griefs, and bled upon the cruel cross. For that Evangelists have written and Apostles preached. For that philanthropists have worked and lived. For that martyrs have endured and died. For that philosophers have meditated, and poets have sung, and wisdom and melody have been born. For that earth is robed in fairness, and heaven is hung with lamps of gladness. For that all governments, all dynasties, all hierarchies, have existed; and *that shall*

be when *they* shall be no more. When monarchy, with its gorgeous pomp and haughty sway, its solemn power and its towered palaces, shall have melted as a dream—when democracy, with its din of tongues and turbulence, shall be silent as an infant's sleep—nay, when this huge globe itself shall shake to atoms all that rest upon its surface, as a lion arousing from slumber throws from his mane the dews of the forest—when the sun shall be dark, and even the mighty hosts of stars shall die—that soul, that sacred soul, shall live. That spirit, kindled in the breath of Deity, has a light to burn over the ashes and the graves of worlds—a light of joy and thought for ever, in the consciousness of its immortal being, in the consciousness of its eternal Lord.

Yet glory not, thou proud man! for, in the midst of these sublime realities, thy pride belittles thee. Thou hast not the faith to which things invisible are open; thou hast not the humility to

which greatness is revealed. And, thou timid and desponding man, cheer up thy hope, and let thy confidence not fail thee. Think not the distant stars are cold; say not the forces of the universe are against thee; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate; for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces; in right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and the lord of destiny. In thy living consciousness the universe itself has living being, and thou in that art greater than the universe.—Anoint thine eyes with holy thought, that the gross and fleshly scales may fall from off them. Then, like Gehazi in the mountain at the prayer of Elijah, thou shalt behold that Power for thy good is round about thee; thou shalt discern that thou art embosomed in Protection—that thou art compassed by the fiery energies of Heaven—that thou art girded and guarded by the Presence and the Majesty of God.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BUNYAN.

BY L——, OF EASTFORD HERMITAGE.

His was the poet's gifted soul,
Though learning was denied;
But genius soared above his wont,
With all its grace and pride.

Those spirit stirring strains of his,
Were gushings of the soul;
Whose influence ever more will live,
As future ages roll.

His progress like a living light
The realms of earth explores;

To aid the weary pilgrims on,
Toward the heavenly shores.

He dwells within the pearly gates,
Among the seraphs now;
The "shining ones" a fadeless crown,
Have placed upon his brow.

He tunes a golden lyre among
The "white robed" angel hand;
Where genius through eternity,
In glory will expand.

THE ZEPHYRS.

BY L——*.

ZEPHYRS roam like winged angels,
Through all Flora's blooming bowers;
And perfume their wings with odours
Of her sweetly scented flowers.

They unite their pleasant voices,
In the summer and the spring;
And their sighing music soundeth,
Like the angels rustling wing.

They fan the brows of faint and weary—
Both the child of joy and pain;

And with sweetest grace they wander,
O'er the fields of waving grain.

And they chase the tiny billow
O'er the river's tranquil breast;
And they sport with glancing sunbeams,
Where the silvery waters rest.

Theirs is an angel's ministry,
Their work the holiest love;
For they are sent upon their mission,
By the hand of God above.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG THESPIAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

It is an infirmity of most men to have, at some period of their lives, an itching desire for theatrical distinction. They imagine themselves admirably fitted by nature and circumstances to become heroes of the "sock and buskin;" and think there can be nothing more certain than that they will one day rival Kean, Kemble, Forrest, and other constellations in the histrionic galaxy. I was one of that unlucky number; and if the reader will bear with me awhile, I will endeavor, by the diverting incidents of my dramatic career, (which are substantial verities,) to afford him amusement, and perhaps profit.

The first intimation of a turn for the stage manifested itself at a very early period of my juvenility. How well I can recollect the periodical exhibitions in our district school, of which I was pretty sure to be chosen head manager! Even the days of "declamation" were a foreshadowing of the future. Then, stripling as I was, did I create a marked sensation in

"My name is Norval,"

or,

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

In dialogue I usually sustained the "heaviest" characters; and was quite touching in Rolla in the play of "Pizarro"—an extract from the prison scene of which was to be found in the "Columbian Orator." The pathetic passages in this play were sure to elicit rounds of applause from the male portion of the audience, and a copious flow of tears from the weaker minded of the women and children. I made it my study to perfect myself in all the tender scenes of such dialogues as fell in my way at school; and it gratified me greatly to observe the evident impression I often made. I did not disdain, however, while treading the higher walks of tragedy, to sometimes stoop to comedy and farce; and a visit I made once to an itinerant theater that passed through our town (where *nothing but* farce was performed,) fired me with ambition to excel in the comic. When I came home, therefore, I made the maternal eyes stare with my facetious ways; the winter campaign having opened at our school-house, I studied hard upon Yankee stories, comic songs, and dialogues; and I even went so far as to *write* a play, although, of course, a very brief one, in which I personated the principal character. A grand exhibition at the close of the term was arranged to come off, and busy was the note of preparation in our little community. Rehearsals, strictly private, were held, and every youngster was soon complete in his part. News of what was pending ere long spread to adjoining districts; and on the eventful night the house was crowded from "pit to gallery" with old and young, grave and gay, coarse and

fine. Never before was such an audience assembled within those walls—even to hear the nasal efforts of our good parson, who held "stated meetings" here; at which manifestation of ungodliness on the part of the citizens, sundry pious people were sensibly shocked—yet they had a lively curiosity to see what it was all about, and they came also in goodly numbers.

I was in a great flutter of excitement that evening, you may be sure; but now, after the lapse of many years, I can look back with perfect calmness upon that time, and each event rises palpably before my mind. Our arrangements for scenery, dresses, music, &c., were not of the most splendid description, but they served the purpose. We had appropriated one corner of the room to the scenery, which consisted of two huge bed blankets tacked to each wall, behind which we actors fitted ourselves for the performance by applications of flour, charcoal, and red paint, and such habiliments as could be mustered for the occasion. I recollect that my own dress quite outshone those of my more humble rivals—for I rejoiced in "tights," which were nothing less than enormous long stockings, borrowed, I believe, from the maternal wardrobe, to encase my nether limbs. The only difficulty was, they were "a world to wide for my shrunk shank." I had also picked up somewhere a few spangles, which were stuck upon different parts of my person. I assumed a strut and swagger, after donning my garment, that would have put to shame the gait of much older staggers. I was a little acquainted with the German flute; and the service of a clarinet player having been secured "for this evening only," we both discoursed delightful music behind the scenes before the performance began, which had a very fine effect; for the melody coming unexpected upon the ears of the audience, without any visible agency, they clapped, and hooted, and stamped, and were in the best of spirits.

At length a tea-bell was rung, and the actors came forth from their hiding-places. My play was first on the programme. I trembled some at seeing such a dense crowd eyeing me; but I recollected that this night must decide the fate of my play and my own merit as an actor, and it gave me fresh courage. I cannot recount all that occurred during the progress of the piece, but I was gratified at what I considered its success, and the stage was cleared for something. This play, alas! is among the "things that were,"—gone to oblivion, perhaps, with the one Wordsworth wrote in his early days, but never appeared! Now I should mention, that the pressure of the crowd was so great, that almost the entire space occupied as the stage was covered with the gaping audience, so that our limits were very much circumscribed, and our violent gestures and convulsive throes were a good deal cramped in consequence.

At the close of the piece, the "orchestre" struck up "Yankee Doodle," and the crowd kept time with their feet most admirably. Next I favored them with the well known song of the "Cork Leg," which was then in its dawning glory and popularity. I remember that, in my efforts to enact the speed with which the unfortunate leg kept "going on," I gave our worthy deacon, who sat close beside me, such a kick on the shin, that he curled for a moment under the severity of the blow, and everybody but himself was uproarious with laughter. I was a little afraid of him for some time after that.

But, not to tire you with a full detail of my early theatrical course, I will merely say, that the fame of our exhibition spread with great rapidity; and we were invited to, and did, "star it" in other quarters, and usually with good success.

Days of the golden Past! Hours of unalloyed happiness, how have ye faded into the cold realities of the Present! Fain would I live ye o'er again—fain would I clutch ye from the ruthless hand of Time the destroyer, that ye might not wholly die. But, alas! those halcyon moments are fast vanishing from even Memory's grasp; and, lest they wholly disappear, I deem it a pleasant task to bring up some of their brightest hues, and, like our venerable revolutionary sires, "fight my battles o'er again."

CHAPTER II.

It was a sorrowful time to us all when I left my paternal roof to try my fortunes in the city.—Never before had I contemplated so bold a step as this—going alone into the wide world, among strangers, and obliged to encounter single-handed the rude buffetings of the selfish, the unfeeling, and the vicious. Now that I cast a backward glance upon it, I cannot say that I am any the worse for the ordeal through which I have passed. By repeated tempering I became truer metal.—The rough attrition produced a finer polish. My penchant for the drama was here to be gratified to the utmost of my wish. There was in the city (which I shall call Athens,) a temple devoted to the histrionic art, rearing its huge, dingy walls like some fabulous monster, about which it was my delight to linger during the hours my labors would permit. My evenings were frequently devoted to an outside survey of the brilliantly lighted establishment, except at such times as I was fortunate enough to obtain the requisite amount of "tin" to open those magic portals for me. I must confess, that, to my innocent views, the actors and actresses were the very shabbiest looking people I met with. Those awe-inspiring personages of my youthful dreams—the Hamlets, the Othellos, etc., who trod the boards with the dignity of kings; the Juliets, Ophelias, and Desdemonas, who moved upon the stage with the grace and beauty of royal ladies—here sank into the insignificance of greasy, slatternly frocks, dilapidated pantaloons and dirty shirts. I lingered near them often to catch the words that fell from their lips; but they did not thrill me with the power that their stage mouthings

did—their conversation chiefly turning upon one another—each distinguished by some low nickname—and the utterance of stale jokes from some play, which sounded flat and stale indeed. To say the truth, their breath gave strong indications of "potations pottle deep," and their fiery visages, bloated and pimpled, aided the conviction of their imbibing propensities. It may be thought that these appearances would dampen my ardor—and, truly, they did somewhat stagger me. But then I assured myself that the *true* actor did not thus comfort himself, nor was thus careless of his person, but was in all things the gentleman and the refined scholar. These were base coin—they were not the legitimate players whose fame was to be coeval with Shakspear's.

I had been in Athens about two years, when, as good or ill fortune would have it, a society was organized with the title of "Athens Dramatic Association," consisting of mechanics and artisans in the humble walks of life, and I was solicited to join. No bait was ever held out to mortal man that was more tempting to me than this. I snapped at it like a foolish fish, and found too late that the hook was in my mouth, and I was fast. My employer, like Jean Paul's grandfather, was eminently "poor and pious." My time was as precious to him as to me; and every moment I spent away from my allotted duties went like a dagger to his soul. He husbanded his time with the same parsimony he did his money. Therefore, what evenings I could steal away from his vigilant eye, placed me upon nettles; for I knew not to what extremities he might go should he discover my place of resort, and my ungodly occupation. But I was burning with ambition to become an actor; and not even the displeasure of my master (who I believe really had my well being at heart,) could deter me from the course I was resolved to pursue.

I would be glad to pay a passing tribute to those young men who formed our Association—for, amid many vicious propensities, some sterling qualities of head and heart were worthy of notice. Truly can I sing—

"We are scattered, we are scattered,
But a jolly band were we."

Some still remain on the scene of their youthful follies and pleasures; some are roaming up and down the world, without aim or home; one is now treading the boards of the metropolitan stage with considerable success; and one, alas! sleeps in the bosom of mother earth. Poor W.! a noble heart and form was thine! But a few years ago thou trodst our streets in all the pride of conscious health and strength—now thou art gone, and the places that knew thee then shall know thee no more forever! Daily thy step grew more feeble and slow—until at last we missed thee, and we were told that thou wert *dead*! Repose in peace, departed one, and the green turf lie lightly upon thy breast!

"Thee nor earketh care nor slander—
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form."

But I grow melancholy at these recollections. Let me turn again to the sunny side of the picture.

CHAPTER III.

It is almost universally the practice, in all dramatic exhibitions, to fix upon poor, misused Shakspeare, as the first victim for the sacrifice. He is the luckless wight whose inspired lucubrations are murdered by the tyros and amateurs in theatrical business, with as much sang froid and nonchalance as a butcher would stick a pig. He is twisted, and turned, and distorted in every possible way, in order to get every meaning from him but the right one. I do not hardly believe the spirits of the dead visit us, and are everywhere about us and over us—else what spectre-smitten, ghost-ridden mortals many of us would be! With all due deference to the judgment of our distinguished poet Bryant, who, I believe, advances this theory in one of his poems, I must be inclined to doubt it in Will Shakspeare's case.

The play that was to be *done* by our Association was the beautiful one of Othello. A room was hired in the second story of one of the principal inns—a long, narrow apartment, with a low ceiling; and it was here, on the night of the rehearsal, that I was introduced to the company, and my part assigned me. I shall never forget that evening, for there was a good deal said and done to detract from my idea of what such a society should be. The room was well nigh filled with the fumes of bad tobacco, through which could be dimly discerned, as through a fog, the actors in their common dresses, talking, laughing, dancing, stamping, fencing, etc.; the scenery looked old and tattered—having served the purposes of the "legitimate drama" many seasons for a travelling theatre; the lights burned dimly, and the whole scene wore an air altogether to my distaste. I had been all along, as you know, dear reader, full of eagerness for histrionic distinction, but I confess the first view of the place of enchantment rather threw a wet blanket upon it; therefore I was perfectly satisfied when the part of Roderigo was allotted me. I think, all things considered, I was admirably fitted for that character—as I had become humbled, and "content to follow in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry." Let me here give a word of advice to theatre-goers—*Never go behind the scenes*, for the moment you do, that fairy world upon which you have often gazed by the glare of lamps, will fade, dissolve, and you can never call up the beautiful vision again!

Now, lest the delicacy of some of my readers might be shocked, I would mention, that we had no *ladies* in the company—the females were all personated by young men; and this fact made some rich sport during the rehearsal. Desdemona was a young gentleman who sometimes did duty in a blacksmith's shop—whether it was to "blow or strike" I cannot say. His face had a certain feminine look, which the rest of his person terribly belied. He had long, flowing locks, however, which were parted "madonna-wise" on his low forehead, that somewhat favored the deception. Emilia! I *must* laugh when I think of *him*! A huge, broad-shouldered, two-fisted fellow he was, who looked as if he could chop a fair amount of cord wood per day, and be none the worse for the

exercise. Iago, poor man! how could he help being ugly with *such* a spouse? But Iago was well adapted to his character—he was conversant with the stage, and what added to the malignity of his expression, when plotting against Othello, he had a horrible squint, which, with a knit brow, was well calculated to frighten at least poor Roderigo. The part of Othello was by my departed friend, whose worth I have made honorable mention of in the preceding chapter; and he had the faculty of depicting the contending passions in the breast of the noble, yet wronged Moor, with a graphic power. Michael Cassio was also adequate to sustain his part; and it was with him that Roderigo (myself) had much to do. On this night (and many nights after) we kept up a tremendous clatter practicing fence. I was a very indifferent hand at this, but a few smart raps on the knuckles from Cassio's fencing foil made me look sharply to my duty, and I soon considered myself able to compete with any of them in this exercise.

The rehearsal was gone through with tolerable accuracy, when the whole party adjourned to the bar-room to strengthen the inner man with some of the "criter." I did not join them, but wended my way homeward, using every precaution to prevent being overheard by the "boss." I slept that night and dreamed that I was stabbed by a wooden sword, rapped over the head by Cassio's fencing foil, asked to take "something warm" with Desdemona, and struggled a long time in the embraces of the stalwart Emilia.

CHAPTER IV.

THE eventful evening came at last. Handbills had been posted up at the corners of the streets, in which was announced, in large, uncouth letters, "The sublime Tragedy of Othello—the performance to commence with the amusing farce of A Race for a Dinner." Our names were all assumed, and I had the gratification of seeing my own *alias* appear in goodly sized type—"Roderigo by a young gentleman—his first appearance." Tickets of admission had been struck off, in form like the following:

0	=====	0
0	A. D. A.	0
0		6
0	Admit the Bearer.	0
0	=====	0

Several of these had been kindly given me, which I privately distributed among my friends. Over the entrance to the inn was suspended a huge transparency, with the letters THEATRE in bold relief. My employer had expressly set apart that night for some job that admitted of no delay in the doing—it *must* be done at that time; and he had of course calculated upon the services of his dutiful apprentice in this emergency. But he had reckoned without his host. At the time I was wanted I was no where to be found. Every corner of every street I turned in my rapid transit from the shop to the Theatre, I was in terror lest

the grim face of my inexorable employer should come suddenly upon me. I looked all ways, behind and before, like the Ancient Mariner:

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

When I reached the room it was already filling up with a motley, noisy crowd, through which I made my way behind the scenes to the *green-room*, par excellence, where I found the company all assembled, and busy in arranging their dresses for the performance. I was instructed how to don my habiliments, which I confess did not fit me with that nicety that I could wish. However I put them on, and a plentiful application of paint and burnt cork so completely disguised me, that it would have puzzled my most intimate friend to identify me. I was in a great flutter of excitement, you may be sure, and scarcely knew what I was about, or what was going on around me.—Iago gave me some wholesome advice, however, that went far to reassure my failing confidence.

"Go right on, my boy," said he, "and pay no more attention to the audience than if they were so many cabbage-heads!"

How the farce was performed I hardly noticed, being intent on my own affairs; and I stood leaning against one of the wings studying my part most intently. The fiddler scraped away with indefatigable industry in the pauses of the first piece, and at the intermission, and the audience evinced their good humor by burst of applause.—A comic song came next, which was loudly cheered. Finally the bell rang, and the curtain rose to *Othello*. Even at this distant period my heart beats audibly, as it did then, with mingled hope and fear. I was attentive to the piece until my cue came, when my diffidence almost overpowered me, and I received a gentle push from Cassio to expedite my entrance. This was my *first appearance*! The audience, I think, were not quite prepared for the comical looking object that stood before them, for they laughed "consumedly" at the figure I cut. The first words stuck in my throat like Macbeth's "amen," but a few whispers of "courage, courage," from Iago, and a cry from some one in the crowd, "Go it, little one—go it, shorty—you're a hoss," reanimated me. I can scarcely tell how I got along with my brief part, but I stumbled along somehow. I occasionally cast a furtive glance in front of me at the sea of heads, tier above tier, and felt as if every eye was a pin's point with which I was every instant being pierced. I felt that, although by the glare of the foot-lights I could not discern a single face distinctly, my own person was fearfully, terribly conspicuous to every gaze. I will not dwell minutely on this part of the piece. It went off with tolerable gusto—Iago telling me to "put money in my purse"—advice which I have been trying to follow closely ever since. My exit from the stage brought me in a manner to myself again, and for some time I could look upon the progress of the play with tolerable composure.

The uninitiated reader must know, that in accordance with time-honored customs, whole

scenes were left out, and the rest otherwise maltreated and mangled. One device of the players I cannot omit mentioning—that is, what they call "gagging." This consists in cutting out the speech of some one by skipping—a course that Iago practiced upon Roderigo with perfect success. I had calculated much upon one speech, in fact, the only one of considerable length in my part; I had declaimed it to the walls of my room night after night, with, as I thought, thrilling effect. But "honest" Iago chose to *do* me out of that; and the only consolation I could derive from it, was, that I finished my part the sooner.

It heightened the impression very much. (to me, at any rate,) to hear the sweet, virtuous, gentle Desdemona, in the person of our Vulcan, whining out her speeches with an affected feminine voice. But still more startling was the effect of the deep bass of Emilia's tones. She ranted, and mouthed, with a harshness and vehemence that even threw George Frederick Cooke into the shade—who ranted more than any man I ever knew. In the third act, where Desdemona is importuned by Othello for the handkerchief, a rich scene occurred. His repeated expression,

"Give me the handkerchief—the handkerchief,"

at last roused the feelings of some one in the crowd, who sung out:

"Let her alone—she ha'n't got it. If you really want one, I'll lend you mine!"

This response, from so unexpected a quarter, produced a smile even on Othello's grim visage, and there was a universal guffaw throughout the house.

But I hasten on to the fifth and last act. It was here that I was to make or mar my fortune. In the opening scene, Iago and Roderigo enter together, when the latter is put upon by the former to take the life of Cassio. The short dialogue with Iago being finished to my own and the audience's satisfaction, I retired to one of the rear wings to lie in wait for the devoted Michael, who soon made his appearance. With a desperate rush, and a frantic yell that almost burst my weak lungs, I exclaimed,

"I know his gait, 'tis he; villain, thou diest!"

My sword, unfortunately, stuck fast in my belt for some time, I all the while doing my best to unsheath it, and panting for the combat. Out came the good sword at last, when there commenced one of the most terrific sword fights that any stage ever witnessed. It was cut, hack and hew—the fiddle produced some frightful rolls on the low notes—and the audience hung breathless upon the issue. At last poor Roderigo received a home thrust, and exclaiming,

"O, I am slain,"

was in duty bound to fall and give up the ghost like a decent man. But somehow or other I had forgotten to fall at the right time, and there I stood; the sword dropped from my hand, when some one behind the scenes whispered hurriedly, "Down, down, you fool!—why don't you fall!" This brought me to a sense of my duty. Now I was always afraid of falling prostrate, as I had seen many of them do, and I had no notion of

hurting myself, if I *was* to be killed—but go I must—so bending my body and making a bow of my back, I came down gently and stretched myself at full length upon the floor.

“Oh, what a fall was *there*, my countrymen!”

At this moment out rushed Iago from his hiding place and gave poor Cassio a wound in the calf of his leg, and he fell also. But *how*, O reader, did he fall? Why he fell across poor Roderigo, who lay trembling in that ignoble position, dreading, from the proximity of Michael, that such would be the result. If there ever was a ludicrous scene on any stage, it was this. There we both lay, our legs entangled, and we transversely fixed something in the shape of a letter X. “Honest” Iago again comes in with a light, and attracted by the sound of distress, recognizes Cassio, and coolly inquires,

“What villain hath done this?”

Roderigo speaks up, when Cassio says,

“That’s one of them!”

when we were lying so close that he could chuck me under the chin! At this discovery, Iago looked down upon poor, fallen Roderigo—(I am afraid I laughed in his face as he did so)—and then putting his sword to my side, affected to run me through. This was the last stroke—thank heaven, the *last*! With a wonderful strong voice for a dying man, weak with the loss of blood, I exclaimed,

“O, damn’d Iago!—O, inhuman dog!
O, O, O!”

and said no more, dying without further trouble. Yet I do believe I died hard—no Roderigo ever more so. Not falling at the proper time in the first instance, was sufficient evidence that I was hard to kill—or else that Cassio did not sufficiently do his duty in sticking me.

But, dear reader, it *did* kill my thirst for dramatic fame. With that fall came down all the air-castles and pleasing illusions that hope had built, and “Richard was himself again.” How keenly did I feel my base position! I would have given worlds to have been away from there; even the frown of the “boss” would have appeared perfect sunshine to me, compared with the awful gaze of those thousand eyes. The audience, many thanks to them! took all in good part, and roared most lustily at our fix. It was a perfect *farce*, if I ever saw one.

Let me drop the curtain. The whole scene beggars description. There are some events in this life that cannot be adequately described, despite what people may say to the contrary, and this was one of them. Let imagination do what the pen utterly refuses to accomplish.

My unlawful acts at last came to the ears of my master, who, with a terrible anathema upon all theatres, and this one in particular, which even now seems to ring in my ears, bade me, upon pain of his everlasting displeasure, abandon theatricals from henceforth.

I have taken up with his counsel, and left the stage forever!

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”—*Samuel, 12: 23.*

Oh! they tell me not to sigh,
And they tell me not to moan;
But were all this world to die,
I would not be so alone!
He was all my sun by day,
He was all my star by night;
And, however rough the way
He was always my delight.
But he died upon my breast,
Like the first bright star of even,
When it wanes into the west,
And then melts away in Heaven.

Yes! the Spring may come again,
And embrace this little spot,
And refresh the sons of men—
But my babe will know it not!
Though the Spring should pass away,
And the Summer take its place;
And the Autumn be as gay—
I shall never see his face!
I shall never see his eyes
In the stillness of the even—
I shall meet him in the skies—
There is rest for me in Heaven.

But my sorrows soon shall cease,
And my spirit then shall be
In that BLESSED ISLE OF PEACE,
Where there is no grief, with thee!
Then persuade me not to smile,
Lest you take the wings of Morn—
Fly away to that BRIGHT ISLE
Where the Sun himself was born—
Bring me back the babe that made
All my rosy paths so even—
Bring me back the early dead—
There is rest for me in Heaven!

There is joy for those that weep—
There are joys for those that die:
There are harvests there to reap
In that heavenly world on high.
There are fields forever green
In that valley far away,
Which my blessed babe has seen,
In the SUNNY ISLES OF DAY.
Though my beating heart should break,
And its tender chords be riven
By this sorrow for thy sake—
There is rest for me in Heaven.



**PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.
BY SIGMA.**

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

XXXI.

REV. DANIEL SHARP, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE CHARLES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

REV. DANIEL SHARP, D.D., has been the pastor of the Charles Street Baptist Church, of Boston, for thirty-seven years. In these days of individuality of tastes and license in their expression, an individuality and a license of which the settled pastor of a people is not an exempted subject, when the bond of union between the shepherd and the flock hangs so loosely that any discontented spirit may slip in a wedge which will sunder it entirely; when ordinations are so common that

they fail to excite a solemn admiration, and transits of ministers are so frequent that the pastor has sunk into the evangelist, and *home* is a word of which he knows the meaning only by reference to the dictionary or to some fond remembrance of early days, scarcely seen in the twilight dimness of the distance—in times such as these it is refreshing to rest the mind on a pastorate clothed with the reverence of age and endowed with an existence commensurate with the life of its incum-

bent. But the pastoral connection of Dr. Sharp with the Charles Street Church is revered, not alone because it has numbered its thirty-seventh year. The long life of such a connection implies ability and faithfulness exercised by the one party together with appreciation and devotion returned by the other. These it implies, but these it does not necessarily involve. A pastor may be retained because the "smooth things" of his preaching have oiled away all friction between himself and his people, so that they glide on together in a state of negative quiescence, which may be likened in its apparent comfort and real honor to the sleep which besets the freezing man, and which indulged will prove the sleep of death. And a pastor may be retained because of the stupidity of his people, which dreads a change more than it realizes an evil, and prefers a lazy, though painful, endurance to an active, though joyous, separation. But in the present instance the union is built upon the pious corner-stones of fidelity and gratitude, and it will stand, "for it is founded upon a rock."—The church of Dr. Sharp love him as their spiritual father, as their faithful counsellor, as their trusted guide, as their consoler in the hour of sorrow, as their sympathizing friend in life. They ever speak of him in terms in which the dignity of respect is chastened by the grace of love.

On the other hand, he has ever preached the truth with a boldness which allows of no suspicion of a partial reservation from fear of rousing displeasure, united to a tenderness which shows that love for his people, and no ambition to display a reckless independence, moves him to the utterance of pungent and faithful appeals. Indeed, the manly boldness of this minister of truth is worthy of special regard, united as it is with an affectionate gentleness, and a discriminating delicacy, both of character and manner. Dr. Sharp is independent in his views without being self-sufficient, and bold in their utterance without being dogmatic. We think that it can be said of him, though it is a great thing to say of any man, that he never withholds the expression of what he deems true principles, and never disguises well established opinions, because his view of truth, or his opinions, may not harmonize with the views of his people or of his party. He is not governed by motives of expediency, when expediency might seem to forbid the utterance of belief. Strength of character and the spirit of a martyr, as well as clearness of apprehension and a thorough establishment in one's opinions, are required for the open manly utterance of convictions of truth, which offend the prejudices or startle the suspicions of friends and associates. But the true man has this to do, and, above all, the true preacher cannot recoil from this position. And yet the temptations to a surrender of a true independence, which press upon our clergy under the "voluntary system," are fearfully great. When a man is dependent for his daily bread upon a class, it is hard always to regard the interests of the truth as paramount to the wishes of that class. And when not only a minister's support, but his respectability and the support of a dependent family, will be endangered by the utterance of opinions, it is hard boldly to declare these opinions. Hence the proverb, "If

you can control a man's stomach, you can control the man." When we consider the weight of these temptations, it is a source of admiration and of wonder that the clergy of this country are characterized by so much boldness, independence and faithfulness. Let them be honored, cherished, loved, for these traits, and let them be encouraged by the example and the experience of their brother, whose pastoral connection, and whose boldness for the truth, have, side by side, been growing stronger and stronger for thirty-seven years.

It may not be improper, in this connection, to allude to the position taken by Dr. Sharp some years ago on the Slavery Question. He adopted anti-slavery sentiments, which are deemed by many clear-headed and true-hearted men erroneous, and styled ultra. These sentiments he boldly proclaimed and manfully defended. It is not unlikely that the unusual and high respect for his judgment was infringed upon by this course. It would be strange if this were not the result. Dr. Sharp, doubtless, anticipated it, conscious that few as highly esteem an opponent in opinion, as they do a sympathizer. But how much the truer man did he show himself to be, how much honester and nobler was his course, than if he had disguised his honest convictions from fear of differing from his brethren, or withheld their expression from the horror of a diminished reputation—ultraism is nobler than hypocrisy. The following description of John Q. Adams, if we are not mistaken, will apply to its author:

"I take it, that whether mistaken or not in his opinions, Mr. Adams never disguised them. He never tossed them from him like a ball, and seized them when they rebounded, and threw them away again, to any who might catch them, as would suit his interests. He never seemed to believe, what he did not believe. When he erred, he erred honestly; he avowed his real opinion, kept to it, and did not vacillate, inwardly laughing at those, who were so credulous as to believe, that his published professions were sincere. In the exercise of this fearless principle of integrity, he advocated the right of petition, when it was exceedingly unpopular to do so. He entered his solemn protest, and used his influence against slavery; and his last emphatic No, although it might have been regretted by some of his political friends, was proof to all, of his personal independence, and of a firmness that never allowed him to swerve from his convictions of duty. He was sincere, honest, upright, open."

This reliance upon the stability of his own convictions, rather than on the deductions of others, was early manifested. In youth he accustomed himself to reflect and examine. The circumstances which were about him favored such an education. His father was the minister of a quiet country village in England. The society gathered at his house, composed chiefly of neighboring pastors, was always open to his son, and the conversations and discussions of these educated and serious minded men, early awakened a love of knowledge, and a spirit of inquiry. Indeed, the very differences of opinion among these men of mature intellects, generated in his mind a healthy skepti-

cism, which led to a rigid scrutiny of opinion before adoption—and to the exercise of his own reason, rather than the weak dependence upon the conclusions of others.

In the retirement of his village home he had leisure also for extensive reading, and this privilege was faithfully improved. His tastes led to the selection of works of a serious and theological character, and while yet a young man he studied the system of theology held by the ministry of his acquaintance, and somewhat prevalent throughout England at that time; the distinctive doctrine of which is, that faith in Christ is not so much a reliance on his atonement for salvation—the genuineness of which must be determined by a Christian life of self-denial, deeds of charity, and love to God and man—as an inward conviction that the person himself is one of the “elect,” one of the privileged few for whom the Saviour died.

This system he regarded, after a faithful examination, as inconsistent with the teachings of revelation and with the acknowledged love and justice of God. Thus having raised himself above the limits of a creed, by the power of an independent reason and a sincere conscience, he was free to go forth over the broad field of truth, and select a belief which should be his own, suited to the wants of his own spirit, and harmonious with the teachings of his own reason. And ever since he has gone on in the course thus early commenced, searching for himself, deciding for himself, acting for himself, independent of the dogmas of a sect, until they were commended to his own unbiased judgment.

The religious character of Dr. Sharp was also developed at a very early age. He seems to have been trained up “*in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*” He was from a child seriously disposed. The prevailing tone of his thoughts was earnest. Watchfully educated by his pious parents, his Christian life seems to have commenced almost with the first unfoldings of his spiritual nature; and love to God and to humanity was awakened in his soul almost at the same time with the natural love which he bore his mother.

At an early age also was engendered that reverence for the office of a minister, and that pressing sense of the great responsibility of a religious teacher, which are now so deeply graven in his character. The following remarks will illustrate his estimation of the sanctity of the ministerial office, with special reference to the regard due a pastor by his flock. It will seem to some that their minister must be uncommonly good to bind them to their own pew when the Apostle Paul was speaking in a neighboring church:

“I have said, and I repeat it, that were I a hearer, and the Apostle Paul should come to the city, I would not leave my own chosen pastor to hear him. * I would wait till he came to the house where I worshipped, or, if he preached but once, I would persuade my own pastor and the whole church to go and hear him; but I would not leave my place to hear any one. I would thus act, not from a bigoted attachment to my own minister, nor merely to manifest for him a just respect and regard, and thus to ‘encourage him,’ but from an

undoubting conviction that I myself should be thereby more benefited. It is not something brilliant, profound or novel, coming from strange lips and accompanied by new tones and gesticulations, that can meet the real wants of the soul and give a right direction to the life; but the plain, sensible, scriptural teachings of one whom we know, whose kind attentions we share, and in whose integrity and purity of character we have entire confidence. The constant hearer of such a minister, however common he may be deemed, will make far greater progress in every thing that is truly excellent, than he who, choosing no stated place of worship, is always in quest of some uncommon preacher. Of this latter class, I have seldom known one who had attained the true end of all hearing—that of being not only a hearer, but a doer of the word.”

This realization of the sacredness of the profession was in early life so strong as well nigh to overcome his desire to assume its solemn duties. He longed to be a minister, but he shrunk from an employment to which his own ability seemed so inadequate. But before presenting the circumstances which led to his admission to the clerical profession it is well briefly to present the data of his life.*

He was born on the 25th of December, 1783, in the town of Huddersfield, County of York, in England. His father entered the ministry when a young man, but had attained his fiftieth year before he was immersed and became identified with the Baptist denomination. He was for many years pastor of a Baptist church at Forsley, near Leeds in Yorkshire, and continued his pulpit ministrations till he had numbered nearly fourscore years. Several years before he had attained his majority, the subject of this sketch united with a church of the Independents, a sect of England nearly allied, in principles of faith and of church government, with the Congregationalists of this country. Notwithstanding the seriousness of his character, and his longing to be true to his God and to do good to his fellow men, the solicitations of his friends, and the decided advice of his pastor, failed to induce him to enter upon a course of study preparatory for the ministry. As we have already stated, he longed “rightly to divide the word of truth”—but he felt that it was a fearful thing to stand up as the messenger of Heaven, to be the guiding light to immortality. Such modest caution in a young man, such an humble sense of self-unworthiness, is as beautiful as it is uncommon. It was the natural growth of the very seriousness of character and earnestness of reflection to which we have alluded. He had been working his way alone and unaided through theological difficulties, struggling up through darkness and doubt, and, by deep experience, he realized the difficulty and decided, what is truth? It was his own trials that made him modest, and his very victory which made him humble. He could think for himself, he could decide for him-

* After arrangements had been made for the preparations of this sketch, a brief biographical notice of Dr. Sharp appeared in the Baptist Memorial. From this a portion of these statistics have been obtained.

self, he had thought and decided—but it was another and a greater thing to think and decide for others. He had “worked out his own salvation with fear and trembling,” but should he attempt to guide others through the dark way of questionings, into the pure, clear, sunlight of established truth? It was when in this state of uncertainty, waiting for the guidings of Providence, that he received the offer of an excellent situation, as agent in the United States for a mercantile house. This he accepted, and arrived in New York in October of 1805. This very opening in business prepared the way for his entrance into the ministry. On board the ship was a member of the Fayette Street Baptist Church of New York, by whose kindness, and through a letter of introduction to another member of the same church, he was introduced to that circle of excellent Christians. Rev. John Williams was their spiritual guide, whose rare virtues were alluded to in the sketch of his son, Rev. William R. Williams. In a sermon delivered at the dedication of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, which was built in the same place, Dr. Sharp thus touchingly alludes to his reception, and expresses fervent admiration of his noble pastor:

“In the prospect of addressing you, remembering, that in two weeks from to-day, it would be just forty years since I first found myself a worshipper in a little frame building, where this now stands; and thinking of the noble and true-hearted men, then connected with this Church, who took me, a young stranger, by the hand, and threw around me the arms of a parental care, in regard to whom, ‘I ne’er expect to see their like again,’ I was so overwhelmed with pleasant and yet mournful recollections—that for a time I could select no subject on which to speak. But as I thought of that holy man who was then their pastor; who, although unrefined in speech, was rich in sentiment; whose words, if not musical, were never unmeaning sounds, but conveyed solid, matured and useful thoughts, the result of protracted and profound reflection; whose prudence was not surpassed by any minister I have ever known; and who was—notwithstanding an infirmity which might have excused his visiting—a most attentive pastor, teaching and praying from house to house: and then, when I remembered the week-evening lecture, and the regular prayer-meeting—and the private dwellings and halls opened for preaching and worship in the destitute sections of the city—the services being chiefly conducted by licentiates and private members of this Church—and your growth and prosperity consequent thereon—I could think of no passage so suitable to your present position as the following: ‘Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.’” * * *

“Much as I admire this house, I confess to you, that so far as my own tender and delightful emotions are concerned, I would rather have seen, and preached this morning in the little, unsightly, uncushioned, and poorly painted wooden building—with the pulpit, scarcely large enough for one minister—which stood here forty years ago. It is because there came up to my memory the forms

of living men and living women, who gave a preciousness and a glory to that house, which, in itself, was neither precious nor glorious. There were those who worshipped in it, whose works of faith, and labors of love, and patience of hope, secured for them the love and respect of all who knew them. It was owing to their spirit, their weight and excellence of character, and their co-operation with their minister in every pious and charitable labor, that this poor, little Church became rich and large, and the place too strait for them.

“What greater blessing can I ask for you, my friends, than that, like those who are mostly gone, your tempers may be so lovely, your characters so unexceptionable, and your social intercourse so affable and kind, that some one, now of your number, may, forty years hence, return on a pilgrimage of love, and say: ‘Ah! it was a beautiful house; but its greatest beauty was, its devoted and affectionate minister; and the condescending—noble-minded—and pure-hearted men and women who worshipped there—whose names and character—at this distance of time, are fragrant as incense to me. These, and not the exquisitely carved ceiling—the walls—the pews or the pulpit—with all their adornments, constituted the true glory of the place.’”

At the time of Mr. Sharp’s introduction to this church, it was distinguished for its active and systematic benevolence, a benevolence we believe ever since maintained. Its members were not satisfied with the devout hearing of the word themselves, their devoted pastor was not satisfied with that alone. Both pastor and people were zealous in dispensing the blessings they so highly valued. They went out into the highways and hedges—among the ignorant, the poor, the scattered, the forsaken—and these they taught, and clothed, and gathered, and comforted. This work of benevolence was carried on to some extent under a certain organization—one part of the system consisting in the employment of young men, who were preparing for the ministry, in preaching to the poor gathered in some humble place. It was not long ere Mr. Sharp became actively interested in these Christian labors. He conducted religious meetings among the poor, leading their devotions and instructing them in holy truths. In time he received a license to preach, that his power of doing good in this sphere of labor might be increased, yet with no design of devoting himself to the work of a pastor. But now that he had begun to teach and to preach, his self-reliance was strengthened and his love for the work enlarged. It happened that at his first ministration, after he had received the license, a merchant of piety and intelligence, now residing in New York, was present. So interested was he in the appearance and in the sermon of the young man, that he sought him out, and kindly pressed him to a renewed consideration of his duty. This entreaty was seconded by the solicitations of his pastor and other friends, and a way being opened for his honorable retirement from his business engagements, he left the mercantile profession for ever, and, in March, 1807, entered upon a regular

course of theological study under the direction of Rev. William Stoughton, D.D., of Philadelphia. The influence of this excellent divine in the formation of his character, was decided and most happy—and Dr. Sharp has ever retained for him feelings of the warmest attachment and veneration. While yet a student, the Baptist Church of Newark, New Jersey, repeatedly expressed their earnest wish that he would become their pastor—and on the 17th of May, 1809, he was ordained over that people.

In a little more than two years he sent in his resignation, though he had become strongly attached to his flock, and grieved that a separation must come to pass. But certain difficulties had arisen, which, though having no special reference to himself, seemed incapable of removal except by his resignation. In a short time he received and accepted an invitation to preach at the Third Baptist Church in Boston. There he continued until November, 1811, rather more than a year, when a call to become their pastor was given by the society without a dissenting voice. He was ordained in the following March. This was his last installation.

Since Dr. Sharp came to Boston, the great organizations for systematic benevolence, for which the churches of America are distinguished, have been established. In the formation and support of these he has borne an important part. His large-hearted benevolence led him to enlist in these enterprises, and his practical wisdom has conducted to their success. He has also interested himself very much in the poor and the outcast. To places for their relief he has contributed his rich experience and his cordial support. His ministry began among the poor, and the objects of his early devotion have never been forsaken. One or two extracts from a sermon, bearing upon this subject of benevolence, will show the spirit of their author, and at the same time serve as specimens of his style:

"I would not have you expend your zeal in making proselytes from other denominations. You have a nobler and better work in looking after those, who are connected with no Church, and who, perhaps, feel themselves that they are of no denomination. Carry out then, my brethren, the true purposes of Church organization. Go to the dwellings of the unfortunate. Seek out those who have seen better days, and are remembering, in bitterness, it may be, their father's house, and the distinction which they enjoyed in some rural village, when friends were many and fortune smiled. In their disappointment, they have hidden themselves in your great emporium, and are saying in resentment and scorn—No one now cares for us! Let them see and feel it is not so. Convince them, that there are kind and loving Christians who do care for them. Encourage in them the return of self-respect. Cause them to feel that they are men, and women, and parents—and that you are in a human sense, their brothers and sisters; and would gladly do them good. Leave them with a feeling of hope, and an impression, that if they themselves will use right endeavors, they may have friends. And with these personal

influences, surround them with the influences of God's worship. Prevail upon them to join again in public praise, and in humble earnest prayer—and to listen with others to the voice of instruction, warning and encouragement, as they had listened in other and brighter days." * * *

"It would be, in my judgment, a most happy arrangement, if, in this great city, overrun by multitudes who worship nowhere even on the Sabbath, there were more of week-evening preaching and of neighborhood meetings, and of personal Christian visitations; such as there were once among you. Surely no one need be ashamed of this work. Ashamed! Why an angel would love it. I know of no service more Christ-like—more humane—more needed—more to my own heart's feeling—or more honorable. I do not see how we can be concerned for the salvation of the Heathen on the opposite side of the globe; and yet feel and manifest so little concern for the virtuous and vicious poor, in the narrow streets and dark alleys of our own cities. O! it will be a glorious work when they are collected on the Sabbath for religious worship—not as a class, but with those who are in better circumstances. In no way, Christian brethren, can you do more good, than by pursuing with diligence, prudence and charity, such a course as will bring many of this poorer class, with others more fortunate, to this beautiful house."

As Dr. Sharp is not bounded by one class of duties in his Christian life, so, in his pulpit exercises, he does not discuss alone one class of subjects. He does not always preach dogmatic or systematic theology—neither is he ever insisting upon one narrow part of religious obligations. The subjects which he introduces into his pulpit are various and practical. He sets forth duties to be done as well as emotions to be cultivated—and presents religion as something to be loved. He thus declares his views in a published sermon:

"The religion of Christ is not a system of mere pietism, withdrawing its subjects from the duties and relations of life, and turning their thoughts exclusively upon themselves. It is a system of socialism, as well as of individualism. In other words, it teaches man his relations to society around him, as well as to his great Creator. And it defines and inculcates the duties growing out of all these different relations. He is the best Christian and most honors his profession, who is not merely remarkable for giving prominent attention to one duty, but gives a just and proportionate regard to every duty, befitting his station, circumstances and capacities. There is a wisdom in the precepts of the Gospel, as they are arranged, which, when duly considered, cannot fail to command our admiration.

"In the nearest relations, such as household ones, there is to be love as a reigning principle—kind and tender-hearted love. Because without love, there would not be the effort, the self-sacrifices, the patience, the forbearance and the gentleness, necessary to domestic peace, prosperity and happiness. Love will provide for household wants; and in return love will be confiding, submissive, deferential. While love opens the eyes

of parents to a provident care and an affectionate vigilance, in return it forms the manners of children to an amiable, pliant and respectful demeanor. In relations next to those of the family, truth, justice and equity, are to take the place of domestic love, so as to secure the fulfilment of mutual-agreement obligations. The employer and the employed need truth and equity more than tenderness, because tenderness will not of itself pay a debt, nor perform daily, self denying labor. And if it would, as the relations of life become wider and more distant, the feeling of tenderness, by a law of our nature, is weakened. Hence, those more general sentiments which human life requires are enjoined."

Again, in another discourse delivered on Fast Day, April 2d, 1846, he commences by saying :

"It is generally expected, that, on thanksgiving and fast days, discourses from the pulpit will be semi-political. It is not, however, expected, that a wise, peace-making minister will give utterance to party, but to Christian politics. He may not, without alienating the affections of his congregation and endangering his influence, use his pastoral office for purposes of political partisanship.—You need not therefore fear that your pastor, who has always been neutral here, will, at this late period of his life, become a partisan.

"But although a minister of the gospel may not, without stepping out of his place, discuss party questions; yet he may, and ought, to discuss those Christian principles which are applicable to government, its movements and measures; and as

"The pulpit is, in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause,

it should, on all moral questions, seek to give a direction to public opinion. If need be, it should stir up the public mind, in regard to long perpetuated evils. It is its province to endeavor, by reasons and appeals derived from the New Testament, to set all parties right on public morals, where many of all parties are wrong.

"In these respects, in all past times, the pulpit has done much to elevate the character and to improve the condition of Christian nations. It has taught and strenuously urged the practice of truth, justice and kindness; it has advocated the principles of civil and religious freedom; it has pleaded the cause of the poor slave; nay, it has done more than any other single instrumentality, to break the fetters of the bondman, and bid the oppressed be free. So in regard to war, it has softened the barbarities of savage warfare. It has lessened, by its gentle, yet powerful counsels, the frequency of human contests. And it bids fair, by its direct and indirect influences, to hasten on that blessed period when the nations of the earth shall learn war no more."

These specimens which have been presented will give a fair notion of Dr. Sharp's style. It will be observed that he writes with simplicity, clearness and cogency. His style is chastened and finished. He aims to express, in an unassuming manner, the thought within him. Sim-

plicity and refinement are the characteristics. His illustrations are familiar and forcible, and at the same time elegant without being often eloquent. His use of words is choice and accurate, and a poetical element is discerned in some of his prose writings.

Dr. Sharp's manner in the pulpit is very pleasing and attractive. The benevolence of his heart is revealed in the music of his modulations and in the winning effect of his delivery. He speaks with a calm deliberation, pronouncing each word fully and clearly, and while completely finishing the articulation of the one before commencing another, he does not carry distinctness to such an excess as to leave each word as it were to shift for itself, unsupported by its neighbor. He has great variety of inflection and a happy modulation. The upward inflection predominates, which gives a cheerful air to his whole delivery. In his tone of voice, pronunciation and modulation he reminds us somewhat of Dr. Orville Dewey, whose manner has been described in a former sketch, though perhaps no one else has traced a similarity. He speaks with much the same deliberation and prominent emphasis and variety of intonation.

But while there is this variety there is nothing extravagant, over-stained, or unnatural. He manifests a warm interest in his subject, which often rises into fervor, not only by emphasis and intonation, but also by forcible and frequent gestures. He manifests *vigor* in his pulpit—*vigor* of mind and of body—and *vigor* of heart also. You feel that a strong man is addressing you—one who thinks thoroughly and feels fervently. Dr. Sharp has one peculiarity. He stops when he gets through. We like him for it. The advice of Pres. Dwight to his class in elocution, consisted of two rules which he insisted upon as fundamental. 1st. If you have any thing to say, say it; and, 2d, stop when you get through. He is a rare preacher who obeys the latter. Though Dr. Sharp, we understand, usually delivers written discourses, yet there is a naturalness, freedom and earnestness in his preaching that has the appearance of being extempore. Thus does he combine the advantages of both forms, the strength and finish of preparation with the grace and directness of extempore. One peculiar action we must allude to, as it will so vividly call up his appearance before the mind of any one who has heard him. We refer to the taking off and putting on of his spectacles with a tireless repetition. This habit we would not criticise, for who, of Dr. Sharp's friends, would now be willing that he should relinquish it, if he could? We come to love the peculiarity of a friend. As he speaks one is reminded of a patriarch speaking to his children, and his children's children, with the warm sympathies of one who still retains the vivid recollection of the trials and temptations and peculiar experiences of early years, and still feels the freshness of life's green spring, at the same time conscious of the dignity of maturer years, and the rich experience of a well-spent life. Thus does he speak with dignity without assumption; with gentleness without diffidence; and with tenderness without indecision. It is the teaching of an affectionate and wise father to his child, rather

than the denunciations of a judge to a convicted culprit, or the argumentation of a logician to an assembly of awakened intellects. But while he is not always dealing out the "terrors of the law" he has none of the weak sentimentality which turns pale at an allusion to the dread retributions of iniquity, and in its horror of merited punishment would resolve all sin into an inevitable yielding to the force of circumstances. He can reason of "righteousness and a judgment to come" with a solemn power when the conscience needs to be awakened from an overpowering lithargy.

Thus we have endeavored to sketch one whose life has realized two grand ideas—the spirit of Christian charity, and Christian union. And, indeed, it would be strange if such experiences, as those we have described, had not been the germ of a rich growth of Christian charity, or if his charity had not enabled him to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of Christian union. For we have represented Dr. Sharp as one whose convictions of truth were the result of honest, and thorough investigation. And it was truth he sought, not arguments to prop up inherited opinions, but absolute verities which could satisfy the longings of his thirsty soul, which could cheer him living and console him dying. And in this very fact, that he was thus honest and thorough, lies, we believe, the secret of his charity. For none are so respectful to the opinions of others, as those who have conscientiously investigated the grounds of their own. And they who have valued truth, more than sect or the world's opinion, and who, with all the imperfections of our poor weak nature, have struggled up into what they hope is the true sunlight, if they have learned any one lesson have learned this, that erring men are at best but imperfect judges of the motives and opinions of their fellows; that where there is so much uncertainty others may be right, and, whether right or not, they may be honest. We believe that they have least charity who need it most, that often they are most opinionated who receive opinions upon trust, and that such will make up for their lack of honest and deep conviction, by the frequency and violence of their arguments, and the bitterness of their sectarian feeling. By charity we do not understand indifference to truth—an admission of the principle, that it matters not what men believe provided they be sincere. We do mean by charity, an admission of the principle that that is the best religion which makes the best man, a willingness to love and to labor with all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity; an unwillingness to treat any brother-man with coldness or distrust, because he differs in opinion. And to any one feeling thus, there will be shown by others, we think, the same charity he himself shows, and his life, instead of being a gladiatorship for sect and party, shall be a life of sympathy and love for all mankind. For you can love a man out of error nine times, where you can fight him out of it once; and, however one's opinions may differ from our own, we cannot hate him if we know that he loves us, and would do us good.

This idea of Christian union is one of the grand ideas of this wonderful age, and, though many years shall have come and gone ere its full realiza-

tion, yet have some of its blessed fruits been already reaped and garnered. It can never be realized by a subscription to a universal creed, by a doctrinal basis, but must be realized in a union of effort in good works. There be many whose heads are at utter variance, whose hearts are all united. There be many who might dispute by the hour upon plans of benevolence, who would be united as one man if a necessity for specific benevolent action became apparent. And though the church has been torn, rent by faction, and by spirit-to-carnal warfare, it is a blessed fact, that after all these differences of forms, and situations, and opinions, there does pervade every church and every Christian heart the influence of a spiritual law not less actual nor powerful than the great physical law of gravitation. And as planets that differ in glory, and comets that move in strangely eccentric orbits, and moons that differ from both, feel nevertheless the force of that great law, and as members of one great system circle around the great central sun, so does each and every member of God's spiritual system upon this earth, however different from every other, feel the force of the great law of love, and revolve around the great centre of light and truth. In the history of the continental nations, there was a period when a mighty foe, whose name seemed a synonyme with success, shook every European throne to its strong foundations, and when each separate empire seemed destined to become a part of one great empire whose head should be the Corsican Subaltern.—And then sympathy in a common danger, and hatred of a common foe, buried the remembrance of rivalry and wrong, and united the several nations of the Great Alliance. So would it be, methinks, with the several branches of the Christian church, if there was more thought upon its great mission and less upon the forms of its existence. For then should each warrior in the great Christian army, judge every other by the foe against whom he fought, and the blows he struck, rather than by the ensign above him, or the armor he wore, and the great idea of Christian union should be realized to every Christian soul, as fully as it has been to him whom we have sketched.

The following remarks will illustrate the spirit which characterises Dr. Sharp. They constitute the commencement of a speech delivered at the Anniversary of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, held at Federal Street Church, Boston, on the 15th of April last. This is an organization for the support of a ministry among the poor of that city:

"Mr. President, when I received an invitation to attend this meeting from a gentleman whom I sincerely regard, he was pleased to say, 'Though the Ministry at Large is under the management of our Unitarian churches, there is nothing sectarian in its character and objects. It aims to bring the light and truth, the consolations and peace, the regenerating and sanctifying power of the gospel of Christ into the abodes of ignorance, and poverty, and suffering, and sin.' Sir, these are worthy aims. They are such as he who made us must approve; these are objects, such as every Christian man should actively, and according to

his ability, seek to promote. Permit me to say, that I cannot withhold my sympathy from any ministry for the poor, which, rising above sectarian measures and objects, seeks to make them Christians rather than the partisans of a sect. How narrow and low would be the aim, to go among the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious, for the purpose of making them Baptists, or Methodists, or Unitarians, or Episcopalians, instead of endeavoring to make the hovels of vice, homes of virtue; and the abodes of ignorance, and irreligion, and ill-manners, the habitations of knowledge, and piety, and good behavior! Were the object of the Ministry at Large merely to build up a sect, or to increase a religious party, you would not find me here to speak in its favor, or to advocate its claims. But where the objects are to reclaim the wicked, to provide homes for the homeless, to see that truant children and youth go to school, and to induce the poor who feel themselves virtually excluded from other places, to go where worship is gratuitously provided for them—these must commend themselves to every enlightened lover of his race, and especially to every one who believes that ‘pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’ These objects commend themselves to my calmest judgment, and to my warmest affection.”

By reason of this liberality of feeling and wide-embracing charity, united to his dignity of character, urbanity of demeanor and practical wisdom, it is that Dr. Sharp has won, in an unequalled degree, the respect and love of the people of Boston throughout all denominations. As we have seen, the union between himself and his congregation is most tenacious; while the feeling of regard entertained by others amounts to no less than a suitable veneration. He is the leading spirit of the association of which he is a member—and, on occasions which unite various parties, he is usually selected as the presiding officer. He is a Trustee of Harvard University, and in a variety of ways has the confidence been manifested which is felt in him throughout the community. It was a beautiful testimony of the universal regard which he enjoys, which was revealed in the circumstances of his visit to his native land, four years since. The expenses of the journey were met by a volun-

tary contribution on the part of gentlemen of different denominations, and the clergy of the vicinity supplied his pulpit during his absence. The infrequency of such generosity imparts a rich meaning to it. Would that the inhabitants of other places were as generous as the Bostonians. Would that all places were blessed with the presence of one equally worthy of such generosity.

When Dr. Sharp presents himself before an audience one cannot but be impressed with the sanctity of his appearance. The silvery locks of age crown his head, and the lines that tell of many years are deeply traced upon his brow. “Gray hairs are a crown of glory when they are found in the way of righteousness.” His crown of glory inspires the veneration awakened by the past, while his erect and firm bearing breathe the energy of the present. You feel that an holy man of old had appeared to speak with the wisdom of a rich experience and the authority of a sanctified old age. The past and present seem united in him; aye, the future too, for the silvery hair and the furrowed brow which tell the tale of a toilsome pilgrimage remind also of the “rest which remaineth” soon to be attained and the glory soon to be revealed. It seems good to us in these days of “new measures” and “new schools,” of young seminarians and popular preachers, to hear an old man declare the truth. We know how “old ministers” are regarded, but old age is not always decrepitude, nor are “old sermons” always dry. It is the old minister, whose *heart* is young, whose locks Time has frosted, but whose impulses Time has not chilled, whose features it has stamped, but whose feelings it has not dared to touch, that we love to meet, to learn of, and to hear. Religion seems so *much* to him—for it has been his stay so long, and the promises are so rich to him, for they are soon to become realities; and the truth is so important, for his soul has been refreshed by its living waters and nourished by its living bread during so many years; and the love of God is so precious, for blessings from on high have been poured out so abundantly; and heaven is so glorious, for the music of its angel choirs is well nigh caught, and the glory of its golden streets is ready to be revealed. Beloved pastor through thirty-seven years, faithful servant of God through life, Heaven grant that thou mayst long be spared to the love of thy family, to the devotion of thy people, and to the regard of the church.



HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

A Second Visit to the United States of America. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have seen the remark made on Lyell's second book about this country, our climate, manners, government, rocks and fossil remains, that it was not equal, in point of interest, to his first "Visit;" but, if it have not the same piquancy, his last record of impressions and facts is certainly quite as valuable and will as well repay perusal. On his first visit every thing that he saw, except the rocks and the minerals, were novel to him, and his judgments and opinions were often immature and tinged by national prejudice; but now he has given a perfectly frank, candid and liberal opinion of all that he saw, and no person, however patriotic in his feelings, or tender on the point of national honor, will be likely to complain of anything which the learned traveller has said of us. His book is exceedingly readable, and the intermixture of purely scientific subjects, with remarks on manners and personal gossip, adds a new interest to his volumes. By this intermixture of subjects he gains a greater variety of readers, than he would have done if his work had been purely scientific or purely social.

In looking through these lively and candid notes we find now and then an error, such as a foreigner could not well help falling into; but, in general, they are surprisingly free from mistakes and prejudices. The author, like all Englishmen, is a great stickler for England, but he is too good and sensible a man not to confess candidly our superiority in some points, which none but a fool would think of denying.

We give the following extract from the first volume, as it contains matter of importance which it will be well to spread widely among our people. We allude particularly to the author's remarks on Literary Property, and the ill effects of wanting a law to protect the property of foreign authors as well as our own:

"May 7, 1846.—On our return to New York, we were struck with the brightness of the atmosphere in spring, arising not merely from the absence of smoke, but from the quantity of solar light as compared to England, this city being in the same latitude as Naples. The unsullied purity of the air makes gay and brilliant colors in dress and furniture appropriate.

"Every fortnight the 'Journal des Modes' is received from France, and the ladies conform strictly to the Parisian costume. Except at balls and large parties, they wear high dresses, and, as usual in mercantile communities, spare no expense. Embroidered muslin, of the finest and costliest kind, is much worn; and my wife learnt that sixteen guineas were not unfrequently given for a single pocket handkerchief. Extravagantly expensive fans, with ruby or emerald pins, are also common. I had heard it said in France that no orders sent to Lyons for the furnishing of private mansions, are on so grand a scale as some of those received from New York; and I can well believe it, for we saw many houses gorgeously fitted up with satin and velvet draperies, rich Axminster carpets, marble and inlaid tables, and large looking-glasses, the style in general being Parisian rather than English. It was much more rare here than at Boston to see a library forming part of a suite of reception-rooms, or even a single book-case in a drawing-room, nor are pictures so common here.

"In the five months since we were last in this metropolis, whole streets have been built, and several squares finished in the northern or fashionable end of the town, to which the merchants are now resorting, leaving the business end, near the Battery, where they formerly lived. Hence there is a constant increase of omnibuses passing through Broadway, and other streets running north and south. Groups of twelve of these vehicles may be seen at once, each with a single driver, for wages are too high to support a cad. Each omnibus has an opening in the roof, through which the money is paid to the coachman. We observed, as one woman after another got out, any man sitting near the door, though a stranger, would jump down to hand her out, and, if it was raining, would hold an umbrella over her, frequently offering, in that case, to escort her to a shop, atten-

tions which are commonly accepted and received by the women as matters of course.

"All the streets which cross Broadway, run east and west, and are numbered, so that they have now arrived at 146th street—a mode of designating the different parts of the metropolis worthy of imitation on both sides of the Atlantic, since experience has now proved that there is in the Anglo-Saxon mind an inherent poverty of invention in matters of nomenclature. For want of some municipal regulations like those of New York, the same names are indefinitely multiplied in every great city, and letters, after wandering over all the streets bearing the same appellation, to the infinite inconvenience and cost of the post-office, are at length received, if haply they ever reach their destination, long after they are due.

"The low island on which New York is built, is composed of granite and gneiss covered with 'drift' and boulders. The original surface being very uneven, the municipality has fixed upon a certain grade or level to which all heights must be lowered by blasting the rocks or by carting away the gravel, and up to which all the cavities must be raised. Besides other advantages of this leveling process, the ground is said to become more healthy and free from malaria, there being no longer any stagnant pools of water standing in the hollows.

"May 10.—Paid a visit to Mr. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, at his delightful residence on the banks of the Hudson, north of Bloomingdale. His son had just returned from Texas, where he had been studying the natural history of that country, especially the mammalia, and was disappointed at the few opportunities he had enjoyed of seeing the wild land quadrupeds in a state of activity, so as to observe their habits. I told him I had been equally surprised at the apparent scarcity of this tribe in the native forests of the United States. This whole class of animals, he said, ought to be regarded as properly nocturnal; for not merely the feline tribe and the foxes, the weasels and bats, shun the daylight, but many others feed partly by night, most of the squirrels and bears, for example. The ruminants no doubt are an exception, yet even the deer and the buffalo, like the wild horse, travel chiefly in the night.

"From Mr. Audubon's I went to Highbridge, where the Croton water is made to play for the amusement of visitors, and is thrown up in a column to the height of 120 feet.

"I went also to see the reservoir, inclosing an area of no less than thirty-six acres, from which the water is distributed to all parts of New York. In this artificial lake all the river sediment is deposited, the basin being divided into two parts, so that one may be cleaned out while the other is in use.—The tunnel or pipe conveying the water for a distance of more than thirty miles, from the source to the Harlem River, is so large, that the chief engineer and commissioners of the works were able to float down it in a flat-bottomed boat when it was first opened, in July, 1842.

"While at New York, we were taken by our literary friend, Mr. Cogswell, over the printing and publishing establishment of the Harpers, the largest in America, and only surpassed, in the scale of its operations, by two or three in Great Britain. They give employment to three hundred men, manufacture their own types and paper, and have a 'bookbindery' under the same roof; for, in order to get out, with the utmost dispatch, the reprints of foreign works not entitled to copyright, they require to be independent of all aid from other traders. We were shown a fire-proof vault, in which stereotype plates, valued at 300,000 dollars, are deposited. In one of the upper stories a long line of steam-presses was throwing off sheets of various works, and the greater number were occupied with the printing of a large illustrated Bible, and Morse's Geography for the use of schools. In 1845, the Harpers sold two millions of volumes, some of them, it is true, being only styled numbers, but these often contain a reprint of an entire English novel, originally published in two or three volumes, at the cost of a guinea and a half, the same being sold here for one or two shillings. Several of Bulwer's tales are among these, 40,000 copies of his 'Last of the Barons' having just issued from this house. It may, indeed, be strictly said of English writers in general, that they are better known in America than in Europe.

"Of the best English works of fiction, published at thirty-one shillings in England, and for about sixpence here, it is estimated that about ten times as many copies are sold in the United States as in Great Britain; nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that day laborers in an American village often purchase a novel by Scott, Bulwer, or Dickens, or a popular history, such as Alison's Europe (published at

thirteen pounds in England and sixteen shillings in America) and read it at spare moments, while persons in a much higher station in England are debarred from a similar intellectual treat by considerations of economy.

"It might have been apprehended that, where a daily newspaper can be bought for a halfpenny, and a novel for sixpence, the public mind would be so taken up with politics and light reading, that no time would be left for the study of history, divinity, and the graver periodical literature. But, on the contrary, experience has proved that, when the habit and facility of reading has been acquired by the perusal even of trashy writings, there is a steady increase in the number of those who enter on deeper subjects. I was glad to hear that, in proportion as the reading public augments annually, the quality of the books read is decidedly improving. About four years ago, 40,000 copies were printed of the ordinary common-place novels published in England, of which sort they now only sell about 8000.

"It might also have been feared that the cheapness of foreign works unprotected by copyright, would have made it impossible for native authors to obtain a price capable of remunerating them highly, as well as their publishers. But such is not the case. Very large editions of Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' and of his 'Mexico' and 'Peru,' have been sold at a high price; and when Mr. Harper stated to me his estimate of the original value of the copyright of these popular works, it appeared to me that an English author could hardly have obtained as much in his own country. The comparative cheapness of American books, the best editions of which are by no means in small print, seems at first unintelligible, when we consider the dearness of labor, which enters so largely into the price of printing, paper, and binding. But, first, the number of readers, thanks to the free-schools, is prodigiously great, and always augmenting in a higher ratio even than the population; and, secondly, there is a fixed determination on the part of the people at large to endure any taxation, rather than that which would place books and newspapers beyond their reach. Several politicians declared to me that not only an income tax, but a window tax, would be preferred; and 'this last' said they, 'would scarcely shut out the light from a greater number of individuals.' The duty on paper, in the United States, is trifling, when compared to that paid in Great Britain. Mr. Chambers informs us, that the Government duty of 5000*l.*, paid by him for his Miscellany, in twenty volumes, was equal in amount to the whole profits of that publication.—The cost of advertisements, in America, is also small. One of my American friends sent over to a London publisher 250 copies of his work, charging him 4*s.* 6*d.* each. After paying entrance duties, and necessary outlay for advertisements in London, and the agency, it was found that the price must be as high as 16*s.*

"The party who are in favor of an international copyright between England and the United States, seems to be steadily gaining strength among the booksellers, publishers, and authors, although the editors of newspapers and their readers may perhaps oppose the measure for some time. The number of reprisals now made by English speculators are very numerous. According to a statement lately presented to Congress by Mr. Jay, of New York, there are about 600 original American works 'pirated' in Great Britain: or, to speak more correctly, while the law remains in its present state, reprinted without leave of their American authors, or any pecuniary acknowledgment to them.

"Many are of opinion that the small print of cheap editions in the United States, will seriously injure the eyesight of the rising generation, especially as they often read in railway cars, devouring whole novels, printed in newspapers, in very inferior type. Mr. Everett, speaking of this literature, in an address to the students of Harvard College, said, 'If cheap it can be called, which begins by costing a man his eyes, and ends by perverting his taste and morals.'

"As an illustration of the mischievous tendency of the indiscriminate reading of popular works by the multitude, when the higher classes and clergy can exert little or no control in the selection of the books read, the wonderful success of Eugene Sue's 'Wandering Jew' was pointed out to me by many, with no small concern. This led me to ask Mr. Harper how many copies he had disposed of, and he answered, '50,000, issued in different shapes, and at various prices.' It had so often been thrust into my hands in railway cars, and so much talked of, that, in the course of my journey, I began to read it in self-defense; and, having begun, could not stop till I had finished the whole, although the style of the original loses half its charms in an imperfect translation. 'Le vieux dragon,' for example, is always rendered the 'old dragon,' instead of 'dragon,' and the poetry of a brilliant passage is nearly destroyed by 'defense' being translated 'defense,' instead of 'barrier,' with other blunders equally unpardonable. Yet the fascination of the

original, and its power to fix the attention, triumph over these disadvantages, and over the violence done to probability in the general plot, and over the extravagance of many of its details. The gross, sensual, and often licentious descriptions in which the author indulges, in some scenes, and still more, such sentimental immorality as is involved in the sympathy demanded for Harty's love and intrigue with a married woman (he being represented as the model of high-minded philanthropist,) make one feel the contrast of such a work with the chaste and pure effusions of Scott's genius. Yet there is much pure feeling, many touches of tenderness in the tale, and many passages fitted to awaken our best affections. Even the false political economy bordering on communism, is redeemed by the tendency of the book to excite sympathy for the sufferings, destitution, and mental degradation of the poor. The dramatic power displayed in many scenes, is of a high order; as when the Jesuit Rodin, receiving his credentials from Rome, is suddenly converted into the superior of the haughty chief to whom he had been previously the humble secretary, and where Dagobert's wife, under the direction of her confessor, refuses, in opposition to a husband whom she loves and respects, to betray the place of concealment of two young orphans, the victims of a vile conspiracy. In this part of the narrative, moreover, the beauty of the devotional character of the female mind is done full justice to, while the evils of priestly domination are exhibited in their true colors. The imprisonment of a young girl, of strong mind and superior understanding, in a madhouse, until she is worked upon almost to doubt her own sanity, are described with much delicacy of feeling and pathos, and make the reader shudder at the facility with which such institutions, if not subject to public inspection, may be, and have been abused.

"The great moral and object of the whole piece, is to expose the worldly ambition of the Romanist clergy, especially of the Jesuits, and the injury done, not only to the intellectual progress of society at large, but to the peace and happiness of private families, by their perpetual meddling with domestic concerns. That the shafts of this satire have not missed their aim, has been proved, among other evidences, by its having been thought politic, even in England, to circulate, chiefly, it is said, among the Irish Catholics, an 'Adaptation of the Wandering Jew, from the original of Eugene Sue.' In this singular re-cast of the French romance, which I have perused, the Russian police is every where substituted for the Jesuits, and Rodin becomes the tool of the Czar, intriguing in French politics, instead of the servant of the successor of Ignatius Loyola. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the good preponderates over the evil, in the influence exerted on the million, even by such a romance. It has a refining rather than a corrupting effect, and may lead on to the study of works of a more exalting character. The great step is gained, when the powers of the imagination have been stimulated and the dormant and apathetic mind awakened and lifted above the prosaic monotony of every-day life.

"May 9.—Called with a letter of introduction on Mr. Gallatin, well known by a long and distinguished career in political life. As a diplomatist in London, he negotiated the original Oregon treaty with Great Britain; and has now, at the age of eighty-two, come out with several able and spirited pamphlets, to demonstrate to his countrymen that their national honor would not be compromised by accepting the terms offered by the British Cabinet. Being at the same time an experienced financier, he has told them plainly, if they will go to war, how much it will cost them annually, and what taxes they should make up their minds to submit to cheerfully, if they would carry on a campaign with honor and spirit against such an enemy.

"In the course of conversation I found that Mr. Gallatin was of opinion that the indigenous civilization of several Indian tribes, and of the Mexicans and Peruvians among others, was mainly due to the possession of a grain so productive, and, when dried in the sun, so easily kept for many years, as the maize or Indian corn. The potato, which, when healthy, can rarely be stored up and preserved till the next harvest, may be said, on the contrary, to be a food on which none but an improvident race would lean for support. 'I have long been convinced,' said Mr. Gallatin, 'that the Indian corn has also given a powerful impulse to the rapid settlement of the whites in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other western states. In one of my first excursions to the west, I saw a man felling trees in March, who when I returned in October, had harvested a crop of Indian corn, grown on the very spot. He had also the leaves and the stems of the plant to serve for winter fodder for his cattle.—He was an emigrant, newly arrived, and entirely without the capital indispensable to enable him to cultivate wheat, which must have been twelve or thirteen months in the ground before it could be reaped.' "

The Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observations of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery, (which he never meant to be published on any account.) By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. No. 3.

We have already given a notice of Wiley's handsome republication of this delightful story, in shilling parts, and we now desire to call attention to a rival edition, with plates, good enough for reading, by Lea & Blanchard at five cents. The story itself, although but just begun, has already created a very lively interest, and the adventures of the hero, still in his childhood at boarding school, are read with as much eagerness as though he were some well known public character. It would be a work of supererogation to praise or criticize the productions of Dickens at this day, or even to quote from his last work a specimen of his manner; but we cannot refrain from extracting the touching, simple and tender account of the death and burial of the boy-hero's mother, which cannot fail to bring tears into the eyes of all who have experienced such a loss.

"We stand around the grave. The day seems different to me from every other day, and the light not of the same color—of a sadder color. Now there is a solemn hush, which we have brought from home with what is resting in the mould; and while we stand bare-headed, I hear the voice of the clergyman, sounding remote in the open air, and yet distinct and plain, saying: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord!' Then I hear sob; and, standing apart among the lookers-on, I see that good and faithful servant, whom of all the people upon earth I love the best, and unto whom my childish heart is certain that the Lord will one day say: 'Well done.'

"There are many faces that I know, among the little crowd; faces that I knew in church, when mine was always wondering there; faces that first saw my mother, when she came to the village in her youthful bloom. I do not mind them—I mind nothing but my grief!—and yet I see and know them all; and even in the background, far away, see Minnie looking on, and her eye glancing on her sweetheart, who is near me.

"It is over, and the earth is filled in, and we turn to come away. Before us stands our house, so pretty and unchanged, so linked in my mind with the young idea of what is gone, that all my sorrow has been nothing to the sorrow it calls forth. But they take me on; and Mr. Chillip talks to me; and when we get home, puts some water to my lips; and when I ask his leave to go up to my room, dismisses me with the gentleness of a woman.

"All this, I say, is yesterday's event. Events of later date have floated from me to the shore where all forgotten things will reappear, but this stands like a high rock in the ocean.

"I knew that Peggotty would come to me in my room. The Sabbath stillness of the time (the day was so like Sunday! I have forgotten that) was suited to us both. She sat down by my side upon my little bed; and holding my hand, and sometimes putting it to her lips, and sometimes smoothing it with hers, as she might have comforted my little brother, told me, in her way, all that she had to tell concerning what had happened.

"She was never well," said Peggotty, "for a long time. She was uncertain in her mind, and not happy. When her baby was born, I thought at first she would get better, but she was more delicate, and sunk a little every day. She used to like to sit alone before her baby came, and then she cried; but afterwards she used to sing to it—so soft, that I once thought, when I heard her, it was like a voice up in the air, that was rising away.

"I think she got to be more timid, and more frightened-like, of late; and that a hard word was like a blow to her. She never changed to her foolish Peggotty, didn't my sweet girl."

"Here Peggotty stopped, and softly beat upon my hand a little while.

"The last time that I saw her like her own old self, was the night when you came home, my dear. The day you went away, she said to me, 'I never shall see my pretty darling again. Something tells me so, that tells the truth, I know.'

"She tried to hold up after that; and many a time, when they told her she was thoughtless and light-hearted, made believe to be so; but it was all a bygone then. She never told her husband what she had told me—she was

afraid of saying it to anybody else—till one night, a little more than a week before it happened, when she said to him, 'My dear, I think I am dying.'

"It's off my mind now, Peggotty," she told me, when I laid her in her bed that night. "He will believe it more and more, poor fellow, every day for a few days to come; and then it will be past. I am very tired. If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep; don't leave me. God bless both my children! God protect and keep my fatherless boy!"

"I never left her afterwards," said Peggotty. "She often talked to them two down stairs—for she loved them, she couldn't bear not to love any one who was about her—but when they went away from her bedside, she always turned to me, as if there was rest where Peggotty was, and never fell asleep in any other way.

"On the last night, in the evening, she kissed me, and said: 'If my baby should die too, Peggotty, please let them lay him in my arms, and bury us together.' (It was done; for the poor lamb lived but a day beyond her.) "Let my dearest boy go with us to our resting-place," she said, "and tell him that his mother, when she lay there, blessed him not once, but a thousand times."

"Another silence followed this, and another gentle beating on my hand.

"It was pretty far in the night," said Peggotty, "when she asked me for some drink; and when she had taken it, gave me such a patient smile, the dear!—so beautiful!"

"Daybreak had come, and the sun was rising, when she said to me, how kind and considerate Mr. Copperfield had always been to her, and how he had borne with her, and told her, when she doubted herself, that a loving heart was better and stronger than wisdom, and that he was a happy man in hers. "Peggotty, my dear," she said then, "put me nearer to you," for she was very weak. "Lay your good arm underneath my neck," she said, "and turn me to you, for your face is going far away and I want it to be near."

I put it as she asked; and, oh Davy! the time had come when my first parting words to you were true—when she was glad to lay her poor head on her stupid cross old Peggotty's arm—and she died like a child that had gone to sleep!"

This ended Peggotty's narration. From the moment of my knowing of the death of my mother, the idea of her as she had been of late had vanished from me. I remembered her, from that instant, only as the young mother of my earliest impressions, who had been used to wind her bright curls round and round her finger, and to dance with me at twilight in the parlor. What Peggotty had told me now, was so far from bringing me back to the later period, that it rooted the earlier image in my mind. It may be curious, but it is true. In her death she winged her way back to her calm untroubled youth, and cancelled all the rest.

"The mother who lay in the grave, was the mother of my infancy; the little creature in her arms, was myself, as I had once been, hushed for ever on her bosom."

History of the National Constituent Assembly, from May, 1848. By J. F. Corkran, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THIS is a timely and valuable publication, and the perusal of its pages will be of very great service to those who wish to keep *au fait* with all the political movements in France at the present time. The author was a spectator of the scenes he describes, and had personal opportunities of knowing the men who are noticed for the part they took in the great revolutionary struggles in France during the past year. The newspapers give us nothing more than the names and acts of a few of the prominent members of the Constituent Assembly, but Mr. Corkran has, in the work before us, given portraits of all the men who in any manner took a part in the great political tragedy of the past year. We have not room to notice it at greater length this month, but we can safely recommend it as a remarkable and interesting work to the historical reader and the political philosopher.

The Magic of Kindness; or, the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan. By the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Kearny Meadows. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THE Brothers Mayhew are witty and good humored satirists, who write pleasingly and convey their profound lessons of life in seemingly light, fictitious and childish

fables. But we are very sure that there have been few didactic books published, from which a greater amount of practical good sense can be extracted than from their productions. The title of the book under review tells with sufficient clearness its aim and teaching. They are to show the power of kindness in overcoming evil. The illustrations are from the two best moral artists in Europe, Cruikshank and Meadows.

A Lift for the Lazy. G. P. Putnam. New York: 1849.

THE lame and the lazy are always provided for, says the old proverb, and the nameless author of the neatly printed little volume which Mr. Putnam has just published, under the queer title of a "Lift for the Lazy," makes provision for one half of the *mauvais sujets* who will not or cannot provide for themselves, and the provision is very good, too, what there is of it. The book we understand is a part compilation from other compiles, by a lawyer of New York, who, probably, had nothing better to do and was not content to do nothing. It is a small conversations Lexicon which will prove a little mine of information to lazy, yet ambitious people who

— Pick up wit as pigeons pease
And utter it again when Jove doth please.

But, for the bookworm or the scholar, it will not prove a work of much value. It is a good pocket volume for warm weather travelling, and the author's own doings will be found not the least valuable part of the "Lift."

Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By Washington Irving. New York: George P. Putnam. 1849.

A NEW work by Irving, and on such a genial subject as Goldsmith, is a literary god-send to readers of every kind. To review such a work would be an impertinence, for the author of it is already classed among the classics, and the better way, and the fairer will be to give a sample of it by way of a taste of a dish which every one will sure to feed on. We extract the following account of his visit to Miss Horneck:

"A few particulars have reached us concerning Goldsmith while on this happy visit. We believe the legend has come down from Miss Mary Horneck herself. 'While at Barton,' she says, 'his manners were always playful and amusing, taking the lead in promoting any scheme of innocent mirth, and usually prefacing the invitation with 'Come, now, let us play the fool a little.' At cards, which was commonly a round game, and the stake small, he was always the most noisy, affected great eagerness to win, and teased his opponents of the gentler sex with continual jest and banter on their want of spirit in not risking the hazards of the game. But one of his most favorite enjoyments was to romp with the children, when he threw off all reserve, and seemed one of the most joyous of the group.

"One of the means by which he amused us was his songs, chiefly of the comic kind, which were sung with some taste and humor: several, I believe, were of his own composition, and I regret that I neither have copies, which might have been readily procured from him at the time, nor do I remember their names."

"His perfect good humor make him the object of tricks of all kinds; often in retaliation of some prank which he himself had played off. Unluckily, these tricks were sometimes made at the expense of his toilet, which, with a view peradventure to please the eye of a certain fair lady, he had

again enriched to the impoverishment of his purse. 'Being at all times gay in his dress,' says this ladylike legend, 'he made his appearance at the breakfast-table in a smart black silk coat with an expensive pair of ruffles; the coat some one contrived to soil, and it was sent to be cleansed; but, either by accident, or probably by design, the day after it came home, the sleeves became daubed with paint, which was not discovered until the ruffles also, to his great mortification, were irretrievably disfigured.

"He always wore a wig, a peculiarity which those who judge of his appearance only from the fine poetical head of Reynolds would not suspect; and on one occasion some person contrived seriously to injure this important adjunct to dress. It was the only one he had in the country, and the misfortune seemed irreparable until the services of Mr. Bunbury's valet were called in, who, however, performed his functions so indifferently, that poor Goldsmith's appearance became the signal for a general smile.'

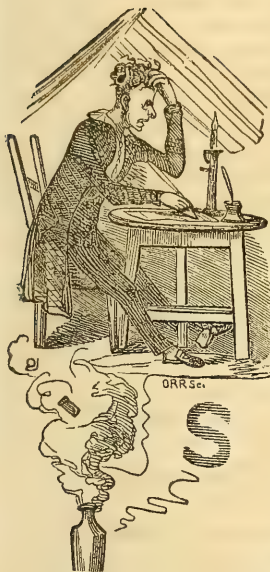
"This was wicked waggery, especially when it was directed to mar all the attempts of the unfortunate poet to improve his personal appearance, about which he was at all times dubiously sensitive, and particularly when among the ladies.

"We have in a former chapter recorded his unlucky tumble into a fountain at Versailles, when attempting a feat of agility in presence of the fair Hornecks. Water was destined to be equally baneful to him on the present occasion. 'Some difference of opinion,' says the fair narrator, 'having arisen with Lord Harrington respecting the depth of a pond, the poet remarked that it was not so deep but that, if any thing valuable was to be found at the bottom, he would not hesitate to pick it up. His lordship, after some banter, threw in a guinea; Goldsmith, not to be outdone in this kind of bravado, in attempting to fulfil his promise without getting wet, accidentally fell in, to the amusement of all present, but persevered, brought out the money, and kept it, remarking that he had abundant objects on whom to bestow any farther proofs of his lordship's whim or bounty.'

"All this is recorded by the beautiful Mary Horneck, the Jessamy Bride herself: but while she gives these amusing pictures of poor Goldsmith's eccentricities, and of the mischievous pranks played off upon him, she bears unqualified testimony, which we have quoted elsewhere, to the qualities of his head and heart, which shone forth in his countenance, and gained him the love of all who knew him.

"Among the circumstances of this visit vaguely called to mind by this fair lady in after years, was that Goldsmith read to her and her sister the first part of a novel which he had in hand. It was doubtless the manuscript mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, on which he had obtained an advance of money from Newbery to stave off some pressing debts, and to provide funds for this very visit. It never was finished. The bookseller, when he came afterwards to examine the manuscript, objected to it as a mere narrative version of the Good-Natured Man. Goldsmith, too easily put out of conceit of his writings, threw it aside, forgetting that this was the very Newbery who kept his Vicar of Wakefield by him nearly two years through doubts of its success. The loss of the manuscript is deeply to be regretted; it doubtless would have been properly wrought up before given to the press, and might have given us new scenes in life and traits of character, while it could not fail to bear traces of his delightful style. What a pity he had not been guided by the opinions of his fair listeners at Bartod, instead of that of the astute Mr. Newbery!"

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



UMMER complaints were never so rife, so sad, so numerous, and so universal, as since the hot weather of June set in, when the first case of Cholera occurred among us and consternation spread faster than the desolating pestilence over the whole country. The complaints have come from all sorts of people, and they have reached into all families and touched all hearts. It would be difficult to find an individual in the whole union who has not suffered in his affections or his business, and with too many of our

people these are convertible terms, by the sweeping calamity which has visited us. In this universal wail of affliction, it would be unbecoming to indulge in querulous complaints on matters of minor importance, and we will neither utter complaints ourselves against some of those who have misused us, nor believe that our own short comings will be complained of by our friends. We must not be too particular in times like these, but trustingly take things as they come and hopefully look for better times which are surely coming.

We have one complaint to notice which we would willingly let slide, if the subject had not been an occasion for an ungenerous fling towards the proprietor of the Magazine by some of our brethren of the periodical press, from whom we might well expect better usage. Some two or three months since the following card appeared in the columns of a Philadelphia newspaper, which, in justice to all parties concerned, we feel ourselves bound to copy:

"In January last I commenced writing a story for 'Holden's Magazine,' entitled 'The Atheist, or True and False Religion.' Holden's Magazine was then indebted to me, and continued so during the publication of my first chapters.

"I wished to be paid what was due me, and obtained a promise to that effect from the New York agent of the Magazine. This promise was not fulfilled; consequently I, in writing to the publishers, notified them that I should withhold copy until I received what was due.

"The next notice I received, was the discovery, in Holden's Magazine for July, of a 'conclusion' of my story by some other hand, in which profanity and immorality struggled with ignorance for the mastery.

"I wrote the first chapters, published heretofore, of this story, and was prepared to finish it, had the agreement of the publisher been kept, Holden's Magazine is indebted to me, as an author, something short of fifty dollars—a small sum, but something to one who lives by his pen. I refused to furnish the story until paid what was due.

"Now the matter is in a nut-shell. It has too long been the practice for men who live by the brains of others, to look upon authors as so much raw material, to be used up for the interest of publishers. This Holden's Magazine has now the effrontery, not only to garble and maltreat my article, but to introduce into what appears my writing, the most shameful profanity and vulgarity.

"I, as an author, protest against this as unjust and atrocious. It is enough for our writers to be robbed and oppressed, without being held up as examples of bad grammar and worse morality. It is enough that they are subject to the dictation of ignorant and unprincipled literary pirates, without being forced to walk abroad with their master's arms, the skull and cross-bones, on their foreheads.

"It is true, that with the customary humility of a poor American author, I can bear to be cheated, and will patiently allow my nose to be held to the publisher's grindstone—but, as a man, I protest against partaking in the iniquities of those who 'make books to sell.'

"This last act of the autocrats of American literature is a step beyond the impudence of former ones. It is now evident that one of the 'tribe' may engage an author, filch him of a portion of his brains, and then, if he venture to protest against farther extortion, stab his character, by making him the putative sire of literary illegitimates.

"I trust, in conclusion, that those newspapers which have done me the honor of copying the first chapters of 'The Atheist,' will, in copying the 'conclusion,' have the kindness to append, 'Not by

A. J. H. DUGANNE,'"

In reply to this matter, the gentleman to whom Mr. Holden entrusted the business affairs of the Magazine drew up the following simple statement of facts, which give a different aspect to Mr. Duganne's story:

"It becomes necessary, for the reputation of our Magazine, to expose the falsehoods it contains and give the reasons, which we deem sufficient and justifiable, for engaging another writer to finish the story, of which a part had been furnished by Mr. A. J. H. Duganne.

"In the first place the present agent of the Magazine is not aware of any indebtedness to Mr. Duganne, previous to his commencing the story of the 'Atheist,' nor has he rendered any account of such indebtedness, nor was there any promise made to pay any money till the story was completed, and it is one of our business rules not to pay for any articles for the Magazine before they are finished.

"About two months since Mr. Duganne, without any authority to do so, drew a draft on the Magazine for twenty five dollars, the payment of which was refused on the ground that, as his story was not finished, there was nothing due. He was at a subsequent time in the city and called at our office, and promised to finish the story for the next number of the Magazine, without any stipulation that he was to be paid for so doing before its completion. We would also state that since the first chapters of the story were furnished, we have been subjected to the most vexatious delay and trouble by his not sending on copy in time. We have written to him several times each month begging him to send on copy earlier, and the Magazine has been delayed a week later than its regular time of issuing each month since his story commenced, in consequence, to its serious injury; and the damage thus sustained by his negligence is more than double his alleged indebtedness of the Magazine to

him. Had he finished his story the amount then due him would have been paid; but his refusal to finish it, and the trouble and damage sustained by his delays, have abolished any claims to compensation for this article. If he has any previous demands against the Magazine he has only to send in his account, and, if it is a just one, it will be promptly paid.

"His tirade and invective against publishers we consider ungentlemanly and not worthy of notice, and are quite willing our readers shall judge whether there is more profanity, vulgarity and ignorance, displayed in the conclusion than in the previous chapters of the story—or more than was necessary for a faithful continuation of characters conceived by his own brain. It will also be observed that Mr. Duganne's name appears in full to such parts of the story as he has written, and in the conclusion it is left out, so that we have not made him appear, as he terms it, "the putative sire of literary illegitimates." In conclusion, we would say that his refusal to finish the story left us no alternative but that of employing another writer to do it; and, taking all the facts which we have stated into consideration, we think we have done him no injustice—let the public to whom he has appealed decide."

The facts stated above, will, in the minds of all judicious people, we think, be a sufficient apology for the course pursued towards Mr. Duganne. If publishers are sometimes unjust towards authors, it must be borne in mind that authors are often grossly unjust towards publishers, by beginning a story and failing to complete it according to a specified time, as in the case of Mr. Duganne, who, on the presentation of his claims, was paid in full, and we have his receipt therefor. If delinquent authors were more frequently treated in the manner in which Mr. Duganne was, they would be rather more careful when they undertook a story for a magazine to complete it according to agreement.

We have never received a line of complaint against the concluding part of the *Atheist*, and we believe that no one would have known that it was not completed by the writer who commenced it, if Mr. Duganne had not, himself, published the fact. As the matter stands Mr. Duganne has been well paid for writing the first part of a story (always the easiest as every one knows) without being put to the trouble of completing it. There are many authors who would be glad to get rid of the trouble of furnishing the denouements of their novels, and who would never think of grumbling, as Mr. Duganne has done, at the favor conferred upon them.

WAIFF'S OF BEAUTY.—No. I.

DEAR HOLDEN.—One of the prettiest poems ever published in your Magazine, appeared in your last number, entitled "Canzonet to Myra," by Dr. T. H. Clivers, of this State. I send you another by the same author, and one of the finest Lyrics ever written by any American Poet—or, I may say, English. Its rhythm and artistical beauties are perfect, and an evidence of the highest order of genius. I cut it from the "Gazette," as it is worthy of preservation in the columns of your valuable Magazine. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Yours, cordially, PHILOMELA.

GEORGIANA.

BY EUGENE PERCY, M.D.

On the banks of the Savannah

Long time ago,

Dwelt the maiden, Georgiana,

Free from all woe;

For she was my soul's Susannah,*

Ready to blow,

On the banks of the Savannah,

Long time ago.

Sing, *ho, ho, ho,*

For my gentle Georgiana,

Long time ago.

Pure as snow on Himalayah,

In the sun's glow,

Was this beautiful bright Baya,†

Bird white as snow;

For she made, in life's Saharah,

Green grass to grow,

Blooming there, like the Elcaya,‡

Long time ago.

Sing, *ho, ho, ho,*

For that beautiful bright Baya,

Long time ago.

Warmer than the south in summer,

Was her heart's glow,

When to mine she used to murmur

Love's words so low;

Torn, alas! by sorrow from her,

Whom I loved so,

Making winter of my summer,

Long time ago!

Sing, *ho, ho, ho,*

For that beautiful bright summer,

Long time ago.

Like two violets in the morning,

Dewed as they blow,

Were her blue eyes ever burning

In her soul's glow.

Ah! the world she was adorning

Mourns for her now,

As it did for her returning,

Long time ago!

Sing, *ho, ho, ho*

For that lily of the morning,

Long time ago.

While the Moon, in her first quarter,

Meekly did glow,

At her image in the water,

Like lurid snow,

Lay Astarte, Heaven's sweet daughter,

On her couch low,

Like the young lamb for the slaughter,

Long time ago.

Sing, *ho, ho, ho,*

For the death of Heaven's sweet daughter

Long time ago.

Flown to Heaven is that bright Baya,

Bird white as snow;

By the cypress wells of Marah,||

Lonely I go!

Who can make, in life's Saharah,

Green grass to grow,

Like that beautiful bright Baya,

Long time ago.

Sing, *ho, ho, ho,*

For the loss of my Elcaya,

Long time ago.

† The Baya is a beautiful bird of Hindostan.

‡ The Elcaya is a beautiful odoriferous flower, growing on the Hills of Yemen.

|| Marah means bitterness.

* Susannah means the Lily.

THE progress of the cholera, the fall of Roman republicanism, the victories of the Magyars, and the successes of the California gold hunters, have been the chief topics of the month. The latter topic has carried it, however above all others, and if we could record the hundredth part of what has been said, written, and done about California, we should put little else into our Magazine. The greater part of the letter writers from the Californian region appear to be seized with a kind of wild enthusiasm the moment they set out on their golden expeditions, which leads to such a turmoil of ideas that they cannot write an intelligible account of what they see and do. At last, Mr. Bayard Taylor, a letter-writer by trade, a keen observer and humorist, has happily gone to the gold regions on purpose to write of things as they actually are, and we shall very soon have some clear daguerrotypic views of California. His latest published letter was written at Panama, and to show the clearness, vividness, and understandableness of his narrative style, we copy a part of his description of the passage across the Isthmus, which has been so variously described by hundreds of pens:

"There is nothing in the world comparable to these forests. No description that I have ever read conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad, and with a swift current of the sweetest water I ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal Summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore and the superb palm. Plantains take root in the banks, hiding the soil with their leaves, shaken and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The zapote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the North, are mingled with the leaves, and flocks of paroquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves, and sometimes the creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half way across the river. Every turn of the stream only disclosed another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp, clear lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain reels with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed forever.

"At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we reached Gatun, a small village of huts, made of cane and thatched with palm-leaves, on the right bank of the river. The canoes which preceded us had already stopped, and the boatmen, who all have a mutual understanding, had decided to remain all night. We ejected our worthless passenger on landing, notwithstanding his passive resistance, and engaged a new boatman in his place, at \$3. I shall never forget the forlorn look of the man as he sat on the bank beside his bag of rice and

dried pork as the rain began to fall. Ambrosio took us to one of the huts, engaged supper for us and hammocks for the night, and we walked about the village till dark. Two wooden drums in one of the huts, beaten by boys, gave signs of a coming fandango, and, as it was Sunday night, all the natives were out in their best dresses. They are a very cleanly people, bathing daily, and changing their dresses as often as they are soiled. The children have their heads shaved from the crown to the neck, and as they go about naked, with abdomens unnaturally distended, (probably from an exclusive vegetable diet,) are odd figures enough. They have bright black eyes, and are quick and intelligent in their speech and motions.

"We stopped the second night at Pena Blanca, where I slept in the loft of a hut, on the floor, in the midst of the family and six other travellers. We started at sunrise, hoping to reach Gorgona the same night, but ran upon a sunken log and were detained some time. Ambrosio finally released us by jumping into the river and swimming ashore with a rope in his teeth. The river was very high, running at least five miles an hour, and we could only stem it with great labor. We passed the ranches of Agua Salud, Varro Colorado and Palanquilla, and shortly after were overtaken by a storm on the river. We could hear the rush and roar of the rain, as it came toward us like the trampling of myriad feet on the leaves. Shooting under a broad sycamore we made fast to the boughs, covered ourselves with india-rubber and lay under our cool, nestling thatch of palm, until it had passed over. Our canoe caught a goodly portion, and I took *sitz bath* for the rest of the day.

"The character of the scenery changed somewhat as we advanced. The air was purer, and the banks more bold and steep. The country showed more signs of cultivation, and in many places the forest had been lopped away to make room for fields of maize, plantain and rice. We stopped four hours short of Gorgona, at the hacienda of San Pablo, the residence of Padre Dutaris, cure of all the interior. Ambrosio took us to his house by a path across a rolling, open savanna, dotted by palms and acacias of immense size.—Herds of cattle and horses were grazing on the short, thick leaved grass, and appeared to be in excellent condition. The padre owns a large tract of land, with a thousand head of stock, and his rancho commands a beautiful view up and down the river. Ambrosio was acquainted with his woman, and by recommending us as "buenos caballeros" procured us a splendid supper of fowls, eggs, rice boiled in cocoa milk, and chocolate, with baked plantains for bread. Those who came after us had difficulty in getting anything. The padre has been frequently cheated by Americans, and is therefore cautious. He was absent at the time, but his son, Felipe, a boy 12 years old, assisted in doing the honors with wonderful grace and self-possession. His tawny skin is as soft as velvet, and his black eyes sparkle like jewels. He is almost the only living model of the Apollino that I ever saw. He sat in the hammock with me, leaning over my shoulder as I posted up the day's doings, and when I had done, wrote his name in my book, in an elegant hand. I slept soundly in the midst of an uproar, and only awoke at four o'clock next morning, to hurry our men in leaving for Gorgona.

"We went silently and rapidly up the river till sunrise, when we reached Dos Hermanos and found Mr. Kimball and Maj. Smith, who had just arrived, after passing all night on the river. This point, about 20 miles from Chagres, is the terminus of the trips of the Orus. There had been only a slight shower since we started, but the clouds began to gather heavily; and by the time we had gained the rancho of Palo Matida a sudden cold wind came over the forests

and the air was at once darkened. We sprang ashore and barely reached the hut, a few paces off, when the rain broke over us, as if the sky had caved in. A dozen lines of white electric heat ran down from the zenith, followed by crashes of thunder, which I could feel throbbing in the earth under my feet. The rain drove into one side of the cabin and out of the other, but we wrapped ourselves in India-rubber cloth, and kept out the wet and chilling air. During the whole day the river rose rapidly, and we were obliged to hug the bank closely, running under the boughs of trees and drawing ourselves up the rapids by those that hung low."

We have not room for further extracts from Mr. Bayard's letters, but we have given enough to show his fine descriptive powers. We have been anticipating letters from Mr. Holden, who, at the last accounts, was at the placers, or rather had gone to Sutter's Fort. It is not unlikely that, by the next arrival from San Francisco, we shall be able to put in circulation some of his "Notes of Hand" issued from the gold diggings.

THE SEA-SERPENT.—The Literary World, in its *résumé* of "What is talked about," gives the following bit of information respecting the sea-serpent:

"A correspondent addresses us on the subject of Sir Charles Lyell's theory of the sea-serpent as a basking shark, in utter opposition to that notion. 'I can say,' he writes, 'from my own personal observation, that the one seen off Nahant did not possess in appearance any of the peculiarities described as belonging to the *Squalus Maximus*;' he had not a blunt head, or mane, or fin, or hump, the appearance of humps arising from his mode of moving through the water. I had the good fortune to see him the last time he was seen on our Eastern shore, for nearly an hour under very advantageous circumstances. I can assure you the original was neither porpoise, whale, nor shark."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travelling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the post age has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Devitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it

is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Notice to Subscribers.

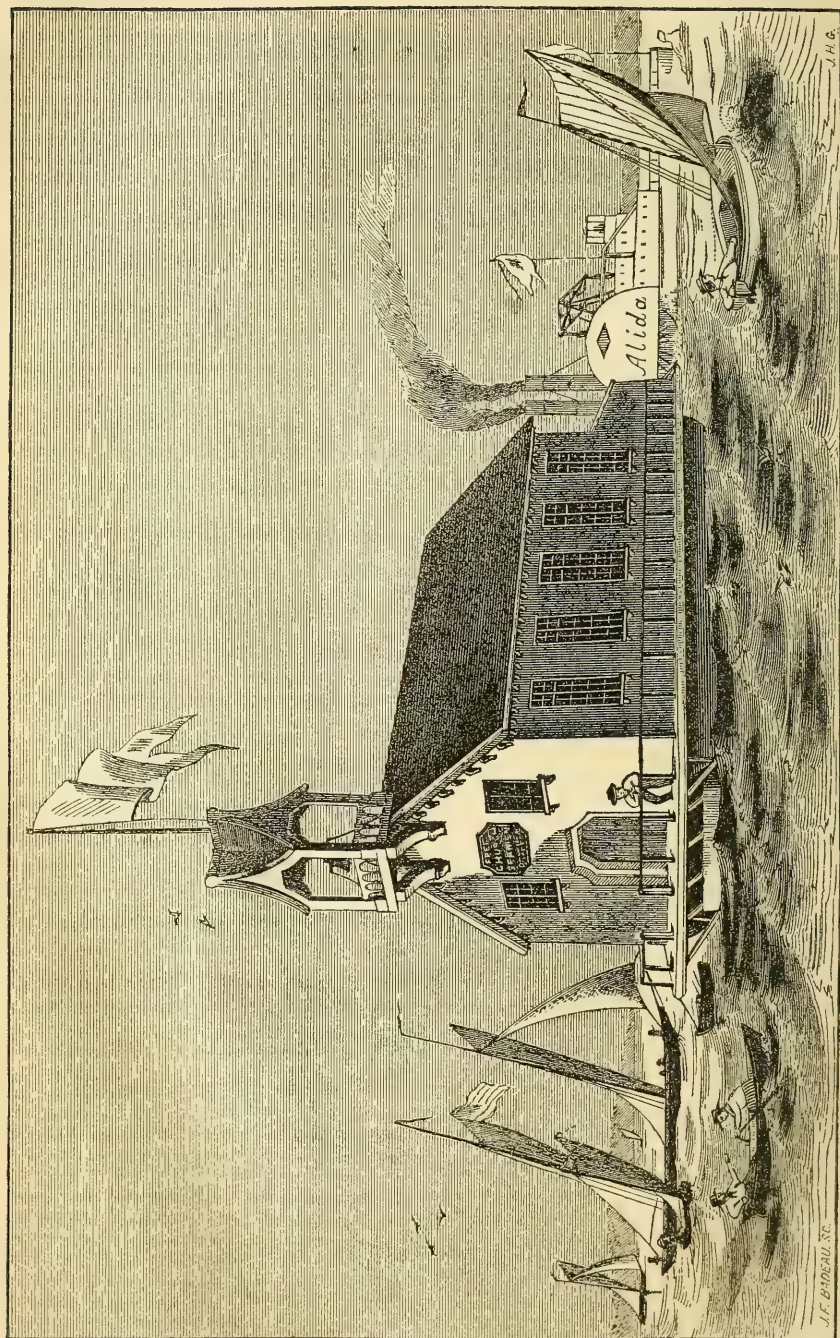
We hereby notify our subscribers that we cannot be responsible for the failure of the Magazine to reach them through the mails, we have heretofore sent missing numbers to our subscribers, but it has got to be a serious matter and we can do so no longer. For the future any missing numbers sent for will be deducted from the time for which payment has been received. The Magazines are always carefully directed and mailed to subscribers, and, from the many complaints we have of them not reaching their destination, we must conclude there is great inefficiency or carelessness in the management of the P.O. department, in regard to papers and periodicals. The price of the Magazine is so low that we cannot afford to make up losses occurring through the mails, over which we have no control.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.



THE FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1849.

NO. IV.

THE FLOATING CHAPEL OF THE HOLY COMFORTER.

It is many years since Floating Churches were first devised for the accommodation of sailors and their families, for it was supposed that seamen love to feel themselves afloat even in their devotions, and that they might be enticed to enter a church that lay at the docks like a ship, while they held back from entering a fast-anchored cathedral or a chapel built of stones and mortar. To make the church appear as much as possible like a ship the first floating chapel was an old hulk, the interior of which was fitted up with galleries, and moored in the Thames off the London docks. Jack might in such a place really feel himself on ship-board. But it remained for the pious churchmen of New York to build a real church of Gothic form, with spires, buttresses, pinnacles, belfry, and all the appurtenances of a cathedral, and set it afloat on a hull built expressly for the purpose.—The first floating church was constructed six or seven years ago, and has been since securely moored at the wharf at the foot of Pike street, East River. The popularity of this floating church stirred up the pious churchmen of the city to place a similar church for seamen at the docks in the North River. Accordingly contributions were taken up at the different Episcopal Churches for this purpose, and the result was the Church of the Holy Comforter, of which our frontispiece presents an accurate view, which was drawn and engraved expressly for Holden's Magazine. The church was finished in the year 1846, and anchored, or moored, rather, at the foot of Dey street in the North River, in October. The pulpit was supplied by the rectors of the city churches until the Spring of 1847, when the present rector, the Rev. D. V. M. Johnson, became the pastor, and has, ever since, performed the duties of the chaplain. The congregation has been steadily increasing, and the services are, generally, well attended. It is a free church, and the expenses are defrayed partly by voluntary contributions and partly by donations from the city churches.

The accommodations afforded for the Sunday worship of seamen afford a pretty good indication of the growth of the maritime interests of New York. There are now two floating chapels for seamen, and two large permanent houses of worship, one in Rosevelt street and one in Cherry street, all of which are well attended.

The architecture of the Church of the Holy Comforter is of a ruder and earlier form of the so-called Gothic than that adopted in the construction of the first floating chapel. It is a singular sight to see a large Gothic church moored at the wharves in the midst of ships of all nations, and vessels of every description. Near the Church of the Holy Comforter is an old hulk used as a place of wor-

ship for the Dutch and Swedish sailors, of whom there are great numbers to be found in that part of the city.

Among the signs of the times which seem to denote that a new order of things is about to displace the old temporalities which have for centuries oppressed and imbruted mankind, there are none from which we have reason to hope for better results than the pains taken to promote the welfare of sailors. Until within the past twenty years seamen appeared to have been regarded as a class of subjects beyond the reach of human sympathies, or the hope of temporal or spiritual improvement. But it has been found that sailors, like all other human beings, are capable of being improved and grateful for the attempts made in their behalf. The first attempt was to furnish them with a church of their own, and a preacher who had made himself acquainted with their wants and character. It was a happy thing, for the cause of reform among seamen, that the services of such a man as the Rev. Henry Chase, who has for nearly a quarter of a century been in the Rosevelt Street Chapel, were secured. Mr. Chase is a Methodist, but in his ministrations at the Seaman's Chapel he has preached no creed, but only the broad principles of Christianity. His peculiarly winning and friendly manners, both in the pulpit and in social life, were well calculated to impress the minds of seamen and gain their confidence, and we believe that he has been eminently successful in reforming many a wanderer whose rugged nature would have repelled a less gentle or persuasive preacher.

After churches had been built for poor Jack at home, chapels were established in Catholic and Pagan countries abroad; greater care was paid to the fore-castle accommodations of sailors on ship-board, and among other means used for their benefit were libraries of suitable books. Among those who distinguished themselves in this good work, we take pleasure in mentioning the name of Captain Ely E. Morgan, of the London line of packets from New York, who, in the many noble ships which he built and commanded, introduced improvements in the part of the vessel appropriated for the use of seamen, which have been generally imitated in other vessels. Captain Morgan, who is famous for his nautical skill and gentlemanly manners, is, at the present time, in command of the superb ship Southampton, and regarding him as having done much to elevate the character of the sailor, by teaching him to respect himself, in showing him that he is respected by his superiors, we cannot omit this opportunity of alluding to his philanthropic exertions in the behalf of thoughtless but generous Jack.

THE SLUMBERERS.

BY CAROLINE C——.

CONCLUDED.

"Where their works do follow them."

"This is Life!"

ONCE more the Spirit guided me to the stately dwellings of the rich, and we entered the loftiest and most splendid of them all.

My eyes had never before gazed on such magnificence as was in that mansion—pomp and pride were strewn there, and—misery! Through the great halls, and the lonely, but beautifully decorated parlors, a chilling odor of unhappiness seemed to me to have transfused itself. It appeared most like a home that had been suddenly deserted by its owners, for as we moved through the various apartments not a human form was to be seen, not a human voice was heard; and the shrill notes of the many caged birds only served to make the place seem still more solitary.

Guided by the spirit I entered one of the most retired rooms of the palace—for such it seemed to me.

A lady had just risen from a luxurious couch.—She stood leaning as for support against a marble table; her face was partly concealed from my view as we entered, but what of it was visible showed it was of a deathly paleness—and her stately form trembled. It was very evident that a fearful storm was raging in her bosom. Her bright, dark eyes dilated, they were almost fierce in their unnatural expression, and the full, beautiful lip was curled as though the lady's mind were contemplating some thought which awakened her bitter scorn.

A small casket, richly ornamented with jewels, was on the table beside her. Her eyes fell upon it—how astonishing was the instant change that then passed over her. The angry expression vanished from her face, the proud head bent more humbly—and the dark, flashing eyes grew mournful and soft in their expression.

Grasping the casket in her hands, she sunk half fainting on the couch; in a moment the small box was unclasped, and she was gazing earnestly, and her soul seemed in her eyes then, on the single gem it held. It was a gem more precious, in that lady's estimation, than was all her wealth and grandeur—it was the only thing on earth powerful to subdue and humble her proud spirit.

The likeness of an infant child who had lived for a few years a very angel in that dwelling, and then had departed! Ah, there was tribulation, bereavement, and anguish here also, as well as in that dark comfortless cellar where sin was tempting poverty.

Yes, for that little child, despite the sorrow, and pride, and frantic prayers of its mother, had sunk to sleep and there was no power in her to waken him again. When, for the last time she had clasped him to her breast, and kissed his pale cold face, how like a hateful mockery seemed to her

all the glitter and show of her splendid mansion—how often turned she away from the sights and sounds of revelry, sick at heart, as she remembered the change and the dread silence enfolding her boy.

To her sorrow she added sin.

Coldness, estrangement, crept between her and the father of her child. They who should have rejoiced and sorrowed together, recognized only the *form* of the bond that united them—their affection chilled, their union of spirit was dissolved.

Comfortless, unloving, and unforgiving they dwelt together, only not severed by the hand of the law; pride prevented their seeking a remedy so desperate as that.

As the lady looked upon that gem, the likeness of her buried child, the expression of stern, unyielding pride faded from her face, leaving not even its shadow behind; she was a woman again, a woman lonely and sorrowing.

It was not of crime that she had mused (as did the desolate man in his cellar underground) when the strange and sudden change swept over her features; no, for the bloodhounds, Poverty and Temptation, were not set upon her goading her to madness; yet was there as evident a rolling away of the cloud overshadowing her, as there was when the spirit of his child came back to the hardened heart of the bereaved father.

Again the lady arose, and with the little picture clasped to her breast, as though she thus fortified her determination, she moved slowly from the chamber.

In another room, alone, was the stately lord of that stately home. Gloomily he paced through the apartment, that teemed with evidences of wealth and refined taste—there was nothing which riches could buy, to charm or interest the senses or the intellect, wanting there; but as so many gew-gaws, mere childish playthings, did he regard the costly adornments surrounding him.

It was not the outward world, its cares, and vexations, that troubled him; of these he knew not—never had he eaten the bread earned by the sweat of his brow—heir to a boundless fortune, necessity and labor were but mere words to him; and yet this man fancied that of all men he was most miserable—while he lay panting in the heat of the sunbeam, his ungrateful heart recognized only the cloud and the shadow, and he thought, he who had never known what it was to want a moment for any comfort and luxury, for whom an intellectual banquet the kingliest had been spread, that there was never sorrow like unto his sorrow!

The door of his apartment opened on its silver hinges noiselessly—the proud wife of the proud man entered, and, before he was aware of her

presence, she was kneeling at his feet. Her face was pale, white as the marble statues surrounding her, and her lip trembled; but on that brow, where the sceptre of a haughty spirit had so recently been exalted, there was calmness and serenity that told of pride subdued. Her hands clasped on her breast, and the fine eyes were raised imploringly to him who stood before her confounded by the unwonted sight—for never had she appeared in his presence till that day, other than as the calm, self-possessed, unimpressible woman; he was bewildered by her humiliation. It really seemed to him that he must be dreaming when she said, so gently and appealingly:

"My husband, our boy has been with me tonight—while my madness and sinful indignation were at their height, thoughts of him came in on me like a flood. I know that he looked reproachfully upon me, and could an angel weep, I had thought that there were tears in his eyes. His look has subdued me! It has brought me here, even to your feet, to plead that you will lay aside your anger, and estrangement, even as I have done. Oh, listen but one moment—while *he* was with me, the boy we both loved so dearly, he bade me weep no more that our hearth is childless, he pointed to the crowded city, and reminded me of the thousands there in need, yes, *in need of our aid!* And he prayed, or it was my own better nature, that I would forget my selfishness, and cruel dread of the sight of suffering people—that I would strive to make some sad, sinful mortal, happier and better—we, who have wept and sorrowed, should know how to sympathize with the unfortunate. But more than all, my husband, did he beseech me to strive for a reconciliation with you! that I would come here and crave your forgiveness for my estrangement and selfishness.—Oh, I pray you, let us forgive one another! let us henceforth live together in unity, let us so love that our child may welcome us with gladness and joy, when we shall awaken from our last sleep!"

The lady's voice faltered and trembled as she spoke these words—it seemed, in the moment of silence that followed their utterance, as though life, and more than life, depended on his answer.

Stranger even than her confession and unwonted humility, was the change that came over him to whom she appealed. His face grew pale even as her own—his head bent towards her, and returning love and confidence usurped the place of that cold indifference was wont to regard his wife. Even as hers did his voice tremble as he answered her:

"We have both much to forgive. We have occasion to seek forgiveness for much. I take shame to myself, Ellen, that I have been so long neglectful of my duty, but I will learn it of you, who have learned it of *him*. God has stopped us in our miserable career, and even as we have humbled ourselves to one another, should we humble ourselves to Him who hateth pride. You are right, it is not just that we should live to ourselves alone as we have done! The blessings which He has bestowed on us, we will, as his stewards, diffuse among others. Heaven bless you, my wife, for arousing me to duty!"

And so, through the influence of the memory of

that little slumberer, the estranged parents were united again; and, forgiving and forgetful of the past, they embraced in love and a new life opened to them—a life in which *their great wealth was to be no longer a hindrance, but an aid to usefulness!*

Blessed is the rest of the slumbering children! Thrice blessed is their saving memory in the desolated, bereaved homes and souls of humanity! Surely, surely, they are not the least of that great company of ministering angels, who come to cheer, and strengthen, and aid, the sorrowing and weary. Oh, in how many a desolated home, where the loss of their visible presence has been acknowledged with tears of agony—in how many a stately mansion, by how many a hearth-stone, where they were the only hope and light, in how many human hearts do these cherished ones still *live*.—Thanks be to Him who has given to the multitude of whatever kindred, or name, or tribe, or people, power to say: "Father! like even to our cherished little ones whom thou hast called, even of such is thy glorious kingdom."

* * * * *

Passing by another dwelling, near to that from which we had just departed, the Spirit bade me pause.

Through the deep quiet was distinctly heard the voice of a woman—a moaning sound, as though she were in pain. Noiselessly stood we before her.

She was clad in garments of mourning, an aged woman with hair white as a snow cloud, and her wrinkled face bore witness that the way she had trodden through life had not been of the easiest. Her hands bore undeniable evidence of hard, and long-continued labor—yet it seemed that, so far from having been successful in her exertions, she had all her life time toiled in vain, for now, in the days when the strength of her life was gone, and the courage and brave heart of younger years had fled, Poverty was become her constant friend. From the broken words she uttered, hear what I gathered.

There was one, whom she had served since early womanhood, in whose service she had outworn her bodily energies, one for whose interests in many ways she had untiringly striven; whose first efforts and exertions in the vast city had been strengthened, by the fervent prayers she offered to God for him, and by her encouragement and advice. As a *mother* had she been to him, while she performed in his house an unwearied servant's office. In his early manhood, when fortune began to smile upon him, he wedded a lady young and beautiful, and brought her to his home—and she, this now aged woman, was there to welcome, to love, and to serve her.

Through all their years of increasing prosperity and honor she was with them, rejoicing with them when they rejoiced, and weeping when they wept.

Men deemed the young man a saint well-nigh, so near the standard of perfection did he apparently approach. Successful years passed on, but at length heavy calamities overtook him. One by one the children who had enlivened and gladdened his home sickened and died. The eldest, a girl

exquisitely beautiful, just entering the paths of perfected maidenhood, sunk into the deep sleep when no heart was fearful, and no eye suspected that the silent spirit drew nigh to claim her at their hands! There were two bright boys—the father's pride centred in them—but his love could not save. The crown of manhood which he longed to see upon their brows was never given—a fever destroyed them—they were buried together. And sterner, more afflicting grief than he had yet known awaited him, the bitterest drop was not spared—the beautiful, cherished wife was called away, with the dark guide she went forth to the great garden, and she never returned again!

Through all these heavy, rapidly succeeding calamities, this woman stood with the stricken man, and watched and nursed the sick and dying ones, as never servant did before. It was she who, in the time when agony forbade his utterance, soothed the mortal suffering of his beloved ones, and whispered to them words of hope.

And when at last the bereaved man stood alone, with not one of his cherished household gods left, it was *she* who lifted the cup of resignation, filled with the draught which God giveth, and which whosoever drinketh is comforted. She little knew how lightly his lips touched the brim of that precious cup—and that not one of its reviving drops entered his heart!

Many times when the faithful servitor grew faint and wearied, by the long-continued toil, he would cheer her by becoming in turn her comforter, assuring her that ere long the time for rest would come to her, and that he would fill her home with good things, with plenty and with comfort. And so, fearing that another might not serve him so well and acceptably, she remained with him to the last! Yes, *to the last*, for long before old age had come, bringing him the crown of many years, his face grew pale—his limbs and strength failed him; the hand, which had moved so energetically and so successfully for many years, trembled, and he too laid down smitten with sore disease. And the constant friend was there, to soothe his pain with a tenderness of which no other hand had been capable!

When at last he fell asleep, uttering whispered thanks for all her goodness, then indeed she felt bereaved—for she was alone in the wide world—the son of her heart was gone from her for ever.

They read the disposition he had made of his vast property; and lo! the foreign missionaries were enriched—and plans were laid out, and ample means given for the establishment of churches, and hospitals, and homes for the poor. All he had benefitted were strangers, he knew not, could not know that they were worthy—and *she* was forgotten! Forth from the roof that had been her shelter for so many years went she, a weary, broken-hearted woman!

A paltry sum, the savings of her laborious earnings, was all that she might count on for support in that gloomy future, where only sickness and destitution were reserved for her—for strength, and youth, and energy were gone.

But, though such sad proof of his selfish ingratitude were before her, how desolate felt that woman when her friend was laid to sleep in the garden—

with forgiving tenderness, as the mother regards her erring child, she held him in memory.

But in the luxury of mourning she did not long indulge—not because her sorrow for the dead was evanescent as a dream, but because she knew that as long as life was spared her, the power of doing good remained. In the homes of sickness and distress, she stood to soothe the dying moments of the sufferers. By the hearth-stones of penury she sat down, and taught the heavenliest lessons which were fraught with God's place. Many a broken heart did she, through the mercy of the great physician, bind up. Thus were passing away her few remaining years, in offering consolation to the afflicted surrounding her, and in striving to apply the lessons of wisdom, so easy to teach others, to herself.

And with strivings after contentment, that were not altogether feeble or fruitless, she also was treading towards her rest, and certainly if the prayers of mortal were ever an acceptable sacrifice, hers must have been, for there was faith that never faltered, and hope (in heaven) that flagged not, and humility of spirit, such as angels know, in them.

When I looked on this woman I could but think, when she is of the slumberers *her* couch will not be made in that damp and desolate place where *he* was laid; where the weeds, the thistle, and the worm abounded! but rather in the sweet shade of the nepenthe, where the patient old man lies—and with him, who was a Lazarus on earth, there will be found room and welcome in Heaven for her! *They* surely "shall obtain gladness and joy." I cared not to fancy what *his* portion would be in the hereafter; but it was joy to think of her; though I knew that when she was gone from out the city, the wondrous story of her riches and her charity would not be repeated from mouth to mouth; church dignitaries, foreigners, and her own nation would not have occasion to say of her, "Behold who has departed! how nobly benevolent, how true a Christian!" Yet the words might more truly be spoken of her, than of her rich master!

We turned from the place of refuge the poor woman had sought, and in a moment we stood again in the heart of the great city, before the gates of a strong prison.

There was no bar to our progress even there; we entered within the massive portal, and passed through the narrow, gloomy halls, which were lined on either side with still more gloomy cells.

To the portion of the building occupied by condemned criminals we directed our steps.

One of these dungeons was occupied by a man quite young. His eyes were closed as in sleep, but the body and limbs were motionless as marble—there was no sound of breathing. Surveying the convict more closely I discovered too soon the dreadful cause of his quietude—he had wound his manacled arms in such a way about his neck, that the iron chains had strangled him! And that was the reason the broad breast moved not with the breath of life—that was why a small, dark steam issued slowly from his lips, and stained his beard!

With a shudder of fear I turned with a ques-

tioning glance to my guide—for it seemed very mysterious that the slumberer whom men thought so holy, should have had aught to do in the working out of such a crime!

And the Spirit said:

"Through those neglected masses of hair the fingers of a loving mother strayed once—that brow was hallowed by her kisses. But the parent died; died before her boy was much experienced in the duties of life. Yet did he long remember her, for years her memory was a blessing. Often in his youth the son's thoughts wandered back to the happy time when she was his protector, and friend; a star was she to which, as he wandered through the desert, he often looked—and never were the bright beams quite hid. But, as years passed, other and more brilliant fascinations tempted and lured him on—he forgot, amid the wild excitements of youth, the mother whose memory, if held constant and sacred, had saved him.

"But the young man wearied at last of pleasure. His soul panted for more fitting enjoyment than those sought by wild and riotous youth. Then it was that the desire for knowledge became all-absorbing, amounting to a passion; it grew with his growth—and strengthened with his strength!

"That he might begin a really new life he departed from the scene of his youthful follies, and from his dissipated companions.

"When he went from these friends of his day of delusion, he went with an empty purse; but there was a portion of his once abundant fortune in their hands, which they had unlawfully taken from him—there was sufficient to secure his honorable entrance into, and to maintain him in his progress, through the pleasant paths of learning.

"Therefore he sought out one whom men called upright, and holy, and told him his sad story, and how that he would fain rescue the remainder of his fortune without being further exposed to temptation—he asked for aid, and counsel, even as a son would call upon a father! And the *good* man promised to help the returning prodigal.

"Months after, worn out by constant and close application to his books, the young man was laid on the sick bed. He had not sought many friends in his new home; for he thought he needed none besides that invaluable adviser he had chosen!—But when this sickness came upon him, then, when he thought naturally that he might look for help to this only *friend*, even in the hour of delirium, he was borne by *his* direction to the home which worldly charity provides for the sick pauper! And there, through his long dreary days of severe illness, he lay unattended save by menials!

"When at last the fever left him, and he knew where it was that his *foster father* had suffered him to be taken in the hour of his helplessness, then the youth arose and went forth from the place of shelter; but he returned not to his books again. Alas! he had attained a knowledge that embittered every stream of wisdom!

"He never sought that counsellor, that friend, that holy man, again! Neither for the paltry lucre which he knew the man's soul so craved—neither for that did he demand reckoning. Disgusted, and forever shorn of his faith in human

virtue, he departed from the quiet home he had chosen, and never was he heard of again where he had sought so hopefully and eagerly for the hid treasure—learning.

"When he left the hospital he was yet very ill, but he went among men the abandoned and dissolute; standing, weak and tottering, on the verge of the grave, he indulged in every excess—his only wish was to end a miserable life. In a moment of intoxication, when passion mastered him, he struck a deadly blow, and his companion in guilt fell.

"They immured the murderer in a prison, he was tried—he was condemned—the scaffold was prepared for him. Abandoned as he had become, the young convict could not endure a death so ignominious—he accomplished his own destruction; and to-morrow," whispered the Spirit, "when they come to lead him to the executioner, his name will be heard through all the city, and men and women will come, or—wonder! But, I tell you, he, that wondrous good man, whom the multitude followed with tears when he was carried to his earth couch, he bears upon his soul a fouler mark than does this misguided sinner. God shall reward them openly!"

* * * * *

How shall I dare speak of those foul and dreadful scenes which the Spirit revealed to me next? How shall I lift the veil from memory to-day, to tell you of the loathsome, moral leprosy, that had fastened on myriads of the dwellers of the great city? Of the men yet in their youth—of others in the glory of their prime—and, oh, heaven, that such a thing is possible, of some in their old age? How shall I tell of the women, shorn by their own hands of the purity that was their birthright—of maidens who boldly set at defiance the scorn and derision of the world? How shall be told the lives of them who had been tempted, as Eve of old, by the fell serpents who appeared in the guise of angels? And, worse than this, how shall the pen write of them who in daily life dwelt among the pure and good, *as* pure and good, differing only from these abandoned ones in that the masks they wore screened them from the suspicion of the innocent?

Let it pass—let it all pass! the vision, if vision it was, so dreadful, need not be recalled. But this much will I say, and with no faltering voice do I proclaim it, (and the reader, man or woman, if possessed of a human heart, which is the shrine of one remaining spark of truth, will not gainsay my words,) there were daughters of fashion, whose ambition had been to shine in the world, who had lived lives of selfish enjoyment and entire uselessness; there were such women slumbering in the garden, whose iniquitous example had indirectly, (perhaps) but really, brought many a youth, whose early years were blameless, to those abodes of shame, distress and guilt! Many a man was there, who had left a name in the great city, whose deeds, whose words, whose influence, had helped to fill with miserable victims the paths that lead to outer darkness—which are shrouded by the gloom of eternal death!

I know it was no fancy of mine, the Spirit certainly said to me: "Wo to the deluded ones who

have weakly submitted to the guidance of the tempters; but a wo more horrible shall be pronounced on those blind guides who enticed the unwary to the precipices of ruin, from whence they fell to the depths of infinite and eternal despair!"

There was a place, scarcely less dreadful than the foul lazar-house from which with eager haste we went; it was a place the like of which in the old world is, with apt and awful significance, called *a hell*.

Oh, to tread within those dangerous courts! to look upon the immortals gathered there, who staked their souls upon the chances of a game—whose hearts were full of bitterness, swearing incessantly by Him who sitteth upon the throne, the Judge of the Universe! When the Spirit led me to this place, I thought, assuredly, I must be dreaming. A dream? terrible even in a night vision had it been to have beheld a sight so dreadful—and yet to the open eyes of what multitudes as such scenes familiar as the pure sky above us, as the sunlight with which God floods the earth—as the sweet flowers he has sent on a holy mission to the world! Would to Heaven that all who enter such scenes might be attended by a Spirit, like the glorious one that guided me! Would that the angel, who stands with drawn sword by those gates, might speak with voice more thrillingly audible: "Depart ye! depart ye! come not in hither!" Would that, beside the fascinations so alluring, might be seen, in as full a light, the wages of that sin—the night that would surely succeed that day!

Oh, shall ever a voice of warning be fraught with power? Did not the people laugh when Noah made his ark of gopher wood? Did they not mock when the prophet from the wilderness came forth, declaring the approach of one mightier? Did not they revile, when the Saviour warned, and entreated? Oh, "God be merciful!"

What shall I tell of that scene of temptation, exultation, misery, despair and sin? Would that I could fancy myself addressing a multitude, respecting a vanished fashion which was known only in the generations long gone. Would that incredulous eyes would read my words—that none might know from the most bitter, dreadful experience, that it is awful truth of which this is written!

In those vast rooms we entered, there were many of the appliances of luxury; temptation had assumed there a most fascinating guise! There were fine carpets, valuable pictures, beautiful statues; great tables, around which human beings gathered, where were aroused all the bad passions that find lodgement in the hearts of men. Who were those men? Not the poor, the outcast, the "Pariahs of society;" these found no access there—they were the prodigal heirs of fortune, the only sons, the only hopes of widowed parents—the gentle misers—the gray-headed men of honorable position in society—judges of the courts of justice—fathers of families—trusted husbands—lovers—brothers—and, oh, monstrous mystery, more than *one* shepherd of the earthly fold of God!

Consider what a congregation! And I thought, as we stood a moment there, what a blot must

such a place as this be on the fair city, in the eyes of the Almighty Watchman! And the Spirit answered my sorrowful reflection, "They are altogether gone out of the way—they do not good, not one! They tread with open eyes to the valley of the Shadow of Death!"

Alas for the many Slumberers, who, in generations gone, have helped to build so smooth a pathway to the regions of everlasting darkness!—Alas for the myriads who dare to disregard the thunder-toned warnings, which bid them beware entering those gates which so rarely open for the returning penitent!

We stood within a hospital.

There was a "hurrying to and fro" of human forms—there were continual moans of suffering, there were numberless beds filled with the victims of the merciless pestilence. With looks of fear the patient watchers stood by one and another of the sick, and with untiring assiduity the physicians went through the endless duties assigned them.

There came in two fair young girls. They were dressed in simple garments of gray color, and they wore rosaries, the beads and the cross laden with the Saviour's image which the pope had blessed. These two were Sisters of Charity; women who had devoted their lives to deeds of mercy, and of love. They had taken "the greatest of these which is Charity," for their motto—it was a word traced in living letters on their hearts—it was *the* sentiment which actuated all their doings.

Speedily were the gray veils laid aside, and, with quiet undisturbed mein, the "Sisters" entered at once on the performance of the heavy duties which they had come expressly to share. One after another of the couches of the sick and the dying did they stand beside—stood, not with the cruel, cold-heartedness betrayed by the hired nurses, but as sympathizing beings, who mourned the sorrows of their brothers and sisters, who would fain do all that human power and skill might do to alleviate their distress.

Beside the dying they knelt with holy hearts and reverent looks to pray, and the departing spirits forget the agony of the dissolving ties of nature, in the hope which rose on triumphant wings bearing them to heaven! To the fever-parched they gave the reviving cup, with a blessing and a kindly word that won the gratitude of the poor sufferer—by their efforts the fainting, pain-exhausted, were rallied again—and tenderly did their fair hands compose the stiffening limbs of the dead!

The plague was raging in the city; and every hour were brought in many of the dead or dying creatures, and every moment, as the cause for exertion increased, were increased the tenderness, and patience, and care, of those two young mortals.

What of those girls? They were children of sorrow, orphans, who had never known a parent's care, though their natural protectors were not of the dead! Dreary was the prospect opened to their youth; bewildered by the voices of good and evil that urged them to enter into widely differing paths, stood they, ignorant of prayer, ignorant of the ways of the world. In that most critical moment, when heaven and hell were contending

in them, came to them one their elder by a few months. She saw the momentous struggle going on within them. She counselled them as one who knew by a sad experience, how destroying are the ways of sin, to choose the right, though they might consequently be compelled to bear all their days a heavy cross. The young girls heeded her words—though they could not know why she wept, as she besought them to lead holy lives of self-denial and confidence in God. That maiden had been tempted once—had not withstood; but now, as she pleaded with them, she was of the redeemed—her garments were made white in the blood of the Lamb! Must it not make her repose sweet, if indeed it is given the slumberers to know how their works do follow them on earth? this blessed thought of the fruit of her persuation!

* * * * *

Borne again through the multitudes of human life to the shores of a vast sea.

Far along that beach, where the waves had rolled, and dashed, and broken, were scattered numberless fragments of stately ships, and gallant crafts that had gone down in pride, dashed in pieces by the furious storms. Did not these wrecks seem as warnings to the crowds who ventured forth upon the deep? Did they not tell of storms, of danger, and of death, to the busy and merry people, who made ready to embark?

It did not appear so; proud were the looks, fearless the bearing of the would-be sailors and passengers. Many were attended to the sea-shore by friends, who spoke the farewell words with tremulous lips—who watched the busy preparations for departure with tearful eyes. But there was no fear, and little sorrow manifested by those about to risk fortune and life on the shining, but stormy sea.

Besides those who came attended by friends, there were some others, no small company either, who, in rags, alone, and on foot, sought those waters in desperate haste; what strength, long privation, and hard labor had left, they were determined to expend in voyaging on the sea before them; to these no parting word, or kiss, or encouragement was given, yet hope beamed in their eyes.

"When shall we see you again? when may we look to hear from you?" were the whispered words of many who strove in vain to conceal their grief, as father, or brother, turned to speak the last words of parting. "Soon, very soon! we shall come back loaded with honor and treasure; then we shall be kings among men! do not fear for us!"

It could not be health that these people sought when they went forth on the "pathless waters," for many of them were in the spring of life glowing with hope, and health, and strength—how could it be then? Did the many pale-faced ones, evidently death-struck, risk their little hold on life for a mad experiment? Some of the frailest of human beings, maidens, wives, mothers, put forth their light canoes on the waters, and I verily thought they were all mad, as I scanned the wide-spread, heaving waters on which they ventured, each one alone, and some without even a compass to guide them!

When I looked on these latter, I said to the Spirit: "If these people have really any proposed journey they mean to accomplish, are they not distraught to put to sea in such skiffs—there is a storm brewing in the heavens, surely the first breath of wind will destroy them?"

And the Spirit answered me: "It is not the arm of flesh that will avail these people—it is not their physical weakness that will insure their destruction. If it were possible for you to wait here until the destiny of all these is accomplished, you would see how many of those, who appear competent and experienced as sea-captains, will be disastrously wrecked, and reach the haven they seek in safety."

There was a boat lying just at my feet; a thought fired my brain; turning to my guide I said: "Dear Spirit of Truth, thou seest this boat that has no owner; let me venture forth—if the weak are often victorious, why may I not go? My arm feels strong, I will come back at thy call!"

"It cannot be—for if thou should'st go forth I would not call thee back—and thou art not of those who will reach the bourne in safety."

Indignantly I replied: "Thou art a false prophet; I will prove it to thy face!"

Just then a youth came by; he entered the little boat, and in a moment had shot far out into the sea; and, must I confess it? I bowed my head and wept with disappointment and vexation.

"If thou would'st lift thine eyes, and follow that boat's progress, perhaps the tears wept by thee then would be tears of shame."

My guide's voice was slightly scornful, and wholly unsympathizing as she spoke thus—happily I knew better than to offend her further, and so stood up once more beside her, and watched the course of the youth who held the position I so coveted. For a time he went on exultingly; the skiff glided lightly over the waves—and with little exertion he made rapid progress—and I could but sigh—I envied him. Suddenly a strong wind sprung up, the sea was stirred, the waves rolled higher in his path—a cloud gathered over his head; but still the boat moved swiftly on, and a smile was on the young sailor's lip. The wind took off his cap—he did not know his loss, and the brown curls of his hair streamed wildly in the air, yet he did not heed that. Faster and faster he plied the oars, nerved with superhuman strength seemed that brave hearted voyager; but soon I saw, with trembling, one of those oars brake in his hand! A moment the boy looked up and around in terror, then he worked desperately to get on, but his efforts were almost vain. There was a flash, a muttering of thunder, the cloud above him broke, the rain fell upon him! Higher and higher rose the waves—but the boat did not ride them so triumphantly as at first; alas! it had sprung a leak! Then to see the youth in fear flinging aside that other oar, and desperately striving to bail out the water with his feeble hands! Oh, heaven, to hear the shriek that echoed wildly over the waves, telling of his despairing, broken heart! to see the little skiff filling with the treacherous waters of the ocean! to see it sinking, sinking into the "deep profound!"

"Well?" said the Spirit.

"Let us go," was all that I could sob in reply, and we turned away from the *Sea of Ambition*, covered with its wrecks, its stately vessels, its gaily adorned ships, its mighty steamers, its frail canoes!

If the wild wish has ever entered thy heart, friend, to whom I have confided this secret; if the desire haunts thee to try thy fortune on that great sea, let me counsel thee to consider at least an hour before thou dost undertake the voyage—if thou *must* go, tarry for the farewells and the parting kisses of those whom thou dost love; for who-so sets forth on *that* journey hath little surety that he shall return!

If the cry of that drowning boy could but pierce to the Garden of the Slumberers—could be borne up on terrific wings of fire to the barren height where, in his loneliness, the mighty man of ambition sleeps, would it waken him? No. But if the destruction of the countless multitude who sought, on the distant shores of that great sea, fame, applause, fortune, or happiness, is to be laid at his door, miserable man! the most obscure bed in that vast enclosure were better for him than

that *such* a millstone should be fastened upon his neck!

* * * * *

From beholding all these wonders the Spirit brought me back in safety to my own home, to the old chair beside the window that looks out on the beautiful elm! Would'st hear the parting words she whispered in my ear before she finally departed?

"Thou did'st moan that thy life was worthless; thou did'st pine for a broader field of labor, and all the while rank weeds were growing about thee, and the soil given thee to work was fallow! Behold, the mustard seed which a chance wind has scattered by the wayside, doth it not take root, and spring up, and grow, and blossom, and bear fruit abundantly? Have a care! watch thy words, guard thy thoughts, for the fruit of the mustard seed beareth feeble comparison to the mighty and varied harvests reaped from the grain of human thoughts, and words, and deeds! Have a care! for *thou* shalt rest from thy labors! in the master's name I charge thee let the works that follow thee be blessed—for they *may*!"

Amen, reader, amen!

THE HEIGHT OF UGLINESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MUSEE DES FAMILLES.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

In France, in the Department of ———, in the midst of the pleasantest neighborhood in the city of ———, Rue ———, No. —, lived, in solitude, a man of a very equivocal age; he might be from twenty to forty. But this peculiarity alone would not have rendered him remarkable. He was called Ephelge ———, and his astonishing ugliness resembled nothing known in the masculine sex, which is not beautiful like the other, its dangerous neighbor. This natural defect was so striking that it amounted to a crime against society.—When, by dint of research, he had found a convenient apartment in a respectable street, the landlord would without delay make him a domiciliary visit, and give him warning to remove at the expiration of the quarter. M. Ephelge would demand the reason for this proceeding; the landlord, raising his eyes towards the ceiling, would reply only by a sigh. M. Ephelge would insist; then the landlord would stammer out some obscure sentences, through which might be distinguished that "*the lodgers had entered complaints*!"

"What complaints?" the unfortunate Ephelge would exclaim.

"Ah!" would reply the landlord, looking at a mirror, and upon this exclamation would take his leave.

In the beautiful summer evenings, the thresholds of the doors of the city of ———, department of ———, Rue ———, were adorned with faces ugly enough! well, when M. Ephelge, taking advantage of his nights as a citizen, displayed himself in his door-way to breathe a little fresh air, common to all, the neighboring visages suddenly veiled themselves behind the closed doors; even the sounds of locks and keys might be heard, as if the inhabitants feared an invasion from the ugliness of their unfortunate neighbor.

Two incidents at length enlightened Ephelge on his novel position, much better than the best Venetian or Parisian mirrors could have done.

One day the Sergeant-major of his company of the National Guard, thoughtlessly sent him a military summons. In 1830, when the citizen militia was organized for the preservation of public order, the staff officer, who was not very handsome himself, decreed that M. Ephelge should be dismissed from the service for his paradoxical ugliness. This decision was submitted to the Colonel who had an immense nose, floating in the midst of a constellation of scars from the small pox, and pening a formidable parenthesis with his chin.—The Colonel requested a description of Ephelge, and a list of his physiognomical atrocities, and was shocked at having in his legion a grenadier so

likely to compromise *public order*, the motto on his banner. Ephelge was therefore dismissed.—Only with that delicacy from which no member of the National Guard, whether officer or soldier, should ever depart, the cause of his disgrace was carefully concealed from the unfortunate grenadier, and even colored with a polite and ingenious pretext. The brevité of dismissal stated that M. Ephelge was released from service, in consideration of his interesting position as an orphan.

To tell the truth Ephelge was anything but an orphan. He was endowed on the contrary with an authentic father and a coquettish mother, aged fifty-two, although she disputed the infallible record of the registry by calling herself fifteen years less. The youth of Ephelge had been marked by an incident rare enough in families.—His father had exiled him from his house for the crime of scandalous ugliness. The young Ephelge retired into the mountains of the Vosges, and there lived with the melancholy of an owl, subsisting on wild fruits and tears shed at the injustice of the author of his days. At the instigation of M. de Villele his father pardoned him, and gave him the limits of his natal city for a prison, with an allowance of a hundred francs per month. In 1830, he was allowed to resume his inalienable rights as a citizen, on condition that he would never afflict his parents with a sight of him.—Thence the error of the officer in imagining him an orphan.

We pass to the second incident. Ephelge was a bachelor, a fact which will surprise no one.—Endowed with lively passions and exquisite sensibility, like all ugly people, he had sometimes cast a glance of tenderness on the pretty faces he met in his walks, and, immediately denounced to irascible parents, had been ordered, under pain of a challenge, to bury his tenderness in the depths of his heart and never to display it in public. He had made the most praiseworthy efforts to set up a bachelor's establishment; but his domestic edifice quickly crumbled in the interior, and always for the same cause. His cook invariably sent in her resignation. Then his appetite sought refuge in a boarding house, Rue St. —, where he paid for fifteen tickets in advance. The first dawn of good fortune began to appear. The table of Madame — was well served: soup, three courses, dessert, &c., &c. The boarders dined with that voracious appetite so noticeable in men who have not breakfasted. So, during the first week, the eyes of the guests, more occupied with their plates than with their neighbors, and constantly fearing to lose a good morsel, coveted by their insatiable appetites, did not observe the monumental ugliness of M. Ephelge, and the latter, emboldened by this first success, one day gave his opinion on the Oriental question, then in agitation at all the tables of the citizens.

"The Oriental question is very simple," remarked a gentleman who was severing Gordian knots with his fork.

"I think it complex," said M. Ephelge.

The first speaker, thus contradicted, arrested his fork laden with veal, and gazed fixedly at his opponent. A dozen other eyes followed the same direction. The countenances became over-

shadowed. The clicking of lips and of dishes ceased; the hand of the carver rested on the handle of his knife. A murmur of fear circulated behind the napkins held up as screens. Ephelge was irretrievably ruined.

The next day, on his arrival, Ephelge underwent a humiliation such as the sun had never shone upon since the days of Catiline. It is known that the Roman Senators left their chairs at sight of the illustrious conspirator seated beside them. M. Ephelge was treated like a leper. A yard of unoccupied table-cloth was left on each side of him, and opposite was placed a vase of artificial flowers. Ephelge attributed this incident to chance. Alas! so unsuspecting is the heart of man!

Having used his fifteen tickets, M. Ephelge graciously presented himself at the counter of the mistress of the house, and, playing with his napkin-ring, deposited the price of fifteen more.—Madame — turned away her eyes, and, handing back the money, said:

"I am very sorry, sir, but you are the latest comer, and there is no longer a place for you at my table."

"How, madame," exclaimed the astonished Ephelge, "this must be a mistake; there is room for four more, beside me, and, opposite, a vase of flowers occupies space enough for three."

"It is so! there is no place, sir!" said the lady, with her eyes on the ceiling, and in a sharp accent.

M. Ephelge rolled his napkin into its ring, and timidly stammered:

"I hope, madame, that I have not been deficient in politeness, have not trespassed against the rules of etiquette."

"You have trespassed in nothing," said the lady, with her eyes closed, "but you must dine elsewhere."

And she became convulsively agitated on her mahogany throne.

"If I have involuntarily offended any one," said Ephelge, in a dignified tone, "I am ready—"

"You have offended no one," said the lady, covering her eyes with her handkerchief.

"The other day," added Ephelge, "in discussing the Oriental question I might have perhaps—"

"Oh, sir! you grow tiresome!" said the lady, precipitating herself from the height of her throne; "must you know the reason?"

"Yes, madame," said Ephelge, with an innocent voice, the organ of a pure heart.

"Well! the reason is what the inspector, M. Boisdureau, said."

"And what said the inspector, M. Boisdureau?"

"He said, sir, that you were intolerably, frightfully ugly."

Ephelge was turned into a statue of salt.

Undoubtedly he had had in his life-time lucid moments, in which he had been able to trace to his ugliness the cause of many of his misfortunes: but he had persuaded himself, by the aid of a tarnished mirror, that he had left half of this original vice in the abysses of his adolescence, and that as he advanced in age his countenance was daily becoming more human. The brutal apostrophe of the mistress of the boarding-house dashed his

hopes and left him face to face with his incomparable ugliness.

Ephelge entertained the thought of taking refuge in the country, beneath some modest roof, inhabited by innocence and beauty, according to the prospectuses published by the ariettas of the comic operas. He ventured one day to visit the peaceful villages, sleeping beneath their dark steeples, on the roads adjacent to his natal city; well! the unfortunate man saw only mocking faces, uttering harsh bursts of laughter in the thresholds of their cottages. When he passed a tufted beech, the Tityrus, lying in its shadow, would pursue him with that poignant irony which the malignant Fauns have transmitted to the peasants, their worthy successors. "O ciel!" said he to himself, recoiling with fright, "what if I should fall into some rustic snare! and if the shepherds should not scruple to end my days, under the odious pretext that I do not belong to humanity!"

This last motive induced him to return to town, and he resolved to bury his existence in the protecting bosom of some large city. With what joy did he receive one of those visits which proved that his fellow-citizens still gave him a place among men! with what enthusiasm did he pay his taxes, his doctor's bills, subscriptions to benevolent societies, or for the statues of great men, cast in bronze!

Alas! these gleams of happiness were too rare, and, beyond these coveted opportunities, he saw nothing but solitude, ennui, desolating humiliation. Compelled to pass his life with no other companion than himself, poor Ephelge consulted the sages who have written upon everything and remedied nothing. He learned that study nourishes infancy, amuses riper years, and charms old age. He therefore studied that multitude of wearisome books with which mankind have been overwhelmed since the invention of Gutenberg; and threatened with ophthalmia by the monotonous radiation of the letters of the alphabet; threatened with the spleen by all those sleepy tales which librarians call histories, he double-locked his cabinet, as a necropolis of dead writers. Besides, of what use would education be to him? The man who does not make a profession of science, acquires information only to parade his erudition in the presence of the ignorant. Ephelge had lost all hope of finding his lips in contact with the ear of an auditor. He would have, without any profit, grown pale over his books, and this literary paleness would not have increased his beauty.

Ephelge, brutally repulsed by mankind, resolved to bury his existence in the vast chaos of houses, men and horses, called the city of Paris; that immense depot of moral and physical infirmities, all numbered on each side of the streets, appeared to Ephelge as an asylum of consolation. His moderate fortune not admitting of his hiring a post-chaise, he was obliged to take a seat, with five surly companions, in a lazy diligence. The unfortunate man enclosed in the brassen bull of the tyrant Phalaris never submitted to the tortures which a diligence reserved for Ephelge. The five travellers compelled him to veil his face with a red handkerchief, and it was only by this outrage-

ous concession that he was permitted to continue his journey to the Barriere d'Enfer, the fifty-fourth gate of the capital of the arts and of civilization.

Ephelge alighted at the hotel of La Reine Christine, Rue Christine, Faubourg St. Germain. This hotel rises a dozen stories above the level of the Seine; it is in a solitary street little frequented by horses, the omnibuses avoiding it as vessels avoid the Straits of Magellan. Ephelge pleaded a cold taken on the journey and spoke to the porter of the hotel through the red handkerchief which concealed his ugliness. The intelligent porter of the hotel Christine, suspecting some stratagem beneath this handkerchief, and even believing this might be a rogue whose description had been given to the police, required the removal of the red handkerchief before receiving Ephelge as a lodger and treating with him on the price of the rooms. Ephelge, instead of obeying, drew his red handkerchief more closely over his pyramidal nose.

"Ah! I knew it well!" said the porter, with a malignant laugh, showing the unfortunate traveller to the door.

Ephelge, holding his portmanteau in one hand and in the other his protecting handkerchief, retired in consternation.

He knew no other in Paris but the hotel Christine; his father had lodged there in 1809, and had a thousand times cited it as a model of a furnished hotel.

At the corner of the Rue Dauphine, Ephelge had the grief of hearing a commissioner say these terrible words in his ear:

"There is a republican with a red flag!"

"What imprudence!" exclaimed the traveller, mentally; and he put his handkerchief in his pocket like an ambitious deputy.

The flux and reflux of the Rue Dauphine are composed of busy passengers who do not stop to look at countenances. Ephelge breathed an instant till he reached the sign of the *Deux Magots*, at the corner of the Rue Bussy; but having committed the imprudence of venturing into the neighboring solitudes of the Luxembourg, he saw displayed in the faces of the passengers certain expressions of evil omen, and ever the signs of human anger, sinister precursors of an approaching storm.

Ducray-Daminil, that prince of romancers, on beholding the evils which assail the two orphans Achille and Benedict, exclaims with admirable simplicity: "Children so amiable, so gentle, what had you then done to men?" What would he have exclaimed had he been like myself a spectator of the sufferings of Ephelge in the Rue Vaugirard! Ah! what had he done to mankind, this Ephelge so amiable, so gentle?

You may be a parricide, a forger, a counterfeiter, a disloyal friend, a perjured lover, a skillful poisoner, and if you walk the streets of Paris with a serene face, clear eyes, a well chiselled nose, two rosy lips, and a waistcoat white as snow, Paris will honor you with a benevolent regard; but be Ephelge, having committed but the innocent crime of unpardonable ugliness, and Paris will prepare for you, at every corner, mortal sufferings and nameless tortures. It is true, by way

of apology, that Ephelge abused too much the privilege which mankind have of being ugly.

Driven from the Rue Vaugirard by some young cabinet-makers who were breakfasting in the open air, Ephelge, still holding his portmanteau and veiling himself as well as he could with his large hand, entered the garden of the Luxembourg, and was saluted by a general chorus of laughter from a population of *femmes de chambre* and little children. It was impossible to mistake it, every finger was pointed towards him! Ephelge, at the summit of despair, was about to precipitate himself into the pond of the Luxembourg, but he remarked, immediately, a Newfoundland dog who was waiting with open mouth to save him. The suicide was adjourned.

He retraced his steps, and traversing the court of the Luxembourg, descended rapidly towards the Rue Mazarine, which has the privilege of being obscure at mid-day.

On seeing the river flowing at the extremity of this street, he thought it more enticing than the pond of the Luxembourg, which pond, besides, is only half a foot deep, so that the post of the Newfoundland dog is a sinecure. Ephelge, meanwhile, supported by the feeble hope of a possible transfiguration, let the river flow on without disturbing the repose of its waters, and followed the quay as far as the Pont Royal. The bookworm who has established in these latitudes a public library for the use of those who have to seek a long time for five centimes to cross the Pont du Cawousel suggested to him an idea. He bought a quarto, entitled: "*Defense de la bulle Unigenitus*, and precipitated himself, head first, between the two covers of this book, as do near-sighted people when they read a newspaper. By favor of this mask, bound in leather, he could cross the Pont Royal without incurring too many dangers on the sidewalk away from the horses. Only the people said, (for the people on the bridges always say something, because they no longer stand in fear of the carriages:)

"This gentleman does not intend to lose any time."

"The man has forgotten to leave his book at home."

"Take care, sir, that you do not let it fall on my feet."

"See him brushing his eyelids with a quarto."

Ephelge, happy at being relieved from peril so cheaply, continued his route, and, at the descent of the bridge, almost ran against the Chateau of the Tuileries, which he could not see through the thickness of his quarto. The sentinel of the Pavillion of Flora turned Ephelge back to the public road with a light stroke of his sword, and a gesture still more decisive. He passed along the terrace on the edge of the water, crossed diagonally that immense nine-pin alley called the Place de la Concorde, and lost himself, like a heathen shade, in the labyrinths of the Elysian Fields, which M. Colbert, of mythological memory, planted to amuse the academicians of his age.

The ugly men whom Paris possesses within her walls to relieve the provinces have chosen the Champs Elysees for their noon promenade. One more would not be noticed, although this one

should be, alone, more frightful than all the rest together. Thanks to the concourse of hideous frequenters who change the Champs Elysees into a true Tartarus, Ephelge breathed for a few moments; he surprised here and there constellations of wild eyes which looked at him aslant, as Dido, in the Elysian of Virgil, looked at her perfidious lover; but he immediately eclipsed himself with a tree, and, from eclipse to eclipse, at length arrived at the foot of the triumphal arch of L'Etoile, at the other extremity of Paris. The unfortunate man was coming out at the Barriere d'Enfer!

On the hospitable turf which crowns the neighboring heights, Ephelge perceived some loungers from Chaillot, people renowned for their tricks, and who have beguiled of so many wearisome hours the thirsty pedestrians, wandering on the banks without flowers which the Seine does not water. This asylum was not safe. Even the toll-keepers, grave personages, who lie in wait at the barriers, pointed out Ephelge with their divining wands, with contemptuous remarks, and, suspecting him of being a smuggler, threatened to surprise him in the act on his return. Ephelge did not comprehend this pantomime, and saw in all these men only new and implacable enemies of his gigantic ugliness.

Nature has indeed criminal inconsistencies; there should be a tribunal to revenge a pure man like Ephelge, on this barbarous step-mother, and compel her to do her work over again. Alas! Nature laughs at mankind, and when she laughs at our expense we must submit to her abuse all our life-time.

Ephelge had now entered upon that infinite avenue which commences at the arch of L'Etoile and seems to terminate at the end of the world.—It is hopeless to the foot-passengers. Colbert planted these eternal trees from the top of his gilded carriage. "O great minister!" said M. Buisson, in speaking of him; M. Buisson always travels on horseback.

Our unfortunate pedestrian reached, a little before sunset, the banks of the Seine at Neuilly.—The aspect of this site re-animated him. There was a bridge, whose arches were reflected in the green and tranquil water; groves of poplars, kiosks, smiling alcoves, bouquets of lilies, sporting with the river, children playing on the banks. All this looked much like happiness, and our Ephelge was naturally so amiable, that he felt a joy as if all was his property. This borrowed happiness gave him symptoms of appetite. On his right appeared a white house, which informed the passers-by, on its sign, that, "*Bellon, dit Le Champinois logi a pied et a cheval. A la renommee des matelottes.*"

This sign made Ephelge's mouth water. He entered, his countenance half veiled by the quarto, risking thus only half of his immeasurable ugliness, and depositing his portmanteau on the table, summoned M. Bellon, and called for a dinner. Four courses.

M. Bellon ran with a rapier bristling with duck's feathers, and, looking at Ephelge below the neck, cast a tender smile on a forty franc piece, with which the traveller was drumming on the table as the tocsin of his appetite.

"Monsieur shall be served immediately," said

Bellon, and he went out to get a rapier without any feathers.

Who can understand the mechanism of fatalities! a simple incident was to lead to very singular results! *But let us not anticipate events*, says Ducray-Duminil, our patron.

Ephelge, alone in the *salle a manger*, ornamented with a mirror veiled in green crape in order not to mortify the guests, opened the lattice and bent gracefully over the balcony. From this observatory, his eye rested upon a little garden surrounded with a hedge of hawthorn in flower; this garden exhaled a perfume of calm happiness which moistened the shaggy eyelashes of Ephelge. He perceived at its extremity, beneath a grove of catalpas, a modest mansion with green blinds, a trellis of vines, an aviary and a pigeon-house; before the door a young girl was gathering with one hand, in a vase, some geranium blossoms, and with the other gently repulsing a young spotted kitten, which was playing with the fringe of her satin pelerine. Ephelge's position did not allow of his seeing the face of the young girl; but it was impossible that, in the midst of such a beautiful landscape, she could be otherwise than beautiful. The contemplation was prolonged, notwithstanding the exigencies of an appetite thirty hours old; but M. Bellon entered triumphantly, with a *matelotte* in his hand; the hungry traveller, under the pretext of smelling of the viands, contrived to conceal what he called his face from the glance of M. Bellon, and had in this position a short interview with him.

"This dish," said he, "has an exquisite perfume, and I cannot refrain from inhaling it."

"I may say, monsieur," replied Bellon, "that next to the Mayor of the Isle St. Denis, who is the most celebrated man for a *matelotte*, no one on the banks of the Seine can surpass me in this respect."

"Oh! what a delicious perfume!" said Ephelge.

"Take care, monsieur," remarked Bellon, "the plate is very hot, you will burn your nose."

"Monsieur Bellon," said Ephelge, "you have there, beneath your windows, a very pretty garden."

"It is the garden of my neighbor, Madame Daubnier."

"The wife of M. Daubnier?" asked Ephelge.

"No, sir, a widow."

"Really a widow, Monsieur Bellon? a widow whose husband is dead?"

"Yes, sir, a genuine widow, if ever there was one. I knew M. Daubnier, he died of chagrin at seeing his daughter refused in marriage."

"What do you tell me, Monsieur Bellon?" said Ephelge, displaying only a quarter of his phenomenal ugliness.

"I say the truth, Mlle. Aglae was betrothed in her childhood to a cousin in America. The cousin arrived, and, on the evening of signing the contract, said: 'Bah! I had rather remain a bachelor,' and returned to America without having his passport re-signed."

"What had this cousin learned?"

"Nothing at all; Mlle. Aglae is the most virtuous person in Neuilly; she was *posiere* last year."

"Then it appears to me, Monsieur Mellon—"

"Oh! sir, we must not talk about our neighbors, in our business; they will make complaints to the commissary; pretend that we sing noisy songs; accuse us of killing their cats, or some stupidity of that kind. Let us talk no more about it—how do you find the *matelotte*, sir? you seem to devour it with your eyes."

"It is true, Monsieur Bellon, and what will you give me after the *matelotte*?"

"Half of a duck a *l'estragon*; and no one can say that it is not fresh, since it was dabbling in the stream below there half an hour ago."

On these words, the *aubergiste* went out.

Nothing can paint the joy of Ephelge, at having at last exchanged a few phrases with a human being! His happiness was that of the shipwrecked mariner, who after living twenty years in a desert, dumb for want of an interlocutor, suddenly meets two open ears under a baptised forehead, and revels in conversation. He rose proudly, and, having no journals to read between the acts of the two courses, returned to the balcony to drink of the economical absynthe of the fields. The young girl was still in the garden; but Ephelge could not see her face. Aglae walked with a melancholy step, as if she had just visited a cemetery; she now and then stopped and gazed at the tall shrubs like a wearied botanist.

The sound of the arrival of the second course summoned Ephelge to his table, and he concealed himself behind the screen of his faithful quarto.

"You will have something to say about this duck," said Bellon, wiping his fingers, cooked more than his dishes.

"You are discreet," said Ephelge to him; "and I am ready to call for a fifth course, if you will tell me the motive which induced the cousin to break off his marriage with your beautiful neighbor."

This tempting proposition threw M. Bellon into a reverie.

Ephelge bent over the duck, with his nose upon its beak.

"Monsieur," said M. Bellon, in a low voice, "if you could see Mlle. Aglae, you would do like the cousin."

"Bah!"

"Yes, sir. Imagine to yourself that this poor lady is uglier than the seven mortal sins."

The nose of Ephelge had nearly swallowed the beak.

"So ugly, monsieur," pursued Bellon, "that she cannot even go to church on Sunday lest the *gamins* should cry out after her."

Ephelge besought heaven to send him a folio, since a quarto was not big enough. His head, to which the blood was rushing, swelled and overflowed the marquise of the protecting book.

"Now," said the *aubergiste*, "you know the reason, and I am going to prepare the other three courses."

He went out.

Appetite expired in the breast of Ephelge, and the sentiment which the confidence of Bellon had awakened in him was of a peculiar character.

He walked towards the window with a strange curiosity, very natural, and this time was permit-

ted to behold the face of the neighbor. Though accustomed for twenty years to the formidable truths of his mirrors, Ephelge immediately acknowledged that the ugliness of Aglae was without a rival in the universe, including the zone of the Hottentots. The face of this young girl produced upon the Ephelge the effect of a mirror which magnifies objects; its most remarkable characteristic was the almost entire absence of the forehead and eyes; it is true the nose compensated for this double absence by a monumental prodigality. The mouth extended towards unknown limits, the chin descended vertically in a bony point on a neck like a bird of prey, and this *ensemble* of ugliness was painted with a triple coat of ochre which completed the annoyance of the eye which dared to look on it.

Ephelge, nevertheless, who had good reasons for not being difficult in matters of this kind, courageously faced the countenance of Mlle. Aglae as a hero braves an unknown peril. He even found a singular pleasure in dwelling on all the traits of this formidable ugliness, and each new discovery rejoiced his heart. At the end of his examination, Ephelge would have thrown himself at the feet of the young girl, had the balcony been nearer the ground. A soft reverie seized him, and he regained the table, with a brow at once thoughtful and serene. A spectator bold enough to have analyzed at this moment the countenance of Ephelge, would have divined that an entire revolution was taking place in the soul of this unfortunate wanderer.

At the end of the repast, Ephelge, encouraged by the invincible ugliness of the neighbor, dared speak face to face with Bellon, and to demand a furnished room, payable in advance and in gold. The profile of the Emperor Napoleon, in relief on the forty franc piece, made a happy diversion in his favor; the *aubergiste*, absorbed by the image on the metal, looked negligently at the image of flesh which Ephelge presented in full. The room was granted on exhibition of the passport.

Though the signature of the passport of Ephelge was written in an ill-gible manner, because the clerk at the Mayoralty had been agitated, on writing it, by bursts of convulsive laughter, M. Bellon was satisfied and installed his only boarder.

From this moment the life of Ephelge was a succession of innocent delights. The traveller no longer quitted his chamber; he looked with ineffable joy on the graceful garden, inhabited by a young girl imprisoned there by her despotic ugliness. The soul of Ephelge could alone comprehend the soul of Aglae; every inward thought of the young girl was re-echoed, like a message from an electric telegraph, in the brain of the young man; a mutual sympathy was inevitable. Aglae, who had not seen the human countenance for a long time, was touched, in the midst of her ennui, by the benevolent attention bestowed upon her by her generous neighbor. These two beings, driven from society for a physiological crime, were united by a common interest; each comprehended that, beyond themselves, there was only solitude, ennui, despair.

They had never spoken to each other, and yet had already said all. Ephelge dressed one day

in his visiting costume, and presented himself, more hideous than usual, at the house of Madame Daubinier. A sombre twilight obscured the drawing-room; there were good reasons for using shadowy tints in the dwelling inhabited by the poor girl. Ephelge, on his side, was careful not to ask for more light; the *fiat lux* would have expired on his lips. Madame Daubinier, who had retained something of the atrocious ugliness with which she had so generously endowed her daughter, veiled herself with a fan, notwithstanding the obscurity of the saloon, and pointed her visitor to a fauteuil.

Then Ephelge, with a voice full of melody and fascination, eloquently declared the object of his visit, and demanded the hand of Mlle. Aglae.

The mother stammered an embarrassing response, of which the meaning was this:

"Sir, it seems you do not know my daughter; you have never seen her; should you have the misfortune to see her, you would do like her cousin from America. What are you asking of me, imprudent man?"

Ephelge pretended not to comprehend the meaning of this maternal response; but said with charming delicacy:

"I know Mademoiselle Aglae, I have had the pleasure of seeing her often; I love her as myself, I can have no other wife, and your refusal, madame, will throw me into despair."

Afterwards he gave the necessary information respecting his family and his little fortune, especially expatiating on his taste for solitude and obscurity.

Madame Daubinier, at this first visit, neither accepted nor refused; she asked a week for reflection. It is easy to divine that this delay was no injury to Ephelge. Mlle. Aglae accepted him with downcast eyes and low voice, in a sentiment of graceful and virgin modesty.

One night two hymeneal torches gleamed obscurely at the extremity of the chapel of Neuilly, like two stars in a cloudy sky. The betrothed couple, followed by four witnesses, approached at the mayoralty, knelt before the altar, and took the vows of fidelity, like others. After the ceremony the witnesses refused to sit down at the wedding feast, and insisted that the law required nothing more of them. Ephelge thanked them, and they fled, with hands open over their closed eyes.

Ephelge, having obtained the consent of his mother-in-law, left Neuilly, and went to establish himself with his wife in his natal city which he loved so much. When the inhabitants of the Rue —, of the city of —, learned that Ephelge had re-entered their walls, and this time with a supplement of conjugal ugliness, symptoms of insurrection appeared. The police were alarmed, groups of them gathered before the doors of the *cafes*, and patrols wandered at night about the mansion of the newly married. The next day the mayor issued a decree requiring all citizens to keep the peace, under penalty of an enforcement of the laws of September. This decree calmed their minds a little; the public square became habitable, but the interior of households was in revolt, each street being a double row of numbered volcanoes.

Ephelge, strong in the protection of the law,

strong in his innocence, and no longer fearing anything since he had doubled his existence by marriage, became another man, ugliness excepted. On the first Sabbath he boldly marched out with his wife, at the hour for the promenade, and mingled with mankind, on the Course de St. —, the habitual rendezvous of the *beau monde*, after vespers, in the summer season. Madame Ephelge, happy in being beloved, strolled carelessly along hanging on the arm of her husband, and from the height of her triumph seeming to lavish insult on the families who passed, with brows laden with domestic ennui, and countenances expressive of discontentment. Ephelge, radiant with happy love, bent to his wife's ear and poured out waves of conjugal tenderness, which would have delighted the bride of an angel. This unheard of display of nuptial happiness, in the very face of the public, exasperated the promenaders, and, as soon as the storm became imminent, the mayor went from family to family and extinguished the fire, preaching respect to the laws.

Fortunately the public soon became weary of the same thing. Ephelge and his wife, not recoiling before exasperation, the public recoiled before its injustice. Insensibly, *this frightful couple*, (for so were they designated in the Department of —,) by dint of appearing on the promenades, by the aid of the constitutional charter, accustomed the eyes to look upon them. One day the mayor, whose prudence is proverbial in the city of —, accosted in public M. and Madame Ephelge, and did them the honor of a familiar conversation; still more, M. Ephelge having slipped aside a moment to tie the strings of his enormous shoes, the mayor offered his municipal arm to Madame Ephelge, who was almost overcome by such a stroke of unexpected good fortune. This magistrate enjoyed the general affection;

he had obtained from the minister a bridge, a picture, and a fountain, and this triple present overwhelmed the city of — with a perpetual joy which remounted even to the magistrate. So, from this memorable Sunday, the populace pardoned the double ugliness of the Ephelge couple, and two manufacturers even invited them to dinner.

They soon became all the fashion. They were quoted everywhere for their grace, their art, their amiability; such a fortunate household was never seen. A permanent thread of gold and of silk was the symbol of the lives of the two Ephelges. All the mothers wished a like happiness for their children.

An incident at once expected and unexpected completed the popularity of the couple in the city of —. Madame Ephelge became the mother of a child beautiful as the day. At this intelligence the public affection rose to fanaticism. — The ladies of — all demanded a sight of the new-born infant. Being obliged to regulate the order of the spectacle, the mayor placed two *gen d'armes* at the door of the chamber; it seemed like a representation at the opera.

Ephelge supplicated Heaven to retrench his happiness, that the other couples of the city of —, who, we may say *en passant*, were not very happy in their families, especially those who were very handsome, might not be mortified by the contrast. Heaven, which owed Ephelge compensation with interest for his past misfortunes, did not listen; it sent him, at the expiration of another year, a daughter of incomparable beauty. The mayor claimed the honor of standing godfather, and the baptism was truly a civic fete.

Happy couple, may the perusal of this article, written in your honor, add one ray more to your honey-moon, which will last as long as the sun of your days!

TO ———.

BY H. A. E.

Think not, hearts by years united,
When each pulse hath beat the same,
On whose altars love hath lighted
An undying vestal flame.

Think not, hearts can thus be severed,
'Tis the hope of dark despair;
All the joys affection's gathered,
Like a spell are clinging there.

The vain struggle to forget thee
Would a keener fancy awake,
And my crushed heart in agony
Refuse thy memory to forsake.

I have prayed through weary years,
With the fervent faith of love,
And all change of woe and tears,
Hath failed, that holy trust to move.

Think not thou, though fate hath parted
Souls by sacred vows entwined,
That those vows will, unregarded,
Cease my every thought to bind.

Though in pain each moment flying,
Anguish brings no change o'er me;
My last murmured words when dying,
Shall, dearest, be a prayer for thee.



THE YOUNG SCAMP.

THE Young Scamp of the present day is a much greater nuisance to respectable people, past the hey-day of life, than were the same subjects of the last generation, because they are more knowing. The Young Scamp is the spoiled child of rich parents, as a matter of course, for the children of the poor cannot afford to be impudent to their betters or elders. It would be quite superfluous to give a sketch of the Young Scamp, because he is found everywhere and known by everybody, and because our artist has given his form and presence so admirably in the above engraving, that he only needs to be seen to be known at once, and properly appreciated. The Young Scamp is quizzing an old lady who is asking her way to a certain street, and thinks it first rate sport to send the civil old body a half mile out of her road. The Young Scamp's idea of a first rate joke is not apt to be very delicate, and he rarely succeeds in amusing anybody but himself by his monkey tricks.

If he happens to have any influential political friends he gets an appointment as a cadet at West Point, from which he will probably be expelled for robbing a hen roost, or he gets into the navy as a midshipman, and fights a duel; but if he is left to grow up like an ill weed in a rich soil, he becomes a good-for-nothing, goes to races, visits bar-rooms, excels in billiards, dresses knowingly, runs in debt, ruins his father by his extravagancies, and kills his mother by his immoralities. At last he dies himself in a premature old age, despised by all who knew him, and speedily forgotten the moment his body ceases to cumber the ground.—Some thoughtless people encourage the Young Scamp by laughing at his senseless pranks, but those, who seeing his beginning can foresee his end, should endeavor to reform the Young Scamp by frowning upon his "monkey shines," and teaching him that the best way to be loved and respected is not to be roguish and useless.

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

F——, May 12, 1846.

EX-TREASURER GOULD will come to F—— tomorrow, as he comes every season, latterly several times in a season, to hunt and angle with Hal.— He would not say by which stage; he wrote I should never know from him when it is time to take my hair out of papers, and myself out of the old blue gown. This last is by way of innuendo, signifying that, once on a time, coming unexpectedly, he caught me in a blue morning dress faded and worn, and with my hair in papers. And it was two o'clock, P.M.; when the time had fairly come that every lady should be in tight dress, tight slippers, or, more sedate still, in tight gaiters of the same shade as the dress; when she should not suffer a single lock of hair to go astray, unless she sees to it carefully, that it goes according to rules of classic elegance; when she should be sitting demurely in the parlor, embroidering a collar, or stitching a wristband; and not out throwing stones at Hal, as I was. I wore the old dress as long as he remained with us; and the old slippers that carried about with them sounds as if I were slipshod. I tore the flowers he gave me in pieces, and scattered them on either side, as I walked the room, giving vigorous battle to his stupid conversation. I did these things both to show him plainly the one great fault in my temperament, an indomitable recklessness of all order, my love of play, and to let him see that I disregard him and his gifts. I not only fell into mischief often, but I led him after me when it was practicable; as one day we were out in the pastures, G—— to gather berries, Hal to rest his brain and to see how it went with us two, I in quest of mischances. Suddenly I led the gentlemen into a little grass-overgrown pool, one of the hundreds that there are amongst the green knots of our pastures, where, in the spring and early summer-time, the frogs hold their lively concerts, and where, later in the season, the blueberries ripen in such rank abundance. I knew what was there and went lightly over.

"Bluebird that you are!" said Hal, a moment contemplating the secure footing I had on the little hillock.

G—— laughed with Hal, but less heartily; and at the same time he made wry faces, as he carefully lifted his pants, and took out first one foot and then the other.

"Hear the malicious water-sprites down there," said Hal, with renewed laughter. "Cachulluc! cachulluc! they say. They repine at the loss of your congress boots, G——."

Was not this a pleasant thing, ye, all ye fairies who will come in the moonlit nights to read this diary? Do ye not love disasters—when they come in innocuous forms, I mean—as I do? I hope so, indeed; for I can nowhere find a mortal who does.

The incident was made the more amusing, by

G——'s dancing so crazily, and with such a distorted face, (as if he were spoiled,) to be rid of the water.

"Hal," said he, "what can be done with the girl that the ex-treasurer delighteth to punish?"

"If it please the ex-treasurer," answered Hal, as he industriously used a wisp of grass about G——'s boots, "if it please the ex-treasurer, let her be made, after this day, to stay quietly within the house and to look and behave '*like somebody*,' as Mrs. George says."

I laughed with them over this too; but I was near choking with the emotions I had to swallow. I often am near choking, when, in one way and another, it comes to me, that Hal, that G——, that mother, in short, that every body thinks this same thing of me; that I had better be sitting in the close room, with my hair dressed so tight and heavy that my brain seem braided too; that regularly, at one o'clock, I should encase myself in twenty petticoats, which are to be crowded down, pressed to me by the long-waisted, whale-bone framed dress; finishing with gaiters, so trim, so tight, that I am bewildered, sick, with the rush of blood to my brain, where it goes for a freer circulation; and then that I ought to sit, hour after hour, bending over my sewing, my worsted knitting, or my book, until I am ready to sink on the spot and die. They would not willingly have me suffer. No, indeed! no, indeed! but they see other young ladies bring themselves to regular habits of dress and employment; they admire the neatly fitting bodice, the full, well-rounded figure, the glossy hair with every spear in its proper place, the delicate, the wax-like complexion, the white fingers buried with the many-colored Berlin wools, and the staid deportment, the quiet movement, the lady-like air. But when I show them how much of this beautiful employment, this seclusion, this becoming apparel, is at the expense of health and comfort, when I let them see how wretched it would make me in limb and soul if I were to adopt it, they agree with me without reservations, that my way is the best way, since it keeps my temper cheerful and my body sound; that it is a most unfortunate thing, that to many of the fashions, the customs of the female portion of the race, are so at variance with the demands of the physical system; that so few of our habits are calculated to generate if wanting, to preserve if natural, the strength and endurance woman so much needs, as the mother of the race, as the supervisor of such a multiplicity of harassing, monotonous household concerns, as fall into her department. Why will they not remember their concessions? Why, in the next hour it may be, must I see deprecativ eyes, uplifted hands, accompanied by the laughing jest, or the reproving—"O, Susy! don't! don't sit down in that dress!" or "Don't go out in this May wind! you will get so brown!" or "Susy, you really should put on a few

more petticoats; now that every body wears so many, you look singular; and you say yourself, that it is the beauty of a lady's dress, that it be clear of all singularity, so that it be neither noticed nor commented upon." The reproofs, the laughter are always gentle, always in kind tones; but they are indications of disapprobation of my *chosen* ways, and they grieve me all the same that harshness would do. The goldfinch singing its plaintive song as it died, if were here, would know how to plead my cause; for the bird also—what did the *bird* care for his dainty food, for staying quietly within his gilded bars, for keeping himself in order, that his plumage might be seen and admired and wondered over by all who came? What did the bird care for his bright feathers? what were *they* to the bird?

"Loves of his own, and raptures!"

he once had in the balmy air, in the boundless sky, in the cool, fresh woods, and, above all, in freedom of wing, in the sublime flight, in "pouring his throat" away where there were no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no voices to applaud and imitate.

Others may dress, speak, act, according to etiquette of the toilet and the drawing-room, "an they like it;" but I love the air; it is the breath of life to me. The birds, the woods, all the free, moving things—I have joy and freedom in them. I love them; and for them, through them, God. I will hold my own way. I will help see to the ways of the household in all necessary things; but when this is over, I will not put my spine out of shape in working collars, or ottomans, or lamp-mats. I will not put my hair into a dozen braids, or put it up tight in any way. I will in all things sacrifice elegance to comfort, when the two are in conflict. But there shall be no assumptions of superior wisdom about it, no obstreperousness.—On the contrary, I will laugh all the while as I go on, and as people scold me, or laugh at me, unless they say those things that *quite* choke me. Then I will weep like a tempest one minute. And when they surround me with their "Whats?" "Hows?" I will fall to laughing over their wonder-filled eyes; or, if I cannot do this, if I must still weep and at last give some reason for weeping, Kirke White shall help me with his—

"Then whence it is I cannot tell;
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad;
And so the tear-drops fill my eye,
But yet, in truth, I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad."

And then, before the tears are fairly gone out of my eyes, long, long enough before they are gone out of my heart, I will have them all laughing over a hole in my shoe, over my straggling hair, which, by an apparently unconscious movement of my hand, I will fling about my face in a way that shall make me look like an outright gipsy, or an Indian. Or I will pick a flower, or a scrap of paper, in a hundred pieces, and throw over G——, or Hal, or somebody else as tidy, as afraid of the contamination *they* find in a mote even. This is the only way for me. In no other way can I live in the midst of all this laughter and bantering over my fault; this perpetually re-

curring: "Susy! Susy, take care! Susy! you are spoiling that! Oh, Susy! when will you try to be more careful?" and the like. Heavens! when will I *try*! And have I not tried? Have I not been almost drowned times without number, in the tears I have shed over my resolves, and especially over their failures? I *could* be careful and tidy; but the *hows* and the *which ways* would make up the whole study of my whole lifetime. I am sick enough to die at the thought of this—of the dull, heavy, *clammy*, moving corpse I would be. I would stifle. I would feel as if living, moving, and having my being in a tomb. This is not in the least an exaggeration, not in the least a lie. I know it, because I have felt it in trying to dress, speak and act, as a young lady should; especially as that young lady should who would make herself agreeable to the over-systematic, the over-prim, ex-treasurer G——. Do I not remember, although it is two years since, am I not chilled now in the remembrance of the palsy that settled on me as I studied and tried, that settled on brain and limb, and spoilt me for myself, for G——, and for everybody? Can I not think how still and dull it was through the house? Mother said: "Susy was certainly never so careful, never such a help in the house; but—but some way she does not seem like herself; and I would rather have it so that she will seem like herself." Hal caught my hand when I would pass him on my way putting things in order, held me, and, with his good, quiet face turned up to mine, sang:

"Oh there's no such girl as mine
In all the wide world round;
With her hair of golden twine,
And her voice of silver sound.
Her spirits so sweetly flows,
Unconscious winner of hearts,
There's a smile wherever she goes,
There's a sigh wherever she parts."

He shut his books, also, and begged me to let the "everlasting work" go; to sit down there with him and G——, and take my comfort, and help them to take theirs. But I would not. I would not! For had not they, too, ridiculed what—most politely, it must be conceded to them—they were pleased to call "my deshabelle tricks?" I ran from the room, choked almost to death; and they looked after me with kind, inquiring eyes. Of course I shut myself up in my room and cried myself into a violent headache. And when it was known that I could not swallow a mouthful of supper, that I could not walk with G—— and Hal; when, the next morning, it was seen that I was pale and still as a ghost, everybody was so very full of devices for my restoration "to myself," so kind, so serious, that I must do one of two things. I must weep again, or go pelting them all away from me with newspapers and books from the tables. I tried the latter.

"See, Hal!" said G——; "see! light comes into the house now at all the windows and doors."

"Yes!" said Hal quickly, dodging a "Lady's Book" with "eighteen extra pages."

They both ran into corners. They limped, whenever they recollected to do so, through the day; they limp down to this day, Hal when I would send him hunting after a spool of cotton, or

a book; G——, when I would send him away to his room, that I may make pies, or read, or write, in peace and quietness.

Mother and Maria had a good, grateful laugh at seeing that "now Susy was herself again;" and of one thing mother was very certain, and that was, that not another day should I work as I had done for the few days' past. There was no need of it. I must let things go. Things were well enough; we all found the home pleasant; we all took comfort in it; and it was no matter if everything was not in perfect order. So I thought; so I had all along thought, that, as we were not able to keep domestics—save the good Maria whom we were "bringing up"—we must be content to let things go on in a simple, careless way, or we must die of the toil, the confinement.

"Well, I worked subsequently, when it was needful; but in an old, wide, full-of-holes apron, that would now and then get caught by a chair, or table-corner, and hold me until *rastch blastch* it went, and I was on my way, and every one in the room laughing heartily at my coolness. This is what I like, that play come in with the work; that the work itself be made play; and then how lightly, how quickly it goes off! Play is the only thing that can make it tolerable to me, the routine of cooking, eating, sleeping; cooking, eating, sleeping. This—the routine I mean—makes me long for the perfectly organized Phalanstery, where the household occupations shall be infinitely varied, light in comparison with those of the isolated home, and made agreeable and healthful by frequent *interludes*, by play of the brain, the heart, the limbs; where the *mind* shall be ministered unto; where the beautiful arts shall be cultivated as here the corn and potatoes are; shall flourish as they do.

It is unpardonable—leaving them there for this long digression, the ex-treasurer shaking the water off his boots, and brother Hal helping with the forlorn wisp of grass!

I was glad that G——'s boots were spoiled, because he could well afford the loss, old bachelor that he was, with a fortune, and a half-dozen sinecures; and because I wished him to understand it fully that I not only ruin my own things by my carelessness and mischievousness, but that I help other people to destroy theirs; that I would be an absolutely ruinous concern as his, or any other man's property. Then he would contentedly keep his heart and hand to himself, I thought, and leave me in unquestioned possession of my own. I had many reasons to fear, that, of his own unenlightened, unassisted judgment, he would do neither of these things.

G—— stayed a week then. My birthday was in the time; and I sat in my blue dress, with hair all astray, and braided him a bracelet of my own hair. There was a gray hair—prematurely gray it was, thou horrified fairy—and I wove it in. I would weave it in, because it was my first, my only gray hair, and because I hoped it would disfigure the bracelet and plague G——. But straightway he was in raptures over it, *especially* over the gray hair, "the thread of silver in the dark web."

He remembers that to-morrow will be my birth-

day. He will bring me a gift, he writes;—"unique," "a spirited thing," "meet for his donee," he describes it; but nothing more of it shall I know, or see, until I have blinded my eyes and guessed three times in prose, and three in rhyme. I foresee! there will be much liveliness over this guessing for all in the house; from good old grandfather, who, although so deaf that he does not hear one-half that is said, yet laughs in the freshness of his sympathies when others laugh, down to the "blessed," the little Howy, who is always laughing, always glad, the darling! And when the guessing and frolic is over, when the still twilight comes, and the long ramble for G——, Hal, and myself, then G—— will grow poetical over his gift, its sentiment, its suitability; but I will none of it! I—ah, Heaven knows I will enter upon the untrod year with trembling, and yet with a greater faith that shall overcome it. I will weep on my pillow in the morning, and again at night, in fear of that which awaits me in the new year, in sorrow that I make so insignificant use of my days, and yet in gratefulness for friends and home, in joy and gladness that I am living this life, so monotonous outwardly, yet inwardly so full of stir, activity, emotion, so rich, so teeming with beauty. But G—— shall know nothing of it. I will never be still while he is here long enough to tell him this.

Our work is done for a whole week, because we want leisure while G—— is here, and while Hal is giving himself rest from his books. The arch in the cellar and the pantry above are full. And on the branch board, "the luncheon shelf," are cranberry tarts, rich cheese, the brown loaf, the pickle jar, and the balls of gold-yellow butter stamped, expressly for Hal and G——, with this-le buds and leaves. This is for "the boys" before they go out farming or hunting or fishing.—When they rise softly, take the light lunch and go to the woods before any one is astir, it is that we may have partridges, or trout, or both birds and fish for dinner. When they go later, two hours after breakfast, it is for the next morning's meal that they hunt, or angle; and never in vain; we may always see them coming up across the green pasture with their game swinging in one hand; and Pompey, who goes out bounding to their shoulders, coming back walking demurely at their feet,—we may always see this, if we look out, just when dinner is ready to go on the table. With what noise and stir they come! What strength and freshness they bring to us from the grand old woods! And we who have kept within doors.

"Ah, how cool and good it is within here!" they say as their gratefully-beaming eyes seek ours. "The flowers! fresh flowers! how is it, Susy, that always, at all seasons of the year and the day, you can have flowers for one? And such cold water! how good it is, is it not, Hal?"

They drink; they go like a strengthening breeze through the rooms; they splash a minute in the wash-hand bowls; they draw long breaths; they laugh, say the wittiest things! and then to the dinner; and every succeeding dinner partaken under such circumstances, is the—certainly the *best* dinner that ever was cooked, ever eaten.

It is late; but when can I sleep again, now that G—— is within the house? It disturbs me his being near. We do not harmonize. He runs against my nerves; but he does not know it. He must have dull perceptions, obtuse nerves. He is very grave and this I do not like. He follows me with his eyes and his feet. He sighs like a furnace when I go away, or answer his wisdom with my folly.

Tell me, fairy, tell me true,
What can lass or fairy do,

when things go on in this wise? I don't know, for my part, unless she lie down on her pillow, persuade herself that she is the most unlucky of all creatures, and sob herself asleep. This I shall do, I forebode; and then what is to become of the year that was to begin, go on, and end in joy of heart? *Hue me miserum!*

Thursday morning, May 14th.

Hail thou blue morning! thou full of melody, and yet thou still, *still* morning! It has been said by philosophers, that, as two rays of light rightly combined produce darkness, so two rays of sound rightly combined produce perfect stillness. I do not know how this can be. I only know that on such a morning as this, one somehow *hears the stillness*. It is like a glorious anthem afar off, vibrating along the nerves, and yet falling short of the perceptions. I am thankful always for the morning, because almost invariably, as now, it comes with morning to my spirit. I feel now that I can get through the days. I will laugh; I will make G—— laugh. I will send him off hunting. If he brings me flowers, I will tear them to pieces before his eyes,—carelessly, as I slander conservatism; I will go round slipshod, with grease spots on my frock, since it is whole, becoming and tidy in every other respect. I will leave my wide apron on the parlor sofa, where G—— and Hal shall find it when they would lounge after dinner. While I sit and talk with them, I will write my name with my finger-point on the dusty table, making no comments, letting it all go as a matter of course that the rooms in my care be surcharged with dust and all sorts of litter. And in this way the ex-treasurer shall see that I have neither sentiment, nor fitness, nor any such things.

Does my fairy—Thalia, let me call her, she of comedy, can have no objections—wish to know what it was that G—— brought as his birth-day gift to me? Does she wish to know what it was that I guessed over it, while yet it lay there, a huge thing, enveloped in brown wrapping papers?

I had not given the work of guessing a moment's thought, for this never serves my purpose at all, making it a study beforehand, what I will do, or how I will do it. I must extemporize in all things, and then I am strong, natural and free; foolish enough sometimes, certainly; but never an automaton, never an iceberg, wearying people with my monotony, or freezing them with my coldness.

My dearest Thalia! do not think that I eschew all self-regulation. No, indeed! no, indeed; for what then would I be shortly? What I would

say, is, that I let my manners and my speech go their own impulsive ways, just taking care that, within me, no uncleanness, no evil thought, no murmurings against Providence, or against man, find a welcome and an abiding place.

It was not until evening that the brown parcel came forth from G——'s trunk. I insisted that all should have part and lot in the guessing.—Father then would guess directly, and his task would be off his hands, that these were good, sensible books in which all in the house would find pleasure. Mother would guess books.

"And what does Buddy Fudge guess that Mr. G—— has brought for Aunt Susy?" I asked of the dimpled, fresh thing that leaned across my lap.

"I guess it's a little white dove," said Howy. His eyes glistened, and he drew himself up erect in excitement over his little white dove. "And if it ain't, Aunt Susy, if it ain't a white dove, and if you feel bad about it"—I had shown myself very joyful over his guess—"if you feel bad about it, I'll be a little white dove and come and light on your shoulder! Won't I? And won't you be glad then?"

"Yes, you blessed! And I too," said I, turning to G——, while I still held upon Howy, "I guess that it must be a little white dove."

"I wish it were!" said G——, excited and sad. "That was a charming guess, Buddy. But no; no, Susy, 'tis not a white dove." He still looked at me.

"Guess it is a turkey, a great black turkey, Aunt Susy," said Howy, now laughing outrageously, and swinging on his heel.

"Guess it must be a turkey, G——," said I, purposely very loud, that grandfather might hear and enjoy the sport. Grandfather laughed, Howy laughed, and a merry time we had of it."

Hal guessed "and hoped" that it was a great book of maxims—enough for a life-time—in which it was expressly set down that ladies should work as well as play; that they should never ride on carts, or meddle in any way with the oxen, or the pigs, or do any unseemly thing. I smiled and yet I sighed. I guessed, the ex-treasurer shaking his head as I went along—

"No dove nor—nor turkey, then friend G—— hath brought; Nor book with lines and squares of wisdom fraught. It may be that port-folio is its name— No?—then Madonna in a frame? If not, a cushion then it sure must be, For G—— and Hal, and all who bend the knee In fealty To me."

"And then—tree, Aunt Susy! up a tree, say," shouted Howy, beside himself with the very obvious jingle of my rhymes.

Hal and G—— danced now around the room, taking Howy along with them.

"Now we must hear what grandfather thinks about it," said G——, when it was again still.—He was standing with his hand on the parcel.

"Me?" asked grandfather; and quickly there gathered upon his face the mingled expression of sadness and triumph one always sees, when incidentally the thought comes that he is an old man, close by the grave, close by Heaven.

"I guess—I hope it is the book of books. It is large I see; I hope it has the large, clear letters

that she can read and get comfort from, when her eyes are old and dim like mine; and when the time has come that the good book speaks of, when—if she is as happy as any body *can* be here—she will say of nearly all the things in this world, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

We were all affected; and it was very still through the room, until Howy slid gently up to grandfather, put both of his hands into one of grandfather's, looked up in his face, and said in a coving, bird-like voice, "I love you, grandfather. Don't you love me?"

"Yes, you blessed little boy!" answered the old man, with trembling voice. He lay his hand on Howy's head. Howy laughed softly, essaying whether this was "a time to laugh;" and when he saw that grandfather, that we all smiled again, he began skipping around the room.

G—— untied the parcel and there it was, a little writing-desk for my table—glowing in crimson velvet, ivory and gilt—splendid as a jewel.—There was such a gathering around it, so much admiration of its beauty, its tiny proportions, that no one noticed its effects on me. But I felt that it absolutely crushed me. I! in my deshabille! slipshod, or the next thing to it, with my straggling, lawless curls! sitting down to write characters that would go below the line, above the line, that would prefigure all sorts of angles, with all sorts of oddities lurking in them—sitting down thus, to write thus, at such a desk as that! It was perfectly annihilating; and I was ready to weep with vexation. I was standing close to G——. He saw the great tears in my eyes; his hand sought mine and pressed it softly, as he half-whispered in my ear: "Let us go now and have our walk."

"Yes," said I aloud, and taking my hand to adjust my hair. "Come, Hal! good Hal! Let us go now and have our walk."

I did not once look at G—— as I busied myself with my bonnet and shawl; but there was little alacrity in his movements; and I felt that he would rather we two had gone out alone. I shall guard carefully against all such duets. Trios shall everything be. I shall take hold of Hal's button-hole to-day, and he shall not escape me until he cross his fingers and promise to be always in our midst.

The longest of all mornings! At eight we are to have our breakfasts while G—— is here, in deference to his town habits. This is good; for it gives me leisure for my diary; and it makes the day below with G—— shorter. Alas for you, you good (and, by parenthesis, you *dear*) G——; and thrice alas for me! since, were I the quiet, systematic one he should have for a wife, to be happy himself and to be able to make her happy, I should not avoid him, trifle with him thus. As it is, I would have him for my friend, for Hal's friend. I would have him see how things really are between us, and keep silence. It will trouble him; and so it will trouble me. But we can live through it; we can be happy in being merely friends. So say the morning and the birds out there! Maria's bell calls us to breakfast—so says the bell; the bell too has a strengthening, cheerful sound, and says to me that we can live through it and be happy beyond it.

Tuesday, 13th.

Yesterday morning was spent by Hal and G—— in the field and woods. They would help father and Jem; they would also have trout and birds for dinner, because Colonel S—— and his wife would be here to dine and spend the day.

Grandfather and Howy would go out into the pasture and see if the lambs were doing well, if none were missing; and they would take Howy's apron pockets full of oats, to scatter them now and then as they went, and then the doves would go with them, now trotting along with them picking the oats, and then circling about their heads. It was a pleasant sight to see them go, and we watched them until the foot-path they were following led them round the hill out of our sight.

Then—Hi! we must be busy. Maria must put the rooms in excellent order through the house—saving the parlor for me. Mother must see to things. By this time there must be some deficiencies in the pantry. Yes! the sponge cake—there was never such a thing achieved as keeping sponge cake long, where Hal and the ex-treasurer were together. I was already tying on my wide apron; for sponge cake always devolves upon me.

"And," said mother, turning her sleeves back from her wrist, "you had better have the recipe before you, you are so apt to forget something."

Down, down, went my courage and the faith I had been so sedulously nursing for a few hours, in an undeveloped capacity for order, carefulness, and those things so essentially requisite in the—I may as well write it—in the wife of the ex-treasurer, G——. I would try what I could do, I had just determined, as I saw him go away with Hal, after he had lingered by my side saying little, but looking with quiet, friendly eyes in my face, as long as Hal would allow. I would try and see if I could go on without mishaps to my clothes, or dishes, or liquids in my hands; without forgetting, without carelessness. And if mother, instead of that palsyng, disheartening—"you are so apt to forget something!" had said encouragingly—"you have such good luck with sponge cake!" which would have been as much a general truth, all would have gone right, at least with the cake. And then, if no one had said for the day and week—"Susy! Susy be careful! how you always—" and so on, thus making me feel an utter incapacity, as if I were a child who could do nothing right, and must hence be watched and scolded, for the day and the week I could have done—not so well as those do whose fundamental law it is that things in the house be straight, if through their labor and watchfulness to this end, their restlessness if their law is disregarded by others, their tempers become ever so oblique; but well enough, every way well enough, even for G——.

As it was, I let fall an egg; and, as not another could be found in the nests, there were not eggs enough by one. This troubled me; and while I was thinking about it, and mother's "Now, that is a pity, you *must* be more careful, Susy!" I poured the butter in with the beaten eggs so hot that it half-cooked them. By this time I had no courage left. My eyes were nearly blinded by the tears in them, so that when I would pour

the batter in pans, I spilt some of it on the table. Mother came to the rescue; but seeing by my lackmore expression that I was already sufficiently aware of my fault, she encouraged me, cheerfully helping me to bring things right. But the encouragement and the cheerfulness came too late. It was all over with me. I went mechanically about what remained for me to do, and then came to my room for the hearty cry that always relieves me so much. It was not long. I dashed off the tears with my wonted spirit; said softly, and with a renewed quiver through my lips: "Now, after this G—— may go! I am not for him; he is not for me. He too would watch my movements lest they should tend to mischief. He too would be shocked often, and say, "Susy! Susy! see what you are doing!" and this would kill me! it would kill me! I should mope round a year or two without life, or spirit, then die of a broken heart, and people would call it consumption." I wept again hysterically a few moments, and then I laughed over all this broken heart and consumption, over all this forestalled misery.— "Wait, at least, till he proposes, Susy!" thought I, again dashing the tears. And, forcing myself to begin, soon I sang right cheerfully, as I busied myself putting my room and myself in order for the visitors that must soon be here.

It was a good time that we had all together. Mr. and Mrs. M——, Mr. and Mrs. L—— came with the colonel and his wife; all of them first friends of the family these twenty years, some of them since they and my parents were children together; so that it was buz and stir all through the rooms, wherever people found themselves most comfortable. Father's grafts—Mr. M——must see the grafts; he himself had hundreds on the way. Mother's cheese—Mrs. Col. S—— must know whether mother had any new method. She, Mrs. Col. S——, had lately visited the Shakers of Canterbury, purposely for the sake of the useful hints she might get. The Shakers were very kind, showed her all their works, and let her know all that they approved and practiced in cheese-making. And she must tell mother. She wished all farmer's wives might know about it, it was such an improvement!

Politics came on at dinner, when once appetite was a little appeased with the trout and the partridges. Whew! what could father think of the movements that were making at this time through the State? What—what did the ex-treasurer and his friends at the capital think, letting things go on in this unheard-of way?

Hum! father thought that most of the leaders of all the political juntos were either selfish demagogues, or miserably inefficient men, who had much better go about their own affairs, and leave it for honest, vigorous men to take care of the State. The colonel thought the same. For his part, he was heartily sick of all the manœuvring, the falsehood, the uncompromising adherence to a party, without once looking at its measures, the equally uncompromising hostility to political opponents, were they ever so honest, ever so manifestly in the right. Did not the ex-treasurer say the same?

The ex-treasurer? O, the ex-treasurer would

like it certainly that there was more fairness, more steadiness of courtesy and gentlemanly demeanor among the parties, and among the members of the same party. He disliked all such feverishness, such incoherency as was pervading the political life of the State at this time; such tumult, and turning things upside down. He called himself a whig; but in truth he was with the whig party only when their measures and policies were of a quiet, conservative character. He could bide no ultraisms in politics or anything else. (By parenthesis, I never liked G—— so little as at that moment. I can see that he is as afraid of dust and clutter in political life, as in the life of the home. But, G——, that man whom I can look up to and love as I would love my husband, must never mind dust or clutter, fire or water, if he must needs encounter these in his way of doing good to the State, or to individuals. He shall never see these, for the steadiness of his gaze on the great work beyond. I must tell you this.)

I was choking, not so much with the fish bones I was swallowing without heeding them, as with the ex-treasurer's hearse-like conservatism, when Mr. M—— wiped his mouth by drawing his silk handkerchief several times across it, and then came in with his strong, sententious tones. He would go with his party "right or wrong." A man could do nothing with his solitary vote.

"He can speak like a cannon for God and the right, with his solitary vote!" said I, with my eyes full of tears.

Mr. M—— started. It was something as if a cannon had just then been discharged in his ears, I fancy.

"Yes," answered he, after a moment's intense silence at table. "Yes—you are right; so he can, Susy: but it don't amount to much, a man's voting and speaking alone. And if he brings a dozen or two, or even a hundred or two to his one-sided measures, he only weakens his party, and, ten to one, by this means, gives the enemy an advantage."

"But nothing comes of it. One can never see that either party makes any startling use of its advantages, its temporary ascendancy. Both great parties are perfectly innocent of all measures involving any great risks or uncertainties of any kind. But if one speaks for *the truth*, he speaks to some purpose. His own heart is ennobled by this one independent, good act. And what if he must speak alone? He speaks intelligible things, and is heard all the plainer that it is so unlike the ordinary din and clamor. Long time ago one voice was heard alone speaking against slavery. If it could speak now, something besides its echo would be heard I imagine. What multitudes would chime in now with their heart-gushing, 'God speed the right!' Don't you see, Mr. M——, that so it must always be? that there must first be the solitary voice, the solitary vote? Don't you see?"

Mr. M—— did not know. But the colonel did! Hal did! They would always know, or at least, believe party measures correct before they closed with them. Still they both deprecated "a split in the party, it made such havoc!"

"Yes; 'tis perfectly horrible!" said G——,

shrugging his shoulders, and with a look as if he saw clouds of dust coming.

For himself, he said, the only comfortable way was to keep his vote and his counsel to himself when divisions came, and run away, as he had just been doing.

"But, Susy," began Mr. M——, musingly and raising his eyes to my face, "what can a man or woman do with such—such out-and-out radicalism? I never heard the like. Tell me! do you mean what you say?—you whose fathers and grandfathers were such straight forward whigs—you who never seem to be, pardon me—" laughing—"to be thinking long at a time of politics or any other one thing?—pardon me—"

"Certainly! Yes I mean what I say. I have thought more about these things than any body knows; and I am always indignant at the thought of all our greatest faults, our greatest wants as a State and a Nation, going on unchecked, uncared for, for want of the solitary voice that dares be the first to speak; while over the merest trifles it is—Here! See! on one side we hear it—Oh, wise! beautiful and good! while on the other, over the same measures, it is—Absurd! hateful and most wicked!"

They all looked down on their plates and were very thoughtful. If I were a man, a voter, what would I do the colonel asked kindly.

"I don't know," I answered, with choking voice. "Perhaps I would abuse my trust, and by degrees come to act from selfishness or prejudice, as I fear most leading politicians do. I have no doubt that multitudes now are stupid, selfish and grovelling, who started with warm, pure hearts and clear visions. And this is what seems so melancholy. They meet a thousand obstacles that they did not foresee, in the wrong-headedness of their own party. If they remonstrate 'cold shoulders' are turned on them, evil eyes watch their movements. They have cold water thrown on all their warm philanthropy; and often it will happen that they see the very men, the very class they had determined to help, to raise, the most assiduous of all in filling the buckets and passing them along the ranks. One can see what comes next. They either sink under it, as they sink moaning like good king David—'If an enemy had done it I could have borne it; but it was my friend who had broken my bread,' and so on; or, ten thousand times worse for them and for truth than this, they lift their heads high, and go with lofty, swaggering steps, shouting and swinging their hats in the air with the rest."

"They almost unavoidably do one of these things," with a heart-sick look said Colonel S—. "They must have strong hearts and purses in no need of 'the spoils of office,' to escape the temptation."

"Yes, and so from my heart I pity almost all professed politicians. If they are corrupt, they were corrupted by 'the strong circumstances.' If they are pure—"

"Why then, as we must do if we are men and christians, in a thousand conditions of life, they must pray and struggle," said Col. S—.

"Yes. They should brave everything, even the persecution of their own party, the hardest of

all. They must lay their hands on their throbbing hearts, lift their eyes to the God of right, and stand courteously yet firmly by their convictions of duty. This is what John Quincy Adams has done—"

"Yes!" exclaimed they all, looking up with animated eyes.

"And what will be said of him when he is gone and party rancor over?" I asked.

"He will be loved and honored as if he were our father and we his children," answered the Colonel.

"That he will!" exclaimed Hal, paler it seemed to me than his wont. "A sob will go through the whole nation when he dies."

"And how will it be?" I asked, "when Clay, Calhoun and Webster die? They are all *greater* men than John Quincy Adams, in the popular sense." I will confess that I rolled two or three crumbs of bread into little pellets, in my trepidation over the audacity of putting such a question to those gentlemen—two Clay whigs, two Webster whigs, and two democrats.

"The nation will stand aghast, I am thinking," replied G—. "But no doubt it will shed less tears than for Adams."

"I was thinking the same," said I; and some how our agreement in this one thing brought us near each other again.

"I come down ter see 'f I could borry yer little keeler tub, Miss L——, jist for this artennune. Mine's give out."

We looked round quickly at the first sound of the drawing voice; and there stood our neighbor, Mrs. George, in the outer door with her bare, brown arms stretched at full length, her hands braced on the sides of the door, with her head, half covered with a handkerchief, half bare, thrust away forward so that she might command a view of us at table.

"Yes, Mrs. George, walk in," answered mother; and, as we were ready to do before she came, we all rose and left the table.

The colonel knew where to go, he is here so often. He went with his pipe into the yard. The rest of the gentlemen followed him; and there in the shade of the woodbine, some sitting on the door-steps, some leaning against the trees, they digested their dinner and their politics. Ah, I would tell our public officers, our political leaders, they would look better to their ways if they knew, or *thought* oftener, how all their actions, those "done in a corner," as well as those "proclaimed upon the house top," are brought forward into the light, turned round and round and examined on all sides, by such strong, upright men as those; how, if found wanting in honesty, or any of the essential requisites, they are despised, spurned as it were with the heel like a worm.

Mrs. George had the greatest difficulty in getting through the hall, past the gentlemen.—She was half beside herself with her nervousness; as they dodged so she dodged; and thus she, the awful-looking, and the ex-treasurer, the very pink prim bachelors, went through the most awkward, shuffling and desperate of all *chasses* there in the hall. He shot forward like a bird out of a cage when once he was clear of her.

I could not smile, well as I love such ludicrous bits, for sympathy in Mrs. George's distress. She was ready to sink. She took short steps straight forward, and long ones away off on one side.—She looked upward, and downward, and sidewise. But it was only for a minute. I provided her a seat, helped her untie her handkerchief which seemed to be choking her, and *incidentally* put some of her wiry locks back in place. Meantime—

"You are in just the right time, Mrs. George," said mother, speaking loud and cheerfully to her, at the same time dishing out a delicate little trout and a partridge's breast. "You must sit down here with me and taste some of our good dinner."

"You're very good," replied Mrs. George, making her way to the table with my assistance.

Immediately upon our visitors retiring to the parlor, she began opening her heart to us; and then she was no longer the awkward, the *supremely* awkward woman that she is when strange, indifferent eyes are upon her movements.

Our visitors spent the evening—it would be so cool and beautiful riding home by the moonlight! so that G—— and I did not once fairly come together until it was time to say good-night.

"What—what a radical you are, Susy!" exclaimed he, softly, opening his eyes wide on me. "You made me feel to-day as if I were just waking out of a life-long sleep; as if I had not yet began to act a part in life. It seemed to lay

all open before me for the first time, the life of the whole world, and it was a battle-field!"

"A battle-field?" interrupted I, quietly.

"Yes; in which the needful arms were pure-rightedness, consistency, firmness, honesty unto the death. Good Heavens! I tremble now at the thought of what is before one, if one does one's duty in the strife."

"At any rate, it is glorious doing it, let what will come!" said I, attempting to withdraw my hand. "But good-night now, my friend."

He parted with me reluctantly. He begged me to sit there awhile where it was so still and beautiful; he wanted to talk; he wanted to hear me talk. But no; I must come then to my room. I must say good-night that moment. He let me come; but he looked disappointed about it; and when I made him my bow at the door, he still was standing in the same spot, in the same position, and looking after me with his small, gray, but, after all, good, friendly eyes

Wednesday, 20th.

Adieu, my Thalia, for to-day, it may be for two days; since this morning we ride to the Seminary, since we dine with Prof. S——, sup with Col. C——, and, in the evening, attend a tea-party given by the two societies for the establishment of a library, returning home late at night. Tomorrow we shall have a house full of company from the three villages that lie within three miles of us. Heigh-ho—heigh-ho!

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

(STRICTLY TRUE.)

BY ANNE E. APPLETON.

"You may go now, Mary," said Mrs. Percival to her servant, a pretty and intelligent daughter of the Emerald Isle; "you have heard my direction and will be careful to do as I have desired."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary, turning to leave the room, but lingering as if to hear more.

"Is there anything you do not understand?" inquired her mistress. "If so, tell me what it is."

"No, ma'am," but still Mary seemed unwilling to go.

"Have you anything to tell me, then? any question you would like to ask?" said Mrs. Percival, kindly; for the girl's modest, unassuming manner, and her frequent sadness had interested her much.

"Oh, madam, if you would be so good!" exclaimed Mary, earnestly, as the tears fell from her eyes. "And surely you would know—is it a sin to break a vow that the heart never made? that is forced from us against the will?"

Mrs. Percival was touched by Mary's earnestness, and she answered kindly: "Some promises are better broken than kept; but why do you ask, Mary? Has any one forced you to make a promise to which your heart would not consent? Tell me your trouble, and I will try to help you."

And encouraged by the kind tone of her mistress, and unable, as she herself said, to keep her trouble any longer hid in her heart, she told her simple story. If it should interest any one heart as it did my own, I shall be well repaid for transcribing it.

Patrick O'Neill lived on the borders of the beautiful sheet of water, called Lough Earne. He owned the cottage in which he lived, and considerable land adjoining; kept poultry, pigs and cattle, and was, as we say, "well to do" in the world. Not rich, or even far from poor, would he be considered in this land; but among his

humble neighbors, O'Neill was a thriving and prosperous man, and was looked up to and respected as a rich man is apt to be by the poor.—He was no better educated than any others of his rank; nor had his family more advantages in this respect than those around them; for the fair heroine of our tale could neither write a letter, or read one when written; scarce could she spell out the prayers she piously read each night. But Mary O'Neill grew up, more happy, perhaps, than if she had enjoyed a fashionable education; and she had completed her eighteenth year before any shadow fell upon her sunny path.

It is not to be supposed that a pretty and amiable girl, a daughter, too, of the richest man in her native hamlet, would have reached even this age without having lovers; but the young men were not quite certain how their addresses would be received by the fair heiress or by her father, who was well known to be somewhat proud of his wealth. For this cause few of them had been particular in their addresses, and these few had not found favor in Mary's eyes. Her sister Kathleen, a few years younger, often jested with her about her lovers, but all her raillery fell harmlessly on Mary's ear. No name that the merry Kate could mention could bring a blush to her sister's cheek, or cause any impatient answer.

One lovely evening the pretty Mary was wandering by the side of the lake, watching the reflection of the setting sun in the clear waters, and murmuring to herself a simple song. As she raised her eyes, she noticed a young man gazing earnestly at her, and the admiration clearly expressed in his look caused a timid blush to overspread her countenance. He was not absolutely a stranger, for he lived at the edge of the hamlet, and she had often seen him with other young men; she had even a slight acquaintance with him, enough to allow the common greetings of the day to be exchanged between them. Mary O'Neill knew, from the reports of other, that Gerald Gillespie was the best wrestler, and the best dancer, and the most active and industrious farmer in the village; and her own observations told her that he was well-looking and not ungraceful. So when the young man joined her, and begged permission to accompany her in her ramble, she quietly consented, and they strolled along the shore for some time in pleasant conversation. Gerald possessed more knowledge of books than Mary herself, for being a bright intelligent lad, and of an amiable, obliging disposition, he had been from his childhood a favorite of the old priest, who had taken much pains to instruct him.

After this evening, Mary seldom went to walk by the lake-side without encountering Gerald; and though she took care always to be accompanied by Kathleen, the presence of the latter was no restraint upon her companion. Indeed, she could scarcely be called the companion of their rambles; for she was continually leaving her sister's side, now to gather a flower, now to pick up some bright pebble, or search for the nests of the birds. Gerald had also become quite a frequent visitor at O'Neill's house, and the latter, never imagining that one so beneath him in fortune, would dare to love his daughter, always greeted

the young man kindly, and seemed glad to see him.

And so matters proceeded for some months, when a sudden blow destroyed our poor Mary's happiness. A young man, himself a pretender to Mary's hand, had watched her evening walks, noticed Gerald's gifts of flowers, &c., and, impelled by jealousy of his successful rival, waited only for an opportunity of injuring him. It soon came. Calling in at Mr. O'Neill's one evening he noticed the absence of Mary.

"And where would Miss Mary be the eve?" he inquired of O'Neill.

"Out by the water side, yonder, Mike," was the answer; "sure, it's Mary likes to walk better nor I would."

"'Tis a pleasant companion Miss Mary'd be having, then," suggested Mike.

"Troth, ye may say so," returned the old man; "there's no merrier girl near than Kathleen, and 'tis she that's with Mary the night."

"Yes, and another to that," replied Mike; "for sure my own eyes see Gerald Gillespie with her more times than one or two. And 'tis myself that's thinking Gerald knows his own business, too; it would be a fine thing for him to make Miss Mary his wife."

O'Neill started from his seat, and stared at his companion. "And 't is wild ye are to say so, Mike," he said, at length. "Sure Gerald would never be thinking of evening himself to the like of her; 't is only as neighbors they talk together."

"May be," rejoined Mike; "but there's not one of us all can get a kind look from Miss Mary when he's near her; and I'm thinking little Kathleen could tell, if she'd a mind. But I'll bid ye good evening, Mr. O'Neill; may be I'll meet Mary as I go home."

Mike had done his work well; O'Neill was proud and passionate, and the idea that a daughter of his could think of marrying so much beneath her, put him into a rage. He waited impatiently for Mary's return, and at length set out to find her. He had not gone far before he met the lovers, as they might well be called, and his eyes being opened by Mike's suggestions, he perceived signs of affection which had not before attracted his attention.

"Sure you'd far better be at home, Mary, than straying here," was his salutation. "And where's Kathleen the night? But ye've found some one to take her place, I'm thinking; good even to ye, Mr. Gillespie."

Timid by nature, and trembling at her father's look and tone, which, more than his words, expressed his anger, Mary released the hand that had rested in Gerald's, and looked round for her sister. Kathleen was at no great distance, and approached sufficiently near to hear the ensuing conversation.

"I've no ill will to yourself, Gerald," pursued O'Neill, "but 't is my desire that you'll not be talking nonsense to Mary. Sure, she'd never be wife to the like of ye, and if she would, I'd not own her for a child of mine."

Gerald was silent from astonishment, Mary from fear and grief; but the former soon recovered himself, and boldly avowed his love for Mary,

eloquently pleading his cause. "And 'tis yourself, Mr. O'Neill," he concluded, "that never said a word against it till this minute; and it seems to me hard to part us now."

O'Neill was enraged at the young man's audacity, and pouring upon him a flood of invective, he ended by forbidding him the house, and warning Mary not to have any conversation with him until he gave her permission. Weeping and trembling, Mary followed her father home, while Kathleen in vain endeavored to console her.

Weeks passed on, and the lovers did not meet; for Gerald came not to the house, and Mary dared not anger her father, by resorting to the lake-side. All the intercourse they had was by means of Kathleen, through whom affectionate messages were sometimes interchanged. But Mary, though she did not complain, grew pale and sad, and her father, who really loved her, became anxious on her account. There was to be a fair in a neighboring town, and O'Neill proposed to his daughter to accompany him there, hoping the excitement of the scene might do her some good. Mary cared little for such scenes now, but Kathleen's whisper, "Go, Mary dear; it will do you a power of good," accompanied by a peculiar look and smile, decided her to accept her father's invitation, though she scarcely knew with what hope.

The day was pleasant, the ride delightful, the scene amusing; and O'Neill, as he saw his daughter's cheek glow, and noticed the smile on her lip, congratulated himself on the good effect of his indulgence. "But you'll be weary, Mary," said he; "come now and rest in the inn, while I go and settle with John Ryan. I'll be back in an hour at most."

After her father left her, Mary stood by the window, watching the different parties who passed, and thinking of Gerald, when a light touch on her shoulder roused her from her reverie. "You're back sooner than you said, father," she began, turning from the window. But it was not O'Neill—it was Gerald who was by her side! All too short was the time, for what they had to say, though O'Neill's hour was lengthened to more than two; and it was not till Gerald saw the father entering the inn yard, that he took leave of Mary. O'Neill found his daughter not at all tired by her long stay in the inn, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, a smile was on her lip, and her cheek glowed with something of its former color.

"Truth, I think you're much better, Mary," said her father; "the ride or something has made you seem like yourself again."

"Oh, yes, I am better," said Mary, the blush deepening as she spoke; "but you'll be waiting for me, father. I'm ready to go home."

"Then I'm glad of it, *alanna*; so come with me, and we'll soon see your mother and Kathleen."

They entered the vehicle and started for home; but had not proceeded far, before they overtook a pedestrian, who seemed to be travelling in the same direction. He was a young man of middle height, well formed and active, and, as he strode along, he whistled loud and clear.

"Who's that yonder, Mary?" inquired O'Neill, with a sly look. Mary did not raise her eyes or

answer. "Sure ye've forgotten your friends quick, then, if ye don't know Gerald Gillespie," pursued the old man, who was in high good humor. "Good day to ye, Gerald, how are ye?" and as he spoke, he stopped the active little pony.

"I'm well, many thanks to ye," returned Gerald; "but no need of stopping, Mr. O'Neill; I'll walk fast enough to keep up wid ye. And how was the sale to-day?"

O'Neill glanced at his daughter. "'Tis as aisy riding as walking, Gerald," said he; "in wid ye, and I'll give ye a lift."

"I thank ye kindly, Mr. O'Neill, but I'll walk as well. I hope Miss Mary is well, and all at home," said Gerald, trying to steal a glance at the fair one's face.

"Come, in wid ye," repeated O'Neill; "I've a power of questions to ask ye and can't stay all day here. Mary *ma'tourneen*, tell Gerald he's kindly welcome, can't ye?"

Thus urged, Gerald entered the vehicle; and, during the ride, made himself vastly agreeable to the old man; inasmuch that when they reached the turning which led to Gillespie's house, O'Neill said:

"'Tis ill to be unfriends, Gerald; and sure I wish ye'd come to the house as usual; ye'll always find a welcome, so long as ye'll say nothing to Mary about love. I'll not have that at all, at all, but we'll be glad of your company."

Gerald gladly accepted this invitation, for he longed to see Mary and be with her, even though forbidden to speak on the subject nearest his heart; and for some time, his visits were regular and well-received. But alas! upon several occasions it chanced that he and Mary were left without spectators; and then he could not resist the temptation of repeating his vows of constancy, and receiving hers in return. Mike Reilly, his rival, was vexed at seeing Gerald again in favor, and, having discovered the conditions upon which his visits were received, intimated to O'Neill that Gerald was deceiving him. One evening, when Mary and her lover had strolled out for a few minutes, the old man followed them, and listening to their conversation, heard enough to convince him that his suspicions were correct. He returned home, however, and waited for their re-appearance; and in a tone whose forced calmness testified his passion, forbade Gerald ever to speak to his daughter again, or come near the house.

As soon as the young man departed, O'Neill turned upon Mary with bitter reproaches; and Mrs. O'Neill, a weak minded woman, who usually sided with the last speaker, and who had tacitly encouraged Gerald's addresses, now followed her husband's example, and blamed Mary's folly and disobedience. Heartsick, and almost ill, Mary retired to her little chamber, whither the affectionate Kathleen soon followed to cheer and console her, if possible. But new trials were coming.—The next evening, as Mary lay upon her bed, weary and attempting in vain to sleep, the door was rudely thrown open, and her father entered.

"Come with me," said he, in a low, determined voice, and mind what I've to say to you."

Mary rose, and trembling followed him into the larger room that served for kitchen, parlor and

work-room. As she raised her eyes, they rested upon an unexpected scene. Upon a table, in the centre of the room, were placed an open Bible and a vessel of holy water, and the parish priest (a harsh, severe man, who had been in his station but a few months, succeeding on the death of Gerald's old friend and instructor,) stood by its side. Her mother sat by the fireside, and her little brother Maurice, a boy of nine years old, was a little behind her, clasping Kathleen's hand, as if for protection. A few relatives, uncles and aunts, were seated around the room.

Little time was allowed the poor girl to recover her self-possession; her father seized her arm, and led her before the priest, then turned away and left her, the centre of observation. The priest, who well knew his errand, and upon whom the culprit's beauty and evident distress made no impression, now began a long homily upon the duties of children to parents, among which implicit obedience held the highest rank, the penalties attached to any transgression of these duties, &c.; and after bringing all to bear upon poor Mary's affection for Gerald, concluded with exacting from her, under pain of her father's curse and his own, a vow never to be Gerald Gillespie's wife. Terrified by his words, almost panting with grief and emotion, Mary glanced around her for sympathy, but met with no sign of commiseration, except in the tearful eyes of Kathleen, and the blended expression of pity and resentment which was visible in the flushed face of little Maurice. Again the priest's voice thundered in her ear, and utterly incapable of resistance, she repeated the words prescribed to her.

"See you, they'll kill her," murmured the indignant boy, whose hand Kathleen clasped tightly, lest he should express his emotion more audibly.

"Whisht, darling," answered Kathleen, gently; "'tis over now." And as she spoke, she released the hand she held, and sprang forward just in time to receive her fainting sister in her arms. O'Neill, who was not hard-hearted, except when his will was thwarted, readily permitted Kathleen's affectionate cares, and himself, carried the insensible girl to her little pallet. For some days she rose not from her bed, but was waited on with unwearied kindness by Kathleen, whenever she could steal a few minutes to be with her.

It was the fourth evening after this scene that Mary lay, listening to Kathleen's song in the next room, and her mother's occasional complaints, when a light tap at the window startled her.—Glancing round, her eyes rested on the smiling face of little Maurice.

"I've that for ye, will do your heart good, Mary, mavourneen," whispered he, holding out a little note; "I met Gerald out by the mill, and he gave it to me. I couldn't come through the house, lest mother should think something; but Kathleen knows."

Mary could not read the precious epistle she held in her hand, but she pressed it to her lips and her heart, and wept for joy. As soon as Kathleen's work was finished, she entered the chamber and with a smile that her sister well understood, held out her hand. Mary gave her the note, and

listened eagerly while Kathleen read. It was but a request that Mary would meet him at a specified hour that night, by the lake-side, or send word by Kathleen, when she would see him.

"Oh, I cannot," Mary began, but her sister stopped her.

"Yes, Mary darling, ye can—slip out to-night unbeknownst, and I'll keep the chamber, lest they'd come in and find ye gone. Go, as he asks ye; never stop for my father—sure ye've done all he asked ye, and more than ye ought."

With some trouble, Kathleen persuaded her timid sister to do the very thing she most wished, and then sought to despatch Maurice with an affirmative answer. But here some caution was necessary.

"Will ye be down to the green the night, Maurice?" she asked, carelessly.

"'Tis there I'm going, Kate," answered the boy, stealing a glance at his sister's face. "Can I do anything for ye?"

"No," answered Kathleen; and she followed him to the door, as if to look out. "Mary says yes," she whispered quickly, stooping to take up her pet kitten. Maurice replied only by a look of intelligence and ran off, speedily finding an opportunity to deliver the message to Gerald.

The night was dark and gloomy, the moon tried in vain to pierce through the thick clouds, and the stars had withdrawn their light; but Mary O'Neill cared little for darkness—she would have cared little for a storm—when she softly crept through her little window, and took the path to the lake. All were sleeping in the house save Kathleen, who was to await her return. Wrapping her shawl closely around her, and fearful lest her absence should be discovered, she hastened on, and soon reached the spot endeared by so many fond remembrances. Gerald was not there!

She waited—it seemed to her for near an hour—but no sound was heard, save the rippling waters, and the wind, sighing among the trees. She turned at last to retrace her steps, but an arm encircled her, and a well-known voice whispered, Mary, mavourneen! Just then the moon broke through the clouds, and permitted the lovers to gaze upon each other's countenance. The interview lasted long, for it was not until the dawn began to appear that Mary again laid herself on the bed by Kathleen's side. But Gerald had much to say, and, before he quitted her, he had persuaded her that the vow she had made was not binding, extorted, as it was, by force, and he had won from her a promise to go with him to another town, and there be made his wife.

A few days elapsed before Mary regained sufficient strength for the long walk she was to take; but on one bright, sunny morning, Kathleen suddenly proposed to her sister to accompany her to some of the neighbor's houses. "It will do ye good to go out the day," assented her mother, and Mary, who well understood her sister's meaning, went to prepare herself. Kathleen accompanied her for some distance and then returned, and Mary, with a trembling heart, kept on until she reached the appointed place of meeting,—Gerald was there, and mindful of Mary's recent illness, had procured a light wagon, in which they

rode comfortably to an adjacent town. Here they found a priest, an acquaintance of Gerald, who willingly consented to unite them, and then the newly wedded pair returned to Gillespie's house. Here Mary was welcomed by Gerald's parents and sisters, who vied with each other in rendering attentions to their fair guest; and Mary trusted that her trials were over.

When O'Neill returned in the evening, he missed his daughter, and inquired for her.

"Sure I can't tell," replied his wife; "Mary's been away all day among the neighbors—she'll soon be home now." And Mrs. O'Neill resumed her spinning and her monotonous song.

"Maurice, where's your sister?" but Maurice neither knew nor suspected.

"Kathleen, where's Mary? Sure ye'll be the one to know." But Kathleen, too, pleaded ignorance, until her father's threats and increasing anger alarmed her, and she faltered out the admission that "perhaps Mary would be at the Gillespies."

"The Gillespies!" Not another word said O'Neill, but he seized his hat, took up a knotted stick, and left the house. Not long after, the peaceful household of the Gillespies were startled by the apparition of the wrathful old man in their midst.

"I've come for my daughter, Mistrhiss Gillespie," was his first salutation.

"Sure she's my son's wife, and ye cannot part them now," retorted the good dame.

O'Neill stormed and swore, and advanced toward Mary, who, with her husband, was in the most remote part of the room. The sisters of Gerald gathered around the old man, and begged him to forbear; his mother pleaded strongly; Gerald himself produced the certificate of their marriage. O'Neill paid not the slightest attention to their words, tossed the certificate into the fire without looking at it, and seizing Mary by the arm, bade her prepare to return home. Gerald endeavored to defend his wife, but O'Neill raised his stick and struck him so severe a blow that he fell to the floor, stunned and senseless. The weeping girls ran to the assistance of their brother, and the old man, throwing Mary's shawl over her shoulders, dragged her from the house, and forced her to accompany him home. She dared not resist, and obeyed in silent grief.

Some time passed, and all Gerald's attempts to recover his bride were in vain. At last Mary's patient endurance was at an end, and finding that her father remained inflexible, and that there seemed no hope of a speedy re-union with her husband, she resolved to take a course which should, at least, free her from the daily torture she was now undergoing, and which might, perhaps, end in their mutual happiness. To this she was no doubt encouraged, if not at first incited, by Kathleen, who felt for all her sister's trials as if they were her own, and whose high spirit and hopeful disposition often cheered poor Mary in her hours of gloom.

"Did not my Aunt Rosy lave us money in her will?" asked Mary, one evening.

"She did," was O'Neill's brief answer.

"How much?" pursued Mary, with an earn-

estness and determination which attracted her father's attention.

He looked at her for a minute, and replied, "A hundred pound or so. You'll be wanting it for a wedding portion, 't is like?"

"Not I," answered Mary, resolutely. "Ye'll niver let me be happy here, and I'm going far away. I'd only be wearing my life out wid ye, and if ye will let me have enough of the money that's rightly mine, to take me to America, I'll niver trouble ye for the rest."

"Are ye sure of what ye are saying, Mary?" asked O'Neill, after a pause of some minutes.

"Sure? And as true as the heaven above us, 't is my only wish," answered Mary, falteringly, her courage rapidly giving way beneath her father's sternness.

"Then go ye shall," said O'Neill, angrily, "and I'll see to your passage by the next ship.—Sure 't is little of a blessing a disobedient child will ever bring to her father's house, and ye shall have your will, and lose it."

"And ye might spake for both as well, father," said Kathleen, who had not before spoken. "'Tis no better than a brute I'd be, to let Mary go alone among strangers, and she my only sister. If she goes to America, she'll not go widout me."

Kathleen's decisive tone surprised and displeased her father, and Mrs. O'Neill in vain tried the effect of pleading, coaxing and scolding. Her mother's entreaties, her father's harsh words, were alike powerless to change her resolution; accompany Mary she would, and accustomed as she had always been to having her will, even O'Neill's stubbornness gave way. He promised to secure passage for both in the next vessel which sailed, and made many little arrangements for their comfort. Moreover, urged by Kathleen, he engaged to let Gerald know the time of their departure, that, if he chose, he might accompany them; and this concession, more than anything else, excited Mary's hopes and gratitude. The time passed quickly by; the passages were secured—the day of their arrival at Sligo appointed, and all their preparations made; but Gerald had not been seen, Mary was, however, consoled for this, by her father's assurance that he had informed Gerald of the date of their departure, and that the latter intended to join them at Sligo. The day came, and O'Neill, with his daughters, left the home in which they had enjoyed, and in which Mary had lately suffered so much, the home which they perhaps could never again see. Arrived at the town, Mary looked for Gerald, but he came not. O'Neill saw his daughters safely on board and left them, with hurried good wishes and many kind words; but the vessel left the harbor, and Gerald Gillespie was not among the passengers.

And now let us inquire the reason of his absence. O'Neill had, as he promised, told the young man of Mary's intended departure, with the remark that if Gerald chose to follow his wife to a foreign land, he should not interfere, nor make the slightest objection; but, with the deliberate purpose of annoying and punishing both Mary and her lover, he spoke of the time of departure as full a week later than it really was. Unconscious of

the deceit, and overjoyed at the prospect of joining his beloved, Gerald prepared to meet her on the day appointed; and, until within a very short time of the departure of the vessel, remained ignorant of the real date. A young man, who had chanced to meet O'Neill on his way to Sligo, encountered Gerald, and expressed surprise at meeting him, adding that he thought he was to have accompanied Mary. A few questions were rapidly asked and answered, and, scarcely waiting to bid adieu to his parents and sisters, Gerald hastened to Sligo.

"Is it the Speedwell ye are axing for?" said a man to whom his breathless inquiries were directed, the instant he left the wharf. "Ye can see her beyant the harbor; if ye have good eyes?"

Gerald gazed in the direction specified, and saw in the distance the outline of a large ship, evidently moving from the harbor. There was no alternative; so, after inquiring the time when the next vessel would sail, he slowly and sadly retraced his steps, and returned to his home. But there was the hope that in a few weeks, or months, at most, he might rejoin his Mary; and inspired by this, the young man tried to wait patiently and cheerfully. Before the time came, however, to which he had so eagerly looked forward, the elder Gillespie was seized with a dangerous fever, and Gerald, whose mother and sisters were now dependent on his exertions, saw himself compelled to remain at home. Months elapsed before the elder Gillespie entirely recovered; but, during the interval, Gerald wrote to his lost Mary and was made happy by receiving an answer. She had arrived safely in Boston, and had been so fortunate as to obtain a situation in a kind and pleasant family; and now she was expecting her husband by each vessel. Joyfully did Gerald proceed to Sligo, to ascertain how soon he might hope to join Mary; but it was now the winter season, and he found he must wait some weeks.

"Come in wid me, and take a drap, Gerald," said the companion who accompanied him; and Gerald, although far from fond of liquor, consented. In the *shebeen* or dram shop which they entered, they encountered a recruiting sergeant, with a portion of his company, and among them one or

two young fellows who were acquaintances. In the course of the conversation which ensued, the sergeant contrived to discover the cause of Gerald's disappointment, and immediately used it as a means of inducing him to enlist. He assured the young man that the regiment for which he was recruiting was to be sent to Canada as soon as its ranks were full, which would now be very shortly, that by enlisting he would save the expense of his passage, and this money would be of service to him after his arrival, that, as soon as he reached Halifax, he could send for his wife to join him, &c.; and Gerald, listening, and perhaps excited by the unusual quantity of liquor he had taken, allowed himself to be persuaded, and enrolled among the soldiers of the ——th regiment, trusting, by this means, sooner to rejoin his Mary.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, for our story has already extended to twice the length we anticipated. The company which Gerald had joined, soon embarked for Liverpool, but on arriving there, instead of immediately sailing for Canada, was detained for some time there, waiting for orders from London. At length the orders arrived, the regiment was sent on board, and the vessels departed; but what was Gerald's surprise and disappointment when he discovered that the place of their destination was not Canada, but India! He was, at first, overwhelmed with grief; but youth is sanguine, and he endeavored to look forward to the time when he should be discharged.

Our story is done,—fain would we have united these humble lovers, but the truth, which we have faithfully followed, would not permit it. A short time since, we encountered the fair heroine of our tale, and inquired for her husband.

"He is still alive, miss," she replied; "he *was*, I would say, when I heard from him last, and he hopes to be discharged and come to America yet."

"And do you think he will come soon, Mary?"

"Troth, miss, 't is hard to tell; but if he's not killed in these many battles, and sure I pray for him both morning and night, I'm hoping he may."

Most fervently did we join in her hopes; for truly the faith and constancy displayed by this poor and uninstructed pair, deserves at last to be rewarded by a happy union.

ARTHUR CAMPBELL.

A T A L E.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

THE chief incidents of the following tale occurred in the beginning of the year 1805. Arthur Campbell, a dear friend, whose name is associated alike with the happiest and the most melancholy passages of my life, was the second son of Sir Richard and Lady Campbell, who boasted themselves lineal descendants from the founder of that glorious name. The family had come into England with the richest and rarest produce of the earth—silks and satins hang gracefully upon us—nature is forced to produce dainties for our fastidious palates, and yet are we the frailest and the quickest fading of them all. We hold our lives upon a tenure so slight, that an air, a scratch, the movement of a finger but an inch beyond a certain line, and what are we!

Arthur was sent to H—— school; there I met him, and an intimacy sprung up which ripened into the tenderest and most affectionate friendship. We were inseparable. Our studies and our sports alike were shared together. With arms twined round each other we would wander over the bright green fields, through shaded lanes, fragrant with blossoming May or twining honeysuckle: or lying on some sloping bank we would muse upon the histories of olden days—Rome, Athens, Carthage, each had its chronicle of glory to wrap our young and ardent imaginations in a maze of wonder.

Thus passed our earliest youth. During vacation I prevailed upon him to visit my poor home. We were not many. My father and a gentle sister formed the whole of our family circle. How narrowed that circle in a few short years! Not many summers since it boasted of a happy mother's smile; two noble brothers and gentle sisters three swelled out its magic round. Of all those loved ones, my father and that fond girl alone remained. The church-yard near our lonely home has all the rest. Sad willows wave above their resting-place; each season's fairest flowers bloom on their tombs' green turf; tears of undying affection fall on those flowerets' leaves and spread continual verdure round the spot so hallowed to our mourning hearts.

I have not unfrequently heard the ornamenting of graves condemned as a foolish thing, as an affectation of sentiment that little becomes the state of those who sleep beneath. Why come with a vain parade of grief to strew upon the grave of withering mortality, things which are frailer still than it? Shall these beautiful but fragile flowers, whose life is but as a thought even to the narrowest space of time allotted man—shall these quick-

dy ing offspring of nature's bounteous hand be left as emblems of undying love for the departed? It is a quiet mockery of the sleepers to strew their sepulchres with fading objects! It is heaping ashes upon ashes—casting the dying upon the dead, and robbing the grave of its repose, of its deep and lifeless quiet! But to me there is such a beautiful simplicity, such a pure and holy feeling in the custom of bringing as offerings to the dead those things which have gladdened the eye, and which, by making the earth appear—by their beauty—as one vast garden, peopled with lovely forms breathing out perfume, have gladdened the heart when living, that I look upon those hours which I have spent, when wandering through Wales, in watching the performance of this office of love, as the most tranquil and improving of my life. Young children, with rosy, healthful cheeks, their hair smooth parted, dresses clean put on, with little baskets in their tiny hands, with solemn gait and a subdued meekness in their eyes, wind slowly midst the tomb-stones. They pause before some lowly mound—a stranger would have passed it by unnoticed—they kneel beside it—it is their mother's grave! they remove the weeds and the rank grass, the withering and the withered flower—and, mingled with their tears, drop their small offering to her memory. There rest the modest violet, the pale primrose, the gentle daisy, and placing midst these fading ones a piece of ever-green, as emblem of their unforgetting love and her undying peace in heaven, they weep together. O! who shall say this is a foolish custom, a mocking of the dead? Come these young children with a mocking thoughts or with a deep and holy love to hold communion with, and to renew the memory of, the dead? I have watched these cherub-offerings for hours, and when the shades of night have driven these children from the lonely grave, I have knelt and prayed there too. A short distance from Bath, in the little village of B——, remote and almost hidden by the lofty trees which surround it, stands the village church. A canal, with green and pleasant banks, divides the village in half, and the communication is effected by the medium of a handsome stone bridge which years and the action of the elements have rendered grey and time-honored, subduing, as it were, its tone to the poetical simplicity of the scene. Solemnly and darkly rest the waters in the shadow of its arch. On the left bank of the canal when you have passed the little row of picturesque cottages which terminates with the George Inn—ah! many a time and oft, after a hard day's fishing, have I sat in that little parlor which fronts the canal and communicates with the bank by means of a wooden bridge, and enjoyed a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of the George's noted sparkling creamy ale, with all the keen relish of a sportsman—but I talk of many, many years since!—as you pass that pleasant inn, and ere you arrive at the foot

of the bridge, stands, at a short distance from the banks, the dear old church. Two roads form an angle at the George, the one shadowed by tall luxuriant trees, passes the church in front, and leads to a picturesque mill and water-fall upon the beautiful Avon; the other passes the church on the south side and branches in two directions, one over the bridge, the other continuing along and eventually joining the banks of the canal. On the right, the lofty Hampton cliffs bound the prospect. Their craggy sides are clothed in parts with a rich mossy carpeting. Here and there a waving grove of trees, under whose cooling shade a trickling spring tracks its quaint obvious course midst numberless wild flowers, which draw their chiefest nourishment from its clear waters. There is a peaceful serenity, a charming retiredness about the scenes such as I have rarely seen equalled. It was in the last days of October, 18—, that I first visited this spot. The rich brown tints of autumn were yielding to the sere and yellow tints of an early winter. The wind moaned mournfully through the branches of the tall trees, seeming, as it scattered the leaves on the earth, to wail over the devastations it committed. I gazed upon the ancient church, with its square turretted tower, round which the parasitical ivy clings like a graceful and flowing robe; I stepped thoughtfully between the crowded earth mounds, until I arrived at the further end of the church, when my eye was attracted by a tomb so beautiful, that I involuntarily proceeded to examine it. The spot beneath which the coffin rested was denoted by a raised stone which portrayed the form, and enclosed sweet briar and many flowers natural and cultivated. A willow grew on either side, from which the yellow leaves dropped rustlingly around. At the head was a marble slab, and a neat iron rail enclosed the whole. On the slab were traced the following words—"Sacred to the memory of Alaxina Duncan, who died in the sixteenth year of her age.

"Bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs, o'er the grave to shed
A wreath for the brow of the early dead;
Though they bloom in vain for what once was ours—
They are loves' last gift—bring ye flow'rs, pale flow'rs."

I do not blush to say that this unassuming and beautiful memento affected me most deeply, and often have I made a pilgrimage to that gentle tomb to throw my small offering of Spring's earliest blossoms or Summer's ripest flowers within its sacred enclosure.

But I have wandered from my tale, and must crave pardon for a digression which I could not resist, albeit somewhat foreign to the subject.

Arthur saw my sister, and he loved and was beloved. Theirs was no common passion, growing from acquaintance to friendship, from friendship to love—it was a simultaneous movement of the heart, a meeting of two spirits predestined from their birth for each other. They plunged at once into the deepest luxury of love; they only lived in each other's presence. The present absorbed their whole existence. No thought of the future darkened the horizon of their happiness, or stayed the course of blissful feeling which revelled unconstrained in their trusting hearts. They had no thought from me. I was the depository of all

their hopes and wishes, and if my colder mind suggested some doubt as to the perfect happiness of future prospects, the forcible and ardent reasonings of my friend, and the gentle but not less enthusiastic arguments of my beloved sister, silenced me at once.

This state of things could not last for ever! The vacation ended and they parted, my friend, in the determination at the expiration of the term, to seek his father and gain his consent to marry; my sister, to weep and smile, the one at *his* absence, the other at the consciousness of reciprocated love.

Arthur's elder brother was deformed and of a constitution so weak and so ailing that from year to year it seemed a miracle how he lived. Sir Richard's proud heart grieved incessantly that his titles and possessions should have in their heir one so little qualified by nature to maintain them with dignity and renown. Arthur was his next and dearest, the pride of the family, and on him every hope was centred of continuing the honored line unsullied. The meeting of Arthur with his family was tender in the extreme, and all that doating parents could bestow he might have commanded.

Notwithstanding his noble and frank nature, Arthur dreaded to mention the subject of marriage to his father, for he had a latent fear that some opposition would be offered to it. Day after day passed by and found him still wavering, nor until the day of his departure did he find courage to speak upon the subject nearest to his heart. Sir Richard called him into his library that morning, and, embracing him, said—"My son! you are the only hope of our house, for your poor brother's affliction must in a few years wear nature out.—In a year or two you will have finished your studies, and it is my most ardent wish that you should form an alliance with the daughter of our friend and near neighbor Lord E—. She is young, beautiful and accomplished, and I trust that your early friendship for her may ripen into as warm a love."

"My dear father," said Arthur, with emotion, "there is a subject on which I have longed to speak, ever since my arrival, but I have been detained by a foolish fear, the simple truth is that I have pledged my love to a young and gentle girl of—"

"Tut, tut, boy, let me not hear of such childish folly! You have but lent your eyes to some rustic beauty—talk not about love and hearts! Young men will be young men, and pretty faces gain admiration, but nothing further." Nay, I'll hear no more about it;—and remember that your hand is pledged away and out of your gift; that your early playmate already looks upon you as her future husband. Here," said he, thrusting at the same time a pocket-book into his son's hands, "here is something to make your hours of relaxation pass agreeably. A larger sum than heretofore is lodged with your banker, to be renewed quarterly. Take my blessing, my child, and do not forget my parting words. To their fulfilment I have pledged my honor, and it would be hard for a father to be dishonored through his son."

Arthur left his home in great grief; he felt that his father never would consent to his marriage with my sister, and he felt the utter impossibility of overcoming his love, even had he not plighted his word to her; but he had plighted his honor,

and would not shrink from his engagement. Thus father and son had bound themselves to engagements, which, kept on either side, must cause disunion and misery. In vain did my gentle sister urge him to obey his father's injunction; all her arguments were overthrown. In vain did she by shunning him endeavor to wean him from her; this but increased the ardor of his pursuit. Arthur's mind was in a wild whirl of contending emotions; duty to his father urged him one way, love for Constance another. Duty and love were born enemies; the triumph of one is rarely achieved but by the sacrifice of the other. I know not what arguments he used to gain my sister's consent, but they were married. It was an inauspicious day for our family, for though many years have rolled over since that period, and time has streaked my hair with grey, and drawn deep furrows on my then unruffled brow, the events which followed the action of that day have never, for one hour, been effaced from my memory.

Arthur wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, and asking forgiveness, using those arguments which his case demanded, but which, alas! were like to have but little weight against the indignant passion of his father. He received, for answer, a letter full of bitterness, denying him the supplies which were formerly allowed him; refusing to see him, or from that time to feel for or acknowledge him as his son. This letter caused us all great grief, but to none so much as to Constance, who upbraided herself with being the author of all this misery, and this thought preying upon a mind naturally but too susceptible, undermined her health and spirits, and made her short life one scene of nervous anxiety. Arthur was now reduced from the possession of an unlimited income to an annuity of one hundred pounds, raised upon a small property left him by a maternal aunt. We could do little or nothing to effectually assist them. Arthur would have willingly denied himself any thing not actually needful, but to one who has had the control of unlimited means it is a strange feeling to know want. And thus it was that he launched into expenses which his income would not allow, forgetting what a change had come over his circumstances. At my suggestion he applied to many of his powerful friends for some government situation, but month after month rolled by without success attending his efforts.

The situation was at length offered him—an alternative was presented to him, which could only be compared to the mercy of the murderer, who gives his victim the choice of death by steel or poison. Starvation or a prison stared him in the face at home, but at Sierra Leone what but death and an unknown grave could be his lot? And then that being for whom he suffered all this agony of mind—he could not take her with him, yet how could he leave her behind. He felt that he could willingly die near her, but to perish in a foreign land where her sweet smile of consolation could not reach him—there was madness in the thought. He, however, determined to mention the subject to her before he gave a decisive answer, that he might be guided by her counsel and soled by her hopeful mind.

It was on one sunny afternoon; we had wan-

dered farther into the country than usual, and had arrived at a spot where the slopes of two or three hills formed a charming valley. It was luxuriantly wooded, and odorously with the breath of wild flowers. Fatigued by our walk we seated ourselves upon a rising bank, on which the sunbeams, breaking through the trees, threw a chequered light, half sun half shade. We sat sometime, absorbed, seemingly, in contemplating the quiet beauty of the scene. But other thoughts were in our minds and hearts, which harmonized but little with the calm and sunny joyousness of that spot. Arthur had twined his arm round Constance and drawn her to him—the poor girl was weeping.

"Why Constance, love," he said, "what are these tears for? Surely in such a spot as this, tears are out of place."

"I do not know why it is, Arthur," she said, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "but I am never happy now when I come into the pleasant country. When I see the tall trees laughing and wantoning in the air, the birds singing the while among their leaves; the flowers, of a thousand different dyes and fragrant odors, springing up beneath my feet—even yon little brooklet, which, with unceasing toil, has worked itself a way among the tangled grass and creeping roots, seems singing merrily as it bubbles and sparkles in the glowing sunbeam. When I see all these harmonizing so perfectly, forming but one complete whole, fulfilling their existence in a way so sweet and so endearing, a feeling of despondency creeps over my heart, which even the thoughts of your dear love can scarcely dispel. What has thus changed me, Arthur? But a few months since, and I should have been the blithest of them all! I am but a poor philosopher, dear Arthur, but I would fain have you explain the cause of this revulsion of feeling.

"Come nestle to my heart, my timid dove, and we will analyze those feelings which bathe with tears those pretty eyes, and make your gentle heart throb so convulsively."

"When first you wandered in these scenes, the world was all unknown to you. You had endured much and heavy domestic sorrow, but there was neither anger nor remorse connected with it. You knew that the hand of God was there—that He had but resumed his own, and though you mourned, it was with a gentle and a holy grief. And what is there in nature that could jar upon such a state of mind? You loved. It was here—that words of our first passion were breathed.—The pleasant fields were then our confidants, in all those wild dreams and bright imaginings which first love always weaves in the minds of its votaries. We were then all anticipation, the present all bliss, and the future all hope! What aspect could nature wear to hearts like ours but one of joy? Since then, my Constance, the world has opened to you in sorrow and reality. You have seen disunion, hatred and malice usurp the place of love and peace; remorse and repentance have by turns agitated your heart; your dearest hopes blighted—here a gentle pressure from a small hand, and a thrilling look from the loveliest eyes in the world proved that her dearest hope was not ungratified. You have seen a life of sorrow in a few short months, and nature, which harmonizes

with unsophisticated feeling of whatever expression, has no sympathy for earthly passions. We wonder that the scenes have changed, when, indeed, it is our hearts that have lost their spring-tide freshness, and youth's *couleur de rose* has faded from our eyes for ever."

He ceased, and all was silent save the laughter of the brook, and her tearful sobs—for Constance wept afresh.

"Constance, in this spot was breathed our first vow; I have now words of other import to whisper in your ear. The world has not been so kind to us of late; fortune has not worn the sunny smile which greeted us of old; friends, too, more variable than even fortune in her most fickle moods, now turn a cold eye upon us. Not that I regret it, for it has taught me how the deep love of woman can render even misfortune happiness. I could be contented with our present state—happy, oh! happy, were there not charms which render exertion on my part necessary, nay, imperative. I find my field of action crippled here in England, by the ever present recollection of what I was. I am offered a place abroad, and only wait for your approval to give my answer. My little income would enable you (here his voice faltered with emotion) to live in comparative comfort here, and a few years would enable me to return to you in affluence, and all sorrow over, our days would fly by in uninterrupted happiness; we should renew the dreamings of our youth, and—"

"Arthur! you cannot say this to try me? You cannot believe that anything but death can separate me from you? What would be affluence, or happiness, however exquisite, if purchased by years of agony? The future can offer no terror like that which separation presents to my mind. I could die cheerfully *with* you, but absent, each living hour would be a lingering death. I will go with you, Arthur, whatever be your destination; your home shall be mine. If sorrow is your lot, what heart could so willingly share it as the one you have chosen against the world? When friends look cold upon you, what eye should ever wear a smile, if not that of your hearts' chosen? You have grown selfish, Arthur! Your joys and your pleasures you would share with me, but your griefs you keep to yourself. We women look upon those as closely connected with our dearest privileges. In joy, one smile or one gentle word is all we look for as our right, but one sorrow kept unshared by us, and we grow jealous and grieved. Then, Arthur, cast me not from you; break not a heart which is all your own; but take me with you, and, hand in hand, and heart to heart, we will meet all misfortunes, and firm in our true love, it shall lighten the sorrows it cannot avert."

She wound her arms round him, and spoke in that gentle tone of beseechment, which, aided by the quivering lip, flushed cheek and glistening eye, but seldom fails of gaining that for which it pleads.

Two years passed, and all seemed prosperous, the company for which Arthur was agent and superintendent thrived well, and as it prospered so did Arthur's fortune. But the chiefest source of happiness to Arthur and his wife was their young infant, which grew round their hearts, as those young things are wont to grow, we know not how

nor why—making their happy home echo with its joyous crowing, and drawing closer hearts already firmly knit, by its gentle and winning endearments. The leaves burst forth in the spring, and their beauty makes us forget that the autumn winds will sweep them all away. But the death of the leaf is the birth of the blossom! Could we school our hearts to *feel* that the death of those frail beings who are all in all to us, is but the birth of a new and glorious life, much of the bitterness which accompanies the bereavement of them would be removed.

Their child died! It was a bitter beginning to the change that the future was working for them. The speculation on which Arthur's means of existence depended, after a most prosperous beginning, failed, involving in its ruin the fortunes of many, and filling the pockets of a certain class who always thrive upon the destitution of their fellow men.

A lone and penniless wanderer, without a friend, thousands of miles from the land of his birth, was Arthur now. The world was all before him where to choose!—a sentence which glides glibly from the tongue—but what an intensity of desolation does its sense convey! The world was all before him, but turn which way he would, there was no friendly face to greet him; no hand outstretched to raise him from his fallen state; no kind voice to whisper words of comfort and wean him from despair! No voice? Ah! yes there was one gentle tongue that spoke but to bless; whose every, every word withdrew a shade from the surrounding gloom, and lightened, though it could not dissipate, their heavy sorrow. How beautiful is woman's love! how holy and disinterested! In prosperity and joy she sits by our hearth a happy, unobtrusive being; our comforts and our home-delights are ministered to as though by magic; her influence is felt, but all unseen; she is the presiding spirit who graces while she sanctifies our earthly home. But in the hour of sorrow she starts at once from her unseenness, and stands our equal, nay, our superior! All thoughts of self are merged in the anxiety to sustain and comfort us. Her ear is ever open to our confidence; if it be happy, she smiles, if sad, like healing manna, her words of consolation fall upon the soul. And if she weep it is alone, and the more for our sufferings than her own. No man has known love who has not loved in sorrow.

A short time after the bankruptcy of the firm, they left their once happy home for a humbler one—their last habitation among the living. When once on a downward path the descent halts not until the destiny is accomplished. It was thus with them.

With all the evils of poverty and destitution, Arthur sat by the bed of his sick wife, and wept in the bitterness of his heart. Thin and emaciated—a hectic bloom upon her cheeks, a mere shadow of her former self—upon a wretched pallet lay my sister. She had clasped one of her husband's hands upon her heart, and had, in that position, fallen into a feverish slumber. From that hour her malady grew worse. Day followed day, and the deep midnight intervened, and still the fever increased.

A change had come over Arthur—his faculties were stunned—he moved about as one dreaming. His energies were paralyzed, his feelings prostrated beneath the magnitude of his misfortunes. Sleep visited not his eyes for days, but he would sit for hours with a fixed but vacant gaze upon his suffering wife. In the wanderings of his delirium, she would talk of home and the happy days of her early love—then she would shrink and shudder as though some horrid thought swept over her memory, and in a hoarse voice, she would murmur: “He will never consent—he is a proud old man, and pride will harden his heart even against his favorite son—I dare not marry, for he will curse us, and a father’s curse clings like the ivy, and withers the heart where it clings.” Anon she would exclaim—“Our child Arthur, our dear child! see how it smiles on you—it has your eyes, dearest, and its laugh, too, has your tone, only it is more joyous.” Then she would shriek out—“Dead! dead!—who says it is dead! give it here—give it here—it sleeps—but how cold it is!—I will warm it in my bosom—ah! its pulse is still—its lips are pale and rigid—oh, God! my babe is dead—my heart will break!” After such paroxysms she would sink back utterly exhausted.

Arthur sat by, and as she talked of home, his hand wandered to his brow and a smile wreathed itself around his lips, but when his father’s name was mentioned his brow contracted, and he muttered words, low, between his teeth, clenched his hands, and started up as in defiance. Then he would smile as upon his child, and weep upon its death, and act all that his wife raved forth, and finally he would sink again into that apathy from which nothing could arouse him to thought. This is, of all states of being, the most awful, for it tells of a broken heart, and of a mind that dares not recall the past, that dreads the future, and sinks under the weight of the present. This prostration continued until the crisis of the fever was past, and Constance, waking as from a trance, spoke to him in the old familiar tone. As the bursting forth of the sun upon a landscape, over which dark clouds cast a gloomy shade, her voice dispelled the darkness which shadowed his mind. He rushed to her side, and falling upon his knees, seized her hand, which he kissed with passionate eagerness—then bursting into tears, he poured out his soul in thanks to God for this all-crowning mercy. But short and delusive was this gleam of joy and hope, for the fever had left a weakness and debility which hourly increased.

Constance felt that she was dying, and, fond to the last, endeavored by every means to soften the announcement of it to her beloved husband.—Arthur saw it too, but he bore up against the bitter truth without a murmur, for she could talk to him and reason with him in her own unanswerable way.

It was deep midnight. All the day Constance had been sinking slowly. She could but whisper—and smile. The solitary lamp sent out a flickering and uncertain light, throwing the extremities of the room into dark shadow. The beams fell upon the features of the dying girl, who, with a calm but meaning smile of deep devotion, gazed upon the only being she had ever loved. He

knelt by her side with his face buried in his hands, striving to stifle the feelings which swelled his heart to bursting. The stillness became awfully apparent, and a cold dread crept through their frames, when hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and a heavy knock at the door announced a visitor. With a vague sensation of contending hopes and fears, Arthur rushed to the door, and, with a cry of joy, fell forward into my outstretched arms. I feared to enter—I could not speak, but placed the packet of which I was the bearer into his hands. He tottered to the light, broke the seal, and ere he had read half the contents flew to his wife, who looked on in wonder, which exhaustion forbade her to express.

“Constance! dear Constance, stay awhile! you must not die yet—here is your brother come with glad tidings of joy and hope. My father has relented, forgiven, and recalled me, and here is money to take us to our own land! We will dwell in your quiet home, and roam over our favorite haunts, and talk of our early love, and quite forget the trials which have tested our love so far. You shall sing the old songs and gladden your father’s heart by the sight of our happiness. Henry, come! speak to her—entreat, on your knees beg of her not to crush my heart, now that fortune has so elated it.”

I approached the bed; my sister’s eyes were lighted up with an ethereal brightness, and a smile of such angelic beauty played upon her countenance, that, even at the dim distance of far off years, it calms the emotions of my saddened soul, and purifies and softens a heart which misfortune has rendered callous.

“Thank God, you are come,” she murmured out, “for Arthur has now a friend, and I die contented.”

She begged to be raised, and we supported her as well as we could by means of the scanty pillows; giving each a hand she sunk back, and Arthur, as he kissed her pale, thin lips, caught her last sigh—her gentle soul had fled to Heaven.

We brought her body and that of her young child to England, for I could not bear that they should sleep in a strange land, and they rest in that small church yard. From that dreadful night poor Arthur had lost his senses. He was gentle as a lamb. He would sit for hours in that quiet dale, where they last sat, humming an old air, while the silent tears coursed each other down his cheeks. But his favorite spot was the little church-yard—there would he sit the live-long day, and at night we were obliged to use a gentle compulsion to force him from the spot.

One night—it was the anniversary of her death—we waited until midnight for him, but he came not. We sought his room—he was not there.—In feverish haste we hurried to the church-yard. As we left the house the village clock struck *one*, and the midnight air, in melancholy cadence, bore the sound past us. We gained the church-yard, and hastily approached the well known grave. My foot tripped over some dark substance—it was Arthur’s corse! It was still warm, but upon her grave, and at the hour on which she died, he breathed his last. And now he sleeps there too.

AIX LA CHAPELLE.—CHARLEMAGNE.

A FOREIGN SKETCH.

UPON arriving within the walls of Aix, one is hardly aware that he is in the ancient capital of the Western Empire. Indeed the superficial traveller (and there are many such) is able to trace few vestiges of its former importance. The best general idea of the town is to be had from the Sonsberg, from which eminence Aix and its environs lie spread before you as on a map. It appears to be situated in a kind of basin, formed by an amphitheatre of gently sloping hills, whose undulations extend on all sides and far away, till they are lost in the distance. The circuit of the old wall is still complete, but too vast for the modern city, and much meadow land is descried within its circle. From the chaos of edifices arises the Cathedral and the Town Hall, (Stadthaus,) which are almost the only ones remaining that can lay claim to any distinguished antiquity. The repeated conflagrations, to which the town has been a prey, have annihilated its historical monuments in succession, till but few remain to attest the grandeur of their origin.

Aix la Chapelle is supposed to have been founded about the time of Nero, and many Roman monuments—among which was a complete Roman bath, discovered in 1756—served to show that these masters of the world knew and valued its hot sulphur springs. But there is one name, one *prestige*, which hangs over this town, and sheds a splendor over the scanty relics of its decayed greatness. It is a name with which that of the city has become identified, and through that identification rendered immortal, and from whose time its history alone is the history of the Empire. The name and epoch to which we allude is the name and epoch of Charlemagne.

The son of Pepin is supposed to have been born here; but it is beyond a supposition that here was the capital of his Empire, and here his favorite residence, after the loss of his Fastrada. A palace of vast magnitude and a chapel, which became the cognomen of the town, were among the many works with which he adorned his capital. These were all destroyed by the Normans, A. D. 882 and 888, who burned and ravaged the place, and turned the palace of the emperors into a stable.—And they were not the only ravages to which this home of one of the greatest of monarchs was subjected. In 1248 it was besieged by William of Holland, and it was afterwards devastated by frequent fires; among which the most destructive were those of 1366 and 1656. From the last of these, which consumed nearly five thousand houses, Aix never recovered.

The principal church is an object of considerable grandeur—but it produces very different effects, according to the manner in which it is approached, whether at the front or on the side of the choir. The façade is a non-descript Grecian portico, which it would be difficult to refer to any of the received orders of architecture. Above this there

is a window in *agive*, surmounted in its time by—nobody can conjecture what—and the whole is so incomplete and imperfect that the spectator involuntarily looks for the crane, pulleys, and other implements of building. On the side of the choir you are forcibly struck with the immense height of the *lancet* windows, as they are designated from their resemblance to the blade of that instrument. These windows are separate from one another only by the width of the buttresses.

This choir and one or two chapels are all that the church contains of Gothic. The remainder is a heterogeneous discord of proportions and styles.

This church replaces the celebrated chapel, founded and consecrated by Charlemagne, at which consecration Pope Leo III. was present.—The legend runs that to give due solemnity to so august a ceremony, and to make the number of bishops assisting three hundred and sixty-five, according to the days in the year, two reverend fathers of the church, who had long been buried at Maestek, came out of their tombs and attended his Holiness in full canonicals.

The first sentiment which one feels on entering this vast edifice is one of disapprobation at the chapel that forms the body of the church. It is built in the style called *rococo*, rather fitted, with its absurd superabundance of tasteless ornament and simpering cherubs, to the boudoir of a fine court lady than a temple of sacred worship. It forms a most painful contrast with the sombre style of the choir. In the very centre of the church, on a plain slab of dark marble, are these two words:

CAROLO MAGNO.

And beneath, seated on a marble throne, the imperial triple crown upon his head, the imperial mantle on his shoulders, holding the globe in one hand and the sceptre in the other, wearing the cross about his neck, with his feet on an ancient Roman sarcophagus, and the Germanic sword by his side, was interred the great son of Pepin; and in that state was he found by the Emperor Otho III., who caused the tomb to be opened, that he might take the imperial crown, chair and sword. Thirty-six emperors, from Frederick Barbarossa to Charles the Fifth and his brother Ferdinand, were consecrated on this chair in the gallery of the church. Of the three crowns, worn by Charlemagne, one as Emperor of the West, another as King of France, and a third as King of the Lombards, the first is at Vienna, the second at Rheims, and the third (the iron crown) in the church at Monza. The first and last of these are still used at the coronations of the Emperors of Austria.

The body of Charlemagne no longer remains within this tomb, but it is preserved among the relics of the church in the treasury with others of great pretensions. These we took pains to see. On the unfolding of the old painted doors, one is

dazzled by the glitter of gems and enamel which suddenly breaks forth. Here is an *ostensio*, containing in its centre a bit of sponge which you are told is that which the Saviour was given to drink while on the cross; also, a bit of the true cross, the hair of Zacharias, two teeth of St. Stephen Protomartyr, a magnificent cup blazing with gems, a small coffer containing the arm of Zacharias, the girdle of the Virgin Mary and that of Jesus, as well as the cord by which he was tied to the column when scourged. The latter has upon it the seal of Constantine, which we saw. It was presented to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun al Raschid; though how it came into the caliph's possession is somewhat difficult of conjecture. We also saw in the treasury the skull of Chalemagne enclosed in a gold bust, by Frederick Barbarossa, the radius of his arm enclosed in a gold arm, by Louis XI. of France, and his tibia set superbly in a case of gold, studded with gems, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. What astonishes every one is the colossal size of these bones. It is a matter of history that Charlemagne's height was seven times the length of his foot—and thus, according to the French measurement used from his day up to the present, makes him seven feet and a half high!

We examined all these objects with breathless interest, and experienced an emotion of awe as we laid our hands on the head of him who spread his conquests from beyond the Ebro to the confines of the Eastern Empire, and from Beneventura to the Baltic. The marble seat is still in the same place where the emperors sat in it at their coronations, and the sarcophagus, whereon were the feet of the great emperor, is shown in a chapel. This is said to have held the ashes of Augustus Cæsar. There is no historical authority whatsoever to support the assertion, and we will, on our own responsibility, give it a downright and positive denial. The style of the bas-relief is that of a period almost as late as Septimius Severus.

We do not know whether Charlemagne is in the Roman catalogue of saints, but the inscription on his relics is "*Sanctus Carolus Magnus*." His claims to this title seem to us rather apocryphal. The history of Charlemagne forms too prominent a period to be discussed within narrow limits, but the death of his brother Carlomare and the usurpation of his crown by Charles to the prejudice of his orphan children; the fact of their mother's flying with these children to the Court of Desiderius, King of the Lombards, the death of the elder and the cloistering of the younger after they fell into his power; the massacre of four thousand Saxons in cold blood, for no other cause than because they had bravely seconded their King Witikind in his efforts to re-establish Saxon independence; the sanguine decrees with which he propagated the

Christian religion among the Saxons, condemning to death all who were unbaptized or who falsely gave themselves out for baptized, with several acts of a similar nature—however they may strike the unprejudiced with horror—seem as dust in the balance to the minds of the Papal clergy when weighed against the fact that the doer of all these enormities was the founder of the temporal powers of the Bishops of Rome.

The legends of Charlemagne and his Paladius rival those of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Their history is one of most vivid interest, and has been the theme of the troubadors and romancers of all succeeding times. It has been sung in all the continental languages—Latin, Italian, Provencal, French, Spanish, German, Flemish, and immortalized by the genius of Ariosto,* Bojaidot and Pulci.†

The most celebrated of the histories is that of the famous Turpin. It is entitled, "*Johannes Turpinus de vita Caroli Magni et Rolandi*." This Turpin is a fabulous Archbishop of Rheims, who pretends to have been at the battle of Roncesvalles. It is composed of the legends and oral traditions current in France, and appeared in the year 1122, during the crusades. It seems to represent the end of all Charles's endeavors to have been the conquest of the Saracens. The discrepancy between history and popular tradition, where both exist, may show historians how much reliance is to be placed upon the latter in times purely traditional. Here certainly is a case where the "*Populi Vox*" is not the "*Vox Dei*." This work, composed in the spirit and according to the taste of those times, gained extensive celebrity, and it may be considered as the germ and original of all following works, whether in prose or poetry, on this subject. It abounds with inexhaustible matter for romance, and verily the romancers, both of ancient and modern days, have not suffered it to rust unused. What stories are there more widely celebrated than the battle of Roncesvalles and the heroic deeds of Roland? In modern times the most distinguished authors, such as Scott,§ Southey,|| and Manzoni,¶ have drawn materials from these legends;** not to mention two epic poems, published in the commencement of this century, entitled, "*Charlemagne ou l'Eglise delioree, poeme epique en 24 chants par Monsieur le Prince de Canino* (Lucien Buonaparte,)" and "*Charlemagne, ou le Caroleide par Monsieur le Vicomte d'Arincourt*."

* Orlando Furioso. † Orlando Innamorato. ‡ Morgante Maggiore, the first canto of which was translated by Lord Byron. § Vision of Don Roderick. || Don Roderick. ¶ Adelchi. ** Among other modern works are Orlando in Roncesvalles—a poem by S. H. Merivale—Romanzen von Thale Roncevalon, by Fouque—Roland, by Frederic Von Schlegel.



THE BURIAL.

BY R. H. BROWN.

THE measured time
Of the Abby chime,
Fell softly on my ear,
A mourning train
Moved o'er the plain,
Preceded by a bier.

A silence fell
O'er rock and dell,
As that sad train moved on,
In garb of woe,
With footsteps slow,
And faces pale and wan.

Until at last
The porch they past,
A triple arch of stone,
Onward stealing,
Organ pealing,
With low and solemn tone.

The tomb is deep
Where he must sleep,
Beneath the fretted dome,
That chilly grave,
Within the nave,
Embosomed in the stone.

The tears that fell
To the organs swell,
Sweet incense burning there,
Funereal lights
Flash on the sight,
And upward goes a prayer.

They laid him down
In the evening brown,
In that dim aisle to sleep,
Where the moon beams bright,
Through the lonely night,
Their silent vigils keep.

They turn about
And winding out,
A down the aisle so dim,
Returning night
Hides from the sight
The tomb they reared for him.

Thus sleep the great
In chilly state
Cemented down with stone,
I'd rather lie
'Neath the veiled sky
Beside some brook alone.

Let the zephyrs sigh
As they swiftly fly
Above my silent tomb,
A grassy mound
Where all around
The flowers of summer bloom.

Where the evening star
That beams afar,
From out nights spangled dome,
May shed its light
So meek, so bright,
Down on my long, long home.

LINES.

BY H. A. E.

"AND love is still an emptier sound,
* * * * *
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest."

THERE was a time, in the old worlds prime,
When love was fresh and pure;
And eyes shone bright with love's own light
That would for aye endure.

The hue of the cheek did eloquently speak,
Whate'er love's promptings were,
Lips did unclose like the bud of the rose
To show love's sweetness there.

O'er the glad earth round, were the traces found
Where his light foot had trod,

And flow'rets sweet beneath his feet,
Sprang up to bless the sod.

The Angels too, came down to view
The beauties of primal birth,
Quaffed love's bright wine with lips divine
Then bartered heaven for earth.

Alas! the days are gone, when with dance and song,
Love ruled o'er land and sea;
Now Gold doth reign, and so broad his domain,
Few faithful vassals hath he.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC; OR THE VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND
OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER XV.

BETWEEN present enjoyment and future bliss my whole soul was agitated in a cauldron of boiling water. Tossed on an ocean of disruptive waves, broken and tumultuous as a dismantled vessel in the arms of the merciless waves, I stood lingering and gazing at my innamorato as she moved gloriously in her own beauty along the streets of Tallahassee—and in my imagination clasped in my arms my own beloved Susan Wilson of New Orleans. I had not power to resist either the charms of the one or the other. I loved both. But alas! to my shame be it spoken, I loved Ulama—the divinity of my last passion, far more than I did the intellectual Susan Wilson. This one I had seen, and she was surpassing beautiful, and the other one I had never looked upon. It is no wonder, then, that a poor changeable creature like myself should in his arms clasp that that was before him, instead of waiting, and, perhaps, for a long time, to enjoy that that he had never seen.

The first time that I had the pleasure of speaking to this charming and voluptuous woman, Ulama de Leon, was after nightfall, under the orange trees of her own garden. It was one of those lovely nights that so often come upon the South in the tranquil shadows of the declining day, that I met her plucking from the orange tree the palest blossoms that grew upon the overhanging boughs. I stood before her speechless—for her beauty had made me dumb. Her bosom was quite bare—for she was *en dishabille*—and, as the swell of the ocean, her bosom, with her own respiration, rose and fell. Surpassing beautiful was the form before me. One solitary curl, as the long hair streamed from her head, smothered itself in the fold of her breast. It was a sweet place to rest—and oh! how I envied it, the blissful place of its slumbers. I had not power to approach her—for her beauty had overwhelmed me in her charms. Seeing my situation she approached me, took me by the hand and led me to a seat beneath a little alcove that stood in the garden. The touch of her soft hand inspired a new creation in my being—and I felt that there was no heaven so blissful as this. As I sat down, and she, too, by my side, with my hand still in hers, she looked up into my eyes—bewitching eyes!—and asked with a *naïvete* quite unexpected, “Where I had been for so long a time.”

“Been?” I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said.

“Yes! where have you been?—and I see nothing in the question to surprise you,” replied the

maiden, in a manner and voice as natural as if she was addressing one with whom she had been acquainted for long years.

“For the last two days I have been in Tallahassee, and—” But, before I had completed the sentence, she cut me short, by asking, “Why I had not been to see her before.”

“See you before?”

“Yes, me! for every body comes to see me, and I know of no good reason why you should not do the same.”

“Then I am here now—and if I ever leave your side again it will not be from choice.”

“But I do not wish you to be with me always, for I should certainly *then* get tired of you in a week’s time.”

“Get tired of me!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, of you! I see nothing wonderful in getting tired of a man, even in a day, or a single hour. The truth is, I have had as many lovers as six in a day, and have loved them all, and before the next day have looked upon them all with disgust.”

“Oh! don’t speak that word, my sweet Ulama, for I will love you always and for ever, and for a long time beyond,” I replied, as I clasped her in my arms, with a feeling never before felt.

* * * * *

It was sunrise in the morning before we separated. It was a delicious night to me, but what passed amid the silent hours of its vigils is too exquisite to be delineated, too rapturous to be spoken. Like the first dream of love, its joys are unnumbered and its pleasures are too holy for utterance. Would you have me, gentle reader, to tell my feelings as my heart pressed against hers, and her beating pulsations quickened life into mine? Would you have me speak of the nectar which her lips distilled, as mine pressed against the luscious lobes? Memory may treasure up those hours—and ever will they glow as a sunshine on the heart, but there is no pen that will ever depict them!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I am of the opinion that Mr. Toddlebar was somewhat mistaken in the character of the divine Ulama de Leon—and what he mistook for a Penelope was nothing more than an Aspasia. Appearances are often deceptive—and never more so, than when the mind is in the mood to receive impressions from inclination or prepossession. His confiding nature was a fit subject for every artful deception—and everything, no matter how monstrous they might seem in the eyes of others, were never too large in dimensions for him to swallow.)

I made an engagement on leaving her to meet her again at night. Oh! how I longed for the tardy footsteps of day to hasten the hour of our

meeting. But it seemed that the hours were more slow in moving than usual, and that the day lingered longer than was its wont on the verge of the horizon's depth. At last, and it seemed almost an age to me, the sun went down. Never before had the glorious orb of day descended to his couch of rest so tardily as I did on that never to be forgotten day. The shadows came deepening upon the earth, and forms seemed less palpable to my vision, as I gazed out of my window on the broad streets of the city.

As soon as it was quite dark I hastened to the place of assignation with more of joy in my heart than I had felt for many a long day. Never was mortal so infatuated with woman as I was with Ulama de Leon. Beautiful—but it was a poor compliment to her many charms to call one of her divine mould beautiful. I had seen many women of exquisite charms, and had basked in the sunshine of their smiles, but never before, not even the divine graces of Sulma Willoughby had made such an impression on my heart. She in my estimation had become the first of her sex—more lovely than woman had ever been before.

As I approached the alcove—the place where, on the previous night, I had spent the most delicious hours of my whole life—I thought that I heard whispering voices. As I approached nearer, the sounds became more distinct, but yet not fully enough to be understood. Had any one usurped my rights? the very thought was death to my hopes. Was she unfaithful? the incomparable Ulama de Leon unfaithful? No! I could not believe it, yet there was something in me that said that she was. That something whispered to my heart that I was cheated and ruined. I approached nearer, stealthily as the thief, listening and gazing intensely through the deep gloom that enveloped the thick cluster of vines that overhung the place. I heard my name mentioned, but beyond that I could make out nothing. Noiselessly I lifted one of the vines up, and peeped through the opening, and, good heavens! what did I see? a man encircling with his arms the beloved form of my divine Ulama de Leon. Madness seized upon my heart, and a thick giddiness passed as a shadow across my brain. I leaned against an orange tree for support; for I was too much overcome by the painful vision to support myself alone. A moment and the giddiness had passed away, and like a madman, as I was, I rushed through the matted vines, tearing them apart, and stood a furious madman before the unabashed maiden.

"How is this?" I spoke; "how deceive me when I have been all trustfulness?"

"I pray you be composed, Mr. Toddlebar," replied the maiden, "and take a seat, and I will tell you all about it."

"Tell me, then," I replied, as I took a seat beside her, wishing in my heart that her explanation might be satisfactory.

"Did I not tell you, last night, that the probability was that I would soon become tired of you?"

"Yes, you did—I must admit that."

"Then you will not be surprised, I hope, when I inform you that since that time I have found another with whom I am better pleased than it is

possible for me to be with you. Are you now satisfied?"

"Yes, perfectly," I answered, as a strange feeling of disgust in my bosom took the place of my former admiration for the maiden.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar, to use a Western provincialism, had enough *gumption* to discover that he had come across a second Ninon d'Enclos—and in all of his simplicity and truthfulness of nature, he yielded at once to a virtuous indignation, with perhaps as much of grace as any one could, under the same circumstances, have done.)

I left the place and hurried to my room, perfectly cured of my love for Ulama de Leon. That she was beautiful, and beautiful beyond any thing I had before witnessed, I could not deny—but that she was endowed with any of those moral attributes that secure one's admiration, is very, very doubtful. I went to bed, fully determined on leaving the place in the morning for New Orleans. Many conflicting emotions for a long time kept me awake; but sleep at last pressed down my eyelids, and I arose the next morning refreshed by my slumbers.

Immediately after breakfast I went to the post office to see if any letters had come for me within the last two days, determined in my own mind to be on my way to the Crescent City at the earliest moment afterwards. I received several letters, and among them was one post-marked "New Orleans." It was from Susan Wilson; and what was my surprise may be guessed rather than told when I opened it and read the following words:

NEW ORLEANS, —.

DEAR SIR,—You need not be surprised when I inform you that I have just received from a Miss Laura Todhunter, of Philadelphia, a letter, with one from you to her enclosed. Those protestations of love, which, in that hateful letter you avow to her, I had so long deemed so exclusively mine, that, for a long time after receiving it, I could not believe you guilty of the gross delinquency. How dare you to trifle so with a woman's love? It is too sacred a thing for man's impiety! Tremble when I tell you that you are treading on an *al-sirat's* bridge, with a yawning gulf below. Heaven be my witness when I tell you that I hate you with a woman's hate, and curse you with a woman's curse.

Should you visit the city of New Orleans, as you, in your last letter, promised to do soon, most sincerely do I hope that you will put yourself to no unnecessary trouble in finding out my residence, for it would give me no pleasure in having you ejected from the premises. Hoping that this *hint* will be a sufficient guidance to your future action, I have no more to say than farewell for ever.

SUSAN WILSON.

JAMES TODDLEBAR, ESQ.

Terrible was the revelation this letter brought to my feelings. How Miss Todhunter had found out anything in relation to Miss Wilson was a mystery to me yet unsolved. Surely the devil himself must have had something to do in the matter. The thing was inexplicable, and with a

terrible woe at my heart I felt as if nothing more could come to add to my affliction.

I opened another letter, and, to my surprise, I found that it was in answer to one I had written more than a year ago. This letter was dated nine months back, but where it had been all this time I had no means of ascertaining:

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA, November, 184—.

DEAR SIR,—Your beautiful letter of April 2nd, 1846, has just reached me. Really, sir, the sentiments which you profess is something so novel and romantic in my rather dull and prosaic life, that there is little wonder that I cannot give it full and perfect faith—at once. I should like very much to take all you say as the "words of truth and soberness"—but it is so strange! Yet I do not think you intend to deceive me—I but fear you deceive yourself—that you are "seeing visions and dreaming dreams." Think of this—will you?

I cannot help liking you for your very frankness, and boldness, and Southern ardor. There is something fresh and natural in all this. Yours is certainly not the "faint heart that never wins fair lady."

A love as you describe is the only one which could ever satisfy a true woman, and administer to her nature's highest need. But you must know me better before you pour it about so lavishly.—You may be wasting "sweet waters."

Should you ever meet me, you would find that I am many women in one, and you may not happen to fancy all of the worthy dames that go to make up my strange being. So bide *awee*.

I am pleased that you like my portrait. I think it quite a good likeness. Harry Peterson, of the Saturday Evening Post, writes me, "It is a pretty fair average likeness—better looking than when you are out of humor, but not as good looking as when you look your best."

I should like well to see your own miniature, if you could send it. I would like to see what sort of a person you are, for I don't imagine we two shall ever be any thing less than good friends.

You seem to possess a genius for criticism. I like your dashing comments on the writers of the day. Your estimate of the character of W. Gilmore Simms is very correct, and most judiciously drawn. He is a great favorite of mine, as well as your friend, Edgar A. Poe. But I do not like altogether all of the thousand and one poets that are figuring so extensively now in our country.—Amelia B. Welby is a charming writer—and I like her personally for she is a very dear friend of mine. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" I have just read—and I know of no work for many a day that has given me the same satisfaction. The strains are certainly Homeric; and the author I hope will reap from his labor a rich reward.

I wish I were free from literary labor. I would like to write as a pleasure—not as a task. I am very busy just now preparing some tales for publication and have not a moment of leisure. Have

you seen mention made of the prize awarded me by the "Literary Messenger" for a poem?

Adios.

ADELA MORETON.

J. TODDLEBAR, ESQ.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It was certainly fortunate for Mr. Toddlebar that, as a last resource, he had always a second love to fall back upon. He was a strange being—not only strange in his prepossessions, but madly so in his proclivities. Every thing he did was unlike any thing else, any body else had ever done—and his madness too, was the result more of habit, than from any mal-confirmation or disease of the brain. It is my humble opinion that his *mania* was in a great measure superinduced by his repugnance and antipathy to *sanity*. Had every body beside himself been deranged, I have but little doubt but what Mr. Toddlebar would have been perfectly safe, on all and every subject.)

It had been such a long time since I had heard a word from Adela Moreton, that I had quite forgotten her. I had never addressed her altogether on the subject of love—and in truth had looked upon her more in the light of a literary correspondent than as a sweetheart. To lose Susan Wilson, and at a time I so much needed consolation, was a mishap that I could ill brook. At any other time I would not have deemed it a great misfortune—but now, at the very time when all of my sweethearts had either become cold toward me, or jealous, was a something I could not bear calmly.

In this dilemma there was one consolation, however, left to me—and it was this: Many years ago I had become acquainted with Mary Toulmine, a most beautiful woman, and one that I had loved. She married and went to New Orleans to live, and I had just heard of the death of her husband. In the event, then, I thought, on my arrival in that city, of a failure to compromise the matter with Susan Wilson, I had but little doubt of making an arrangement with Mary Toulmine to be my wife. With these thoughts in my mind I became more composed—for nothing had the power long at a time to keep my spirits down—for they were too elastic to be broken, and, like the mettled steed beneath his rider, from a load of care the young heart would spring, and all would be joy again.

Having arranged my business—and but once more seeing Uliama de Leon—and as I saw her again she seemed exceeding beautiful as an Houri on the threshold of heaven—I bade adieu to the lovely Tallahassee, and with my staff in hand, as a pilgrim of many troubles, I wended my way through the everglades of Florida to the city of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG the letters received was one from Alfred Tennyson, the first of living poets. There is a keen intensity of vision looking into the deepest recesses of the mind, and analysing its most subtle thought. Since the days of Shelley, a truer poet has not made his advent on the earth. There is no passion in any thing he does—no intensity of feeling—nothing of the kind pervades his wri-

tings—all is cold and passionless and refined as the dew drop suspended from the leaflet. In the alembic, thought every thing is purified, but from the heart's passions nothing is evolved. Shadowless as the film which floats in the atmosphere, the bodiless forms in his own mind arise to assume, by some painful process of his own intellect, artistical shape. Through the mystical elements of his own being, his imagination hovers and broods with the cold but fierce intensity of the Northern blast. The sheet-lightning that flashes from the horizon is not more cold than the images which pervade his intellectual vision. By labor, intense intellectual labor, the vague shadows of thought are shaped and condensed into living forms. His suggestive imagination converts the merest abstraction into a breathing picture. His ear is most delicate to every sound, and his eye microscopic in his sight, which enables him in detecting the most evanescent melody, and giving to the minutest forms a marvellous relation to the things around him.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—There is but one kind of poetry to which the sympathies of the people can ever be drawn. It is the poetry of the passions. It is that heart-felt poetry, that breathing out of the soul, which speaks the language of nature most common to our sympathies. Out of this the people can have no ties to bind them, no sympathies to arouse them. The chords of one's spirit are not attuned to abstractions, nor will they vibrate to the echoless sympathies of song. Like music, poetry is the food of the heart, and if it fails to touch upon its strings, and warm it up in a glow of feeling, it does not accomplish the object of its mission. This is its design, and this its end. When it fails to do this, it is of no more avail than the gossamer which floats on the atmosphere, or the sheet-lightning which flashes from the sky.)

Many have thought that the melody of Alfred Tennyson is empiricism. No position is more incorrect than this. It is certainly no fault of the poet that other's minds are not attuned to his divine song. He is certainly not responsible for the defects of others. With a higher being, and an aim god-like and transcendent, and an intellect forcing impalpable films and earless melodies into breathing forms and wakeful symphonies, he penetrates these subtle essences with a keen analysis to arouse them from their slumbers to living life and speaking forms. His every form is elaborated finely and with consummate skill. His epithets are all happily blended with the images of the mind. The first is always felicitous, as the other is ever correct. His "Godiva," although short, is one of the most beautiful poems in our language. Flushed with hopes, the finest hues of language pervade it, and the mind dwells upon every image as a perfect reality.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is certainly true, as Mr. Toddler hints at, that the poet is not bound to write good poetry, and then to give every one brains to understand it. This position is correct—but then if the poet does not appeal directly to the people, and in that channel through which their sympathies run, he must not expect to have hearers.—The whole world is the poet's audience, and if they do not understand the song that is sung to them—where is the use of singing it? Why is it, that the poetry of Byron is so popular, while that of Shelley's is scarcely read? It is because one appeals directly to our common sympathies, and the other does not. They were both poets, and both of high order of intellect—but the first addressed his song to the hearts of his audience and the other to their intellects. The consequence is, that one has hearers and the other has not.)

BOKLEY HALL, MEIDSTONE, KENT.

MY DEAR SIR,—It gave me much pleasure to receive a token of approbation from a stranger in so remote a region of the world. It is one of the privileges of this age that men's words can in a short time fly far and touch distant hearts. I would have answered you sooner had I sooner received your friendly letter: but you directed it to me "London," and London having two millions of people, it was not all at once that the post office found me out. I should like very well to shake hands with you on the banks of the Mississippi, that great river which I have often read and heard of and visited in imagination. In the meantime, since the Atlantic rolls between us, receive my good wishes—given as warmly as if I shook you by the real fleshy hand—and my thanks for your kindness in writing.

Yours, faithfully,

Alfred Tennyson

The chirography of Mr. Tennyson is at once classic and chaste. Nothing can be neater than his MS. The very impress of his mental *idiosyncratic* peculiarities are stamped legibly on his hand-writing. There is in his MS. the same pains and the same *elaborate* finish which one finds in his poetry. The same mental process which directs his mind in the selection of an image controls his hand-writing. It is small, but not *petite*, or so much so as to be effeminate.—Every letter is formed distinctly, and of the right breadth, with hair-lines admirably drawn, and, in the detail, every letter in the highest finish of the art. There is no straining after an effect—but all is simple, plain and neat. The man that writes as he does cannot be an ordinary individual, for nature has impressed on his MS. the genius of the mind.

The next letter which I opened was from Charles Lever, the celebrated Irish novelist. This individual has won for himself, as a delineator of Irish character, a high reputation in the literary world. His characters, however, to my mind, are all *caricatures*—and if they are not, the Irish people must be the most graceless set of *scamps* that ever lived upon the earth,—and the countryman of theirs that would give publicity to their naked deformity cannot be a true patriot. The truth is, that Lever is not a creator—and he has no plastic touch, for none of his characters are *fac similes* of life, but they are all old editions of painters retouched and *bedaubed* to suit the vitiated tastes of the people. He is nothing more than a compiler—a collector of old anecdotes—a *re-furnisher* in embodiment of what was already furnished disjointedly. As a compiler, he is certainly entitled to some credit—but beyond this no mortal man can go. Having figured extensively in the Peninsular wars of Europe, and being an officer on half pay, with a great deal of leisure, he was enabled from observation, in the bustling scenes through which he had passed in his *rollick-*

ing fits, to collect together enough materials for the half a dozen *bantlings* he has sent into the world, deformed and naked. As editor of the "Dublin University Magazine," started ostensibly to put down "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," he left the editorial chair without impressing on its pages any character of individuality, or leaving on its name the human sympathies of the nation, he retired to the country to re-write the stale fictions of the nation.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is not often that Mr. Toddlebar suffers any one to agree with him in his peculiar estimate of personal or mental character. In this instance, however, he has my most cordial support. His estimate of the character of Charles Lever is correct to the letter. The Irishman that could get his own consent to personate his own countryman by such reckless and half witted fellows as he has drawn, must have but little respect for his own people. Among all the characters of Lever, it is in vain to search for one well bred man—for the character is not there. Is it possible that there can be no well raised man in the whole country? If Mr. Lever is to be believed, there is not a single one in the kingdom.)

There is nothing more evident to the American reader than that the quality of an English work has to be indicated by the foreign critic *imprimatur*, before it will be touched by an American publisher. This *dictum* is wholly unnecessary—and is one great cause why so much that is trifling in its nature has been palmed upon us. The works of Charles Lever are of this character—its chief merit consisting in its broad and often offensive humor. The want of an international copy-

right law operates to the prejudice of our literature—so much so indeed that it is a wonder that any author of respectable talents would even expend the *labor limæ* necessary to the completion of a book. Mr. Cornelius Mathews has done the republic of letters good service in bringing this subject prominently before the people. Whether or not the seed sown by him will produce a good harvest to the American author, time alone will determine. He is entitled, however, to much praise for his efforts, whether or not any thing is ever accomplished. The idea is quite too common in the world that an author, like the chameleon, can live on air.

There is nothing peculiar or *idiosyncratic* of the mental temperament of Mr. Lever discoverable in his hand-writing. Nothing of strength, vigor, or comprehensiveness, either in the detail or mass, for all is vague and undetermined. The sudden *twirl* of the tail of some of his letters shows some affectation, but not enough to impregnate his mental temperament in its vanity:

TEMPLE SUE HOUSE, CO. DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,—I beg, in reply to your letter of Oct. 30th, to state that if you forward to me your MSS. of a tour to the Rocky Mountains I shall feel great pleasure in giving it my earliest and best attention with regard to its future publication in the Dublin University Magazine, and beg to remain, ever faithfully, yours,

The chirography is ordinarily good, without any distinctive features from the MSS. which one constantly sees. The signature gives a good idea of the MS., and what is said about it would as well apply to another individual as to him, for he is in no way different in mental temperament to every other individual which one meets in his way.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I beg leave to differ with Mr. Toddlebar in his notions about the chirography of Mr. Lever. His MS. is certainly a noble and good one with much of breadth in the detail and *picturesqueness* in the mass. An ordinary man could not write his hand—no more than could Charles Lever write the hand of an ordinary man. Lever is not a common man—neither is he a great one; but he is too far removed by education and the pursuits of life, from the common mass around him, to be placed in that category.)

In the batch of letters was one from Mr. John Tomlin, of Tennessee. To the magazines of the day this gentleman has been for the last eight or ten years a regular and constant contributor. He has published, I believe, one or two books—but from the way in which they have been brought forward they have attracted but little of public attention. He is an *amateur* author and not a professional one—writing in his leisure hours for

the very love of the thing, and without any hope of a future reward.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—If this is the case, it is almost impossible for Mr. Tomlin to ever arise to the highest pinnacle of renown, in the Republic of Letters. To great success in the paths of literature it requires labor—constant, assiduous and untiring labor. The mind has no time to be idle. Intense application to success in letters, is as necessary as in any other pursuit.)

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, June 2nd, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—On yesterday I had the pleasure of receiving your courteous and polite letter of the 20th ultimo.

I am very sure that I am indebted more to your kindly feelings towards me as a man, for your good opinion of my literary labors, than to any great merit which you have found in my published works. Your partiality in this respect, I fear, has made you blind to my defects. To whatever cause, however, that opinion has had its birth, I am not the less thankful. It is so seldom that the literary man meets with any opinion expressed of him, honestly and frankly, that, when it does come, it is the more grateful. The toil and the vexation of such a life as mine—sinking half of its

time beneath a load of care to any expression of good feeling naturally turns to it with a smile.

That your life may be a long one, and that you

may be blessed as I know you are deserving, I am, dear sir, with every consideration of respect.

Yours, faithfully,



The signature of Mr. Tomlin is a noble one, and evinces in a very strong degree the vigor of his mind. The man that writes as he does will never go very far wrong—for he has too much of the *stamina* of moral unrightness for him to stray away far from the paths of rectitude. The MSS being written equally as well throughout show the indefatigable disposition of his mind.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I do not entirely agree with Mr. Toddlebar in his estimate of the character of Mr. Tomlin, as drawn from his *autograph*. I don't see the connection between the moral nature and the intellectual one in relation to the subject under consideration. I can very well perceive how the mind can give force and vigor to the *hand-writing*, but how the moral qualities of the nature has any thing to do with the matter, is more than I can discover—When that paragraph was penned Mr. Toddlebar must have been in one of his fits of *Monomaniaism*.)

The Hon. Frederick P. Stanton represents, in the Congress of the United States, the Memphis Congressional District of Tennessee. Mr. Stanton is a true poet, and had he written nothing beside the song of the "Alleghany," another name would have been added to the list of American poets. The music composed for this song being so poorly adapted to its noble strains, that the words have never had that popularity they are so much deserving.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The best thing Mr. Stanton has ever written is his ode to the "Mississippi." This is truly a national poem—and in feeling, deep as the river which gave it birth. Should a literature ever arise among us, representing our peculiar institutions, the mind that gives it birth will be born on this noble river. It is there that the bard will arise, with the intellect of a giant—in the broad prairies of the West, with a *spell* on his heart, as deep as the *inspiration* on his mind. His vision will be as large as the Savannah around him, penetrating as the sun, and deep

as the solitudes of her forests. From the two oceans he will look, as he stands on the broad prairie, with a vision that mistakes not its object, and with consciousness that glows with the noble theme of his song.)

In selecting the stormy arena of politics for his station, Mr. Stanton has robbed his country of a poet. He had no right to do this—for any common man can become respectable in the halls of legislation. He owed his country something, and to that country he should have given the best fruits of his mind. His inspiration will now die on his heart, and the burning words it would have brought forth must now die in the echoless throes of his own bosom. It is not a common loss to lose a poet—for they are God's chosen instruments in the accomplishment of his most glorious works. Ten thousand men might die, and among them lawyers, doctors and divines, and who is the loser? but let a poet die, and the whole world sustains a loss.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The opinion of Mr. Toddlebar is, if I understand him rightly, that the inspiration of the poet in its tendencies are universal in its application, while that of others are partial, or only local in its effects. For this, and for no other reason, can I perceive that the loss of a poet is of any greater consequence than that of another man.)

MEMPHIS, 8th Octo., 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am under obligations for your flattering favor of the 6th inst. You appreciate my little production too highly—though no man can judge better than yourself, who have long had the reputation of a poet.

I enclose a later production, in which you will probably find a falling off.

Your friend,



The chirography of Mr. Stanton is a very excellent one, and denotes in a very eminent degree a vigorous mind with a strong motive power. As a lawyer, with an extensive practice, I have but

little doubt but what it has been greatly modified, but not enough to efface altogether those peculiar traits that bear such a close analogy to the mind. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE OF MY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

(A FRIEND'S REMINISCENCE.)

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"I heard thy voice—I spoke again—
 I gazed upon thy face,
 And never scene of breathing life
 Could leave a deeper trace,
 Than all that fancy conjured up,
 And made thee look and say,
 Till I have loathed reality,
 That chased such dream away."—[MISS LONDON.

I NEVER, on going to a place for the first time, formed an idea of it beforehand, but that it was sure to be totally different; never pictured to myself any much praised individual, who did not prove extremely disagreeable; and never imagined the probable appearance of any expected present, but it invariably turned out to be the very thing I did not want, or had plenty of already. And yet I was always dreaming and imagining; I could not help it, my imagination *would* run away with me, and it was too much trouble always to run after it and bring it back. There was, from early childhood, concealed in the inmost depths and recesses of my heart, an ardent, longing wish, cherished and hopeless, yet beloved, and dwelt upon as some bright fairy vision. It appeared to me that my happiness would be complete, my cup of bliss filled to overflowing, could I but behold an *authoress*—a real, live *authoress*! But hear her speak—see her breathing before me—and actually behaving like other people!—but no, she never could behave like other people; that was utterly impossible. Preposterous idea! An ethereal, refined, fairy-like creature—a personation of one of her own exquisite ideals—to take her three meals a day, go to bed and get up, and be governed by the silly rules of society like any one else? Absurd!

I absolutely devoured every book that came in my way, and raised my pet authors up to such an eminence that it fairly dazzled me to look upon them. Scott was like the glorious sun, flashing radiantly around in his majestic splendor—Moore seemed more like the silvery moon, sweet, plaintive, and fascinating, surrounded by starry gems—Byron was a sort of demi-god—and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon were objects of my greatest powers of adoration. Oh, how earnestly did I long for the power of expressing my thoughts in verse! Had I been a poetess, I felt that I should have cared for nothing else. The world might be a perfect blank, hurricanes, sweep around, storms descend and drench me—I should possess a talisman against it all. Often have I sat for hours in a little bower, wreathed with honeysuckle and roses, abundantly provided with pencil and paper, in order to seize upon the inspiration in case I should have "a call." I would sometimes put three lines together without being able to find a fourth, and after ransacking the whole rhyming dictionary, give it up in despair. The nearest attempt I ever made to poetizing was in contrib-

uting my mite to a curious medley which we all produced together on the occasion of leaving boarding-school, where the usual diet consisted of flour boiled with water, and dignified by the name of pudding—being further improved with a sauce of molasses.

This was the extent of my literary efforts; and being debarred from admiring my own productions, I revelled in those of others. Every little gem of poetry found in magazines or newspapers was carefully treasured up; those which particularly struck my fancy I committed to memory, and my dreams were always filled with the various Estelles, Cynthias, and Florences who had thus distinguished themselves. Scott, of course, would look down upon me, Moore would be surprised, and Byron might turn up his aristocratic nose, should I send a petition for a friendly intimacy; therefore it was clear, even with the limited stock of sense which my poetical mania had left me, that I must confine such favors exclusively to those who resided at least on the same side of the Atlantic. I did, to be sure, in the midst of this frenzy, obtain a glimpse of an authoress who cooled down my ardor for sometime.

Not far from us there was a pleasant, old-fashioned farm-house, quite celebrated for its strawberries and cream. Its inmates were very good-hearted, plain kind of people, and as the distance was a pleasant walk, we often went there to regale ourselves on the before-mentioned luxuries. One season there was quite an excitement about a lady who was said to have taken board there for the summer. Various queer stories were soon afloat of her manners and ways; but those whose curiosity was thus raised seldom found an opportunity of gratifying it, for the strange lady kept herself very secluded, and seldom ventured out. Some said that she was a countess in disguise, some that she was a patient escaped from the lunatic asylum, and some that she was an *authoress*. I seized upon the latter idea, and as soon as possible paid a visit to the farm-house. All appeared as usual; no stranger was to be seen; and cheerful, good-humored Mrs. Trolger received me with the same open smile, as she produced a tempting dish of strawberries.

At last, perceiving that she was not disposed to be at all communicative on the subject, I ventured to question her respecting her new inmate. She evidently evaded my inquiries, but I persevered, and found to my great delight that there was really

a lady-authoress under the self-same roof. I desired to see her immediately, but Mrs. Trolger replied in great consternation that this could not be thought of, as the lady kept her room door locked, and was always very angry at being disturbed; adding, that she had particularly enjoined upon her not to let people know she was there—as she was composing some great work, and must have uninterrupted quiet to arrange her ideas.—My imagination, formed of rather combustible materials, was in a blaze immediately, (I was quite a young fool—only sixteen,) and I felt that I must see that lady, if I made a forcible entrance through the window of her apartment.

Mrs. Trolger, perceiving my disappointment, told me that if I walked in the garden, I might chance to see the authoress at her window, as she often raised it to call her servant. The good woman smiled as she saw my eagerness, for the words were scarcely spoken, ere I had turned down the shaded walks in all the joy of anticipation. That window was to me a charmed spot; I fixed my eyes upon it with an intense, longing gaze, I walked back and forth, up and down the walks, still keeping the window in sight, but nothing could I see except those tantalizing white curtains. I began to get impatient, pulled some roses to pieces, and meditated an attack on the strawberry bed. At length—can it be reality? yes! the curtain really moves, a figure relieves the dreary surface of dull white—I bend eagerly forward, screening myself from sight behind a large seringo bush—my heart beats almost audibly—my ears are strained to catch the softest note, when a voice calls out loudly:

“Sairy! Sairy! Are them things dry yet?”

I felt rather bewildered, and placed my hand before my eyes. The mist was rapidly clearing away, and with an enlightened vision I beheld the figure of a stout woman, dressed in a linen short gown, (it was a warm day,) skirt of some undistinguishable color, and a soiled cap with yellow ribbons. I staid no longer to look; I rushed hastily into the house, seized my bonnet, and turned my steps homeward. My dream was rudely broken, and in vain I tried to chase away that figure. It would keep dancing before my eyes, and seemed to laugh at me for all the visions I had cherished. Poor Mrs. Trolger afterwards discovered that her boarder, far from being one of the literati, was afflicted with a species of mild insanity, in which she fancied herself an authoress; and having been placed at the quiet farm-house, was provided with plenty of paper, and allowed to scribble to her heart's content.

It was not a great while ere I quite recovered from the effects of this blow, and again returned to my favorite poets and poetesses. Sometime after, I discovered in the “Metropolitan Journal,” a sweet little piece of poetry with the simple signature, “Virginia.” The lay was a melancholy one, but every sentiment was so high and pure, every word so graceful and well-chosen—yet the whole was a fresh burst of melody that had gushed right up from the heart; the lines bore no trace of stiffness or affectation—it was like the sweet strains of an Eolian harp. I read it over and over, I found myself repeating portions of it, and in my

sleep I murmured the name, “Virginia.” The Journal again made its appearance; I hastily cut the leaves, and there was another piece of poetry, more beautiful, if possible, than the former, and bearing the same sweet signature. I thought of Paul and Virginia; I called to mind the description of the young girl on the lonely island, and felt sure that my Virginia must answer to it. Again and again I hung fascinated over the strains of this unknown songstress; every succeeding number brought forth deeper, sweeter notes, and often would the tear start to my eye and the color leave my cheek involuntarily as I pondered over words of mournful tenderness, and read of griefs and yearnings breathed in lines of touching pathos.—She was young too; she spoke of “wasting bloom,” and the trampled love of a “young, warm heart!”—she was unhappy, for was not her song ever of sorrow? She was lonely, isolated, and I pined to bestow on her my sympathy and companionship; but with a reverential feeling, a sense of my great inferiority and littleness in comparison; but I could, at least, understand the beautiful sentiments that seemed to flow spontaneously from her heart—I could *appreciate* her, and to be appreciated is seldom the lot of poetesses.

I dreamed, one night, that “Virginia” stood beside me with long, unbound hair of wavy gold, violet eyes, and cheek tinged with the soft hue of the ocean shell, that slumbers in its melody on the shores of Ind; there she stood, the bright ideal of my creation, and she smiled upon me and beckoned me to follow her. “I cannot come to you,” said the vision, “for I know you not in my mortal form—you must come to me.” Like a mist it faded away, and I awoke to morning and reality. I pondered over my dream, I read those glowing passages over and over, and being gifted with a large share of energy and enterprise, I immediately dispatched a note to the editor of the Journal, requesting him to inform me where “Virginia” resided. It seemed a long time, to my excited expectation, ere the wished-for answer arrived;—but at length it came, bringing the desired information. My poetess lived at some distance from my own place of residence, in a pretty village on the seashore; and I pictured her walking on the beach and listening to the music of the waves, while beautiful thoughts glided into her soul, harmonious as the notes of a soft-toned lute—or at night, when more common-place minds were buried in slumber, I imagined her seated on a jutting rock, with the waters rippling at her feet, and the soft moonbeams lighting up her face into a glow of ethereal beauty. I kept a scrap-book, of course, among my other girlish propensities, and there was one picture that I loved to look upon. The subject was “Moonlight,” and the only figure was that of a young female, with a clear, wide brow, and dreamy, upturned eyes, full of inspiration.—Her long, unbound hair floated on the breeze, a harp rested beside her, beyond, was the quiet sea, above, the clear evening sky, and all was tinged with such a sweet, subdued light that it seemed almost nature. The young girl had the face of “Virginia”—“Virginia,” as I had pictured her in her island home; it seemed a fit personification of those lofty sentiments.

Distance having thus materially interfered with any Quixotic expedition I meditated of seeking my authoress in person, I resolved to write, express my admiration and wish for an intimacy, and request her to open a correspondence. With what a beating heart I penned that epistle! I wasted several sheets of paper, underlined and underlined until the meaning was scarce legible, and finally, with a trembling hand, applied myself to make a readable copy. What I said I can scarcely remember; I have dim recollections of high-flown expressions of rapture, an account of my dreams and ardent wishes, and a timid hope that my rhapsody would be answered as soon as possible. The editor had stated that all communications could be addressed to "Virginia," as the lady declined having her real name made public; the name was accordingly inscribed on the back, and with a seal composed of two hands joined together in friendship, the missive was complete, and as soon as possible dispatched to the post-office. I must confess that once or twice Miss Edgeworth's "L'Amie Inconnue" floated across my mind; and as I remembered Angelina's first interview with her friend, where Orlando holds the tea-kettle, and his mistress drinks brandy and water, I felt rather apprehensive of the result.—But then I reflected that the case was different; I was not abandoning my friends for a cottage of sweet retirement, with a person whom I had never seen, and to compare "Virginia" with *Arethusa*! So I waited anxiously for the expected reply from my unknown poetess, and travelled the road to the post-office so often that I could almost count the stones on the way.

At length came a note, neat, refined, and lady-like; the paper, seal, and all was perfectly proper and appropriate; and behold me now in regular correspondence with a poetess! She thanked me in graceful terms for my enthusiastic praise, expressed the pleasure it gave her to have her verses read by one who appreciated them, and concluded with a wish to deserve my proffered friendship, and a request that I would soon write again.—Letters passed back and forth; I now and then received a choice morceau of poetry, written for me alone; and at length we exchanged locks of hair. I was rather disappointed not to find the wavy gold I had pictured; but I received a soft curl of a chestnut hue, which I treasured carefully and reverentially. This correspondence continued for about a year; the poetess always signed her letters with the name of "Virginia," while I took that of "Florence;" and to none did I divulge this secret interchange of ideas but my mother, and one dear friend whom I had known from childhood. To Mrs. Tracy I always showed my own letters and those of "Virginia;" she smiled at the curious correspondence, but praised the writings of my unknown friend with a degree of enthusiasm that satisfied even me.

About a twelvemonth after the commencement of our correspondence I went abroad for some time; I gazed on the beautiful Rhine—I stood within the dark aisles of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the tombs of sovereigns and poets—I passed over ground hallowed by the footsteps of Goethe and Schiller, and things that had interested

me before gradually lost their influence. I saw the spot of Byron's dream—the tomb of Petrarch, and "Virginia" was forgotten. I returned home with a mind full of new and beautiful images; before long I married, and with that one sober act laid aside my girlish follies. I had now seen several authoresses—some I did like, and some I did not like; I found them very much like the rest of the world, and quite lost my penchant for a poetess-friend. I supposed that "Virginia" still graced her village home, and wrote sonnets to the moon; but I was not destined to get off so easily.

I was one evening at a party, given in honor of my own humble self while making my debut as a bride, when Mrs. Tracy whispered that she had just ascertained that an old friend of mine was present, whom she had no doubt I would be delighted to see. "Certainly; I was always pleased to see old friends, but who could it possibly be? I could not for the life of me imagine." Mrs. Tracy looked smiling and important, like one who has some very pleasant secret to divulge; and after making me guess all the possible and impossible friends I could think of, she asked me if I had forgotten "Virginia." "*Virginia!*" the name brought up old memories, and almost laughing at my youthful absurdity, I still found tucked away a little tiny bit of curiosity to behold the original of my fairy ideals. Mrs. Tracy spoke a few words to the lady of the house, she gave a graceful assent, held a short communication with some one at the other end of the room, and returned accompanied by a lady whom, after mentioning our respective names of "Virginia" and "Florence," she presented to me as Miss *Mary Ann Quigley!* Heavens and earth! what a name for a poetess!

I had no opportunity to make any proper acknowledgement; I was suddenly seized in a most rapturous embrace, as she murmured the name of "Florence"—and being quite petite in figure, and not much accustomed to doing battle, I found myself altogether unable to cope with the strength of my Herculean assailant. Demonstrations of love are quite ruinous to full dress, and I actually trembled for my poor, gauze-like robes, so frail to encounter such rough handling; but the worst of all was the surprise and amusement which this scene created. I felt the blood tingling in my cheeks at the ill-suppressed smiles of those around, and with a desperate effort, I freed myself, at length, from my tormentor. She held me off for inspection, saying, as she gazed upon me: "Your own account of yourself, dear Florence, was so very modest, that I find you infinitely more charming than I expected."

I wished that I could return the compliment; but alas! all that I could see of "Virginia" was the hair, which exactly resembled the lock she had sent me, and was really very beautiful and abundant; but her complexion was almost as dark in hue, having been ruined by constant exposure to the sea-air; her features were on a remarkably large scale—mouth especially, and her stature almost gigantic—at least so it appeared to little, insignificant me, who looked up, and up, and up, without seeming to reach the climax. My hitherto-unknown friend had evidently passed the portals of extreme youth, and fell as far short my youth-

ful ideas of a poetess as possible; she was *common-place*, and had that bustling kind of manner which seems to pry into every one's affairs at once. She was the daughter of a country clergyman, the Rev. Phineas Quigley, and had, of course, received a good education; in conversation she expressed herself well and fluently, and never seemed at a loss on any subject whatever. She was not at all troubled with bashfulness. All that evening she followed me about like a shadow; I could not move without her; and she informed me that she was now on a visit to the lady at whose house we then were, with whom she should probably pass the winter. I detected a pretty strong hint for an invitation, but I could not make up my mind to give it.

The next day, as I was lying very comfortably on a sofa in my boudoir, with a coal-fire glowing brightly before me, and an interesting book in my hand, I was suddenly startled by a dark apparition close at my side; and raising my eyes, they rested, to my great surprise, on the smiling face of Miss Quigley.

"If you ever were so absorbed in my poems," said the unexpected visitor, "I should be quite satisfied. The servant told me at first that you were engaged, and had denied yourself to visitors; but I let her know that I was no visitor at all, but an old friend whom you would be very glad to see. So I made my way directly up here, and had been waiting sometime for you to take your eyes off that book. I do not intend to stand upon ceremony."

I never hear people use this expression but it makes me fairly groan; I know what it is from experience. Of course I could do no less than close my book, raise my recumbent figure, and ask my visitor to take a seat. Miss Quigley's things were soon laid aside—observing that she had come to pass a quiet morning with me, and talk over our former correspondence. She took one or two of my letters from her work-bag, and I felt considerably annoyed as I saw my youthful folly thus arrayed in black and white against me. She spoke of *her* notes, and I murmured something of "fatigue," and "locked up," (I had burned them) and came off as well as could be expected. Miss Quigley was a very good-natured, very independent, very smart, and very companionable person of about thirty-five; she was one who could make her way through the world extremely well, assumed a good-naturedly patronizing tone while conversing with you, and had an extremely blunt perception of slights or coldness. I told her my romantic ideas of her as I had pictured her seated on a rock in the moonlight, at which she laughed heartily, and said that she did not remember ever to have done such a thing—in the first place she should be afraid, and in the next she would certainly take cold. A poetess *afraid*, and think of *taking cold*! Dear, dear! how the world had degenerated! Miss Quigley staid to luncheon, having provided herself with an interminable piece of knitting-work, and with very little urging staid to dinner; when, seeing that I could not help it, I gave her an invitation to a party that evening—the preparations for which had been considerably hindered by her social visit. She expressed herself delighted to have happened in just at the right

time, and with an affectionate kiss, promised to come early, in order, as she said, to help me entertain the guests. She acted up to her promise, for she did really entertain them very much indeed—chiefly with an account of our former correspondence.

Miss Quigley's cloak and hood were the first that graced the ladies' dressing-room; and very much at her ease, the poetess took her seat in a conspicuous place, starting forward every now and then to welcome some dear friend, of whom she appeared to have a countless number. She informed several of my guests that "she had no doubt I would be very glad to see them;" and behaved in many respects as though she were the lady of the house—not I. Such a tongue I had hardly ever encountered before; it was not at rest for five minutes together, but kept up a perpetual chattering with any one she could fasten on as a listener. Her manners were very popular, and she appeared universally liked; while I, in some surprise, found the novel task of entertaining company, which I had quite dreaded, altogether taken off my hands. There was scarcely an individual present who was not enlightened, before the evening was over, on the subject of our poetical friendship; she always called me "Florence," and related the story with infinite amusement, as something quite rich and original. It is not very pleasant to have one's youthful performances, especially when they savor a little of the sentimental, brought up for the edification of the public; and I wished that Miss Quigley would let the story rest, while I hated the very name of "Florence." But that was by no means her intention; she wished to explain to people the very curious circumstances which had brought us together, in order to account for the many endearments she bestowed upon me—which, being quite unable to resist her strength, I passively endured. Being the daughter of a clergyman, and a poetess besides, her acquaintances were quite numerous; and people smiled, both at the story and the manner in which I was victimized—while I, alas! little thought that my romantic enthusiasm would be the means of getting me into such a scrape.

That woman became an actual torment. I never left the house but she seized upon me—I never entered a store but she was there—I never went out visiting but I met her—I never staid at home but she came to see me. People, seeing us so much together, took it for granted that the love was as much on my side as hers, and invited her everywhere, out of compliment to *me*. It was impossible to get rid of her; she had grasped me with a tenacious hold, and our fates seemed linked together; if I went anywhere to avoid her at that very place we were sure to meet, and the story of Florence and Virginia had now become pretty well known to the whole circle of our acquaintances. She spent New Year's day with me, in order to relieve my diffidence in receiving the visitors; she passed mornings, afternoons, and evenings at the house; she came to luncheon, dinner, and tea; and only waited the slightest invitation to have her trunks brought and herself regularly established as an inmate.

I was surprised that she had so little tact; all

this parade of friendship was anything but agreeable to me, and I am sure I made not the slightest advances; but she appeared so determined to take it for granted that I must be delighted with her society that coldness made no impression. I could only "bide my time"—or rather, *hers*. I never could understand how people who expressed such beautiful sentiments in poetry, could ever be common-place in the ordinary transactions of life; it appeared to me that the spirit of beauty, which thus expressed itself in words, must be displayed even in the very dress, which should be free from the slightest tinge of vulgarity; it *must* give a refinement of manner, which I vainly looked for in Miss Quigley. It does not follow, of course, that a poetess must be beautiful—that is not left to her own decision; and it may be the very want of this possession which calls forth such beautiful images in describing pure and lofty sentiments; but for a poetess to be bustling and intrusive seems altogether inconsistent.

Miss Quigley appeared to entertain the highest opinion of my judgment; she frequently brought poems for my inspection, which I could not read with the same interest as formerly, and even solicited my consent to dedicate a forthcoming volume to me. I still possessed some few sparks of ambition which only needed fanning into a flame, and at first there was something rather pleasant in the idea of being a patroness of the arts and sciences; but my good man decidedly vetoed the whole proceeding—expressing his opinion that, should the thing fail, I would be responsible for the failure. Of course I very properly yielded the point; though rather disappointed that I seemed fated to reap neither pleasure nor fame in my most unexpected discovery of "Virginia." The poetess was a great flatterer, which certainly was a very fortunate thing for me as it proved in the end, for I believe it was the means of my getting rid of her.

There was an old bachelor, named McElrath, who frequently came to the house, being quite an old friend and favorite of my husband's; and notwithstanding the difference in their ages, there was a most remarkable resemblance between the two, which resemblance was far more agreeable to the old bachelor than his friend; for Mr. McElrath was really ugly in appearance, while my husband was strikingly handsome. The bachelor was wealthy, unencumbered with relatives, and had now and then thrown out hints of marrying; he was almost afraid to take the plunge—women were so deceitful, and extravagant, and troublesome—but he didn't know what might happen, if he met with one to suit him in every respect; and we imagined that Miss Quigley seemed better pleased to encounter Mr. McElrath during her visits. Perhaps she had concluded that it would be better to share the old bachelor's lot than stay at home and write poetry. However that might be, she certainly exerted all her powers upon him, and apparently with some degree of success; for although Mr. McElrath had rather shrunk at first from her coarse features and masculine appearance, yet flattery is even a more powerful net than beauty, and she certainly plied him well with it—particularly dwelling on the strong resemblance between him and his handsome friend, which she

saw afforded him the greatest pleasure. She even discovered points of resemblance which no one else had ever imagined; and the grateful bachelor seemed about to reward her with a surrender of himself and his worldly possessions, when a most unfortunate mistake entirely deranged all her plans and expectations.

Miss Quigley was no less anxious to ingratiate herself into favor with the master of the house; and perceiving that the likeness annoyed my husband as much as it pleased Mr. McElrath, she wisely ridiculed the idea of any resemblance at all when beyond the hearing of the old bachelor; and really displayed a great deal of skill in regulating her batteries so as not to let one interfere with the other. I was infinitely amused at this by-play when I saw my better half (he was only a man, you know) quite puffed up with self-complacency at Miss Quigley's soothing observations; and then glanced at poor Mr. McElrath, whose countenance expressed undisguised pleasure, and he fancied himself quite an Adonis while listening to the delightful compliments of the poetess.

The resemblance between the two was really surprising, however; so much so that it even deceived Miss Quigley herself; who, passing through the hall one day towards dusk, and encountering, as she supposed, my husband on the stairs, immediately began to condole with him on the annoyance he must suffer in being plagued with looking like that odious Mr. McElrath!

"Such a fright!" she continued, "there is no more likeness between you than between a bear and an Adonis! It quite amuses me to hear people talk so ridiculously. For my part, I see no resemblance whatever."

"I am very much obliged to you, madam," said Mr. McElrath, (for he it was) "for at length opening my eyes. So, I am a fright, am I?—Well, I believe you are not far wrong, but I will no longer be a fool. 'The odious Mr. McElrath,'" said he, with a low bow, "has the happiness of wishing you a very good evening."

My husband just then made his appearance, and on comprehending the matter, was quite unable to restrain his laughter. But Miss Quigley endeavored to carry off the affair with a good grace. "The old bore!" said she, "I believe that I have at last got rid of him. The poor man seemed to enjoy it so much, that one could scarcely in pity forbear flattering him a little now and then on this fancied resemblance; but my true sentiments, it seems, could no longer be restrained."

My husband, however, quite unheeding her flattery, plainly showed by his manner that he very much doubted whether those were her *true* sentiments; and Miss Quigley, now that the bird had flown, kindly freed us from her daily presence.—She returned home to her own village, and I never heard from her since except to receive a very pretty volume of poems—the same she wished to dedicate to me. The poetry was really beautiful—more touching, if possible, than any of her former productions. They quite recalled the old feeling with which I had perused her writings in girlhood; but alas! the charm was now broken; I tried to think of "Virginia," but in vain—I could only see *Mary Ann Quigley*.

THE TREATMENT OF THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.*

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

"Sufferance is the badge of all their tribe."—SHAKESPEARE.

MOST of the fine writers of the day,—being chiefly personages who manufacture their articles like Sir Richard Blackmore his poetry, "to the rumbling of their chariot wheels,"—are sticklers for the doctrine of compensation. When their haunch of venison proves done to a turn,—their pine-apple ripe and well-flavored,—their claret clear,—and their friend and gossip disposed to adjudge the same merit to their own arguments,—the guinea-a-liners sit down to indite their dissertations, dipping their golden pen into a silver standish to describe the impartiality wherewith Providence dispenses its favors to the denizens of this little planet.

It may be so. The guinea-a-liners know best. Gout, they assure us, rarely visits the damp hovels of Ireland; while the broad, good-humored face of a Yorkshire farmer's wife retains the hue and outlines of youth and beauty long after the Almack's Dowager has grown lank and faded. It is, of course, needless to balance the account with allusions to typhus fever, or the wasted paupers of the Poor Law bastille. The chief object of fine writing is striking contrast,—moral antithesis,—light and shade. Redundance of example puzzles the reader. "Look on this picture and on that!"—"Eyes right—eyes left!" is sufficiently explicit.

In disserting, therefore, upon the juvenile generations of the kingdom, let the Alpha and Omega classes suffice. All the intervening rubbish we leave to preparatory schools and a genteel mediocrity. The Mobility—the Nobility—constitute the Night and Morning of the day.

We are conscious of a tender leaning towards children. Like Burchell, in the Vicar of Wakefield, we "love them as harmless little men," and are seldom without a penny whistle or a piece of gingerbread in our pocket. Children of a larger growth are too apt to conspire against the peace of mind and ease of body of these innocent Lilliputians. From the days of Herod to those of the promoters of Infant Labor, the monsters of this world have been prone to level their persecutions against those tender creatures, whom ogres used to eat, but whom Christians kill for other purposes than the table.

This is a fearful consideration! During the first dozen years of the present century, war indulged itself in the expenditure of a couple of hundred thousand human lives per annum; the three kingdoms offering up their weekly but hearty prayers for the Most High Court of Parliament,

which came down so handsomely with its dust as a premium for wholesale butchery. Now that we no longer murder on so grand a scale, the wickedness of human nature finds vent in minor issues. Greenacre and Courvoisier assassinate their mistress and master, and a vast proportion of arsenic is distributed in pennyworths in various counties of the United Kingdom, to the unjustifiable homicide of her Majesty's lieges. But the said master and the mistress, and most of the people put to death by medicated tea or hasty pudding, were old enough to exercise their own fists or judgments in self-defence: and it is consequently only the unhappy infants upon whom the Mrs. Brownriggs of modern times wreak their barbarities, that *really* move our commiseration.

The Rabbins, who first devised the idea of a babe in bliss, as a hovering form of beauty, all face and wings, having no extremities to be exposed to the whips and strings of fate, betrayed their profound foresight. So long as a child hath anything whippable about it, chastisement will not be wanting. Your cherub is the only babe as happy as an angel.

"Still, it seems hard that the privileged persecutors of these tender innocents should not show *some* respect to persons, in the persons of their victims. If a certain number of children are to be tormented to death or made miserable, annually, to gratify the malignity of middle-aged persons, why concentrate their vengeance on a single class? Why not some impartiality in the selection of the sufferers? Why not draw lots for the objects of their cruelties, as in the case of a siege or a shipwreck, where chance is made to pick out the victims for the edge of the sword or the bars of the gridiron?

Above all, why must it be the offspring of the highest personages in the realm who are selected for torture? Is it because their ancestors bled for us at Agincourt, or wasted their breath for us in the House of Peers, that the custom of the country condemns them, from the moment they draw breath, to slow torture? Is it in gratitude for the activity of our nobles in foreign conquest or national legislation, that we have created a race of martyrs, such as we see presented in the books of "Buds and Blossoms," purporting to exhibit children as they are in the nurseries and school-rooms of the aristocracy of Great Britain?

Hapless innocents!—Could we but hope to prove the Wilberforce or Clarkson predestined to accomplish the abolition of this bitter slavery, we should rest our head upon the lap of earth at some very distant period, satisfied that we had followed in the footsteps of Martin Luther.

The first happiness of a child is freedom of action—to have ample space and verge enough for kicking and screaming. As regards its powers

* The reader will discover that this article was not written for the edification of us United Statesers, but we print it, nevertheless, without any alterations, as its teachings are as well adapted to the social state of the Yankees as of our brethren across the water. It is full of good sense which is embodied in a lively and agreeable manner, and we cannot but think, or at least hope, that all the fathers and mothers who read it will profit by it.

of gratifying the eyes of others, a young child, we conceive, cannot be too simply apparelled. Its garments should be warm in winter, light in summer, capable of easy adjustment, and frequent renovation. As five minutes suffice to make the cleanest child as dirty as a chimney-sweep, five minutes ought to suffice to make it completely clean again. To insure this, silk ought never to figure in its attire. All should be amenable to the purification of soap and water. Its own fair bright face, its truthful eyes, and dimpled mouth, are a sufficient adornment.

But though advocates for freedom of action, we cannot forget the irrational cruelty which exposes the little naked arms of a new-born infant to the nipping of a bitter winter's day, its sleeves tied up with satin ribands, to gratify the vanity of the authors of its days at the risk of its life; for the display of two little flaccid unformed arms, most unmeet to wrestle with the wintry blast. An infant's cheek, too, tenderer than a rose-leaf, ought to be approached only by objects soft and susceptible as itself—its mother's bosom, or swans' down, or the simplest covering. Instead of this, the wantonness of our folly places upon its head a finely-embroidered cap, with half-a-dozen borders of stiff and well-crimped lace, on which, when it lies down to sleep, it must experience the torments of *Regulus*. To render the poor little creature as ridiculous as it is wretched, this foolscap is surmounted by a cockade of lace or riband, without grace or symmetry, resembling those with which we decorate our coach-horses; and lest when we permit the babe to take the air, it should indulge a hope to be rid of this strange incumbrance, we place over the cap a huge hat a *la Henri Quatre*, with another cockade, and a plume of feathers; crushing the little unformed features by the preponderance of the Otranto-like machine, and giving its poor little feeble neck, scarcely capable of self-support, a weight to carry well calculated to inure its patience to the future burthens of life!

Of the first steps of these innocent martyrs it cannot be said that

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.

To entitle them to walk, their little feet are encased in shapely shoes of morocco, such as would have insured corns to the *Venus de Medicis*, or *Apollo Belvidere*. The child's waist is at the same time encircled by a prodigious sash, with bows and ends large enough for the effigy of *Queen Ann* in *St. Paul's churchyard*; and its robe or tunic be-filled, be-flounced, be-cuffed, be-garnished, be *Mechlined*, be *Valencienned*, till the exhortation "be not puffed up!" seems prematurely in request.

"Mind your frock, Master Arthur!"—"Lady Jane! take care of your beautiful face!"—"Lord Alfred, I won't have you play with that 'ere nasty dog, a-jumping on your velvet dress!"—are the constant outcries of the authorities. The *Lady Janes* and *Lord Alfreds* must not walk in the sun for fear of their complexions; must not roll on the grass or in the hay, or romp or ride, or run, or do anything that tends to the development of their little frames, or the fortification of their constitu-

tions. If they escape infanticide at the hands of the head-nurse, who leaves them naked upon her lap, with the thermometer below freezing-point in order to go through her routine of ablutions—if they survive to be squeezed into the tight shoes, and screwed into the stays and curl-papers—if they defy the united efforts of nurses, apothecaries, baby-linen warehouses, and governesses, to reduce them to feebleness, peevishness, and despair, the British constitution is richly deserving all the laudations bestowed upon it in this and all other countries.

We must again assert it to be an act of partiality on the part of the Fates, that, as some children are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and some with a wooden ladle, the silver spoon should be made to convey only decoction of rhubarb, or senna-tea, and the ladle pure spring water.

The children of the mobility sprawl unmolested, squall unmolested. No impulse of *theirs* is checked by the close-fitting of their ragged garments. They enjoy free exercise of limb and lungs. No one exorciates *their* epidermis with much scrubbing, or brings on cataracts by the prolongation of their toilet. Their lives, like their garments, sit easy. They may play with the cat—they may make dirt pies—they may make themselves happy. If they want to sail their walnut-shell boat, there is the nearest puddle: if they want to fly their kite, the common is at their door. The woods are theirs, with their early violets and late blackberries, their squirrels' and birds' nests. To *their* imagination, trees are made to be climbed, rivers to be bathed in. The free air is all their own.—They breathe it, uncompressed by stays, unharassed by the badgering of a nursery governess. They look the sun in the face, fearless that in return it should visit their cheek too roughly. They are accustomed to rough visitings.

Instead of being tormented about turning out their toes, their toes are allowed to enjoy a state of nature. Instead of being engirded with a back-board, their backs support a sheaf of bulrushes, or basketful of acorns or beechmast, or perhaps some little loving younger brother or sister, offering kisses in payment of its fare. Fruit not being interdicted by *Mr. Magnesia*, they snatch their sloes from the hedge, their strawberries from the wood, their nuts from the hazel-bush. They have no notion of a juvenile fancy-bash, with two months training beforehand from *Madame Michau*. But on May-day, they rise with the lark (and who is better up to a lark than a child of the woods and fields?) adorn themselves with garlands of wild hyacinths or eglantine, and caper with all their hearts and souls round the hawthorn-bush on the village green!

Who invented cowslip halls?—The children of the mobility. Who invented daisy chains?—The children of the mobility. Who made the first necklaces of sparrows' eggs?—The children of the mobility. Who originated leap-frog, blindman's buff, and all other boisterous diversions?—The children of the mobility. Unobstructed by finery and frippery, they pursue the sports of childhood with childhood's reckless impulses of joy. Instead of the tedious airing, smothered up in a nurse's

lap,—instead of the monotonous saunter, handcuffed by a nurse's authority,—instead of the discipline of the school-room, the preventive physic-ing of the apothecary inflicted upon their miserable rivals,—the offsets of the mobility bask in the sunshine, or freshen in the shade. As if to counter-balance the cares of after-life, the little ragged urchins hunt their butterflies in inconsiderate delight. A gallop on the tinker's donkey is a happier thing than the formal ride under the stiff documentation of a family coachman; nay, a swing on a gate is a happier thing, or a see-saw across the carpenter's bench.

Liberty must be a god-like blessing; or Spartans and Spaniards, Greeks and Canadians, the East and the West, the North and the South,

would not fight for it as they do. We sincerely trust that the next crusade or war of liberation attempted in Christendom, will purport to enfranchise the juvenile aristocrats of these enlightened realms from the manacles, handcuffs, strait-waistcoats, foolscaps, backboards, stocks, fine clothes, and other instruments of torture, which have been brought to light by means of the philanthropic and well-intentioned designs of Chalon.

Meanwhile let Parliament take into consideration the services of Mrs. Fairlie, for the fearless manner in which she has exposed to public reprobation the domestic cruelty practised, in the secrecy of our lordly nurseries, against the health and happiness of that ill-used generation, "THE CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY."

MOUNT DIABALO.*

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

FIERCE blow the wild winds down Diabalo's side,
From its summit eternal of snow;

And the rough wailing waters triumphantly ride
Over mountainous rocks which have ages defied,
Till both in the valley they peacefully glide,

Where the sun-beams all placidly glow;
Terrific the foam-crests which recklessly roll,
Like the terrible throes of an agonized soul.

Hoary winter has strewn o'er Diabalo's crest
A harvest no mortal may reap;
No genial pulsations entombed in his breast,
Uplift the white shroud which has centuries pressed
In frigidity; time's inmemorial bequest

Futurity ever will keep:
The seasons pass on in their uniform round,
But Diabalo's brows never yet were unbound.

Magnificent type of the earthly sublime!
There, glowing in magical light,
Thy conical turrets of delicate rime,
Which nought but the breath of the chill North may climb,
Gleam brighter as touched by the stern hand of Time,
Upbuilding their vigor and might;
Though 'neath thee earth crumbling in rottenness lies,
Thy brows are immortal, their home in the skies.

What texture of hill, valley, prairie and stream,
Interweaves at the foot of thy throne;
Savannas, horizon-bound, measureless seem,
Like the fairy-like home of a fanciful dream,
While gently the rivulets glisten and gleam
With a silvery voice in their tone;
And the broad Sacramento's impetuous tide,
Rushes on like the ravings of passionate pride.

Afar to the North, wrapped in grandeur and gloom,

Stand spectral-like summits in air,†
Misshapen monstrosities cast from earth's womb,
Their hideous fastnesses deeply entomb
Those glittering hoards which, anomalous, doom,

Mankind both to pleasure and care:
Mortality, clothed in thy incarnate lust,
Returns not thy body full soon to the dust!

Yet thou stern Diabalo, hoary and grand,
Little reck's of thy treasure below,
As stoical now do thy fortresses stand,
Proud sentinels over the populous land,
As when, ages since, they were drearily fanned
By the breath of the mountains of snow;
Though 'neath thee man's pulse quicker throbs to the heart,
Thou standest unmoved—as God made thee thou art.

Though insatiate man, in the pride of his power,
May delve at the treasures that gleam
In the breast of thy neighbors, which lowlier tower
Neath the clouds which so terribly over them lower,
And grasp e'en the tremulous branches which power
O'er the banks of thy mightiest stream:
No hand sacrilegious will dare to uprise,
And pluck thy bright treasure that glows in the skies.

† The mountains here referred to are the great Sierra Nevada, or mountains of snow. Their peaks of nearly similar height, not only capped but buried in snow for six or eight months in the year, stretch along the horizon nearly North and South as far as the eye can reach. Nothing East of the Rocky Mountains can surpass them in that sublime grandeur which inspires the soul with awe and admiration. As the setting sun gilds their topmost pinnacles of ice with his golden rays, revealing to the eye each crevice and nook of the enormous heights, the light of another day seems descending to earth from the East, as though to light the glories of departing day to their resting place below the horizon. Imagination can picture nothing surpassing this brilliant reality.

In these mountains, and bordering the streams which rise in their midst, are the well known "Gold Regions." Here, stowed in the rich soil, lay masses of golden dirt yet to see the light, and the chronicles of future ages alone can tell the almost incredible tales of their marvellous richness. El Dorado here glistens beneath its rocky covering, and the paradise of the miser's dream becomes a substantial reality.

* Mount Diabalo, or the Devil's Mountain, as it is familiarly termed by native Californians, is a large irregularly shaped mountain, which, standing aloof from the main ranges, overlooks the vast prairies and meadows about the lower portion of the Sacramento. Its lineaments are easily discerned by the naked eye from the plains, or any part of the Sierra Nevada's—a distance of more than one hundred miles.

MY COUSIN MARY ; OR, LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

BY ENNA.

COURTEOUS reader, how shall I begin to tell you of my kind and excellent cousin Mary? "Of course," I hear you say; "begin at the beginning." But her gentleness and love for me began long before I had ever seen her or heard of her, and as for the end it will only be with the end of time, for what is good comes from God, and therefore must remain. Well, then, it was (as all story tellers say) the most charming day in the most charming month of all the twelve—that month which calls the flowers to deck the chambers of the earth for the entrance of warm and welcome summer—that month which calls the birds to woodland haunts by gentle memories—that month when happy childhood, with the wings of its morning, sports and dances to the lightest music, the music of a glad and guileless heart, I had left the home of infancy, and the love of kindred, and had bade farewell to the old haunts by the sea-shore, and the great rock and the shaded walks which led by the cleft chasm in it, and all the "loved scenes which my infancy knew," I had felt the grasp of the faithful servants, grown gray in my father's service, as I left in each hard palm a token of remembrance, and, with my two babes, I had looked and wept the last farewell, as the wheels tracked the gravelled lane of my father's grounds. As I have said, the day was the brightest that a clear sun and blue sky, and sweet flowers and happy faces could make it, as the loud voice of the captain bawled out, "Passengers for R——;" and there, on the dock, stood my husband, and close beside him an elderly gentleman—it could be none other than Cousin Paul, of whom I had frequently heard from Charles, who had preceded me a few days to escort the furniture for our new home.—Our road for two miles led us through the most picturesque country. A deep ravine cleft the village in two distinct sections, in the bed of which boiled and dashed a foaming stream over rocks, and broken trees, and chasms, until it found its outlet in the Hudson: numberless sparkling rivulets leaped down the sides of the high hills we were rising to swell the noisy current, and one natural fountain bubbled so unceasingly by the road-side with its clear waters, that seats had been placed for foot passengers, and a great trough for the heated cattle, as they passed, to refresh themselves, without price; native cresses spread their crispy leaves in the brook, and the sweet flowers, we call forget-me-not, grew all about the shady borders. We stopped a moment, as our horses plunged their heads in the cool spring; and as I gathered a few of the bright, delicate hued love tokens, I felt that they were growing there with their appropriate emblem, bidding us forget not in passing the Author by whom this blessing was provided, and even in the cup of cold water to remember his bounty.

A lovely ride through long avenues of the sugar maple brought us in view of a small white-washed

cottage, almost hidden by the briar, rose, and tall trees, and climbing vines from the passes, and I know, by the anxiety expressed in the features of my husband, that this was our little "Home." I could read his heart—words there were none, yet there was the reading—"Can she be happy in this humble cot? Will the love of her husband, the prattle of her babes, and the rural life she must lead cause no sorrow? When she lingers over the scenes of a brighter home, will not the vow for riches, for power be repented as her eye takes in the small compass of the low walls?" I could see, hear, feel, all that was passing before his mind, and I hastened to inquire of our friend who it was that lived in the quiet, sweet little cottage. Had a cloud been removed from the sun, no brighter light could have played upon casement, tree, or flower, than did the light of my husband's eye beam upon me; yet there was no reply; but pointing down in a soft green vale to a large comfortable farm-house, he said, "Cousin Mary lives there." It was enough—I knew that she was our nearest neighbor; but little did I know that she was one who loved her neighbor as herself. The front was towards the south: as some writer has said, flowers in the door-yard bid you welcome. It must be true here, for every tree was budded with little blossoms—the windows were gay with them, and a great cluster now had found its way quite to the eaves of the house: all around wore the look of content; the house dog was lapping in the brook with the young ducks; the coops, with broods of chickens, were placed like a small village, all white-washed so neatly, and so well supplied; and at the door stood the gentle and the good to welcome the stranger, and to take her in, with not a hand alone extended, but with arms. Enfolding me, I was close in the embrace of one whom, until that instant, I had never seen—one whom, only a few weeks before, had never heard of me, save as the wife of her young and unknown kinsman. Never before had I known that human nature could love, without the presence or knowledge of the sympathy which attracts; but here, in the valley, was the lesson taught me, one who, from childhood, had loved the world and found it loving, that the divine spark had already sent forth its rays to lighten the path of her, all unknowing of her worthiness. What marvel if I wept—was I among strangers? No. I was with a kindred spirit of kindness and truth. I can never forget my first introduction in that sunny dining-room. The warm creature even kissed my servant, a neat, tidy young girl, for she said, as she turned to me, "They have so few to love them." A plentiful table was already prepared, and the home sickness of a new comer was banished by the gentle attentions and friendly words of this hospitable family.

The meal was over, and no excuses could be made why we should not at once proceed to the

cottage. I saw the shade gather again over Charles' countenance, and the smile depart, as we left the door of our cousin's house. How different had been his fond anticipations, when, a few short years before, he had wooed and won his bride.—Then the world was bright before him, and hope, lured with silver pinions, and beckoned him to her bright bowers; but hope drooped, and the promises of merchandise forsook him, and with a broken fortune and shattered health, he had sought a home retired and apart from the toil of that world which had so cruelly deceived him. We had passed the gate, and were at the door-way. My heart almost misgave me; how cold and cheerless it would appear! Empty rooms—no fire—for our furniture had only the day before—how different from the pleasant rooms we had just left. I felt a trembling hand on mine, and heard my husband say, "Do not be disappointed; I hate myself for bringing you to this mean place." We entered.

Oh, ye who languish in soft ease, and sigh for new delights, pass by my little tale; you can find no response in an humble leaf from Affection's Offering. I can furnish no fantastic threads to weave into the woof of your finer sensibilities.

Where were we? Was it the home of the fairies, and had the good little people been at work? Ah! no. It was only a charm wrought from the impulses of a loving heart. There, upon one side of a brightly polished stove, on the hearth of which was blazing a cheerful fire, was seated "Cousin Mary," who had quietly slipped up a nearer way, and, entering the back door, had arranged herself to receive her guests; a carpet was laid; the room, newly whitened, was hung with laurel branches, and glasses of the fresh blossoms decked the mantel; a tea-kettle was sending forth its song from the red coals; a cat was domesticated on the rug; the tray set, for tea; and this was home! Yes, it was home for gentle influences and kind words, and affectionate smiles were there, and what was wanting? I laid my hands, one in that of my husband, and one in that of the friend whom God had sent; so clothing the rougher spots with a beauty, even the beauty of his love. "Ah! but," said Charles to my expressions of pleased surprise, "this is but the beginning; you have not felt the toil of living upon a small income, and leading your wants within the narrow limits of our slender means." Ah! little knew he woman's courage. It is not when the soft wind of prosperity brings odors, and butterfly friends glitter in the sunshine; it is not when music breathes from every chord of the harp, which hangs upon the temple of Home, that man discovers the strength of true affection; then she is his pride, his admiration, his household ornament. But let the rude storm of misfortune sweep down the false bulwark of worldly, professing friendship, and the adulation of society becomes as "sounding brass," then it is that he discovers a mine of wealth under his own hearth-stone, and just at his foot-stool a mine of wealth so pure, that it needs no refining process; and it is his—all his—no man can part him from the "treasure trove."

* * * * *

Another bright day. It was a new thing for

me to take the management of domestic duties, but stepping softly down, I thought to surprise Charles by my housewifery. Early as it was, there was a tap at the door, and Cousin Mary had sent her only domestic with a basket, and a kind message to keep the girl through the day to help me arrange and "brighten up things," and in the basket, steaming yet, for they were closely covered, was a great heap of warm cakes, all battered and so nice. And such was the opening of our first friendship—such, with many more added, the record of her good deeds, ever fulfilling the command to love her neighbor.

* * * * *

Years have passed, and long ago we bade adieu to the cottage, and fortune has again smiled upon our prospects, and we have sought and found our dwelling in a new place and among new faces; but never can the memory of the pleasant months spent by the side of the dear neighbor be forgotten. I can see her now in all her varied cares as friend, counsellor, and companion; sometimes in her pretty neat garden, gathering, perhaps, early fruit for "a poor sick girl," or filling from the "abundance and to spare," from the large vegetable-bed, some empty basket of a less favored person; sometimes I see her seated beside our hearth, with her soft sweet smile, knitting for the carpenter's child, for she would say, "Cousin Lucy, thee knows the poor wife is so delicate and works so hard." And thus did her many kindnesses flow by the door-way of the poor, like a little thread of silver, decking their hard case with beauty. Thus did her gentle voice speak in the houses of the rich, giving comfort where a word is more precious than a gift,—thus did her unostentatious life give joy to her own large household, for even the great dog seemed to take pleasure in turning the heavy churn wheel while she was near, and the flowers sprung up, as it were, in gratitude. Here was a character which needed no adorning to show forth the perfections of her works; it was the majesty of righteousness with the simplicity of a Christian. I have said it is years since I listened to her voice. My present home is spacious; its situation one of the most picturesque in our country; but when I entered, for the first time, the great hall which my husband proudly called mine, and opened, successively, the parlors and dining-room, the library and neat sewing-room, on either side—as I looked upon the lofty ceilings and washed floors, and ascended the broad staircase, with its highly polished hand-rails, and was in the lonely looking sleeping apartments, shall I tell you how I felt? I turned without a word, as my husband waited for my gratified reply—I turned, and laid my head upon his shoulder, and wept—not those tears I had shed years ago, from a heart filled with gratitude in the welcome home of the farm-house—they were now tears of regret. Whither should I look for the warm embrace, the cheerful smile, the bright hearth, and the sweet flowers?—all looked desolate, and I cast a lingering sigh to the low roof, the little domestic fowls, the simple but delightful memories of the humble cot.

"Who shall I call my neighbor?" said I, one evening, as we were seated, enjoying the cool air as it came drawing from the bay and fanning the

light summer draperies, for we were all settled, or, as the country people said, we were "all to rights." "We have been here six weeks, and we have only decoyed a few bare-footed, but bright faced, urchins into the 'big house;' we will never find a Cousin Mary here—no nice warm cakes—no sweet rolls of yellow butter."

Charles smiled at my simplicity, but said, "Remember, we come here not requiring sympathy, and they fear to overstep the mark which bounds propriety, such as they deem we call good breeding." Alas! that formality should dare to usurp the throne whereon is inscribed, Love thy neighbor: alas! that it should, with its tangled weeds, choke up the spring which ever wells in the heart of the

unsophisticated toward its kindred and its fellow; but the days of probation had nearly passed; for, after visiting all the stores of the village, and appearing past the mill, late in the day, with "nothing but a calico dress," and sending home divers house cleaners, with a few "greens for soup," there began to be a rumor that the "city folks, after all, were like other folks, and that Farmer Macy's wife and daughters had serious thoughts, being, as we seemed, made of the same clay, of stepping in"—and they did step in, and, in time, many others; and now I have no cause of complaint, for, as my old grandmother used to say, I have those who are "real neighbors as well as high dwellers." But will I ever again find a Cousin Mary?

NOT THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

BY THE MUSE.

IN sunset's light o'er Boston thrown,
A young man proudly stood
Beside a girl, the only one
He thought was fair or good;
The one on which his heart was set,
The one he tried so long to get.
He heard his wife's first loving sound,
A low mysterious tone,
A music sought but never found
By beaux and gallants gone;
He listened and his heart beat high
That was the song of victory!
The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rushed burning through his frame,
And all the folks that round him stood
Its torrents could not tame,
Though stillness lay with eve's last smile
Round Boston Common all the while.
Years came with care; across his life
There swept a sudden change,
E'en with the one he called his wife,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed from the thought so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—and is this all?
No, more than this! what seemed it *now*
Right by that one to stand,
A thousand girls of fairer brow

Walked his own mountain land;
Whence far o'er matrimony's track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back.
They called him back to many a glade
Where once he joyed to rove,
Where often in the beechen shade
He sat and talked of love;
They called him with their mocking sport
Back to the times he used to court.
But darkly mingling with the thought
Of each remembered scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between,—
His wrinkled face, his altered lot,
His children's wants, the wife he'd got!
Where was the value of that bride
He likened once to pearls?
His weary heart within him died
With yearning for the girls;
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.
He wept, the wife that made his bread
Beheld the sad reverse,
Even on the spot where he had said
"For better or for worse."
O happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

UNASKED ADVICE FOR WHOSOEVER WILL TAKE IT.

GIVEN BY CAROLINE C——, GRATIS.

WEAK art thou ? Say it not ! hast thou not stood
 Amid the reapers neath the scorching sun ?
 Yes, by the lofty impress left upon
 Thy brow, I know thou'st harvested for good !
 When thou wert born, 'twas not to bow thy head,
 Moaning with weaker minds that "flesh is weak"—
 Great truths lie in thy soul ;—I charge thee speak !
 O'er earth they surely sunlit rays will spread !
 Now, while thy spirit's right hand is yet strong,
 While thy soul stands clad in her garments white,
 While thou art young, ere age brings chill and blight,
 Speak—act ! or thou *art* surely weak and wrong,
 In tears, High Priest's of this age of sacrifice !
 What if thine own heart-blood upon the altar lies ?

Poor art thou ? Think it not ! who are the rich ?
 Not they who ride in carriages, who pace
 The earth with pompous step, in fashion's grace,
 Whose chosen station is poor folly's niche !
 Not they indeed ! Thy thought springs from a mine
 Such as rich California hast not. Thou
 Wearest a gem upon thine open brow,
 Whose like in no king's diadem doth shine !

Poor ? Hast thou not affections buried deep,
 Which if well worked may help to thaw away
 The frost which binds hearts as though *they* were clay ?
 Were these affections given thee to *keep* ?
 I know thy brain teems now with words of fire,
 What fiend disputes thy right to work, and to aspire ?

Oh rouse thee ! let the love within thee tell
 On the cold world, for surely *thou art* one
 Of the few mighty ones beneath the sun,
 Whic may work gloriously ; break the spell
 Society around thy will has cast !
 Thou livest too much in vision of the gone—
 For that, men deem thee cold and dead as stone—
 Thou talkest too much with thy "heary Past,"
 To learn the hallowed temple's mysteries
 Thou lingerest long ! Come forth oh white robed Priest !
 Come to the outer porch to us, released
 From the dread angel's presence, let our eyes
 See if thou art accepted, for we know
 God's sign ! Come ! for our hearts with hope for thee
 o'erflow !
 Canandaigua, N. Y., 1849.

TO MARY.

BY THE MUSE.

WELL ! thou art happy, and I say
 That I should thus be happy too ;
 For still I hate to go away
 As boldly as I used to do.
 Thy husband's bless'd—and 'twill impart
 Some pangs to view his happier lot ;
 But let them pass—oh ! how my heart
 Would hate him if he clothed thee not !
 When late I saw thy favorite child,
 I thought, like Dutchmen, " I'd go dead,"
 But when I saw its breakfast piled,
 I thought how much 'twould take for bread.
 I saw it, and repressed my groans
 Its father in its face to see,
 Because I knew my scanty funds
 Were scarce enough for you and me.
 Mary, adieu ! I must away ;
 While thou art blest, to grieve were sin,

But near thee I can *never* stay
 Because I'd get in love again.

I deem'd that time, I deemed that pride,
 My boyish feeling had subdued,
 Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
 I'd try to get you, if I could.

Yet was I calm : I recollect,
 My hand had once sought yours again,
 But now your husband might object,
 And so, I kept it on my cane.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
 Yet meet with neither woe nor scoff,
 One only feeling could'st thou trace,
 A disposition to be off.

Away ! away, my early dream,
 Remembrance never must awake ;
 Oh ! where is Mississippi's stream ?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break !

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Irving's Life of Goldsmith. Putnam: New York.

WE made a brief allusion last month to the Life of Goldsmith by Geoffrey Crayon, and gave an extract from the work, it being then in sheets. The book has since been published and has, no doubt, been extensively read ere this: for, although nothing new could be anticipated in relation to Goldsmith's history, yet every lover of the poet's works, and every admirer of his new biographer, would be naturally anxious to hear how so genial a subject had been treated by our great prose writer. Those who have read the ponderous and particularizing history of Goldsmith by Prior, and the more recent and more ambitious biography by Forster, have nothing to learn of the trials, temptations, successes, follies, failures, and virtues of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. But, every one must have felt that a true portrait was yet wanting, that the features of the subject, if truthfully delineated, did not give a just impression of the original, from a lack of an artistic arrangement of the back ground, and a proper disposition of lights and shadows. The whole truth was there, but so displayed as to convey an untuteful impression. No great artist has before attempted the portraiture of Goldsmith's character. But the work has at last been performed in a manner which leaves nothing more to be done, or desired. Improvement on the picture which our own great literary limner has painted of the English humorist is beyond the reach of any hand that will be likely to make such an attempt.

As to the style of this new work by Irving it is interesting to compare it with his earlier productions, and mark the changes in his manner which have gradually been effected by the tone of the world in which he lives, and yet to mark how nearly it is like his best productions. It is worthy of remark, too, that while it abounds in those genial beams of a tolerant nature that invest with a charm the deformities which it exposes, which have distinguished all the writings of this popular author, the biography contains more trenchant strokes of satire, and more indignant enthusiasm against vice and snobbishness, than any of the productions of his more youthful, if not more vigorous period. It is truly delightful to see how he deals a blow to that poor driveller Boswell whenever the literary caltiff comes in his way, and with what a relish he takes by the leg such cormorant publishers as the Newberys and Griffiths of the last century, while the whole race of literary pretenders and parasites must shake in their shoes at the cuffs given to their representatives of the last age.

Of all the works that Geoffrey Crayon has yet produced this is the one for which literary men have the most reason to be grateful. It is a vindication of the literary character from the attacks of sophists and wordings, and we cannot but think that the author, while writing it, must have had some other aim than merely depicting a faithful and dignified portraiture of an author whose productions have delighted and instructed the world, while he himself has been laughed at as a simpleton, or at best compassionated for his innocence. All that is essential to be known in relation to the life of Goldsmith has been candidly given, while the absurd tales which have found currency respecting him, have been very properly suppressed for lack of authentic evidence of their truth. Although the author confesses that the biography is but an amplification of a sketch published many years since, and now completed, or enlarged, to make a volume

suitable to accompany the elegant republication of his entire works now in hand by Mr. Putnam, yet there is sufficient evidence in its pages that it was a labor of pure love and too congenial to the

"Warm heart and fine brain"

of the writer, to owe its existence solely to the suggestion of a publisher. While expressing our admiration of the biography, we cannot but confess our surprise that Mr. Irving should fall into the popular error of making Horace Walpole the scape goat for all sins of his cotemporaries towards the "whelp" Chatterton. We can see neither reason nor excuse for being indignant towards Walpole for his neglect of the "wondrous boy," while not a word of reproach is let fall upon the heads of Gray, Mason, Johnson, and the other poets who knew all his circumstances yet never lifted a finger in his aid; certainly no one ever manifested greater interest in the unfortunate youth, or expressed more sincere regret at his sad death, than Walpole.

The Canton Chinese, or the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. By Osmond Tiffany, Jr. Boston and Cambridge. James Munroe & Co. 1849.

MANY years must elapse, many books must be written, and much delving among the the now occult mysteries of Chinese history must be submitted to, before we can have a tolerable understanding of the Chinese character; every addition, therefore, to the stock of information on China, be it ever so humble, should be received respectfully and gratefully. Mr. Tiffany's book adds but little to the stock of knowledge which we already possess of John Chinaman, and the Middle Kingdom; he knew nothing of the language, but little of the history, and dwelt but a short time among the people of that strange country. But he gives us precisely what we most want in such books, the honest results of his own personal observations, and nothing more. Mr. Tiffany does not write elegantly, but his style of narrative is easy, and he communicates his facts and impressions in a lively manner, which would be much more agreeable but for an intolerable effort at humor which mars his pages.—The following description of the Enavirons of Canton affords a fair specimen of the work:

"Though the liberty of the foreigner in Canton is almost entirely restricted to the reeking suburbs of the seething city, yet there are several spots adjacent towards which he may direct his steps, and enjoy a pure atmosphere.

"The nearest and most attractive of all these points is the island of Honam, which is formed in the river directly opposite to the city.

"It is several miles in extent, is covered with numerous crowded villages, beautifully cultivated fields, has numbers of heavy forts, and is distinguished above all for its enormous Buddhist temple, in which a herd of vile priests lead a solitary and monastic life.

"We formed a party one afternoon, to visit the island; we were accompanied by Dr. Parker, a gentleman of distinguished attainments, and widely known as a zealous missionary, and who upon this occasion acted as interpreter.

"We descended the stone steps at the foot of the garden, and found as usual a number of clamorous sampan owners, and selecting an old lady about sixty, squeezed ourselves, some eight in number, into her boat.

"I never knew before the elastic qualities of a sampan; though in appearance only just large enough for two persons, four times as many, and the old woman added, making nine in all, were safely ferried over.

"The swiftly running current forms a number of whirlpools, called chow-chow water, and it was a study to see how thoroughly the boat-woman understood the whole of these disturbers of the public peace, how she edged along

some of the big dangerous fellows, and disregarding others, sent the rapid sampan directly through them.

"As we approached the Honan shore, we descried several canals running from the river into the island, and the houses built along them had steps leading to the water as to a sidewalk, and balconies overhanging the muddy current.—The whole aspect of these canals, their narrow winding spaces, the glimpses of sky seen between the high buildings, the overhanging bridges, and the sampans flitting to and fro, not unlike in shape to gondolas, bore a startling resemblance to Venice.

"We landed at the foot of old worn stone steps, built in the bank of the island, and overshadowed by several gigantic trees, which among other uses formed a cheap tent for beggars to congregate under, and gave shelter to several dealers in confectionary.

"The streets in this suburb were of the most wretched description. Narrow and filthy beyond any that I have ever seen before, they were swarming with the very scum of China's populace; the shops were dingy, small, and if we may believe that rascals exist in the Celestial Empire, they seemed to be all congregated in them, so keen and ravenous did their keepers look.

"They had evidently false balances to cheat in every way, and selling goods fairly was an indiscretion that they never committed in the course of their lives.

"We encountered a coffin maker who was apdly placed on a corner, as if to remind men of the turning point in their lives, but he looked fat and cheerful, despite his grim occupation.

"He had a number of workmen engaged in sawing the enormous boards into the proper shape, and going through every process connected with the business, and a number of the finished receptacles reposed on shelves. Close by was a dealer in the paper clothes, spoken of in the previous chapter; these were about large enough for a baby's doll, and colored according to the taste of the buyer, so that if a person, while on earth, was at all particular in the hue of his clothes, his wishes in that respect might be exactly complied with.

"We left the houses and the dingy suburbs behind us, and stretched out into the country. We found that the flag-stone pavement of the street extended to the open meadows, and formed the foot-path, the sole species of road to be found in the south of China.

"Our way led us along the bank of one of the canals; we saw the same life among the boats as on the kindred river; even this little Honan island, that in our own country would be left in the midst of its embracing stream utterly wild, had been deemed worthy of being pierced with canals, and planted and peopled.

"We saw numbers of people in the fields, and wherever we turned, at some little distance a cluster of dwellings glistened in the view.

"We came in a little while to a man seated at a table before his house, and he was engaged in making pearl buttons from the shell; he was very expert, and with the aid of a few apparently rude, but in his hands, serviceable instruments, he was able to make several hundred buttons in a day. These are afterwards sent to Canton, and exported in considerable quantities to England and America.

"We continued our way, and our attention was soon engrossed by another object. At the end of one of the common villages of the dead, covered with time-worn tombstones, we saw a fellow, a sort of priest, the keeper of a private altar, and whose noble profession it was to humbug his countrymen.

"He had a little sort of shrine with a deaf idol in it, some smoking joss sticks and some magic slips of bamboo.

"His victim, in this instance, was a woman, a creature of the lower class, who was poor, but not poorer than the hour she was born, and yet she came to this solitary spot to pray for riches. What the amount of her desires was I had no opportunity of judging, but she was evidently a fervent worshipper, though under the spell of the creature that batted on her necessities, and made her poorer still by stealing from her mite.

"The owner of the shrine kindly invited us to go away, lest we should frighten the woman from her devotions, and deprive him of his fee; but she, with a better feeling, declared she was not afraid of us, and begged that we would remain.

"Presently she was joined by a female companion, and they both lit pieces of paper and threw them in the air, and then tossed up the magic bamboos, and interpreted their fate according as they fell.

"They finally knelt down and bowed their heads to the ground repeatedly, and uttered a kind of prayer.

"When they arose, the one who had interceded for us, put into the hands of the speculator in prophecies his fee,

from which the unconscionable scoundrel did not offer to deduct the smallest discount for ready money. Whether the old lady ever came into possession of her fortune is very doubtful, and the keeper of the shrine, like the proprietor of a lottery office, no doubt wished her better luck next time.

"When the votaries had departed, the auger chuckled over his gains, snuffed out his joss sticks, and stood on the *qui vive* for another flat.

"We proceeded unmolested along the flag-stone path, and every now and then came to a village, each exactly built, so as to filch from the cultivable land no more space than might just suffice for the crowded tenements. In every village seemed to be some spot a few feet square, with a flag-staff in its centre, and a dirty looking squeezing shop or government hole, with a greasy official in it, whose greatest amusement it was to come to the door of his den, and stare at Fanquiss, as if he had never seen them before.

"The people, too, and the women especially, with the inherent curiosity of the sex, would assemble in little select knots of eight or ten, and try to look us out of countenance; the children in arms were held up to see and imbibe a hatred of the pale devilish race that intruded, and the men were mostly too busy in the fields to notice us.

"The day was warm, and the laborers were almost entirely divested of clothing, the meadows were swarming with them engaged in hoeing the earth around the vegetables, which bore evidence of the skill, and care upon them.—Never have I seen better specimens of the agriculturist's hand; the earth seemed to be as fine as if had been sifted through wire work, and the plants were green and luxuriant.

"In various places along the line of pathway, were pits for compost and manure of various kinds, among which, no doubt, some of the tonsors savings from the shaven craniums of Canton found their place, and these pits were kept dry by drains which went all through the fields, and allowed superfluous moisture to run down towards the low grounds of the Island, and were further protected by coverings of straw.

"They have also separate pits for liquid manure, of which vast quantities are used, and with which they moisten the plants themselves in preference to putting it into the ground before the vegetables have grown.

"Along the same path that we were walking in single file, every few moments a laborer would come at his dog-trot, and by his grunt gives us warning to get out of the way. Each one carried, by means of the eternal bar and ropes, two baskets of manure.

"To carry a single one would be more inconvenient, so economy is united with labor, and the cooley, like John Gilpin, carries weight on either side.

"The instruments of agriculture in use among the Chinese are more like those of other nations than might be expected; a heavy hoe seems to be the principal implement, and by means of it the laborer performs a great part of his work.

"But the nearest resemblance of any article in China to one of European manufacture devoted to the same purpose, is the winnowing machine.

"This is precisely similar to that in use in our own land, and in fact is the origin of ours. I was one day in a shop in Canton, and was surprised to see one, and still more when I learned that it was of *bona fide* Chinese work. The machine was in the first instance carried to Holland, thence was sent to England, and finally imported into the United States.

"We saw in the fields men and women performing every part of the tillage, and only two or three specimens of the roughest buffaloes that can be imagined, constituted the live stock of the farms of Honan.

"Human beings, though low enough in the scale of existence in China, are not yoked into ploughs, and these little buffaloes are kept for the purpose.

"They are very small and strong, and pasture as they best can on barren waste lands, which the people do not care to cultivate, and they may often be seen along the banks of the river endeavoring to gain a honest livelihood.

"A great portion of the fields are covered with rice, of which there are two kinds, the white and the coarse pink, and the grain of each is somewhat larger than with us. All along the Canton river, for miles upon miles, the eye may sweep over vast areas of this plant.

"The soil and climate of China is favorable for almost any productions; potatoes, for instance, are successfully cultivated near Macao, but the Chinese have not learned to eat them, and raise them exclusively for foreign shipping, and for the consumption of the Portuguese and other Europeans in that city.

"Two methods of culture arrest the attention, and both of which are practised near Canton. The first is the terrace cultivation, erroneously supposed to prevail to a much greater extent than is actually the case.

"From the anchoring ground at Whampoa the stranger

sees a number of the hills terraced to the very top, and in the highest state of verdure, and is delighted to find that the accounts he has heard are verified by his own experience; but this mode of planting, he soon discovers, is limited in extent, and many hills, even between Whiampoa and Canton, are left to their natural sterility.

"The low, flat, alluvial grounds are those chiefly cultivated, and the hilly country, where the climate will allow, is generally occupied by the tea plant.

"The other practice in agriculture consists in embanking the streams with earth, which forms sort of dyke, affording protection to the fields, and which slopes at an acute angle into the water.

"Just within this dyke are planted groves of plantains and oranges and ornamental trees, which make the Pekiang river for miles one beautiful and blooming scene. The roots of the trees planted along the banks grow down into the soft, rich, watered loam, and send continuous vigor into the trees. Nothing is more gladdening to the eye than that noble river foaming between its groves and gardens.

"The fresh fruit, the bright oranges on its banks, may almost be had for asking, and by the barrier a boat girl is often waiting ready to pour into your sampan a cargo of freshly gathered delicious fruit for a trifle of compensation.

"Agriculture is naturally held in the highest esteem in China, and where so much is performed by human labor it is thought expedient to encourage it by example.

"For this purpose the great emperor himself, who nine tenths of the time is concealed from view within the compass of his palaces, once a year, in spring time, assembling the high officers of his court, guides with his own hallowed hands, a privileged plough over a sacred field, to show to his subjects the honor due to agriculture.

"Deducing from this circumstance, it is not strange, in a country where life in millions of instances is one continuous struggle, that human beings should be willing to perform work that in other lands is shouldered upon beasts of burthen.

"Men who are so stunted as to be supported on a few cents a day, and do without roads and even fences, will not be apt to quibble on degrees of labor.

"And though life seems the merest existence among these people, few of them have any desire of changing, and probably would not care to, with a substantial Yankee countryman, even if he was able to smack his whip over a pair of fast trotters. The villages through which we passed seemed to be divided one from another by lines and boundaries, and so little are the Chinese accustomed to wander far from home, or especially to travel on expeditions unconnected with business, that it is an almost absolute certainty that the women we saw were confined to the villages for the greater part of their lives.

"And, furthermore, the females of one village were so domesticated, that they never dreamed of sauntering to a neighboring one, and talking scandal over a cup of tea, but made themselves perfectly at home and stayed there.

"There was much difference in the looks of the women; those accustomed to work in the fields had their pretty faces scorched brown, and baked very dark in some portions, so as to resemble the irregular coloring of a slice of toast. Those on the other hand, who stayed in the houses, were pale, and some were pretty, though they had gone on the other extreme, and lost something of their natural bloom, like plants kept for a length of time in the shade.

"They were all evidently fond of dress, and their ears were decorated with showy and not very costly pendants, while around their ankles appeared conspicuous bangles, which are rings of various substances, and which slipped over the foot at a very early age, in a few years are incapable of being removed, from the foot increasing in size.

"The women regarded us with peering wonder, but there was nothing insolent in their looks or tone of voice, as we found the case in some of the male laborers.

"Our path led us through a beautiful scene of animated and varied scenery, and as I have before observed, along one of the canals that we had seen opening from the river.

"Several of these artificial streams were very broad, much more so than in our own country: the banks smooth and hard, and the whole line of the canal planted on either side with immense and noble trees.

"The boats on them were pushed along by means of the bamboo poles, which are always kept in readiness, but whenever the sails would draw they were hoisted, and the crew enjoyed a respite of a few moments.

"These canals, even in this little island, went winding about so, that merchandise from any point could readily be shipped on board a chop boat, and this is an illustration of the fact, that although railroads and steamboats do not exist in China, and will not for many a day, yet the Chinese are

a civilized people, and understand the facilities of transportation as well as many other nations.

"Wherever it was necessary to cross a canal, the stone paths led on to a substantial bridge, so high above the water that the boats could pass under freely, and all parts of the bridge were cut and put together in the nicest manner.—Many of the bridges were not arched, but had immense stones placed from pier to pier, which served quite as well, not being employed for enormous weights, but the Chinese thoroughly understand the principle of the arch.

"Several luxurious mandarins, in their sedan chairs, passed us, and as an evidence of their superiority to the common mass of people around, these officers contented themselves with glancing at us slightly, and never staring rudely, or, above all, uttering a word of derision.

"The sedan chair is so comfortable that one may travel in it all day without fatigue, and foreigners highly estimate the pleasure of using it. Females of rank or wealthy men, who have occasion to cross the river, enter a boat with palanquin and attendants, are rowed safely over, and continue their journey without once descending from their pleasure carriage.

"Several of the gates that we passed through opened to our view a different and as beautiful a prospect as the one we had just enjoyed, and the walls in which the gates were built, were used as they are often with us, for daubing over with all sorts of advertisements. Among these were placards of amusements, business cards, and quack doctor's puffs of panaceas, not the least noted of which were addressed to married ladies without children. All these were in large letters; they seemed to be considered public property, guarded by the principle of universal suffrage, and the hand of a capricious landlord had not dared to stick up his veto of 'Paste no bills here.' "

The Practical Elocutionist, and Academical Reader and Speaker: designed for the use of Colleges, Academies and High Schools. By John W. S. Hows. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.

THERE is no class of books of instruction for youth which require more careful compilation than reading books, for they inevitably form not only the style of expression, but even the habit of thinking of those who use them; we are glad, therefore, to receive a book like this from so accomplished a reader and critic as Professor Hows. It is gratifying to find that the greater number of pieces have been selected from the productions of American authors. It is an admirable selection of readable articles, either for the purpose of desultory literary recreation, like "Knights Half Hours with the best Authors," or for the graver purpose of an educational class book. We perceive that Mr. Putnam has another work in press by Professor Hows, called "The Ladies Elocutionary Class Book."

Scenes where the Tempter has Triumphed. By the Author of "The Jail Chaplain." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THIS is a religious book, but not, as we supposed from the title, descriptive of scriptural scenes and events. It is composed of brief and well written tales of detected crimes in English social life, and is both an instructive and exciting record of evil doings. The aim of the author is an excellent one—to exhibit the way in which criminals are sure to be detected by the very means which they take to hide their crimes. Let those who feel themselves disposed to yield to the tempter read the narratives contained in this volume carefully, and determine whether there would be a reasonable chance of prospering in their criminal career if they should once swerve from their known duty. The author properly says in his preface, that the "sole end and legitimate object of all punishment is the prevention of crime." If this were the faith of our legislators, as it should be, and they would but remember that,

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord,"

our criminal code would be greatly modified, and our judges would not assume the character of an avenger as they now

often do. The author has a just sense of the danger of circulating exciting stories of criminals, and properly remarks in his introduction: "Records loosely written of successful villainy poison the morals of an entire community. Vice should never be represented in the ascendant. He is a traitor to the best interests of his fellows who paints the position of the wrong-doer as secure. His triumph under any circumstances must be brief. An invisible and omnipotent influence is against him. A Being to whom crime is abhorrent is pledged to his overthrow."

Letters from the Alleghany Mountains. By Charles Lanman. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1849.

WE alluded to this book sometime since as being in course of publication, and gave an extract of a characteristic sketch from it, which the author had kindly furnished us in advance. The letters have been previously before the public, and were very generally commended by the press when they first appeared in the *National Intelligencer*. Mr. Lanman has now added to them a considerable amount of historical and statistical information, in reference to the wild region which he has so spiritedly and graphically described with his pen. The volume is published in the neat, elegant, yet cheap style which characterise the publications of Mr. Putnam, and, for a summer-reading book, or for a fire side volume, it will be found a valuable addition to the many hand-books of travel which are sought after, partly for amusement and partly for information.

Hearts and Homes; or Social Distinction. A Story. By Mrs. Ellis. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. 1849.

MRS. ELLIS' merits, as a writer of semi religious, domestic stories, is too well known to the majority of readers to require enlarging upon now. She has won her position in the literary world and will occupy it securely let what may be thought or written about her by adverse critics. *Homes and Hearts* is longer than the majority of her stories, and the intent of the narrative better sustained. It will, doubtless, be regarded as her ablest and most interesting production.

Retribution, or the Vale of Shadows. A Tale of Passion. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THE confessed aim of Mrs. Southworth in writing this novel is to show that every sin has its punishment, and "to illustrate a retribution that should grow out of the sin, as naturally as the fruit is produced from the gum; a retribution that should be the sin itself in its final stage of development." It was hardly necessary to write a tale to prove an acknowledged principle, which no one has ever thought of disputing. It would be quite as sensible to write a tale to prove that two parallel lines can never come together. But the tale is a very good one apart from the motive of its author, and possesses sufficient interest to depend upon its merits for a recommendation, without the tag of an obvious moral. It was originally published serially in a popular Magazine before being issued in book form.

The History of Pendennis. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy. By W. M. Thackeray. No. 1. Harpers. 1849.

THE readers of our review must ere this have learned our opinion of Thackeray and his humorous writings, therefore we need only say, in reference to *Pendennis*, that, if it be not superior, it is in no respect inferior to any of his other works which we have taken pleasure in extolling. *Pendennis* is a serial publication, but this No. 1 of the American

publishers contains six of the original numbers, at just one sixth the cost of the original, with all the illustrations very excellently reproduced on wood from the author's etchings. The story, like the author's other productions, is a genial satire on English social life, showing up its hollowness, artifice, and cruelties. All classes of people are passed in review, like puppets, by the dexterous hand of the author, who, in one of the late numbers, introduces his readers on classic literary ground, at least to us Americans. His Hero is reduced to writing verses to replenish his exhausted purse, and a friend takes him to Paternoster Row to introduce him to the publisher of "The Spring Annual," whose shop is thus sketched off:

"Bacon's shop was an ancient low-browed building, with a few of the books published by the firm displayed in the windows, under a bust of my Lord of Verulam, and the name of Mr. Bacon in brass on the private door. Exactly opposite to Bacon's house was that of Mr. Bungay, which was newly painted and elaborately decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, so that you might have fancied stately Mr. Evelyn passing over the threshold, or curious Mr. Pepys examining the books in the window. Warrington went into the shop of Mr. Bacon, but Pen stayed without. It was agreed that his ambassador should act for him entirely; and the young fellow paced up and down the street in a very nervous condition, until he should learn the result of the negotiation. Many a poor devil before him has trodden those flags, with similar cares and anxieties at his heels, his bread and his fame dependent upon the sentence of his magnanimous patrons of the Row. Pen looked at all the wonders of all the shops; and the strange variety of literature which they exhibit. In this were displayed black-letter volumes and books in the clear pale types of Aldus and Elzevir; in the next, you might see the Penny Horrific Register; the Halfpenny Annals of Crime and History of the most celebrated murderers of all countries, the *Raff's Magazine*, the *Larky Swell*, and other publications of the penny press; whilst at the next window, portraits of ill-favored individuals, with fac-similes of the venerated signatures of the Reverend Grimes Wapshot, the Reverend Elias Howle, and the works written, and the sermons preached by them, showed the British Dissenter where he could find mental pabulum. Hard by would be a little casement hung with emblems, with medals and rosaries, with little paltry prints of saints gilt and painted, and books of controversial theology, by which the faithful of the Roman opinion might learn a short way to deal with Protestants, at a penny a piece, or nine pence the dozen for distribution; whilst in the very next window you might see 'Come out of Rome,' a sermon preached at the opening of the Shepherd's Bush College, by John Thomas Lord Bishop of Ealing. Scarce an opinion but has its expositor and its place of exhibition in this peaceful old Paternoster Row, under the toll of the bells of Saint Paul.

"Pen looked in at all the windows and shops, as a gentleman who is going to have an interview with the dentist, examines the books on the waiting-room table. He remembered them afterwards. It seemed to him that Warrington would never come out; and indeed the latter was engaged for some time in pleading his friend's cause.

"Pen's natural conceit would have swollen immensely if he could but have heard the report which Warrington gave of him. It happened that Mr. Bacon himself had occasion to descend to Mr. Hack's room whilst Warrington was talking there, and Warrington knowing Bacon's weaknesses, acted upon them with great adroitness in his friends behalf."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



a matter of course, and people look for their morning paper with as much certainty as they expect the sun, and generally know as little about the internal structure of one as the other. Among all the newspapers of the country there is none which has been so well organized, and which performs so much for so small a compensation, as the Tribune. The price of that journal daily is two cents, and we are sure that there is no other commodity in the world that can be purchased so cheaply in comparison with the cost of its production. Without intending in any respect to underrate the excellence of other journals, or to "endorse" in any manner the political philosophy of that paper, we may safely pronounce it a wonderful production of the combined labors of a great diversity of eminent talents. We believe that it employs a higher order of talent than any other paper in the country, and let us differ as we may from its general principles, we cannot deny the ability with which they are maintained. Although it is the proverbial type of extreme liberalism in everything, it is not a little remarkable that it is, politically, the organ of the whig party which delights in conservatism. Of its responsible editor we need say nothing, but his able assistants are not so universally known. The chief of them, Mr. Charles A. Dana, who writes the greater part of the articles on European politics, is probably one of the most able and accomplished writers connected with the newspaper press of the New World, and the literary editor, Mr. George Ripley, had acquired an enviable reputation by his *belles lettres* criticisms and essays, long before he became an *attache* of the daily press. There are few men of Mr. Ripley's learning and ability connected with journalism in this country. In these two particular points of literary criticism and European politics there is no other paper that can be mentioned with the Tribune. But both Mr. Dana and Mr. Ripley are infected with the unpopular ideas of Fourier, which, unfortunately, throws a suspicion upon their writings, and they do not enjoy half the reputation that men of half their ability would if placed in their position. The newspaper is a product of such unforced growth, and so natural to our condition, that its real character is not per-

CONVERSATION has at last, happily, been enlivened by some other topic than the dismal one of the Cholera. Men encounter each other in the street without enquiring "how many cases to-day?" And physicians and apothecaries have no longer their time wholly absorbed in prescribing and putting up camphor and opium. The terrible scourge has flown over us, cutting down its thousands of victims, but the plague has been stayed, and the dread and dismay which were visible in the countenances of nearly the whole community, have given place to more cheerful looks, and, with God's blessing, better times may be hoped for hereafter. The staple topic of the month is no longer one of such disagreeable associations.

The President has been out on his travels, but he was curtailed of his visits and the people deprived of the pleasure of seeing him face to face by fears of the disease. No doubt the Cholera was greatly mitigated in its ravages by the facilities which exist of sending information from one extreme end of the country to the other of its appearance, and its manner of developing itself. The daily reports too, in the papers, which gave full and exact accounts of every case that occurred, and of the different methods of treatment, had a most beneficial effect in repressing fears, and circulating among all classes the best information to be obtained of checking it or curing it. The newspaper which performs such wonders for society, at so trifling a cost, is regarded now as

ceptible to those who make it and use it. It is imperceptibly, but surely, superseding and destroying every other form of periodical publication, from the ponderous quarterly down to the light and trifling weekly magazine. Some of the best and now permanent literature of America and England first appeared in the daily press. As an example of the high order of literary productions which may daily be found in our newspapers, we copy the following fine poem from the Evening Mirror.

THE TRIUMPH OF OUR LANGUAGE.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L.D.

Now gather all our Saxon bards,

Let harps and hearts be strung,

To celebrate the triumphs

Of our own good Saxon tongue ;

For stronger far than hosts that march

With battle-flags unfur'd,

It goes, with Freedom, Thought and Truth,

To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays,

On every surf-worn shore,

And Scotland hears it echoing far,

As Orkney's breakers roar :—

From Jura's crags, and Mona's hills,

It floats on every gale,

And warms, with eloquence and song,

The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,

It scales the rough wave's crest,

Seeking its peerless heritage,

The fresh and faithful West :

It climbs New England's rocky steep,

As victor mounts a throne ;

Niagara knows and greets the voice,

Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows

On bleak Canadian plains,

And where, on Essexuibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns :—
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kansas' waters gleam :
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down rich sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curl ob Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay :
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs :—
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech ;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sydney's sheltered beach ;
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
Meet oceans bright and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of spring :
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired,
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,
And Milton's leftier mind,
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day ;
But, grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,
Our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared, in every clime,
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife
Would bid you smile—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time
By good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong—
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN and HOME.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—A letter-writer in the *Literary World* makes the following pleasant allusion to two very old places in Boston, which are not likely to be visited by every one who visits the "literary emporium," as Edmund Kean called the capitol of the old Bay State :

"After returning from our ride we sallied out in the evening in search of the Old Province House. It stands in a small court, entered by a narrow London-like alley from Washington street. It is a much plainer building than our Walton house, but has undergone the same metamorphosis into a tavern. Old mansions and their retainers seems to share the same fate, 'a withered serving man, a fresh tapster,' says Shakspeare, and in the altered circumstances of the old building, the old servant might find a shelter as in its better days. It is fortunate that there are publicans of Antiquarian tastes or there would be no hope of preserving any old historic houses in our cities. Is it a matter of taste or a matter of interest with them ? Do customers appreciate the comforts of the old time-tried edifice ?—do their potations acquire additional zest from the historical atmosphere in which they are imbibed ?—do centagenarians meet here to talk over 'old times' ?—or is the sole revenue to which the landlord is indebted to the associations of the old mansions, derived from the I fancy somewhat rare visits of the lovers of old houses and their moderate demands upon his liquid resources ? (They must have an excuse for troubling him you know.) The house is 170 years old, which is very old 'for a new country.' I thought the young man in attendance gave the figures with some family pride, as a man tells us the age of a hale and hearty grandfather.

"The walls of the room we saw were handsomely wainscoted to the ceiling, and the fire-place displayed a rich collection of Scriptural Dutch tiles, for which I have a Knickerbockers affection.

"Messrs. Burnham's Old Book establishment in Cornhill reminded me of Holywell street and Paternoster Row, and even in those famed bibliomaniac localities it would be hard to find more books stowed away under one roof than in this establishment. Two three story houses are filled from cellar to garret with volumes, good, bad, and indifferent. A morning would soon pass away in rummaging its shelves, but instead of a morning I had but a few minutes to walk through the rooms. I would recommend no collector to give up the search for an 'out of print' volume without consulting this collection."

POETRY IN AN UNSUSPECTED QUARTER.—There is not, probably, a gentlemen better or more widely known to travellers in this part of our continent, than Capt. Alexander Schultz, for many years commander of one of the steam-boats on the Philadelphia line of travel. Captain Schultz has been a member of our city council many years, and is an excellent specimen of a go-ahead progressive Yankee.—There are few who know that under the rough exterior of the energetic man of business lies a vein of tender poetical feeling, which, ever and anon, develops itself in what may be literally called gushing verse. We remember that the Editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine surprised the alder

man's personal acquaintances a short time since, by publishing a tender and most beautiful little poem, which he had thrown off in a happy moment in an interval of business. The following from the pen of the alderman were not intended for print, but we are tempted to publish them for the gratification of his friends:

LINES SUGGESTED ON READING IN A LETTER FROM J. L. S., TO HIS MOTHER, THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE:

"PRAY FOR ME MOTHER."

Pray for me, Mother, in the glorious SPRING,
When the warm showers fall, and the pretty birds sing;
When the sweet and the beauteous flowers appear,
To gladden the heart, and to open the year.

Pray for me, Mother, when the hot SUMMER Sun,
Is parching the earth, and the rivulets run
In lessening streams to the river and sea,
And the dews of the evening fall gently and free.

Pray for me, Mother, when AUTUMN's full sheaf,
Is gathered and stored, and the pale yellow leaf,
From the forest and fruit trees is passing away,
To wither and die, to rot and decay.

Pray for me, Mother, when WINTER's cold breath,
Has swept the green fields, and the finger of death
Has been laid on the sweet and the beautiful flowers,
And the snow flakes are falling, where fell the warm showers.

Pray for me, Mother, my SPRING time is past,
The SUMMER has come, and I fear the rude blast
Of the chill AUTUMN winds, and the WINTER so drear,
When life's sunny smiles must all disappear.

Pray for me Mother, Morning, Noon, and at Night,
That my hopes of the future may always be bright;
Oh! Mother, forget not, WHENEVER you pray,
To plead for thy loved ONE who has wandered away.

ELLERSLIE, July 23, 1849. A. H. S.

THE following "bill of mortality," which we find in one of the papers of the last month, is too remarkable not to be noticed:

DEED.—At Detroit, Michigan, July 20. Carmichael Paton, aged 30 years; 7th inst., Christine, wife of Wm. Paton, in the 66th year of her age; same day, Samuel Paton, aged 23 years; on the 8th inst., George Paton, aged 39 years; 9th, Jane Paton, aged 26 years; on the 17th, Wm. Paton, aged 70 years, all of Lenarkshire, Scotland. Thus, says the Detroit Journal, in the short space of four weeks, have seven members of this once happy family passed into eternity.—The aged and feeble father, the fond and doting mother, the strong and robust son and brother, the gentle and affectionate daughter and sister, have all alike been smitten by death.

AMONG the prominent topics of the month have been the varying fortunes and final downfall of the brave Hungarians, whose extinction as a nation has excited the most indignant feelings of all the friends of rational liberty throughout the world. The cause of republicanism in Europe, since the defection of France and the restoration of the Pope, seems to have been doomed. But the spirit of the people has not been destroyed, and the remembrance of the great deeds of the last two years will nerve them to renewed efforts ere long. The following noble lines, addressed to the prophet-leader of Hungary, Kossuth, were written by James Russell Lowell, and published in the Anti-Slavery Standard but a few days before the news came of the triumph of despotism and the downfall of Hungary:

KOSSUTH.

A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kingly breed,
Who starry diadems attain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet sends.

Land of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may relink his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just Future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nations duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am: O! Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blot'st the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath:
Came chains? Came death? the strain He blew
Sounds on, onliving chains and death."

Kossuth may fall before the united armies of Russia and Austria, and Hungary may lose its national existence, but his name will endure for ever while there is left in the breasts of mankind a love of liberty and a veneration for what is good and true. "I Kossuth am," will speak out through all time to come above the din and turmoil of the world of suffering and struggle. In one of his last dispatches to Bem he says: "I did what man could do; but I am no God and cannot create out of nothing. For a whole year nothing has come in, empty purses and war." We know not now what has been the fate of Kossuth, whether he has escaped the fury of his enemies of whether he has been sacrificed.—But, dead or alive, captured or at liberty, the world will not forget the patriot Kossuth—the Washington of his country.

LITERARY ARRIVALS.—We are receiving by every arrival from Europe the works of foreign authors, and now the authors begin to come over themselves. It cannot be said "their works do follow them," but they follow their works. In the steamer Washington last month came over from England, in company with our distinguished countrywoman, Charlotte Cushman, Miss Eliza Cook and Miss Matilda Hays. Eliza Cook is too well known to the reading public of the new world to require any introduction. Her "Old Arm Chair" is as familiar to us Yankees as Hail Columbia. Miss Cook has recently become an editor herself, and has published a very neat little periodical called "Eliza Cook's Journal." Miss Hays is not so well known to American readers as Miss Cook. She is a lady of fine literary powers, and has distinguished herself by her translations of the

writings of George Sand. It is reported that Frederica Bremer is now on her passage to the United States, and that she will spend the winter here. If she should come she will receive more attentions and kindlier caresses than any monarch in Europe.

A CHILDISH LYRIC.—In our newspaper voyaging the other day we came across what Willis would call a Spice Island, from which we gathered these pretty flowers which hung upon a rich and luxuriant vine, called a "Childish Lyric." It is not so very childish.

He sits in a tub of cold water, every morning, very stout;
And he's soused, with a sponge, like a cataract, but he does
not snivel or shout;

But he chatters with gay, short breath, and he paddles and
spatters about;

For he knows this "cold water treatment" keeps off lum-
bago or gout—

This fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age.

And when he's dried till his skin is pink, this hydropathic
old chap


Gets on red socks and a pinafore—also a morning cap,

And he comes down stairs like an ogre, to breakfast in
nurse's lap,


And you'd stare if you saw how he punishes a sauce pan of
solid pap—


Like a fine little sturdy Yankee boy, just one year of age

NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.—One of our friends in the Far West asks us by letter: "Do you make Agents pay postage to you?" We don't make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to require them to do so.

 We can no longer send the "Island City" to Subscribers to our Magazine, as the arrangement has been found too troublesome.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Traveling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

 **NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.**—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mail-

ed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us, with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Notice to Subscribers.

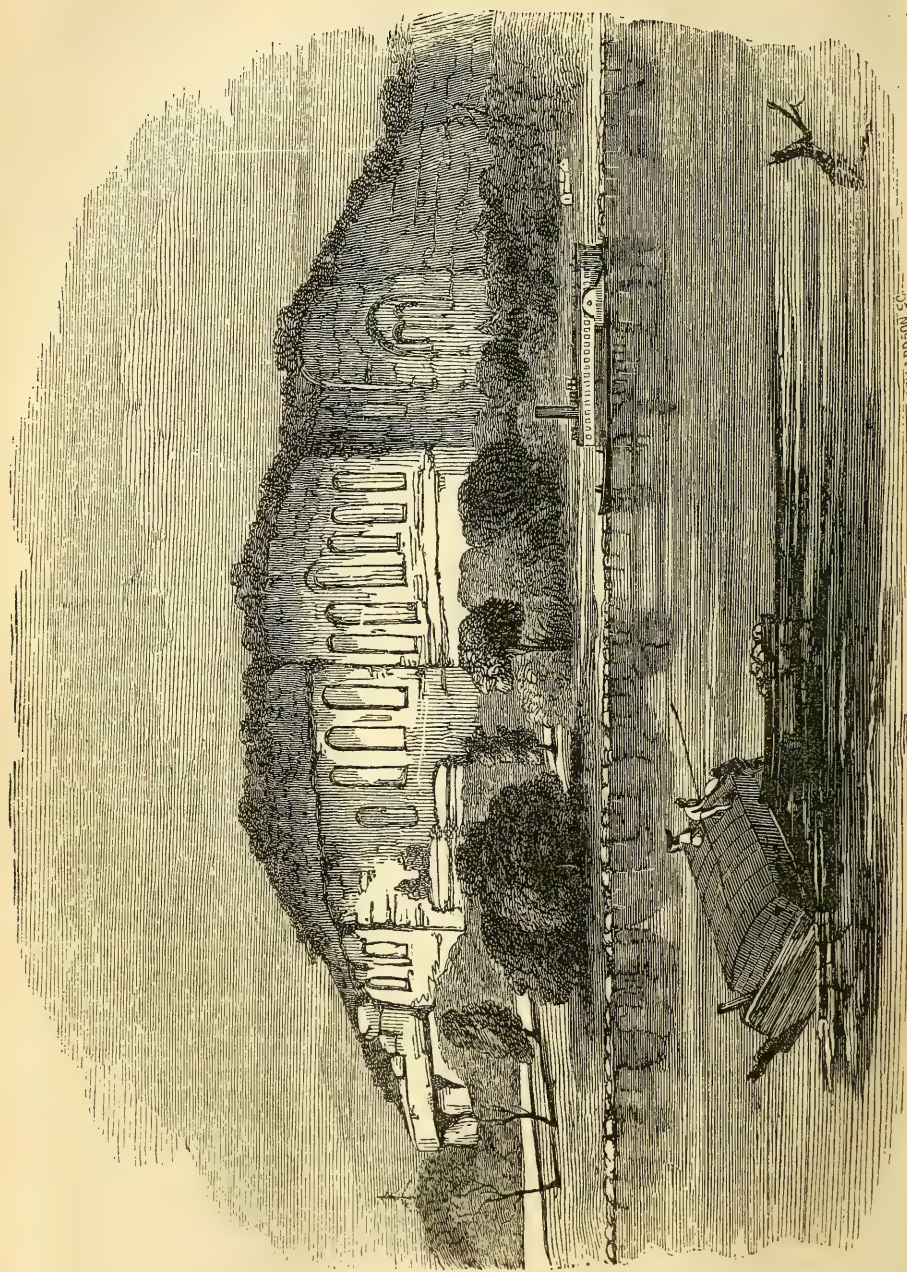
We hereby notify our subscribers that we cannot be responsible for the failure of the Magazine to reach them through the mails, we have heretofore sent missing numbers to our subscribers, but it has got to be a serious matter and we can do so no longer. For the future any missing numbers sent for will be deducted from the time for which payment has been received. The Magazines are always carefully directed and mailed to subscribers, and, from the many complaints we have of there not reaching their destination, we must conclude there is great inefficiency or carelessness in the management of the P.O. department, in regard to papers and periodicals. The price of the Magazine is so low that we cannot afford to make up losses occurring through the mails, over which we have no control.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.



THE BLUFFS OF SELMA ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1849.

NO. V.

THE BLUFFS OF SEMLA, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ALL the waters of the famous rivers of antiquity, which are renowned in song and story; and as familiar as household words to us in the New World, if united in one stream would not make a water course equal to the Mississippi, of which the world as yet knows comparatively nothing.— But the “rivers of Macedon” will be forgotten by and by, when the mighty Mississippi will be rolling in its grandeur and made the theme of poems, and the subject of pictures and impersonations. Men have now but begun to talk about it, and visit the vast solitudes of primeval forests which clothe its banks. Magnificent cities have yet to rise by its waters, and millions of human beings to people the valleys which have been enriched by it. The whole region of the Mississippi is an exaggeration of Nature, as respects the Old World, and it is no wonder that men who emigrate thither, or are born there, conceive magnificent ideas, and project stupendous works which the tamer inhabitants of the East regard as hyperbolic. Even the jokes and humor of Western men are broader than those of the East, and the small talk of society is grandiose and sublime compared with the conversational coin of other parts of the world. Perhaps one of the most characteristic instances of the tendency to grandeur of thought among our countrymen of the Southwest, is afforded by the panorama of Banvard, the vagabond artist, now almost as famous as the subject of his *chef d'œuvre* on canvas. He went to the Southwest an undistinguished lad in quest of fortune, and no sooner saw the mighty father of waters rolling his impetuous flood through thousands of miles to the sea, than he conceived the idea of painting a portrait of the river three miles in length! Hitherto artists had been content to paint views of nature on bits of canvas not bigger than a pocket handkerchief, but Banvard was inspired by the Genius of the West to attempt a picture bearing some proportion in size to the object before him. With the boldness of youth, and the audacity of genius, he commenced his work which has been long since finished, admired, become famous, and enriched the painter. Since such signal success attended the efforts of Banvard others have attempted similar works, and some have been successful, but many more have failed. The present has become an age of panoramas.— We have miles and miles of canvas representing everywhere and everything, and people go of an evening to make a voyage on canvas to Europe, up the Rhine, Round the World, to California,

and on a Whaling Voyage. There is much merit in many of these picture voyages, and the multitude get a good deal of information by such means, of foreign countries, and have not the trouble and expense of travel, or the labor of reading. If Defoe had lived in these days, he would probably have painted the adventures of Robinsin Crusoe on canvas ten miles long, and Captain Cook would have saved his life by circumnavigating the globe with a palette and paint brush.

But all this has nothing to do with the Bluffs of Semla, although the Bluffs of Semla and our readers are indebted to a panorama for its pictorial representation of this remarkable point on the Mississippi, in the pages of our Magazine. Mr. Banvard carried his three miles of Mississippi scenery to London, where he has met with distinguished success in exhibiting the big river to the Cockneys; and artists go there to make sketches of the scenes as they would go to nature, and enrich their portfolios with views of prominent points of interest on the Mississippi, without even leaving the sound of Bowbells. From one of the sketches so made by an English artist we have copied the view of the Bluffs of Semla. Those who have passed the spot on the deck of a steamboat will at once recognize the accuracy of the sketch, and may be incredulous of the fact that it was by an artist who had never seen it.

There is an air of romantic grandeur about Banvard's panorama, although it is of little value as a work of art, which affects the spectator like reading the high wrought and romantic descriptions of the river in Chateaubriand's Atala.

No satisfactory account has yet been given of the cause of the arched excavations in the Bluffs of Semla. It is difficult to conceive that they are the work of men's hands, and quite as difficult to imagine any natural cause that would produce such an effect. It has been supposed, or rather suggested, that the arched markings may have been caused by the action of the wind, but, as the wind acts on the surface of the Bluffs now precisely as it always must have done, since their surface was first exposed to the action of the atmosphere, the hollowing out should be still continued; but such does not appear to be the case.

There is no point on this interesting and stupendous river that presents a more curious object for the study and investigation of the natural philosopher and antiquarian, than the sculptured Bluffs of Semla.

MISS MOONSHINE'S EXPECTATIONS.

BY CAROLINE C — .

' Wonders never will cease.'

CANANDAIGUA, 1849.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, KATE WILLIAMS:

Well, well, my darling, did either of us ever dream, in the days lang syne, when we went strawberrying together in the burial-ground, and nutting in the woods, and shell-hunting on the lake shore, that poor insignificant *I* would be, in the hereafter for which we so longed, talking to you through the columns of a popular magazine? I trow we did not! We are neither of us "Methusalems," to be sure; that is, grayer heads than ours have oftentimes been seen since the days of Adam and Moses—still we have lived long enough to see some strange sights, and to hear of some strange things, but few stranger than this, *I* fancy.

Most scribblers leave their private correspondence to be published by loving friends posthumously, but there is nothing like "taking time by the forelock,"—it is altogether the best way of action, and for reasons so multitudinous, that I am confident you will accept the truth very willingly on my mere assertion without proof. But, to business.

Congratulate me, for at last I have a bit of news to communicate; a choice bit, which the gossipers as yet know nothing of, so you will appreciate its full value at once. Our dear old friend, Miss Moonshine, Beautiful Moonshine is at last caught in the toils of Cupid, and after all her wanderings she is going to settle for good in the State of Matrimony!!

If ever you rolled up your eyes and looked wonderful, Kate, I'm sure you are doing that thing just now; and notwithstanding the dash and roar of Erie's intervening waters, I hear your voice quite as distinctly as did "Jane Eyre" hear "Fairfax Rochester's" on a more important occasion, I hear you bidding Carry and Bell away into the garden, and now there is "a smile on your lip, and a tear in your eye," as you grow confident that I am really writing to *you*, and you *only*; you are glad to hear from the "old place," and you *are* curious to hear all about Beautiful's engagement, are you not, mine ancient familiar?

Dear me, I am in such a hurry to be in the very midst of my story I scarcely know where to begin, but after all there is no such need of haste, and to tell the "plain unvarnished truth," on such a day as this, (so subduingly warm,) one must be calm; "lend me your ear," therefore, and be patient and we will take our time.

But, oh, if you only knew what an almost irresistible impulse I feel at this very moment to play a tune familiar to your ears on the substantial old brick partition wall, which separates this room, wherein I write, from the sanctum where you so often equipped for travels in dream-land! Still,

common sense has not yet entirely deserted me, and the pay for all my pains would only be a dull, dead answering sound, and a tingling sensation in the finger ends, and then I should all the more suddenly awake from the kind of enchantment that now holds me captive. Therefore will I keep my seat beside the desk, and, really, in earnest set about telling you of dear Beautiful.

How we used to wonder, when she had become our intimate friend, that so gifted and lovely a creature should have been always entirely destitute of lovers. Ha! ha! our childish blindness and ignorance, "only that and nothing more." Why, half the world at the least was kneeling at her feet even then, and now its all plain as A. B. C. what made her so pale and pensive oftentimes. It's not at all difficult to understand why she so often run away from us, when, with childish impertinence, we rallied her so unmercifully on her often absent manner and so strange looks. A lady surrounded by such a host of lovers as was she, giving audience constantly to one after another, and compelled to pain so many hearts, might well look thoughtful and weary at times.

Now, when I think thereupon, it does not seem so very strange that our friend should have acquired such almost unlimited sway over *the hearts of the opposition*. Beautiful is so beautiful, so gentle, so kind, so generous! and you will bear witness, chere ami, that if she is obliged to confess to a good round number of creatures, there is not one of our acquaintance who has preserved her youth so well. Without doubt she has in her keeping some elixir even more wonderful and efficacious than any yet discovered by the host of quacks abounding in our day—yea, doubtless, and I mean to coax the recipe from her some time, and per express you shall have it, if you are only punctual this once in replying to my epistle.

You remember her smile. Yes, you *must* remember that, so sweet, so natural, and the farthest possible remove from the simper of — or the grin of —! And then her voice! it baffles all description; such a gentle, musical, bewitching, love-inspiring voice, I really would like to see the mortal who could resist any plea that it might urge.

When we were young, Kate, you will remember that our friend gave us many lessons of wisdom, but I believe she never in those days gave us much of her confidence. Perhaps the reason of her becoming so communicative after your departure was, that she saw me so lonely, and in the plenitude of her charitable feeling, thought that I might possibly be cheered up by the detail of some of her funny experiences. She may not have anticipated that I would make a speculation out of her secrets—but this cannot be well helped. Necessity is the mother of many expedients, and all

shall be made justifiable to Beautiful when next she appears.

Our fair friend has not been limited to the youths of Yankee-land—from some circumstances I am inclined to think they form the smallest part of her train of admirers and lovers. To be sure, they, being an exceedingly susceptible race, have without number bent the knee to her, tormenting her with sighs, declarations and protestations, but over the waters there is a class far more numerous, scattered over an immense region of country, through which she has travelled, and there her conquests!—I despair even in attempting their enumeration. Many of these lovers I am constrained to think are of a different order of beings from the American bipeds, for they are called, some of them, kings or monarchs, and princes, and dukes, and earles, and lords, and such other queer kind of names, which proves very conclusively that they are different from ordinary men—either something more or less than human!

Well, there have been plenty of such as these to swear fealty, but they have all humbled themselves in vain. She'll have none of them.

There were some others—Chinese, I think, she called them—a curious kind of people, whose custom it was to build walls about their cities—and, thinking that all the wisdom of the world was centred in themselves, they would not, on any pretence, admit foreigners among them. But somehow Miss Moonshine one night obtained a "pass," probably by presenting her beautiful face before the guardians of the Celestial Empire, (for you know almost any difficult task comes within the range of possibilities to the owner of a pretty face,) and through all that strange land she went, never once saying, "by your leave," and Kate, you may rest assured that there were many, too many, found there who were more than merely desirous to appropriate Beautiful to themselves!

At one time Yong-Tching went down on his knees, and professed to adore her—then a great many years after that the celebrated Kien Leong, a mild and equitable king, gave to her his heart, (which, by the way, our friend lost no time in returning,) and there were very many untitled people who aspired to the honor of her hand, but "the bird of passage" escaped them all heart-whole.

There were some people well educated in all the arts of coquetry, who, from the knowledge purchased with the "penny of observation," fancied that Miss Moonshine's affections were to be *brought*! Bought, I mean, as rich men, ay, and poor men too, (more's the shame,) oftentimes buy their wives!

This is not done, you are aware, as slaves in the Southern States are bought and sold; where the purchaser gives the owner of a valuable human animal so much in payment therefor. You see a lady, destitute of fortune, decked in "jewels fine," with rings, and chains, and bracelets; perhaps, and most probably, they are the gift of her lover. Are they evidences of affection? It may be so, but it is not a noble or a lasting love that prompts the one to give or the other to receive. Kate, you know as well as I, it is too much like buying and selling, and lovers should not be in these

things mere trades-people! The traffic of slave-dealers is just as honorable, and far more honest, than is this bartering of independence and affection, or love, so-called, for tinsel and paste! A man shows as little wisdom as woman does principle who trusts to a constancy which is at first purchased by gew-gaws, fit only for adorning savages!

And so Beautiful thought—if you could only have seen the calm scorn she evinced when she told me of these covert bribes, these fantastic guises which the spirits of trade so often assumed, in dealing with her!

But among the chivalrous yet chameleon-spirited Frenchmen! such oaths of eternal fidelity were never before taken; such sighing, such looks indescribable, such agonies of rapture, never met Beautiful as in that sunny clime. Fortunately our wise friend's wisdom did not desert her in this great emergency. The simultaneous outbreak of admiration, so enthusiastic, was something entirely new to her, but she was far too sensible, and too much given to thought, to entrust her life-happiness to the care of any of those most fickle of all men.

Whenever she chose to appear, and I imagine that was often, Beautiful was queen of fashion, and courted and sought after constantly—but if the blunt, yet earnest and honest admiration of Adam, Noah, and Moses had not moved her, it was not supposable that any of that frivolous people could!

But in Italy! Beautiful acknowledged freely that it was difficult for her to listen to the passionate love-vows of the Italians with indifference. And it is her earnest belief that if any where on the wide earth a heart might momentarily be with reason enchanted with the greatest of delusions that was the very land.

Wandering with the dark-eyed, lofty-spirited Italians beneath a lovely and perfumed sky, discoursing with such companions on the glorious past, and listening to their eloquence, of which, if there is a particle in man, Miss Moonshine knows so well how to draw out, she *could* not stand altogether unmoved in the presence of the great spirit she had aroused and inspired. But if ever a lady knew her proper position and element, surely our dear friend does—the marble palaces of monarchs could not tempt her, and she still continued to "walk the world and bless it" in spite of the reproachful looks that sometimes waited her, and notwithstanding the gloom of the discomfited lovers whom she met at almost every stage of her travels.

Travellers—ladies, as well as gentlemen—usually "give to the world" their experiences abroad, that the stay-at-home-ers as well as the out-goers may be benefited. Beautiful has never done this, as you know; if we could once get her to the task, Kate, the people would have such a volume of "Pencilings by the Way," or "Records of Travel," or "Holidays Abroad," as was never produced before.

She has visited places to which no letters of recommendation or introduction could have secured her admittance. She has sympathized with the sorrowing stranger, and rejoiced with the happy youth—she has saluted with a loving kiss the cheek

of the fair bride—she has kept watch, when all others slept, by the graves of the lamented, and—the forgotten dead! In festal scenes she has danced with the beautiful and the gay—she has scanned the paths of guilt. She has stood beside the monarch in hours of loneliness, and has seen what few eyes have beheld, how he writhes neath the pressure of his mighty crown. In the secret counsels, in the open courts, in countless homes, in lonely, far-spreading forests, on the Alps, on the Apennines, through the North, through the South, in the deserts, and on the oceans—why Kate, Miss Moonshine *shall* publish her travels! Even in this age of book inditing the record would make a sensation hitherto unheard of!

You remember Phemy's old flame, the poet, Everett—his courtship, of which Beautiful gave me the history, was decidedly rich and amusing.

It appears he was far gone in love, but the grand difficulty was, he had not quite decided the rather important question as to who his "bright particular" was; surrounded by so much of beauty and wit, it was difficult for him to decide at once which one of the many he should give to immortal fame by making her Mrs. Everett. But one night he was alone in a grove, whose sod was well worn by his footsteps, which, from the frequency of his lonely musings there, you know we at last honored by giving it his name.

This evening, when the fairy-like maiden, Beautiful Moonshine, was gliding through the noble elms and oaks, she stood suddenly before the poet in his sanctuary. Great thoughts and marvels were revelling in his mind, or else the youth was contemplating suicide—for, from his gestures, his intellects were without doubt in a most tempestuous state. Such a terrific rolling of the eyes—such a wild tossing of the arms, none but a half-crazed poet () ever indulged in before, certainly.

Any other maiden would have hesitated about appearing in the presence of such a "questionable shape"—but Beautiful, though she saw and heard his ravings long before he perceived her approach, still held on her way, though she knew that for the moment he was little better than a madman.

As a matter of course, when the poet saw Miss Moonshine, the love of his heart, which was struggling so desperately for vent on something, turned to her. The sweet presence acted on him like a charm; the frenzy of eyes and features, the energetic, exhausting action of limb ceased. Oh, but to have seen the sudden change that came over him, Kate, in "the twinkling of an eye"—but to have seen the silly stripling, who was dreaming of fame, or some such folly, fling his precious form on the damp ground, and looking on the stranger lady with such undisguised admiration as she stood before him! and then to have heard him exclaim,

"Ah, loveliest of maidens, stay, stay with me thus, for ever thus! Ah, I am so happy, so happy, when you bless me with your angelic presence! Dearest, how can you have the heart ever to hide yourself from me who am your servant, your slave, who loves you so devotedly, so entirely!"

"More mad words like these, mere madness, friend." Now you know that though Miss Moonshine inspires all the romance in one's nature, and calls it into action, she is herself brimful of—com-

mon sense; and, as might be supposed, this raving of the youth only aroused a smile, while she calmly and rather gravely replied:

"Your pardon, my dear sir; but I assure you I have no desire to thus monopolize your attentions and affections—besides, the servants in my mansion are already numerous; and even if such were not the case, I would not willingly assign to you employments so uncongenial with your tastes as those belonging to a menial must be. Perhaps, however, I can benefit you more substantially.—As for myself, I am averse to employing slaves, but if—"

"Madam," interrupted the youth, who had been listening in amazement as the lady proceeded in this strain, "madam! I am a poet! You judge rightly; I do *not* desire to humble myself as a servant. I spoke figuratively when I expressed the wish that you would employ me as your slave."

"Ah! is it so?" said the lady, gaily; "your pardon again! I am no poet, sir; it would not be well for *us* to love one another. As you will at once perceive we should be mutually incomprehensible." And Beauty tripped lightly away, leaving the "gifted young man" to choose for himself a more congenial companion among the ladies of his acquaintance.

There were gentlemen much more to our friend's liking than the poor poetical geniuses so often

"Unkinged by foolish bread and butter."

Any one of them would have rejoiced to secure her personally, at any price, but unfortunately that was not among the possibles; Moonshine was always their fast friend, but "*only* that, and nothing more.

A cousin of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Undine, of Germany, who lives in great state "within the veil" of Niagara, became desperately enamored of Beauty in this wise. He was a lonely prince, albeit his mansion was magnificent, and his retinue vast, and his power great. There were many sighing ladies, who dreamed of his beauty, who pondered long on the attractive thought of his great wealth; there was not one of them but would gladly have reversed the natural order of things who would have served for him even as Isaac did for Rebecca, nay, who would have undertaken gladly any pilgrimage, either to the dismal regions of the North Pole, or to the deserts of the East, could they in that way have secured to themselves his lordly heart and realm. But all in vain was it, that they came forth from their homes to sit upon the rocks near which he daily promenaded—in vain did they sigh, and sing, and adorn their beautiful redundant tresses; the most perfect mermaid of them all made but vain attempts—the young man remained insensible!

Probably this had not been the case if he had not been a slave to his passion for Miss Moonshine. It was no great mystery that he did so love her, and Beautiful cannot be considered as at all to blame in producing such havoc as she did in the gentleman's mind and affections. For, in the first place, the mischief was all done before she was aware that the prince dwelt in the green palace of Niagara. You know she is decidedly

romantic, and the hours of a clear calm night are those she particularly delights in; and dancing o' nights along the mighty river, even to the very brink of the Falls, and sometimes suspending herself by her fair arms half way down the terrific sheet, was her favorite pastime.

Night after night the young fellow watched these daring feats, and at last he came to dream of her all the day, and all the night too, and if a storm was abroad or any thing occurred to prevent her coming to the islands, he would rave, and fret, and fume, as though he were not a powerful and commanding personage, and she a mere wandering little fairy, the veriest coquette in the world.

But Beauty told me herself that she never even suspected that there was an inhabitant of that realm, till one night she caught a glimpse of the prince through the splendid green and white hangings of his palace. It appears that in that same moment he was devoutly watching her, and when he looked so unceremoniously right into her lovely eyes, she fancied, from his strange movements, that he was trying to speak with her. She thereupon tried her best to hear, but had she been "deaf as an adder," it were not more impossible to have told a word that he said, though he was evidently screaming his declarations, whatever they were, at the top of his voice.

Therefore the lady only shook her head, and by signs conveyed, as best she could, the melancholy assurance that she could not hear a word he said. Poor fellow; one may well imagine his despair, for Moonshine says, that when she was at last obliged to depart without hearing, what, from his gestures, she was compelled to think must be to her a matter of infinite importance, he made one last desperate endeavor, and then fell down apparently lifeless.

How provokingly unaccountable it must appear to him, when, after having, to his ideas, rejected his suit, she comes so often before him, always with that meek and graceful bearing peculiar to her, looking on him so kindly and sympathizingly, as though she were so interested in his welfare!

This youth had an unlimited circle of friends, parents, brothers and sisters; and cousins, uncles, and aunts, whose number was actually legionish. Well, do you believe that all these people had the presumption to fall in love with her, every one.—Many of them even went so far as to offer her fortune, hand, and heart, but of course *they* never proved acceptable. I more than suspect that our friend has very little faith in the efficacy of the "water cure" in cases of diseased or affected hearts, and as to wedding or even seriously loving any one of the progenitors of a humbug so extraordinary, she was far beyond all danger of such folly.

There was an old spirit who lived in a certain forest not a thousand miles from the one well known to us, which has been the scene of many a *fete champetre*. You remember, Kate, the giant old oaks that stood by the brook, where we gathered so many "ministers in the pulpit," and took them to task about their many delinquencies, telling them our minds so very freely.

It happened that the spirit living in that place took a wonderful fancy to our friend; and because

she came to him so often, laying her head so lovingly on his knee, and smiling so kindly upon him, just as though she were a child and he her father, he who knew nothing whatever about paternal affection, had the audacious folly to believe that she was really in love with him. And so the toothless old man began to put on airs and plume himself on his majestic appearance; then he chattered and muttered away, after a fashion, (spirit-fashion understand,) about eternal constancy, deathless devotion, and so forth, and of course all Miss Moonshine could do was to laugh; and that was all the answer she gave him—just a laugh—and a kiss! But if she utterly refused to be "a young man's slave," it was by no means certain that she would become "an old man's darling," even though she came night after night to visit him, just as she always had before such a ridiculous fancy entered his head. She would sit upon his knee and fling her beautiful arms about his neck, and smile in his wrinkled old face—he could not understand it, and yet all the answer she ever gave, when he would sometimes persist in touching on love matters, was to kiss his furrowed cheek and still smile on him.

She loved him!—yes, or she would never have borne with his folly, and she could not bear to give him up, her dear father, as she called him. And for the very reason that he was old, and had few friends, she wisely determined to pay no attention to his folly, but to be kind and affectionate and daughter-like, as always. True, as your common sense will suggest to you, had Beautiful been a less spiritual maiden, it had been hardly proper in her to give so much encouragement to the attentions of one whom she regarded only as a friend. If any one of our village belles, for instance, had so demeaned herself, we should scarcely have let her pass without informing her of our opinion on such matters, would we, Kate?

There was one personage, whose attentions I have always from my heart wondered that our rather coquettish friend could reject!

He was an humble individual, to be sure—unheard of, unknown, perhaps, a mile from his dwelling place, but, oh, he was a person of such exquisite taste and refinement—he was so purely and spiritually beautiful—in every respect he was so far superior to the majority of the young lady's suitors, that it does seem a mystery how she could ever have had the heart to say to him "nay." I know if such an one made *me* an offer—ahem!

The gentleman lived in the tropical climes, far out in the sea, and such a home as was his! Its pearly walls were rainbow-hued, bright tints, and the softest, loveliest colors sweetly interposed. It was built in oriental style, with many beautiful turrets, like a castle of the olden time—you could scarcely conceive of a more desirable residence than this small, but exquisite palace.

Every night the master of the regal abode, in his floating mansion, pacing its balconies, would sing the most melodious strains, such as were worthy even of Miss Moonshine's praise, and she would listen kindly to them; and even went so far in her friendliness as to aid, with her womanly taste, to refine and make even more elegant some of his household arrangements, until it became the

verification of her own ideal of perfection. But to all his many protestations of attachment she was apparently unconscious; a look, unmistakably expressive of surprise or of entreaty, that, on that subject, he would be silent, was all the answer she ever gave.

Now it strikes me, friend, that it would be well if all women could be educated in that same school where Beauty Moonshine learned her alphabet. Far better would it be for them, for the world at large infinitely better. She knows what friendship means perfectly well. It is not with her as with us, a very pretty and sounding word, to be used as occasion requires, but of no more real meaning and use than a dead language is to a beggar. And by love she understood something quite different from the general or popular acceptance of the word. The eternal "if" and "but" were words not to be found in her dictionary.—Between ourselves, if we could only, under some pretext, borrow the text-books of Beauty, we might, after some close application, indulge in the hope of being of some use in our generation. To this end I have often besought the great favor of her, but invariably she replies, "I studied of Nature; she was my teacher—I never had any other; you must go to her." What could she have meant? Who, or what, *is* Nature? where shall we go to find her? I am afraid she is dead; but perhaps she is not—we will hope so, because the decease of illustrious persons is almost always chronicled in the papers, and so perhaps we shall find her out yet. I mean to try. For if Beautiful speaks truth, and we never have had reason to doubt her word, Nature must be an incomparable teacher. Never did I hear one slanderous or evil word that she had given utterance to; and what neighbor did she ever malign? whose feelings did she ever intentionally wound? whose misfortune did she ever rejoice in? whose ill-success in an honest and worthy endeavor ever raised a smile of derision on her heaven-lighted face? Kate, we women must confess that Miss Moonshine is verily and indeed a pattern lady!

Reigning belles usually have enemies, but I do not know that Beautiful has one. That is somewhat strange, is it not? for the heroes of "rejected addresses" are not always the most sparing, when smarting with unavailing, hopeless love-wounds! The most singular of all is, how many friends among womankind she has; from beauty-loving wee things, like your 'Bell, to the very oldest grandam, I'm confident there's not a living human feminine but really loves her.

She brings so pleasantly to the recollection of gray-headed ancients the days of their youth—the comforts and joys of childhood, and the nobler and more satisfying pleasures of later years. She has for every mortal such cheering words and messages—her voice is so melodious when she comes and sits familiarly in the house, and asks the friendliest questions, plainly showing her deep interest in your welfare. Then what beautiful dreams she makes one cherish. Oh, many an hour of the most dreary loneliness has she enlivened—many a cloud of terrible darkness has her mild light dispersed, that can I solemnly assert from my own personal experience. Hosts of peo-

ple, struggling under the most adverse fortunes, at her word, have, for an hour, dwelt in Paradise, forgetful of misfortune, and sorrow, and want.

And young people!—ye groves of "Arcadian beauty," ye cottages where Cupid *was to be* enthroned, ye verandals, ye loveliest vines and flowers—fountains and murmuring streams—ah, Miss Moonshine! you have proved yourself a very shadowy shade indeed to many a poor mortal whom matrimony has vested with power to rise up and call you a deceiving and *delusive* friend!

Yet one can scarcely refrain from blessing Miss Moonshine; does she not give us the beautifullest power in the world, the power to dream! What singular thoughts enter one's head invariably when she is nigh! The weakest and the most inefficient aspirant will walk straight up the ladder of Fame with the most trifling effort conceivable, and from the heights of renown will gaze unabashed on the awe-struck and wondering multitude. The friendless orphan will surround herself with hosts of friends, with loves and affections sufficient to satisfy the cravings of even her desolate heart; the poor, tired, disconsolate servant, "maid of all work," the *free-born slave*, is, for her hour, a beauteous lady decked in "jewels fine," waited upon in turn, beloved, looked up to, honored!

Pardon! pardon! here with all my gossiping propensities unimpeded, I forget myself—I keep you in suspense when you are longing to reach the end of the page, and so learn who, after all, Miss Moonshine has really accepted as her lord and master.

After all I have said, and all you yourself know of her, I scarcely need say there is no one on earth whom she intends honoring with her hand—because, were such a thing possible, she had not been so many thousand years in coming to some decision, she would have chosen long ago one of the myriads who have always been found worshipping at her feet, for in many of her suitors there was nothing whatever objectionable.

If you should "try and try," darling, I scarcely think you would ever guess who *the* one *is*, yet you will at once perceive how entirely apropos the union is; for even the eldest son of that proudest and most aristocratic of all races, the family of Sunbeams, cannot consider that he is lowering himself by uniting with the daughter of the Queen of Night!

Prince Heavenly Sunbeam and Miss Beautiful Moonshine! I never in my life heard of a match so excellently proper. It *must* have been made in heaven certainly. In regard to age, they are a perfect match, and *never* was such exquisite beauty and loveliness united before.

Our friend always reminds me of one, a maiden, I have known, (though *not* in my dreams,) who has the sweetest eyes, for ever running over with the most tranquil light, and then her voice is so soft, so touchingly musical, and she is so perfectly and constantly graceful, that it has always seemed to me as though she must be some relative of Moonshine, and by some secret but natural bond, I am confident they are nearly allied to each other.

Prince Sunbeam, let me whisper this part of the story, is a very proud gentleman, as I said before;

as proud as Beautiful is affable and condescending. We never must hope to be friends so familiar with him as we have been with her—and somehow husbands exert sometimes such an influence over their wives, that I have some fears about our future friendships.

The prince is proud, not only of his high station and great riches, and his vast dominions over which he is absolute monarch, but also of his great personal beauty and exceeding brilliancy of style and manner.

What a union! I must repeat. Both all smiles and joy—both superlatively excellent and possessed of the most varied and perfect attractions, yet bearing no nearer resemblance to one another than does light to darkness.

It is not very honorable to divulge the secrets of friends, but I *must* tell you what Beautiful whispered to me last night.

Here I sat in this great barn of a room, whose walls (if such things *do really* have ears) might bear witness to many a “talk” we have held between ourselves, many a strange, many a glad, many a sorrowful talk, my friend!

There was not a sound out of doors of life stirring. “The bird was quiet and so was the bee;” men, women and children were all asleep, at least invisible. I sat by the window, looking dreamily on the uninteresting row of buildings to the opposite, the old red Phoenix range—the book stores, milliner shops, bakery, and Hall, (and when I looked on *that* edifice you may be certain I thanked heaven that mortal strength is not immortal, for in that case I should certainly go mad listening to the New Jerusalem songs which of late perpetually exude therefrom!) Listlessly and dreamily I was gazing on all these objects, thinking of some strange things you and I wot of, when, quite unexpectedly, the sweetest lady in all the world, and, of course, that is Miss Moonshine, came into my room—a moment she stood still, and then, with inquiring look, came up and stood beside me. Laying her soft hand on my forehead, she said, looking me right in the eyes:

“You are ill?”

“Yes—a dreadful head-ache,” I answered.

“You cannot hope to sleep then; I will sit by you for a little.”

“You have been abroad for the past month, have you not, my Beauty? I am right glad to see you again!”

“Yes, I have been travelling, and, oh, such adventures!”

“As what, pray?” asked I, with considerable interest.

“Oh, never mind to-night—some other time I can tell you just as well—with that head-ache you could not appreciate.”

“Try me and see,” I exclaimed, with all curiosity.

“Very well—to begin: did Mr. Telegraph Meteor bring you the message I sent two or three days ago from the region of the Milky Way?”

“Mr. Telegraph Meteor!” I repeated, with amazement. “No! I never even heard of such a man. Pray, who is he, and what message did you send by him?”

“Dear! dear!” exclaimed she; “how provok-

ing! What will become of me? Why, that letter contained two or three important State secrets, besides one more important than all the rest of my own.”

“State secrets! your secret! In the name of all things wonderful, go on; let me hear what is to come next, at once.”

“But the letter—the letter! What could have become of it?”

“Who is this Mr. Telegraph?” said I, when Beauty grew a little more composed. “I never heard of him before.”

“A young rogue, I suspect—he offered to convey letters for me wherever I chose to send them with the velocity of thought. I am well served for supposing, even for a moment, that such a thing was possible.”

“But since the letter is gone, and I fear beyond all recovery, may I not know from yourself what great secrets it was charged with?”

For a moment Beautiful looked searchingly on me, and then said, carelessly, “Oh, it was only some friendly gossip about the people at the North Pole, and something about the wonderful Orion, with his far-famed sword, that I thought you might like to hear,—about my regaling myself with drinking real nectar from the Great Dipper, and of a visit I paid to the Great Bear. Don’t tremble so, he was fast chained, and there was not a particle of danger.”

“Tremble? not a bit of it! I only wish that I could have been with you. But, Beautiful, these are not your *secrets*—the whole world might know of these travels of yours, I am sure.”

Moonshine looked down and sighed, and notwithstanding the centuries had embraced her, and the year I saw her baptism, she did a true maidenly thing—she blushed, as she said:

“You women of earth have quite as much curiosity as is needful—you are true daughters of Mrs. Eve.”

“That is a very lame speech Miss Moonshine, it halted at every step!”

“Well, well, the secret is just this; there is no reason I suppose why I should not speak it, as well as write—I am going to be married.”

Kate, I was bewildered. Like one in a dream I repeated, “married, married, Beautiful Moonshine going to be married,” and at last out gushed the words, “who with? quick—quick—tell me quick!”

“Prince Heavenly Sunbeam!”

“Heavenly goodness defend us all then,” I exclaimed. What can be done? marry him!—Why then we may as well embrace and part at once, for if you wed him we shall

“Never, no never, see our love no more!”

trust me—you will never be heard of as an independent individual again. Beauty, it is better to be single than to sink into a hopeless and helpless nonentity, as you will—totally obscured by your husband’s greatness. A prince! and of all things Prince Sunbeam! Oh, Beautiful, Beautiful! how can you?”

“Hush! you are raving more like a mad creature, than circumstances require. Have I not lived alone long enough! Let me see. Accord-

ing to your mode of counting time, since the christian era I have lived eighteen hundred and forty-nine years, and all alone ! I begin to think it would be better for me to have a settled home of my own. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world, I assure you, for one of my years to go roving about with little rest for the sole of my foot, as did Cain and Ishmael. The prince has people enough who can more than fill my place, and for my part I am wearied out by the continual and senseless declarations of these earth-men—they should know better than to think I can ever be other to them than just Miss Moonshine—but of one thing you need not be afraid—there is no danger, not the least, that I shall lose my identity."

"You need not argue," I said with a sigh, "I perceive you are really in love, and when things come to that pass, there is no use in a third person's interference, and their regrets are unasked, and always unwished."

"You are not angry, friend ?"

"Yes, but I am," I cried, bursting into tears, "I am angry. Have we not few friends enough now, and not one like you, dear, sweet Beautiful ! and I for one have no desire to see your beauty eclipsed by that of another, a proud and powerful creature, who is very like to prove a tyrant."

"Pray do not talk so, or I shall be angry in turn. I assure you there never was a better or a kinder friend, or prince, than mine. You need be under no apprehensions, as to my future. And I rather think, even if he should ever attempt such a thing, that it would be a difficult matter for him to sever *all* the ties that bind me to earthly friends."

"Will you come to us often ? Will you ever forget us ? Oh, how we shall miss you !"

"I shall never forget—I will come often ! and if there is a brighter crown to take the place of this simple string of pearls, you will not love me the less, will you ? And I shall not be so changed, but you will recognize me. Can it be that you will regret to see a happier smile on the lip of an orphan ? No, you will certainly rejoice that she has found a friend more near and dear than any earth friend could be. And I have some curiosity in my composition too—are you not glad if all I have will be gratified ? for I shall visit new scenes and travel in new climes as Princess of the Day."

Striving to be perfectly resigned to what was inevitable, I managed to propound one question more, "Fair lady, how long ere the fatal knot is to be tied ?"

Kate, I've heard of "hope deferred" making the "heart sick," and have known instances where such climax was like to prove true, but you would begin to believe it all to be a sham kind of misery, and a make-believe sort of distress, could you have seen Beautiful smile, when, as the "cock crew," she arose to depart, and said, throwing her arms about my neck :

"I cannot tell, but not immediately ; according to your mode of computing time, you would say a long, long time must pass before the day. The knot, as you call it, will be tied in a land far from this, my love, and in what is now called the cold and cheerless northland our honey moon will pass. No longer cold and gloomy then ! from that day of our union, a new and a glorious era will dawn on the world—cold words will never more find utterance, and cold hearts will glow with kindness, and charity, and happiness. From that day there will be a general reign of love over the earth. My prince has promised it—you will no longer weep over my betrothal then."

Kate, Kate, her words are haunting me incessantly. When *will* that time come ? As Beautiful has set her heart, like so many other foolish maidens, on getting married, we may as well do all we can in hastening the preparation for the ceremonial, for if a thing unpleasing must be done, we shall gain credit always by submitting quietly with as good grace as possible.

Oh you sarcastic, doubting little puss ! what do you say ?

"—— Next day after never
When two Sundays meet together ?"

No such thing—don't trust always so conceitedly to that superior wisdom of yours. As true as fate, Beautiful Moonshine will marry his Highness, Prince Heavenly Sunbeam, and you may as well begin making preparations for accompanying me to the North Pole, or you will lose the honorable opportunity of being first bridesmaid on the great occasion.

Adieu, mon ami, and *forever*, if you say you will not come quickly !

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;

OR THE

VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER. FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

I ARRIVED in New Orleans, after a long and tedious journey through the low-lands of Florida, and the broken piney hills of Louisiana. I took lodgings at the St. Charles, a magnificent hotel, erected by the American citizens, in opposition to the St. Louis Exchange, a building of immense magnitude, built by the French population of the city. New Orleans may well be proud of such hotels—either of them, in grandeur or design, far surpassing the Astor House of New York.

The day that I arrived there, it rained, and it rained, and it seemed as if it never would stop.—It came tumbling from the skies in many a merry fit, clattering upon the roofs of the houses like the distant trample of horse's hoofs. I could not go out, for the rain came down in torrents, deluging the streets with water, struggling through the spouts, as the overflowing rivers came tumbling down from the roofs of the houses. In my room I listened to the rain as it fell on the casement and pattered against the window panes. What thoughts, immured as I was in my room, came upon the heart, unbidden, it was impossible to tell, for they were vague and indistinct, and clouded with too much of sorrow. Something pressed against my soul with feverish anxiety, and I felt that I was alone—alone in the great world, without one sympathizing heart to approach and bid me welcome. The voices of the mad multitude without rung upon my ears, even above the din of the clattering rain-drops. This phrenzied throng, with pulsations quickened in the abrasion of life, and with their souls stirred up to disappointments and hopes, were jostling each other and overcoming each other in trade, trade, trade. It was not the rich silks of the East, nor amber from the shrine of the sun, about which they were talking, but it was cotton bales and hogsheds of sugar. These articles engrossed their attention, and seemed to have a voice sweeter than the affluence of thought clothed in the burning words of eloquence.

Every thing was swallowed up in trade, trade, trade. For this, the dearest sympathies of our nature were cut asunder, and every sweet emotion of the senses fell back upon the heart, to be withered, crushed and consumed. Love was sold for a price, and affections bartered for houses and lands. For this the husband became the leman to the wife's dishonor, and for this mothers pandered to their daughters' disgrace. Every thing was turned upside down, and the great Babel

spewed up its wickedness, to swallow it again, like the dog his vomit.

Those kindly feelings, through which rivers of affection flowed, like the burning sands which drink up the waters of the earth, perished in the vortex of trade, trade, trade. Hurrying to and fro—seeking the bubble that will yet burst in the grasp—and there is no madness' like this—death comes along like the mower with his scythe, and reaps the fruits of the earth.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The morbid sensibilities of Mr. Toddlebar's nature seemed to have been greatly disturbed at his first sight of the doings of the people of New Orleans.—The city is truly a commercial one, and the individual who goes there, expecting to find that quietness so characteristic of inland towns, will certainly be disappointed. The social feeling, and every thing connected with man's best nature, is completely absorbed in the general rush of business. No one goes there to live—to make it his home—but to make money; and when this is accomplished, like the migratory bird, he leaves the place for his old home.)

The second morning after my arrival in the city, I left my room for the first time, to see what was to be seen, and to hear what was going on. Instead of having above my head a sky obscured by clouds, and the rain pouring down in torrents, I had a cloudless sky, with a bright sun beaming from his azure throne above. A balmy wind, pregnant with the odors of orange blossoms, fanned my cheeks and ruffled the raven locks upon my brow. How beautiful was nature—oh! how beautiful. The rains of the previous day had washed the streets, and every thing wore a new aspect and looked charming in my sight. The bird twittered in the orange groves, and the little sail boat, as she scudded along the river, dipped her prow in the upheaving wave. I felt a new man, for the feeling of yesterday had passed away, and with a joyous heart I was in love with every thing around. How could I help it? Was I not in the city of my beloved? and had I not slept, perhaps, in the very house where Susan Wilson had slept? Certainly this was enough to make me joyous—to make me mad with joy, and to make me hope on, and to hope for ever.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is singular and strangely wonderful, that in such a short time, such a change could have been wrought in the feelings of any one. That revulsion of feeling is unaccountable—unexplained in the moral economy of our nature. To-day sunk down in the lowest depths of misery—in the very putrescence of its slough,—and on to-morrow revelling in the charms of a joyous sympathy with nature.)

It was along Canal street that I took my way, wondering at the many things I saw, and at none

more than at the beautiful trees which encompassed me on either side. Right before me was a woman walking, dressed in the deep habiliments of mourning. Her step was a proud one—and although sorrow had cast her mourning weeds around her, there was an airy lightness in her step, which spoke of a heart of gladness. Her form was a noble one—and she walked in her beauty, as if she was proud of the light of heaven. Something whispered at my heart that she was one in whom I had an interest. There is something in our natures so laden with prophetic sympathies and electric fires, that two hearts of kindred desires are drawn together by hooks of steel, although they are far distant and separated. There is an attraction that brings them together—a polar influence to the magnet—that they cannot avoid, and over which the will has no control.

I hastened my footsteps and approached the woman, but she heeded not my presence, and she knew not that I was beside her, for her thoughts were far away, and other subjects engrossed her mind. A black veil covered her face; and as she went along, she turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor gave any intimation, by sign or otherwise, that she heeded my presence—but straight on she walked, with no sound in my ear but her light footsteps pattering on the pavement below. I took her by the hand, and I pressed it in the fervency of love—and as I did it she raised a single corner of the veil, and my eyes beheld my long lost, but now found, Mary Toulmine.

* * * * *

Two weeks afterwards, and she had promised again to be mine—mine, and for ever. Her tale was a long one, and her sufferings had been great. She told me all, and as she leaned her head upon my bosom, I wiped the tear from her eye, and in my fondness kissed her with the affection of a first love. In her, my old time love had come back, and over the entire past the mantle of oblivion had been thrown.

On that river of death—the Rio Grande—where so many of our soldiers sleep, her husband died and was buried. As a soldier in our army of invasion, he assisted to win the battles of Palo Alto and Palma de la Resaca, and then died with fever at Camargo. Terrible was her anguish when she first heard the news; but time had restored her to her wonted cheerfulness—and in losing her first husband she had found a more loving one in me.

More than two months had passed away since I first came to the city, and every thing had been arranged that was necessary to my leaving it. It was a cloudless eve in June—and on to-morrow we were to leave, in the steamer Palmetto, for Galveston—that, for the last time, I went to the post-office to inquire for letters. I received a dozen, and among them was one for Mary Toulmine, post-marked "San Luis Potosi, Mexico." I did not like the looks of this letter, for my heart told me that there was something in its very appearance ominous of evil. Oh! if her husband was still alive, what would we do? The very thought was wormwood to my anguished spirit. Among my letters, as I hastened from the post-office, I discovered one in the hand-writing of

Susan Wilson. I broke it open, and read as follows, to wit:

NEW ORLEANS, June 4, 18—.

DEAR SIR,—Every thing which has transpired in the city, in relation to yourself, since you have been here, I have watched with the eyes of a baselisk. You need not think to escape me! No! no! no! Your assignation with the widow Toulmine has placed you in a position at once shameful and ridiculous. How can you hope to escape the ridicule of a whole world, and the scorn of every virtuous bosom, is more than I can see. If you fly to the uttermost parts of the earth I will haunt you there—and if you remain here my presence will ever be around you—to torment you.

I love you—but I had sooner wed the toad than to be connected with you in wedlock. You have blasted my affections, and out of them hope can never spring again. Every thing is dead within me, save one solitary feeling, and that is, deep hatred against you. Beware of a woman's revenge! The poisonous coil of the serpent is not more dangerous, and its deadly fangs not more fatal.

I have sworn that you will never be blessed with the love of Mary Toulmine—I have sworn it, and the oath is registered in heaven! Marry her then if you dare! As the mistletoe, on the green boughs of the oak, robbing them of life, the blight of my touch will wither up your heart. Try the experiment, and see whether or not I tell the truth.—Fate is against you—your destiny is fixed—your life is in my hands.

The warning may come too late, or you may not heed it, and sorrow will then be your portion.

It is your intention to leave to-morrow for Galveston—but I will frustrate your intention. You cannot leave! I have the power to prevent you, and the will to do it. Beware then of woman's revenge—for it is a terrible thing.

SUSAN WILSON.

The above letter, threatening as it was, made but little impression on my heart. I did not fear her threats, for I had had too much of experience with woman to believe that Susan Wilson intended any thing very serious. She was disappointed—*piqued* in some tender place, with wounded pride—and this was the whole secret of her *much ado* about nothing.

It was the other letter that I feared—the one from Mexico to Mary Toulmine. What if it should be from her husband?—and he still alive! It was with a trembling heart that I carried the letter to Mary. As she received it I saw her countenance change. It was with difficulty that she could break the seal—for she trembled as a leaf in the shivering blast. At last she opened it, and after glancing at the contents a moment, with uplifted hands and a loud shriek, she fell backwards on the floor. After raising her from the floor, and placing her on the sofa, I picked up the letter, and read the following words, to wit:

SAN LUIS POTOSI, March, 184—.

MY DEAR WIFE,—After an imprisonment of more than six months I have been released from

the dungeons of Perote, and am this far on my way home. The Treaty of Peace that has lately been signed by the Mexican and American Commissioners, at the City of Mexico, has been the means of restoring once more to liberty many an American citizen. God grant that I may live to get home—and when I do, that I may find you alive and well.

I have had a hard time of it,—but through the dim vista of the future methinks I yet see much of happiness in store for me.

An accident of no great seriousness in its nature happened to me a few days ago, which has been the cause of my detention at this place. In the course of eight or ten days I shall leave this place for Tampico, and after getting there will take the first vessel which sails for New Orleans. Until then, believe that I am ever your affectionate husband,

ROBERT TOULMINE.

This letter was enough to drive a saint mad,—but I endured it with the manly fortitude of a martyr. Not so did Mary Toulmine—for she took her bed and seemed inconsolable. Whether her sorrow was caused by grief or joy I have never known. It is probable, however, that it was both—that she was glad that her quondam husband had not died as had been reported, and sorry that she had to part with her new one. I gave her her choice, either to stay and await the return of her old husband from Mexico, or leave with me on the Palmetto for Galveston. She refused to decide, and left the whole matter to myself for a decision. I loved the woman—but I was not selfish—and so I decided in favor of her first husband. We had lived together pleasantly and joyously for a whole week, without one word of unkindness spoken on either side.

In this matter I was governed by what I believed to be correct principles—principles based on the unerring rules of justice. Had I been more selfish, and less disposed to do right to others, I could have persuaded the woman off with me, but my conscience would not let me do it. The poor soldier who had endured privation abroad—privation in the service of his country, I could not bear to see returning home and find his hearth-stone cheerless and solitary. To see the vacant chair, whereon his wife used to sit, was more than I could stand, even in imagination—then, oh! then, how could the poor and wearied soldier, returning from his country's service, bear such a disappointment? It was terrible to think upon, but then how heart-rending it would have been in realization!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar is entitled to much credit in the noble manner in which the rights of another was recognized in the adjudication of the question.—Nothing like selfishness seemed to have influenced him in the matter; but he seemed to have acted with an eye singly to the happiness of her first husband. This was magnanimous in him, truly noble and above all praise.)

I loved that woman with a deep and fervent love, for she was a sweet creature. It was hard to give her up, and what could I do but consign her to the one, who, legally, had the best right to her. Perhaps I regretted her husband had not died, and mourned that he was alive. It was cruel

in him to disappoint us so, but as he had not intended it, I forgave him the wrong. She had forgotten his death, after mourning for him a year—she had forgotten it all in a new love to a new husband. To receive him then was like receiving one from the dead—one rising from the dead that had been long buried. How could she embrace such a one?—one that she had so long looked upon as dead! The imagination would ever picture to her dreams that she was sleeping with a corpse. Oh! how horrible is the idea to have one by our side in our midnight slumbers—close by our side, who, in our imagination, had so long dwelt in the grave. In our midnight dreams to clasp the cold and clammy hand, and to awake with a start that we have slept beside a putrescent body! The thought has nothing in it but anguish and remorse! Oh! how horrible!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Is it not singular that the morbid imagination of Mr. Toddlebar should impress such an idea on his brain? I can scarcely see how it is possible for the senses to be so deceived, as to believe in a thing which ocular demonstration knows to be false. This strange hallucination is in keeping, however, with almost all of his previous actions.)

It was late at night when I left the room of Mary. She was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. Her hopes had perished, perished, perished—never to dawn again. Through the vista of the long future she saw no star shining, for the mildew was on her heart, and the fever in her brain. Oh! how terrible was her lot, with her hopes blasted, crushed and withered.

By the sofa where she was reclining I sat on a chair by her side. Her eyes were not moist, for the last tear had fallen that the brain would ever again unlose. Her face was pale as any lily—and the lips, as they quivered over her white teeth, seemed blue with the anguish of her spirit. I clasped her hand, and it was cold as death—and I touched her lips with mine, and they too were cold—cold as marble—and I pressed her hand in mine, and whispered in her ear, “good-bye!” and then left the room for ever!

* * * * *

It was morning—morning in New Orleans—and perhaps it might have been morning in some other place, too—but of this I knew nothing—of this I cared nothing. It was an eternal now with me, for every thing had emerged into the PRESENT—the dreadful PRESENT had absorbed every thing. I was about leaving the city—the city where my heart was. I passed the house where my Mary lived, and every thing within it was silent as the grave. No noise was heard, not a footstep echoed along the silent corridors. Oh! how dreadful was this silence! The windows were all closed, and the foot-mat was before the door, in the very place where I had left it on the previous night. I stopped—oh! how could I leave the place so dedicated to devotion and love, without once more gazing on the hallowed precincts? I thought that I heard a footstep moving along the middle corridor of the antique building—and I listened—but my ears had deceived me, for no sound disturbed the silence of the place. With a tear in my eye, and one long lingering gaze on the house which held all that was dear to me and love, I rushed

from the hoary building, and no one ever again saw me on that hallowed spot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

T. BABINGTON MACAULAY, the historian and poet, the orator and the critic, with all of the courtesy due to a fellow mortal, from a great mind, had honored me with a letter. It was a welcome guest—showing that there was no bitterness in a great mind—that there was no false pride, and that the man of high intellectual attainments had a heart open to human sympathies. How often it is that the little *scrub*—that little *tom-tit* of humanity, with his thousands of acres of land, and his rich coffers filled with gold, refuses to exercise towards a brother those amenities of manners so full of kindness and sufferance, when the great big soul, with a heart as large as a mountain, but without a dollar in his purse, shrieks, appalled from the touch of so much *littleness*.

Macaulay is one of nature's true nobility! Gifted in no ordinary degree with high intellectual qualities, his moral nature and social feelings are not the subjects of low conventional asperities.—Man is a man, no matter in what condition of life he is found—and no adventitious aid or meretricious adornment can ennoble him if he has not, in the very core of his heart, generosity and magnanimity. It is these, and these alone, that exalt the individual, and without these qualities man sinks to the level of a brute. Rich lands and noble tenements, with costly silks and fine raiment, make not the man. Greatness is independent of all adventitious aid. The great qualities of our nature is in the heart, and as the brain showers her golden fruit on the earth, the very instinct of its life is received from the heart. No matter what splendid gifts a man may have, nor how highly intellectually he may be endowed by nature,

he is only entitled to respect in the direct ratio in which the good qualities of the heart confer blessings upon others.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The estimate in which Mr. Toddlebar seems to hold Mr. Macaulay is founded, in my humble opinion, on an erroneous impression of his true character. There is nothing in the writings of Macaulay to raise man from his fallen condition, nor no moral precepts blessing him with their truths. Every thing is intellectually cold—every thing is coldly intellectual, sparkling and bright. In his writings there are no new truths evolved—no new systems developed, for all is coldly bright and brightly cold. With all that is of Grecian *myth*—and all that is of Roman lore, his mind is tinctured and stored—for his soul has drank deeply at the *antique vase*—but he has gathered no rich fruits from the vale of Tempe, sprinkled with the dew-drops of Castalia. With a splendid diction, and but little affluence of thought, he enchains the reader with these sparkling gewgaws, without once reforming the soul with her unfathomed principles of truth. Macaulay is not a great teacher, like Moses or Mahomet, or even Carlisle—but he has splendid talents, and if Nature had done a little more for him he would have been a man of GENIUS.)

EDINBURGH, June 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of March 25th followed me from London to this place, and it is but this moment I have received it. I thank you a thousand times for the kindly tones of your letter, and for the good will you express for me and mine.

The "Lays of Ancient Rome" are but trifles in their nature, and were composed in hours of relaxation from more arduous studies. That they have awakened in your heart a sympathy for the distant author is the best evidence of your own generous emotions, and the highest proof one can have that he has not written in vain.

I am at this time busily engaged on my History of England from the accession of James the Second. When it is published, should I have an opportunity of sending you a copy, I will have a pleasure in doing it.

Accept my best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness, and believe, dear sir, that I am

Yours, truly,

T. B. Macaulay

The chirography of Mr. Macaulay is decidedly a bad one. It is *sprawling*, and there is nothing of the *picturesque* to redeem it from that tasteless formation. No man of Mr. Macaulay's great genius, without some *modifying* circumstances in his life, about which the world knows nothing, could write such a hand as he does. It has been changed, and greatly changed—so much so indeed that every *idiosyncratic* peculiarity of his mind has been lost in those controlling circumstances.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The truth is that no man of Mr. Macaulay's talent could write a hand, in any great respect, different from the one he does. Mr. Toddlebar is altogether mistaken in his estimate of the character of his hand writing. The chirography is not in every respect a good one—but then, without taste, it has much of vigor in its style.)

William T. Haskell, Colonel of the Second Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers in our army

of invasion in Mexico, was the next to honor me with an *autograph* letter. It was welcome on several accounts—welcome, because it was from one with whom I was personally known, and welcome because it brought me news from many with whom I was personally acquainted and highly esteemed. Col. Haskell is no ordinary man, for he is highly gifted with Nature's choicest endowments. As a poet he has written many beautiful effusions that would do honor to older bards of higher reputations. With noble impulses, and an ardency of feeling that often leads him into the wrong, he has generous aspirations and a good heart at the bottom of all. His errors are errors more of the peculiar organization of his mental temperament than from any design to do wrong. The little *dogs* that have barked at him cannot help their instincts—for it is their nature to do so.

They are mistaken if they think they can rise on his downfall, for the demerit of an individual gives no merit to the slanderer. Their envy of his position entitles them not to his rank in the scale of being.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It gives me pleasure to endorse cordially and cheerfully all the good things which Mr. Toddlebar has been pleased to say about Col. Haskell. I have known him long and intimately, and have a pride in endorsing the truthful sentiments of Mr. Toddlebar's statement. There is a clique, composed of bores and without brains, who are of the opinion, if they can pull Col. Haskell down, that their fortunes will be made. Mistaken jealousy! If the eagle should die, will the buzzard take his place? True nobility is not the gift of man but of God.)

On his return from the army, Col. Haskell was honored with a seat in Congress, from the district where he resided. Like a tornado he swept every thing before him—for who could withstand his burning eloquence? Opposition was levelled beneath his fiery tread, and pale Envy fell back abashed at his withering glance.

"And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell."

CERRO GORDO, MEXICO, April 25, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—Believing that you would like to hear from me, I have concluded to write you, as I have an opportunity of sending the letter by a train that leaves this afternoon for Vera Cruz.

We have had a great battle at Cerro Gordo, and have whipped the enemy, but with the loss of many valuable lives. Your friends, Lieutenant Ewell and Adjutant Hale, are both among the killed. The death of these two young men will be deeply regretted by every Tennessean. Gen. Scott was present at the death of Ewell, and passed some fine compliments on his bravery.

From this point my Division will proceed to Jalapa, and there await the orders of the General Commandant. The probability is, that, as our time of enlistment expires on the 4th of July, the Second Regiment of Tennessee will be sent home. If so, I will soon have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand.

Sincerely, yours,

Wm. Haskell

The chirography of Col. Haskell is good, but I cannot dwell upon it, for the tidings brought in his letter overwhelmed me with grief. It was heart-rending and sorrowful! Thomas Ewell dead! I could not realize the thing. The noble, and the generous, and the gallant Thomas Ewell dead, was a thing to be told, but not realized! It was even so, however; and with all of my admiration for his character, and love for him personally, I had to submit to the heavy affliction. It was but a few weeks before that he had left me—it seemed but yesterday—to take his place as lieutenant in the "Mounted Riflemen." On the heights of Cerro Gordo he fell, pierced by a hundred bullets, and died in the arms of General Winfield Scott.

It was a noble death, and honored in the report of his commander. Wiley P. Hale, too, gone—the young, the gallant, and the noble! Oh! how keenly did I feel the blow, and how madly did I worship their memory.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Thomas Ewell and Wiley P. Hale were the two most gallant youths that left the State of Tennessee to die in Mexico. General Scott, in his official dispatch after the battle, pronounced the former the "hero of Cerro Gordo." They both had minds gifted above ordinary men, and both were generous, noble and disinterested. It will be a long time before Tennessee again will have the honor of raising two such noble sons.)

L. A. Hine, Esq., is the present editor of the "Western Quarterly Review," at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is a vigorous and forcible writer, with a straightforwardness of purpose that gives to his effusions a manly tone. There is no affectation in any thing he does—all is as open as the day and as tranquil as the night. The Review, of which he is editor, is open and manly in its tone—seeking favor from none, nor withholding justice from any. It is an honor to Western literature, as the talented editor is an honor to it.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Hine is certainly a vigorous writer, and a gentleman of high order of talents, but I have yet to see any thing in the "Review" to warrant such fulsome praise as Mr. Toddlebar has showered upon it.)

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1845.

DEAR SIR,—Being away myself when your letter of Jan. 17th was received, and my associate being now absent,* I fear it may have passed without answer. Since my return I have been too busy to think of anything but the Journal in the hands of the printers. Your poem, "The Heritage," is printed for the 5th No., which will be out on the 21st of March.

We should be extremely happy to receive the MSS. of which you speak. We are under great obligations to you for past favors, and, if thanks be not too "dull reward," we hope you will continue them. We do not intend paying contributors until the Journal pays; then we shall not be "slack."

Yours, &c.

L. A. Hine

The chirography of Mr. Hine is an ordinary one, indicating nothing of that force which one finds on reading his writings. That peculiar mental fervor existing in his mind, and that fine taste perceptible in all of his writings, one looks for in vain in his hand-writing.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The truth is, Mr. Toddlebar has quite overlooked the chief merit in Mr. Hine's chirography. It is bold, vigorous and tasty. It is the writing of a manly and vigorous mind—of a mind seeking no adventitious aid or effect from any thing which is meretricious. It is no common hand—and no common man could write it—for it has all of the instincts of greatness about it.)

* * * * *

* Mr. Judson was called away immediately after receiving your last, and I did not get home till ten days after.

I was on the boat and the boat was about leaving. I scarcely saw any thing now in the long prospect in the future to cheer me. In the carnage that swept away so many stout hearts at Cerro Gordo, two of my most intimate friends had been numbered with the dead. The gallant Ewell and the indomitable Hale! It seemed but a few days since I had last seen them—since I had seen their manly forms in full vigor of health and animation. Now alas! they were cold in the chilly arms of death. It was a terrible retribution—and most dearly have I bewailed it. At their deaths the anguish of my heart was more poignant than at the separation from my Mary. Woman's love could be bought again, but friendship never. It is above all price, and far more sacred than the passionate emotions of a woman's heart. For an old love of a woman will spring up in the heart anew, but dead—friendship never. It is a terrible thing to lose one's friend, and most severely have I suffered with this affliction.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—For the life of me I cannot perceive the difference between the friendship of a man and that of a woman. The distinction between them may admit of some doubt, but it will take finer casuists than the most of people are to explain the difference.)

The boat was about starting, the steam was up, and no Susan Wilson had come to cheer me with her presence, or to frown me down by her scorn. Any thing at this time would have been a release to me—any thing would have cheered my woe-begone heart—and have banished from it the terrible conflict that was raging within. But no form darkened my room, to cheer me with its smiles. I felt as if I was alone in the world—banished from all of its joys, and pressed down by all of its cares. Alone! alone! alone!

The sea-gull was floating overhead, and dipping at intervals her beak in the placid waves below. Steamboats and vessels were all around me—some starting away, and others coming in; but I had no pleasure in gazing at them, or listening to the busy hum of the thousand voices on the levee. All around me was bustle and animation—and all within me was conflict and wo.

What form is that, that I see coming through the crowd, approaching the vessel? It is the form of a woman—and her carriage is proud and her bearing is lofty. Oh! how beautiful she seems to me in the distance. If it was Susan Wilson I felt that I would be happy again. She approaches

the boat and she comes upon it, and she asks for Mr. Toddlebar. My heart beats with emotion, and I gaze upon charms more divine than mortal ever did before. She was beautiful—surpassing beautiful—with a voluptuous form, and eyes swimming with a passionate intensity that was rapturous to behold. The captain of the vessel pointed me out to her, and she approached me, and threw herself into my arms.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. Toddlebar must have been the most fortunate of lovers, for he seems to have gathered them up with a facility that no other mortal ever did before or since. No sooner than one was lost, than by his side stood another already to jump into his arms.)

I was happy now—yea, very happy—for who would not be happy in the presence of such a divine creature? Even in my fondest dreams I had never imagined one so beautiful. I danced with joy—and, even in the excess of my happiness, I was full of love.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—According to Mr. Toddlebar's theory of happiness, love is not a portion of it. Agreeably to his own showing, the cause of his happiness was love, but he seems unwilling to acknowledge it. By his parity of reasoning, happiness can exist without love, although love is the cause of its existence. He has often quite a contradictory way of making statements—statements involving the subject in antithesis.)

The first bell had rung for starting—and the passengers were all hurrying on the boat with their baggage. Everything was in confusion and uproar. I had Susan Wilson by the hand—and we were standing together, leaning over the railing of the vessel, watching the waters below as they surged and beat against its side. Some one came along—and just as the second bell had rung—and jostled against her, and threw her overboard. I was too much stupified by terror to cry aloud that a "passenger was overboard," and the boat moved off—and Susan Wilson was drowned. Wo is me! for dreadfully have I suffered!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The MSS. of Mr. Toddlebar ends at this point very abruptly; and feign would I give the sequel to his momentuous and very curious history if I had it in my possession. But as I have it not, I must perforce be silent in all that appertains to the future history of the "Monomaniac." He was a singular being, and in every respect different from all others. In conclusion, as I have a young friend in Jefferson, Texas, by the name of Hiram Tomlin, with whom I am deeply intimate, and for whose character I have a high admiration, the gentle reader who has followed me this far, by his permission I will inscribe these papers with his name.

Joe Bottom

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.)



LINES:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES W. HOLDEN.

WHO DIED IN CALIFORNIA, JUNE 30TH, 1849.

Respectfully Inscribed to W. H. D., Esq.

A requiem for the voiceless! Thine the hand should touch
the chords
Of the soul's majestic organ—but grief finds poor vent in
words.
Too recently thy hand has clasped *his* in a last embrace,
His parting words, his love in thee still claim too dear a
place!
Too dear a place! thou can'st not yet say Heaven's will be
done,
When he has drooped whose earthly race so brightly was
begun;
And I, my hand is weak—but ere the mourning hour is
sped,
I would leave one record sacred to the memory of the dead.
* * * * *
The spring-time saw a stranger's grave made in the southern
wood,
A few sad mourners in the gloom around the low mound
stood;
They wept—with tenderest hands they laid the sod upon his
breast,
Then left him, in the wilderness, to silence and to rest.
In the far Northland loving hearts remembered him that
day,
Fond voices breathed his cherished name, and blessed his
distant way.
Alas! the light which over them so kindly, softly beamed,
Through the thick trees upon *his grave* in solemn sadness
streamed.
The hope that fired his youthful breast had perished in its
pride—
The arm nerved by ambitious thought lay nerveless by his
side—
His voice was hushed—his heart was stilled—his bright eyes
sealed for aye,
All *lost* save the pure deathless soul that heavenward bent
its way!

Thank God! bless God thou sorrowing one, for thy lamented
dead—
Even while thy heart is filled with gloom, and saddest tears
are shed;
He never bent at Mammon's shrine, nor joined in Folly's
train,
Nor tasted of that draught which leaves on youthful souls a
stain!
World honors wreathed not yet his brow—Fame had not
called her son,
But *watching* stood and marked him well, she *would* have
claimed her own—
For strength to do, to be, were his, and time had brought
the hour
When he had spoken to the world with voice of trumpet-
power!
Alas, that voice! ye ne'er will hear its friendly tones
again:
By Sacramento sleepeth he, life calleth him in vain—
He doth not hear the pioneers, swift hasting through the
wood,
They know not who is slumbering there, the youthful and
the good!
The strife for gold runs madly on around him far and near,
He slumbereth still—he slumbereth safe, we have no more to
fear,
God's sky is bending over him—God's earth, it is his bed,
God's heaven has won his spirit—weep no longer for your
dead!
But for the host that through those hills and valleys madly
rush,
In search of treasures which the soul's best aspirations
crush,
For *them* pray, weep! they *need* your prayers, they *need*
your tears, oh, friend,
For whoso goeth on such quest, need Angels to defend!

RECREATIONS, SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

It has been said that pleasure, exactly considered, is an advantage, which few if any are willing altogether to forego, and which the most severe philosophy does not deny. It is in one form or other the object of universal pursuit, for without its participation to some extent, life would lose its principal attraction, and mankind would degenerate into the settled gloom of moody melancholy. Relaxation from the severer toils of life is as necessary to human existence, as light is to the physical universe; without its appropriate indulgence all the pleasant things which impart their thousand charms to our social economy, would become at once eclipsed in the darkness of desolation and despair. If it be true that man is the only animal that laughs, it is fair to infer that, by an occasional indulgence of his visible organs, he is but fulfilling a part of his destiny. Very much might be urged in favor of a hearty laugh; it is not only highly exhilarating, but also very infectious, and the doctors tell us it is an excellent help to digestion and health. Shakspeare's advice is not only admissible, but decidedly to be commended, where he says:

"Frame thy mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life."

Who does not prefer a smiling face, indeed, to a frowning one—the jocund Spring to the dark storms of Winter? Somebody has said he would any day sacrifice a good dinner to gaze on a beautiful face; and scarcely any face looks otherwise when lit up with smiles; especially if it be a woman's.

There are some ascetic souls whose lugubrious visages cast dark shadows wherever they go, and whose presence, like the Upas tree, diffuses a deadly poison over all the felicities and gaieties of life. All nations, in all times, have proved by common consent the fallacy of seeking to impose restraints against the necessary recreations of life—the temporary respite from toil; while the stern necessities of our mental and physical constitution have long since invested the usage with the authority of law. D'Israeli has an amusing chapter devoted to the amusements of the learned, from which we shall cite a few facts illustrative of, and introductory to our subject:

"It seems that among the Jesuits it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study of two hours, the mind should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was engaged upon his 'Dogmata Theologica,' a work of the most profound erudition, the favorite recreation of the learned father, was at the close of every second hour, to twirl his chair round for five minutes. Agesilaus, it is well known, amused himself and his children by riding on a stick: the great Scipio diverted himself by picking up shells on the sea-shore. Tycho Brahe amused himself with polishing glasses for spectacles and mathematical instruments; and Descartes beguiled himself of his literary labors, like John Evelyn, Pope, Cowper, and many others, in the culture of flow-

ers. The great Samuel Clarke was fond of regaling his logical abstractions by sundry antics, such as leaping over tables and chairs, and the ridiculous pastimes indulged in by the eccentric Dean Swift are doubtless remembered by the reader. Contemplative men seem to have been fond of amusements accordant with their pursuits and habits. The tranquil recreation of angling, has won a preference with many over more boisterous pursuits; since the fascinations imparted to it by the quaint and delightful work of Isaac Walton. Sir Henry Watton styles angling, 'Idle time not idly spent;' to a meditative mind, possibly, it may be so, but we think many a devotee of 'fly fishing,' will be found to have been much more lavishing in his expenditure of time, than is warranted by its results. Paley, it may be remembered, was accustomed to indulge in this pursuit: he had a portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand,—a somewhat singular characteristic for the sage and reverend author of 'Natural Theology.' There are certain national indications connected with the amusements and relaxations of a people. For example, the French,—unlike ourselves and the English, who toil and tug at business 'from morn to dewy eve,'—spend half their time in their numerous resorts of amusement, and emphatically take it 'coolly;' business of any kind being, with them, rarely an engrossing pursuit.

"The Italian devotes three-fourths of his 'precious time,' to similar follies and fetes; and the Spaniard is 'next of kin' to him in this respect, for they both can scarcely be said to enjoy their leisure, since their life is almost uniformly a state of inertness. The German on the contrary is all the while absorbed in mystic abstractions, and etherializing aloft in the fumes of his meerschäum."

Almost everything else may be lost to a man's history, says Horace Smith, but its sports and pastimes; the diversions of a people being commonly interwoven with some immutable element of the general feeling, or perpetuated by circumstances of climate or locality,—these will frequently survive when every other national peculiarity has worn itself out, and fallen into oblivion. As the minds of children, modified by the forms of society, are pretty much the same in all countries, and at all epochs, there will be found but little variation in their ordinary pastimes,—a remark no less applicable to those nations, which, from their non-advancement in civilization, may be said to have still retained their childhood.

Many of our school-games are known to have existed from the earliest antiquity. The province of the historian seems scarcely to have included the record in detail, of many of the more social enjoyments and domestic sports of olden time: these, although unwritten, still perpetuate themselves by oral transmission. We do not intend to dilate at length upon these, but simply to take a glance at the more prominent diversions and frolics with which society in former times beguiled itself of its sorrows, and the severer duties of life.

We refrain from tracing our subject back to its earliest origin—the pastimes of a rude age—because they would naturally be expected to partake, in no small degree, of the manners and habits, of which they were the reflex. We may infer from our own Indians, that athletic exercises and sports, as well as mimic military manœuvres, and the chase, were among their primitive diversions of mankind. Even down to the days of Elizabeth, the popular pastimes were rude and brutalizing in the extreme; so that we must not venture to inquire very curiously concerning these matters, prior to that age; if we would judge them by the refinement and taste which are characterized by our modern modes of diversion, such as music, the fine arts, drama, and the department of letters.

We pass over therefore allusions to the festivals, games and amusements of the Jews, Greeks and Romans, with their Olympic and Gladiatorial encounters, &c., and present the reader with a rough outline, illustrative of those of the moderns.

Field sports still exist, under certain modifications, as they did under the “Mosaic dispensation:” for we read of Nimrod, “a mighty hunter,” and the progenitor of his class. The chase has supplied the theme for more than one of the early classic writers; Xenophon repudiated hunting as well as Solon. By the Roman law, game was never deemed an exclusive privilege, except when extending over private lands, when permission was to be obtained of the proprietor. When Rome became overrun by the Goths and Vandals, they perverted the natural rights to a royal one; a feature it still retains in many European States, the prescriptive right to hunt over certain grounds being vested in the sovereign or those to whom the crown may delegate it. According to Street, Edward the Confessor, though more of a monk than a monarch, “took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice.”

He was equally pleased with hawking, and every day after divine service he spent his time in one or the other of these favorite pursuits; which indeed were the usual pastimes of the “upper ten thousand” of those rude days. Edward III. was such a devotee to sports of this kind that even during his hostile engagements with France, he could not refrain from the indulgence. While in the French dominions he had with him, according to Froissart, sixty couple of stag-hounds and as many hare-hounds, every day amusing himself at intervals with hunting or hawking. He is said to have kept a princely stud of horses and six hundred dogs for this purpose.

This passion extended itself during the middle ages to the clergy: for Chaucer satirizes the monks for their predilection for the hunter’s horn over the “trumpet of the gospel,” and even in later times in England, sporting bishops and vicars have not been wanting to provoke the just indignation of society. Queen Elizabeth used to patronize these sports, with a retinue of her courtly dames and lordly knights, even as late as her seventy-seventh year—at which time it is recorded, “that her majesty was excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day was she to be seen on horseback, continuing the sport for a long time.”

There is, it must be confessed, something picturesque in hawking and falconry, at least we think so, judging from the pictures and descriptions which have descended to us. Falconry, according to Smith, in his book on “Games and Festivals,” appears to have been carried to great perfection, and to have been extensively pursued in the different countries of Europe about the twelfth century, when it was the favorite amusement, not only of kings and nobles, but of ladies of distinction, and the clergy, who attached themselves to it not less zealously than they had done to hunting, although it was equally included in the prohibitory canons of the church. For several ages no person of rank was represented without the hawk upon his hand, as an indisputable criterion of station and dignity: the bird of prey—no inappropriate emblem of nobility in the feudal ages—was never suffered to be long absent from the wrist. In travelling, visiting, or the transaction of affairs of business, the hawk still remained perched upon the hand, which it stamped with distinction.

A writer of the fifteenth century severely reprobates the indecency of the custom then prevailing of introducing these strange insignia into the churches during divine service. The passage is thus rendered from the German by Barclay:

“Into the church then comes another sotte,
Withouten devotion jetting up and downe
For to be seene, and shewe his garded cote.
Another on his fist a sparrowhawk or fawcone,
Or else a cokow, wastinge so his shone:
Before the autler he to and fro doth wander,
Even with as great devotion as doth a gander.
In comes another, his hounds at his tayle,
With lynes and leases, and other like baggage:
His doggs barke; so that withouten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage.”

Henry the VIII. came near making his exit in a deep slough at Hitchen in Hertfordshire, by the breaking of his pole, an instrument used for leaping rivulets and brooks, when hawking was followed on foot. One almost regrets the non-success of the accident, as in ridding the country of a royal master, the lives of his estimable wives might have escaped the sacrifice to his tyranny and vice.—From the frequent mention of hawking by the water-side, by the writers of the time, it is to be inferred that the pursuit of aquatic fowl afforded the most diversion. The sport of falconry had its peculiar vocabulary, as well as a list of the birds that were to be the wretched victims of barbarity and wanton cruelty. The custom became obsolete about the end of the 16th century.

With respect to archery, it is sufficient to remark that the bow was the most ancient and common of all weapons; Ishmael, the wanderer, was an archer—so were the heroes of Homer, and the warriors of most nations, not forgetting the red men of our American wilds. During the heptarchy, Offrid, son of Edwin, King of Northumberland, was slain by an arrow; and many other historic celebrities might be mentioned who shared a similar fate. The Saxons claim the introduction of both the long and cross-bow into Britain; their successors the Danes were also great archers.

The well-known story of Alfred the Great in the peasant’s cottage, suffering her cakes to burn, was owing to his being engaged in preparing his

bow and arrows. Of the great power and precision with which arrows may be discharged, we have sufficient evidence without that afforded by the apochryphal exploits of Robin Hood or William Tell. Our Indians may be cited as specimens of the wonderful exactness of aim of which the instrument is susceptible. "The Turkish bow," quoth Lord Bacon, "giveth a very forcible shoot, inasmuch as it hath been known that the arrow hath pierced a sheet target, or a piece of brass of two inches thick!" An arrow, it has been stated, with a round wooden head, has been shot upwards of four hundred and eighty yards from the standing.

William Rufus, it will be remembered, was indebted to one of these swift-winged messengers of death, for his dismission from the field of strife: and the famous battle of Cressy bore testimony to their fatal use, to no inconsiderable extent, as well as the memorable contest of Agincourt, in 1415. The practice of archery possesses undoubted advantages in point of health and exercise, over most of the athletic diversions, or field sports, without any of their objectionable features. "It is an exercise," says Moseley, in his essay on archery, "adapted to every age and every degree of strength; it is not necessarily laborious, as it may be discontinued the moment it becomes fatiguing; a pleasure not to be enjoyed by the hunter, who, having finished his chase, perceives that he must crown his toil with an inanimate ride to his bed of forty miles. Archery is attended with no cruelty: it sheds no innocent blood, nor does it torture harmless animals; charges which lie heavy against some other amusements. It has been said that a reward was formerly offered to him who could invent a new pleasure. Had such a reward been held forth by the ladies of the present day, he who introduced archery, as a female exercise, would have deservedly gained the prize—there are so few diversions in the open air, in which women can join with satisfaction, suitable amusements have been wanting to invite them. Archery has, however, contributed admirably to supply this defect, and in a manner the most desirable that could be wished."

The practice of baiting animals so naturally revolting to the popular taste of the present age, seems, in former times, to have been invested with something of the chivalrous and romantic.—These cruel entertainments are generally supposed to have originated with the Moors; Julius Cæsar introduced it among the Romans, and from them it was adopted by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the English, &c. The Spaniards have been the most barbarous in their refined cruelties in connection with this brutal sport; they have also invested its ceremonies with greater splendor and pageantry. With them the words of Thomson are eloquent of import:

"Each social feeling fell,
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart."

In the Greek bull-fights, several of these devoted animals were turned out by an equal number of horsemen, each combatant selecting his choice of a victim, which he never quitted till he had vanquished. From the following account of a bull-

fight in the Coliseum at Rome, 1332, extracted from Muratori by Gibbon, some idea may be formed of the ceremonies and dangers attending these extraordinary and brutalizing exhibitions:

"A general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna, invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshalled in three squadrons, and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen, and they descended into the arena to encounter the wild animals on foot, with a single spear. Amid the crowd were the names, colors and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights of Rome. The combats of the amphitheatre were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull, and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field with the loss of nine wounded, and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn, but the pomp of the funerals in the Churches of St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, afforded a second holiday to the people, which was of course a thing of superior moment. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed; yet in blaming their rashness, we are compelled to applaud their gallantry," continues our author, "and the noble volunteers who display their munificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors, who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter."

In Madrid, it is only during the summer these sanguinary scenes are exhibited, on account of the amphitheatre or circus, in which the spectators assemble, being uncovered. The following is a brief description of the ceremonies, which commence by a kind of procession, in which the combatants, on horse and on foot, appear, after which two alguazils, dressed in perukes and black robes, advance, with great affected gravity, on horseback, and ask the president for the signal for the commencement of the entertainment. This is immediately given, and the fierce animal makes his appearance, rushing from his place of confinement into the circle, furious and eager for the fray. The officers of justice, who have nothing to do with the bull, hasten to retire, which is the prelude to the cruel pleasure the spectators are evidently impatiently waiting to enjoy. As the animal rushes in, he is received with loud shouts, which rend the air, and tend to excite to frenzy the infuriated beast; when the picadores or equestrian combatants, dressed in a quaint old Castilian costume, and armed with a long lance, wait to meet and repel their antagonist. These encounters require, of course, extraordinary courage and dexterity; and formerly they were regarded as marks of honorable ambition and distinction, having sometimes been contended for by those of noble blood. Even at the present time hidalgos are said to solicit the honor of fighting the bull on horseback, and they are then previously presented to the audience under

the auspices of a patron connected with the court. If the animal becomes terror-struck, and seeks to avoid his persecutors, the execrations of the intelligent audience are showered upon his devoted head, and if nothing else can awaken his courage and fury, the cry of *perros ! perros !* brings forth new enemies, and huge dogs are let loose upon him. He then tosses the dogs into the air, and although they usually fall down stunned and mangled, they generally renew their attack till their adversary falls, thus an ignoble sacrifice to the wanton cruelty of his lordly masters. Sometimes the bull, irritated by the pointed steel, gores the horse and overturns his rider, who, when dismounted and disarmed, would be exposed to imminent danger did not attendant combatants divert the animal's attention by holding before him pieces of cloth of various colors. This act is attended, however, with great peril, the only rescue being by jumping over the barrier, which throws the spectators into a chaos of confusion from fear of the rabid animal's making a direct descent upon themselves. Our details of this inhuman custom have been, however, already too extended, and we return to more agreeable pursuits, in the hope that, in this boasted age of progress, some enlightened spirits may give a more worthy direction to the pastimes of the people of that once chivalrous, but now degenerate nation. It is to be regretted, however, that the sin of baiting animals does not rest alone with the Spaniards or the ancient Romans,—although the gladiatorial exploits of the cruel monsters, Nero and Commodus, surpass all for their savage brutality. James the First, amongst other sapient performances, perpetrated a "Boke of Sports," for the regulation of popular pastimes and amusements, intimating by it what particular kinds of recreation were to be allowed on Sundays and festivals of the church—such as running, vaulting, morrice-dancing, &c., and prohibiting, upon those days, bowling, bear, and bull-baitings. A quaint old writer, Cartwright, (temp., 1572,) endeavoring to prove the impropriety of an established form of prayer for the church service, among other arguments, uses the following: "He (the clergyman) posteth it over as fast as he can galloppe, for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some gaymes to be played in the afternoon, to wit: such as lying for the whet-stones, heathenish dancing for the ringe, or a beare or a bull to be bated, or else a jackanapes to ride horseback, or an interlude to be played in churche." Bishop Burnett, in the "History of his own Times," speaking of this worthy monarch, complains that his court fell into much extravagance in masquerading—"both king and court going about masked, going into houses unknown, and dancing there with great deal of wild frolic." This state of things included the early religious dramas and plays, in which the heathen mythology and low buffoonery were strangely intermingled.

As early as the ninth century, this pursuit formed an item of education, and was patronized by the noble. Alfred the Great was an expert hunter at twelve years of age; and Edward the Confessor, according to the ancient chronicles, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds

in pursuit of game, and to cheer them on with his voice." William the Norman, and several of his crowned successors down to James I., seem to have been alike addicted to the pastime. The last named individual is said to have divided his time equally betwixt his standish, his bottle and his hunting, the last had his fair weather, the two former his dull and cloudy. The bishops and nobles of the middle ages hunted with great state, and not a few of the moderns are still to be found in England, to do honor to the custom, both laymen and clergy, commons and nobles; nor should we omit our own country. A certain clerical dignity of the 13th century—the Bishop of Rochester—luned at the ripe age of four score, to the total neglect, it is said, of his episcopal duties: and in the succeeding century, an abbot of Leicester surpassed all the sportsmen of his time in this proficiency.

In Hallam's History of the Middle Ages are many interesting particulars touching the irrepressible eagerness of the clergy for this recreation, with the ineffectual attempts of councils and decrees for its suppression. What should we think in our day, of an archbishop, with a retinue of two hundred persons for his train, maintained at the expense of the Abbey, and the other religious establishments encountered on their route, hunting from parish to parish?—yet such an event actually took place in England, A. D. 1321. We have alluded to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to indulge in the sports of the field at an advanced age; and she was not the only member of the fair sex, who affected a passion for this manly pastime, for we find that in the 17th century, certain fair huntresses of Bury, in Suffolk, equipped themselves for the chase as men—a *habit* we might add, "more honored in the breach than the observance." In the year 1758 a lady undertook to ride 1000 miles in as many hours; which feat she actually accomplished in one-third of that time: and even as recently as 1804 another undertook an equestrian race against a Mr. Flint for five hundred guineas, at Knavesmire, in Yorkshire; she won the first heat, and would have achieved the second, had not her saddle-girth slipped. As she came in, she was cheered by the immensely assembled crowd with

"Push on, dear lady—pray don't the whip stint,
To beat such as you must have the heart of a *Flint*."

We read of some singular cases of blind sportsmen; among that class was the Rev. Mr. Stokes, who is said to have performed some surprising feats of "a leap in the dark." When he had to leap, the servant accompanying used to ring a bell: and another individual, also blind, who was attached to the Marquis of Granby's celebrated hunt, was equally expert, although he had usually no attendant: he trusted to chance. Prof. Saunderson, of Cambridge, a profound mathematician, though quite blind, was so fascinated with the chase, that he continued to hunt till an advanced period of his life. His horse was accustomed to follow that of his servant, and his delight was extreme when he heard the cry of the hounds and huntsmen, expressing his raptures with all the eagerness of those who possessed their sight. What

real interest blind men can possibly experience in madly scampering over hedges and ditches, it is difficult to divine.

Our Indians have what they call the "Hunter's Feast"—which somewhat resembles the Pentecost of the ancient Hebrews. Once a year certain tribes, beyond the Ohio, used to select from their number twelve men, who went out and provided themselves with a like number of deer, when, after placing a heap of stones, so as to form a sort of altar, they sacrifice the spoil. It has been contended that a still closer analogy subsists between other of the Indian festivals and customs, with those of the nation referred to; from which it has been conjectured that they were originally indebted to a common origin. The reader will doubtless excuse the following digression, even in a desultory essay, since he will form a good idea of the times and the sports then prevalent, from the quotation we venture to subjoin. The quaint lines to which we refer are from a work printed at London, 1611, entitled "The letting of humour's bloode in the head-vane; with a new Morisce danced by seven Satyrss upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe!"

"Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To jump, or leape over ditch or hedge;
To wrestle, play at stooleball, or to runne,
To pitch the barre, or to shoot off a gunne;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
Or trye it out at foot-ball by the shinnies;
At ticktack, Irish nodde, mawe, or ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blindman-buffe;
To drinke halfe-pots, or deal at the whole can;
To play at base or pen-and-ynhorn Sir I han;
To dance the morris, play at barley-breake,
At all employes a man can thinke or speake;
At shove-groate, venter-poynte, or crosse and pile,
At beshrow him that's lasie at yonder stile;
At leapinge o'er a midsummer-bon-fier,
Or at the drawing deer out of the myer:
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I."

We do not purpose to trouble thee, patient reader, with any observations upon the foregoing, or any curious inquiries into these multitudinous diversions of our sober forefathers: enough for us to know that they *had* so liberal a variety, and that they seemed to indulge them so heartily. As to the *morality* of the chase, we have nothing to say on that subject, except that if the charge of cruelty lie in the case of hunting game, the same may be alleged against angling, which pursuit good old Izaak Walton so manfully defends, and so pleasantly discourses about. If there are plaintive and placid pleasures for the angler, there are exhilarating and inspiring associations for the hunter.

We pass now to notice briefly the well-known and popular sport—horse-racing, and its kindred associations. It has been conjectured that these amusements of the turf were in vogue with the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh, the founder of the House of the Caputs, of France, among other royal gifts, "presented several *running horses*, with their saddles and bridles," &c. The grave John Locke, in one of his private journals (1679) writes as follows:

"The sports of England, which perhaps a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking and hunting, bowling; at Marebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the

summer; wrestling in Lincoln's Inn Fields every evening all summer; bear and bull-baiting, and sometimes prizes at the Bear garden; shooting in the long-bow, and stob-ball in Tothill fields; cudgel-playing at several places in the country; and hurling in Cornwall."

In the autobiography of the eccentric Lord Herbert of Cherbury, we find these quaint and seemingly paradoxical observations, touching horsemanship: "I do not approve of the running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind of exercise; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature, whose chief use is to help him run away—yet a good rider on a good horse, is as much above himself and others as this world can make him." Next to the chase and shooting, angling was the principal out-door amusement, particularly by the gentler sex. In the reign of Charles II ladies used to practice the art in the Canal of St. James' Park, London; according to Isaac Walton, "their tackle was very beautiful and costly, which they were fond of displaying." The piscatory art being one of our most popular of pastimes, it is unnecessary for us to dilate upon its fascinating attractions to those of a contemplative turn of mind. Some inveterate anglers must have a curious history to give of their experience; for many of them have been odd fish themselves—flat fish we may say, in some instances, since they will sit on a damp, muddy bank the live-long day, contented if they are but regaled with even the "delicious symptoms of nibble;" while others are perfectly resigned to their fate, if they are but privileged to watch the wary fish as they wag their tails at his line, and adroitly steer away from the decoy of his tempting bait. These gentry need to be like good Izaak Walton, of a contemplative habit, since such is their devotion to the pursuit, that they sometimes have no more substantial "food for reflection."—There are certain individuals whose mawkish sensibilities are offended at the cruelties of catching the tenants of the stream; we share no sympathy with such, however, for if nature's laws ordain that the big fishes are to prey upon the little ones, we see no reason why creation's lord should not also appropriate any of them to his own use.—Besides this, it will be recollected, the apostles even included fishermen.

Of wrestling and pugilistic games we also forbear to speak; we may, however, remark *en passant* that gymnastics and calisthenics are a meet substitute for the former, since they include all their advantages in the development of physical strength, without any of their objectionable features. As a Winter sport, skating naturally suggests itself as one of the most adoption. This diversion is mentioned by a monkish writer as far back as 1170. A fast skater, on good ice, will nearly equal the race-horse for a short distance; in the year 1838, Mr. Simpson, of Cambridge, England, is said to have skated over a surface of forty miles, on indifferent ice, in two hours and a half; and mention is made of others having skated two miles in five minutes. This is a diversion in which ladies may participate with grace, and it is also an invigorating and healthful

exercise. Hundreds of the London belles may be seen thus sportively employed on a fine winter's day on the Serpentine river, Hyde Park. Like buffalo hunting—the most exciting because hazardous of all sports—however, skating is attended with the occasional risk of a fall on the ice, and sometimes under it, affording the courageous skater the benefit of a cold bath, with the chance of an entailed rheumatism, if not, indeed, loss of life itself. From the suggestion of a ducking under the ice, one is naturally reminded of swimming, or voluntary bathing, than which few expedients are more conducive to health and longevity. The world is now awake to this, and even the faculty are found frank enough to confess the fact, and recommend frequent ablutions. Our object being simply to take a swift survey of the recreative pursuits of mankind, we shall not be expected to offer any thing touching the art and mystery of any. The important utility, in cases of accident, of being able to swim, every one knows, but every one does not acquire the art notwithstanding; yet it is easy of attainment, and also adds much to the pleasure of bathing.—Cramps, crabs, and the chance of becoming food for fishes, are among the doubtful attractions of old Neptune: healthfulness and vigor to the young, and rejuvenescence to the aged, as well as a delicious physical enjoyment, while in his rough embraces, are among the positive pleasures.

Tennis was a favorite game among the Romans; it is less in vogue in modern times, Cricket having to some extent usurped its place. The latter is a peculiarly English pastime; it is much more frequently indulged in Europe than in this country. All classes play at it in England; some years past there was a strong contest between eleven Greenwich pensioners, with only one leg a piece, against an equal number of their brethren, who were minus an arm, but the one-legged boys won. As with many other English sports, females often join the band of cricketers: some time ago there was a match played between an equal number of married and unmarried females; in which the matrons came off victors. Among the pastimes of the people, we ought to refer to dancing—the most universal, as well as one of the most ancient of all. During the earlier ages it was invested with the sanctity of a religious rite—the Levitical law of the Jews requiring it to be exhibited at the celebration of their solemn feasts; the psalms of David make frequent allusions to the practice, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some of the learned in Biblical criticism, that every psalm had its appropriate dance attached to it. In the temples at Jerusalem, Alexandria, and elsewhere in the East, a stage was erected for these exercises, called the choir—a term still retained in our churches and now appropriated to the singers. The Greeks and Romans adopted dancing at their festivals after their ancestors, and the practice has continued uninterruptedly down to our own times. Even the red men of the forest have their various dances, devoted to the seasons, hunting and war; and we might include the dancing Methodists, and the Shakers, in the category, as well as our modern theatrical performances of the ballet, the more private waltz and polka, &c.

As a recreative entertainment, dancing has much to recommend it to preference, as well as its tendency to develope the grace and poetry of motion; and although some cherish scruples as to its moral influence upon society, in itself strictly considered, no valid exceptions, it is believed, can be taken against a pastime so admirably suited to conduce to the refined enjoyment, as well as physical improvement of society. There are numerous domestic games and pastimes which might be mentioned, peculiar to past times and the present; it may suffice simply to name the following—chess and cards—both obtaining a preference as intellectual and interesting pastimes for the social circle. An instance of chess upon a large scale is recorded of Don John of Austria, who had a room in his palace which had a pavement of checkered white and black marble; upon this living men, in varied costumes, moved under his directions, according to the laws of chess. It is also related of a Duke of Weimar, that he had squares of black and white marble on which he played at chess with real soldiers. A game at chess involves sometimes a severe test of temper; it is said the Swedish maidens used formerly to try the mettle of their husbands elect at the chess table, and that this ordeal decided their fate in the affair of matrimony. Of billiards, dice, and other games usually associated with the practice of gambling, as well as of theatricals in general, it is not necessary to speak, they being already familiar to the reader. In closing our desultory sketch therefore, we may remark that mankind in every age has evinced their peculiar characteristics by their pastimes no less than their graver pursuits, and that relaxation from toil, the common inheritance, is indispensable to our very nature. In the words of the poet:

“We trifle all; and he who best deserves,
Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
Follows my pen—or what am I who write?
Both triflers!”

Hoping the courteous reader will not take umbrage at the insinuation, we take our leave in the eloquent words of Alison, whose apology must commend itself to all:

“It were unjust and ungrateful to conceive that the amusements of life are altogether forbidden by its beneficent Author. They serve, on the contrary, important purposes in the economy of life, and are destined to produce important effects both upon our happiness and character. They are ‘the wells of the desert;’ the kind resting-places in which toil may relax, in which the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes.—They are, in another view, of some importance to the dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusement, there is generally some display of taste and of imagination; some elevation of the mind from mere animal indulgence.

“Even in the scenes of relaxation, therefore, they have a tendency to preserve the dignity of human character, and to fill up the vacant and unguarded hours of life with occupations, innocent at least, if not virtuous. But their principal effect perhaps is upon the social character of man.—Whenever amusement is sought, it is in the society

of our brethren ; and whenever it is found, it is in our sympathy with the happiness of those around us. It bespeaks the disposition of benevolence, and it creates it. When men assemble, accordingly, for the purpose of general happiness or joy, they exhibit to the thoughtful eye one of the most pleasing appearances of their original character. They leave behind them, for a time, the faults of their station and the asperities of their temper ; they forget the secret views and the selfish purposes of their ordinary life, and mingle with the crowd around them with no other view than to receive and communicate happiness. It is a spectacle which it is impossible to observe without emotion ; and while the virtuous man rejoices at that evidence which it affords of the benevolent constitution of his nature, the pious man is apt to bless the benevolence of that God who thus makes the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and whose wisdom renders even the hours of amusement subservient to the cause of virtue. It is not, therefore, the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them ; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued ; when the love of amusement degenerates into a passion ; and when, from being an occasional indulgence, it becomes a habitual desire."

THE FIRST DEAD.

BY L. G. A.

At dewey eve they

Sought the absent one. The mellow hues of
Sunset's fading light was lingering still
On young Earth's beauty, ripe with its fruits and
Flowers—making her look mature in loveliness
Even as now. The moving foliage
And the elastic branch, seemed conscious of
Their power to whisper forth their melody.
The low, deep sound of Eden's gliding river
Rose up in murmur's loud and full, and every
Bird of evening song was pouring out glad
Notes of joy. No outward sign of woe prophetic
Lay on their hearts to make them sad as on
They walked, breathing the pure sweet air rejoicing
In the blessings that were left them still.

In the dim distance,

By a sheltering tree, they saw the altars
Where their son's had been to morning worship—
The fresh ripe fruits lay still on one—and from
The other rose the faintly curling smoke,
So long since early sacrifice.

They had not learned the
Power of sad forboding yet, nor dreamed
That aught of evil had detained those first
Born Sons of Time from their loved bower of home
So cool—so fair—so bright with early love.

They sought the field of

Toil, where earth first knew that curse fulfilled
Which doomed the race to weariness and care—
And there upon the sod, stretched out and bleeding,
Like a victim slain—cold, pale, and lying
In a cruel death—they found a son beloved—
The first poor sufferer of their bitterest doom !

The tears of grief, in scalding

Drops, burst forth from eyes that ne'er had looked
On death—and could not know the tyrant's power
To quench the light of life, and leave the noble
Form, a sad, deserted thing ! Upon the
Low, unconscious one, the first warm tears of
Deep bereavement fell—bathing the form, the
Earth, with anguish drops of woe !

The loss of Eden

Was a joy to this—so heavy was the
Blow that crushed them now. In those pierced
Hearts, wrangled the bitter thought of their own
Guilt which brought this painful scene—this first
Of all Death-sorrows down to earth !

'Twas there they felt the

Full, deep import of the curse of sin—and
There they realized those fearful words spoken
In Paradise—" *That thou shalt surely die.*"

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

SATURDAY MORNING, 23d.

Oh, dear—oh, dear, now!—I wonder if any body can know in this world, two hours beforehand, what is to become of one? I suppose it is different in your sphere, Thalia? You all live so long, I suppose it takes things a long time to come to pass. That must be pleasant, I think. One does not often stand there, with a whirling head and leaden heart, to see their well-devised plans all set at naught, and their affairs all going topsyturvy, does one? One does not there fold one's hands closely on one's breast, saying complacently—"Yes, I, myself, will keep myself," and then find suddenly. But wait and see what one sometimes finds suddenly here amongst us mortals—what I have found.

It was pleasant at the seminary, meeting so many good, intelligent friends made glad by our coming; going through the cabinet filled with minerals, shells, corals, Indian relics, and so many curiosities from so many lands; peeping into the drawing-room, where were a dozen young ladies at work, some with crayons, some with water-colors; overlooking the well-stocked reading room, together with many other rooms; and hearing wherever we went the hum of youthful voices in recitation, mingling with the joyful chorus of a hundred birds in the grand old woods that flank the seminary buildings.

It was good with Prof. S—— and his dearest, best, most deeply sensible of all wives. The professor was as jocose as a lark in the morning. He had many new scientific works with richly colored illustrations to show us. He had been himself preparing an abridged rhetoric from which I must hear him read specimens. He must try me at dinner whether I was forgetting my Latin, by asking me simple questions in that language.—How he shook his fat sides, and how they all laughed at my oddly-devised answers!

It was good at Col. C——'s, in his beautiful house with windows overlooking the foaming river and the village; and especially out in his beautiful grounds. No one has so large a yard and garden, filled with such varieties of rare and excellent plants, shrubs, ornamental and fruit trees. No one is more amiable than his young wife, with her simple, sincere manners, and her sweet voice both in speaking and singing; no one gives promise of a nobler manhood than the colonel himself. If only his early and easily-won honors do not make him forget, that, for all he has acquired so much, he has in truth but just started, but just begun his part on this "the battle field of life;" if, when the times come "that try men's souls"—as often they must in political life—if then he does not rather stay snugly within, complacently eyeing his forensic abilities and successes, his sinecures independent of all slight fluctuations in politics, when he *should* be abroad opposing the destructive current, braving the storm. I shall say this to the ex-treasurer, and ask him if he does not think the same.

I shall ask him if Gen. W—— does, as they say, dodge all really important votes by escaping at the south door of the House, lest he compromise himself in some of his conflicting pledges given when he was under nomination. And I shall look in his face and see whether he is at all conscious of this same dodging propensity in himself.

In the evening the hall was crowded; so that if a couple would move arm in arm they must go sidewise; if one would see what was going on a few feet away, one must stand on tiptoe. The tickets were sold for twenty-five cents each. The use of the hall was given by the landlord; the supper was contributed by generous individuals, so that there will be no outlay but for books. The whole "Family Library" and many other series can be bought up with the profits of this single movement. Shares will be sold and let immediately, and the proceeds applied for the purchase of more books, so that the success of the library is no longer a problem. Do you, dear Thalia, have the experiment tried at Olympus; and! make the bachelors contribute the fruit and confections! Don't let the measure be at all stinted! *We* don't.

I saw little of G—— until supper.

"Stay now with me a minute," said he, putting himself before me when I would cross over to Mrs. C——: "I want you."

"To-morrow, to-morrow; but to-night I want myself," said I, with a sigh and a laugh.

He relinquished my hand with a sigh and a smile. I made my way to Mrs. C——.

I am thinking that if you were here now, Thalia, sitting on the opposite side of my little table, something like this would pass between us:

Thalia. What—how did you dress, I wonder? you who never will take any thought what you shall wear, or how you shall wear it.

Susy. I wore my dead-leaf brown dress and a wrought under-handkerchief, the later given me by sister S——.

Thalia. Oh, Venus! a dead-leaf brown to so large a party!

Susy. Madame Cotton—the distinguished and sensible Madame Cotton almost *always* wore a dead-leaf brown for full dress.

Thalia. For full dress! this amuses me. But, dearest, this is not a hundred years ago, nor is it six years ago. Six years ago it would have been more allowable; for then the browns were *a-la-mode*. And—now I think of it! do you know? have you not read how this same odd lady was once laughed at by a stranger-companion for this dead-leaf dress of hers?

Susy. I have read all about it, and how he was put to shame by her unruffled dignity, and especially by learning afterwards whom he had insulted. I had the advantage of Madame Cotton. All who were present knew me, and knew moreover that I do not trouble myself; and so they did not trouble themselves about me.

Said the over-dressed Mrs. B—— to me—

"I declare I never saw any thing like it! You are at so little trouble; and yet no one is so liked and followed as you are."

Thalia. Are you always going to wear the dead-leaf dress until you are as old—as old as Madame Cotton was when she died?

Susy. No indeed! It will be covered with spots and in strings—or it would if I liked it and wore it. But it always hangs in my wardrobe; and I wear, when dressed, white or black. It was not warm enough for white; it was too warm for my camlet; and my silk was ripped for alterations—to be made larger so that I can turn myself half round in it.

Thalia. (*With enthusiasm.*) Ah, white! white! wear white; merino in winter, muslin in summer. This, with the geraniums, or roses, you always manage to have about you, will make you passable, homely as it must be confessed that you are, and negligent. I hope your under-handkerchief, as you call it, was—

Susy. It was altogether rich and beautiful I do assure you; just sent by my sister S——, from the capital.

Thalia. I hope you wore flowers, or something—

Susy. Flowers; a velvet rose and geraniums, given to me by Mrs. Col. C——. And they were as delicate as you can think, lying partly over the rich embroidery, and partly over the folds of my brown dress, which, believe me, made a most excellent back ground.

Thalia. Perhaps so. But wear white after this; and don't forget the under handkerchief, as you call it. Be sure you don't forget the flowers. I want you to show people that—

Susy. This I will never do! I will never show people anything. I will wear white because I feel that it is suitable for me; because I can go where I please with it, since to wash and repair does not spoil it. I will wear flowers, because flowers and I cannot live apart. But for the rest—good morning, Miss Thalia. When you come again don't drag the "people" in between us.—Because then there will be vastly too many for this little room; and you and they must go and leave me to what comes next. This, as you shall see, when to-night you come in and read what I have written, is, first a story of the ring in the cake, and then a love-passage, one of those the most heart-disturbing of all the passages that occur in the grand march by which we move onward.

[*Exit Thalia.*]

Rap, rap, rap, went the fingers of the Master of Ceremonies on the table; when supper was nearly over, and every voice, every step, was hushed in a moment.

"Hear," said he, "hear what the oracle proclaimeth. Within that loaf of cake is concealed a ring of gold and precious stones; and whosoever findeth it, to him or to her it is a symbol of the marriage ring; and a sign that, of all this goodly assemblage, he or she, whoever the finder may be, shall of a surety be the first married, the first to put on the wedding-ring."

Murmured cheers and the soft patter of toes went through the assembly at this announcement.

Esq. T——, the Master of Ceremonies, Col.

C——, Prof. S——, Mr. L——, and their several ladies were standing with our party—that is, our family, including the ex-treasurer—at table. Esq. T—— would pass the ring-loaf. Prof. S—— would see that our party all had slices; he would see that between G—— and myself there was but one slice.

"No, no, no!" laughing and blushing said I; for I began already to be suspicious of preconcerted measures between the Professor and Esq. T——, to bring the ring to our lot.

"No, no! Esq. T——!" I repeated, as the gentleman went off with the basket, after seeing deposited on G's plate a slice that was to serve him and me.

"Yes, yes!" said G——, Prof. S——, and twenty others; so "yes" it was. But I was in the greatest trepidation, and at first would not taste the cake. It was only a minute, however. I had only to think that I need not be so choked with the ring, since as yet I had not swallowed it; and to determine that if it came to us I would not be thunder-struck in the least; but sport, as much of it as ever Prof. S—— and Esq. T—— could reasonably desire, should come out of it. I fell to eating greedily, therefore, so that G—— was likely to get far less than his share. Prof. S—— laughed with the rest, pretended a great curiosity in the developments of his own and his neighbors' cake; but I could see that not for a moment did he let go his vigilance over our movements.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" I half-laughed and half-shrieked when I actually found the "ring of gold and precious stones" in my fingers. Such laughter in our immediate neighborhood! such going on tip-toe through the rest of the room!

Rap, rap, rap! again; and again the profoundest silence, when the oracle sprang into a chair and thus he spake:

"Between Edward Gould, Esquire, and Miss Susan L—— the ring lieth; and thus it is foreshadowed what the Fates intend."

Heavens! with my hands closed over my ears, I sprang and hid behind Prof. S—— while it was going on, the announcement and the half-deafening cheers that followed.

"Go to the piano," whispered I to Mrs. C——. "Sing the 'May Queen.'"

The piano was near; and in an instant she struck that noble prelude. She plays it with a deal of feeling. The moment she begins, she is herself the May Queen, sitting there in her simplicity and joy. I have heard it many times; and the moment she began, my thoughts went onward to the time when "health is gone," when, in the most plaintive and thrilling of all the tones that ever yet have touched my ear, she sings—

"I only wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high,
I long to see a flower so before the day I die."

And farther still, when the flowers have come and she still lives on—

"Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise.
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

Oh look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow !
He shines upon a hundred fields and all of them I know !
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.
O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done,

The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest."

It was nothing to me then, the ring, "the symbol" and "the sign," the murmur that still went on among those unimpressed by the music, the curious eyes turned to me to see how I would carry myself through the lot that had fallen on me. I heard, I felt only the music. I know that I took G—'s arm, that he slipped the ring on my finger; that now I was ready to die with the May Queen; and then light and exultant as a bird, over the immortality that awaited her so near, over the youth and health, the never-fading flowers and fields she would find "within the light of God." I know that I wept as I always do, as I always shall if I hear it sung a hundred times; and that once I heard G— sigh close by my ear.

[Enter Maria. Susy ! I have brought you some hot chocolate and toast; and you must eat it.—Your mother says that you didn't eat enough yesterday and this morning to keep a bird alive; and that she shall let you go to no more parties, and have no more, if they affect you in this way.—Mrs. George is down stairs. She "guesses its 'cause that Mr. G— is gone yesterday and to-day. She thinks 't likely 'nough 'at he's kind o' sarce and cheese, and gravy ter yer victuals, when he's here."

Susy. What time is it?

Maria. Ten o'clock; and your mother says you ought not to write any more. Letters all day yesterday and journal all this morning—you are as pale as a ghost. And your hair, Susy—they will be here in two hours, even if they went to the upper part of the lake. This is what Hal and Mr. G— both said, you know.

Susy. Yes; and so please, good Maria, go now and let me finish my writing.

Maria. And be sure you eat your luncheon; if you don't I will tell Mr. G— what Mrs. George says about his being the "sarce, cheese and gravy of your victuals."

[Exit Maria.

Hal's fellow-student, young M—, would come round our way and bring Hal home from the party. This would leave more room in the carriage for G— and me; and, moreover, he wanted to talk with Hal about going to Hanover. I looked imploringly to Hal; but he did not see it; he was settling himself in his hat, and G— hurried me to the carriage. It was the most glorious of all the nights there have ever been; it was so blue, clear and still! I could feel nothing but supreme pleasure in it, if I was thwarted, if I was left alone with G—. And how happy was he! He would let his horse walk all the way, as he seemed inclined, that the time might be longer; for soon, in three days at the farthest, he must go back to the capital. And then he would not know what to do with himself, he

would miss me so much at every hour, he was happy in being in the same house with me, in knowing that I was near. Ah, I was a dear, dear Susy! He held my hand, keeping it at his lips as he talked; and, as breathlessly he listened to the few words I had to say, his voice and his whole manner were agitated. I felt that he trembled, as now he held my hand close to his heart.

"A dear, dear hand—a dear, dear hand!" said he. "Let it be mine, Susy! Oh, let it be mine!"

I could not speak. I sighed and trembled; he took me tenderly to him, and made me lean on him.

We were now almost home, and still we were silent. I attempted to release myself from his arm; but he held me the closer.

"No, no! Say that you will be mine. I can no longer bear this uncertainty. You have been my chosen from the first hour that I saw you. But I have seen how it was; I have waited in the hope that upon longer acquaintance you would regard me more favorably. Oh, tell me! has not that time come?—or, at least," continued he after a pause, finding that I did not speak, "at least tell me why you weep. Am I not worthy?"

"I weep because I am not worthy of you; because I am unfit for any man's wife, and always shall be. I never can—I have tried it enough to know—I never can be careful and systematic. I shall always waste and destroy things. I shall always have dust and clutter; and you—you who are so tidy that not a speck of dust can find a resting-place on you—you would go distracted and I should die of discouragement."

I cried and laughed together as I talked, and when I was through G— laughed; he laughed outrageously, and asked if *that* was all, if it was for *that* I had distressed myself and him. He knew what he had chosen. He knew perfectly all my ways, my superiority to trifling annoyances, and my easy, cheerful temper, that—if I only loved him, if I only loved him as he, did me—would make my own life and his so full of sunshine.

We were at our own door.

"Say 'yes,' one little, dear, 'yes,'" entreated he as he helped me out.

"Wait—wait until—"

"Have I not waited? am I not already tired of this? Say 'yes.'"

"Wait until you come back from the lake.—Wait two days."

"Good night, then," he sighed, bending a moment over my hand. Hal came out to help him unharness and I retreated immediately to my room.

The next day came, in the morning, preparations for company; in the evening, company; and when at a late hour they left, I called out my "Good night, good G—," from the stairs where I was already on the way to my room.

"Good night, you *bad* Susy," answered he, looking after me, half in reproach, half in laughter.

I have not seen him since; for early yesterday morning, before any in the house except Jem and Maria were stirring, they started for the village, where they were to be joined by a large party for fishing and hunting at the lake. And soon they

will be here ; and soon—they come ! I see them away on the hill.

EVENING, May 25th.

G—— is gone ; and I will confess it, all I want to think or write of is he. I would rather not eat, sleep, or talk, it is so much better than any of these, thinking of him. I love him dearly, that is clear ; but not as I have always thought I would love the man whom I could willingly, proudly call my husband. He, my ideal husband, is considerably taller than G—— ; with a broader chest ; a broader, fairer forehead ; with a firm, a noble gait ; and an eye so full of kindness and care for me, his every way inferior wife ! I look up to him in every sense of the phrase. I can bear to be less than he ; can bear that he correct, advise and improve me. If I weep over my faults and his corrections, it is more than half in joy because I am so dear to him, that he will take the trouble to find what faults there are in me. And I cling to his suggestions as I go continually climbing up, up to his perfection. He sees that there are greater things than an immaculate wardrobe, immaculate rooms. Hence he has grease spots and dust on his coat sometimes. Sometimes he ties his cravat considerably on one side. He leaves his papers round, cannot tell where on earth to find them ; would sometimes forget to eat and to sleep if I did not hold him in my keeping. Thus I must continually be seeing to him and his affairs. Thus my one great fault is corrected, through having no one to watch me, who in this respect

"Hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly,"

Such is the man that has come in with his stately, quiet tread between me and all competitors for my favor—until these last few days when he has yielded his place to G——. But now—alas for G——!—here he is again between us, awry cravat, grease spots and all ; looking utter unconsciousness that his cravat is not as correct as his life, his cloth as pure as his heart. Bless him ! I have never seen him but in this ideal way. Probably I never shall see him. But if he were to come in his own proper person, I feel that I should no longer say to G——, "Wait." And yet it would half kill me to say, No ; he is so good ! he loves me so well ! and is in so many respects dear to me ! But—now let me marshal his defects, his relative defects I mean ; those which make him unfit for *my* husband. I will begin with the least ; and, in the first place, I do not like his form. He is not large enough for me who am so tall. His gait is shuffling and unsteady. His hair is abominable—smooth and shining, every spear lying close to his head until we come to the foretop, which is folded back on the head, stiff and regular like a starched collar over a cravat. If the young breezes are ever so frolicsome they never venture to play with *his* hair. They pass him, and, wheugh ! what lively times they have with mine ! I dislike his dress. Like his hair, nothing ever interferes with it ; nothing ever puts it the least out of order. He makes a study of it ; he has pride in it. This would please some ladies he might find. To me it is contemptible in a

man ! His character is in keeping with the outward man. It is conservative and stiff ; fashioned by a model that *he* approves, to be re-modeled by no revolutions of the times, the manners, the general conviction, the general taste. It gives no play to new circumstances ; holds no parley with Truth as she comes round, giving new theories, new precepts for our onward march, lighting up new mysteries which, as we go, still open before us. And I fancy I see signs that he would think it much better for people, if they would noiselessly, and without any trouble on his part, conform themselves to his standard. True, he has abundant patience with my misdemeanors ; he seems to find pleasure in them. But now they do not spoil his porridge, disarrange his rooms, or make levies upon his purse. He *may* very well laugh now and kiss the hand that does the mischief—even in the very act ; but when I am faded and dispirited by cares—as all wives must sometimes be, even in the most favorable conditions—when I blunder and fail, then will he not turn "the evil eye" on me ? or say—"Oh, Susy ! Susy ! what are you doing ? how—" ? and then, as it goes on worse and worse, in my gathering discouragement, his gathering disapprobation, will he not go out of the house slamming the door after him, only coming back very late and very sour to dinner ?

Ah ! I am thankful that, to the last, I said to him :
"Wait ; wait six months, while I am trying what I can do ; how far I can conform myself to the standard I know you would approve."

This was last evening.

"And I may write in that time as often as I please ?"

"Yes."

"And you will answer all my letters ?"

"When it is possible—when it is convenient."

"Next week you will be at the capital. I may attend you often, call on you often while you are there ?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Heavens ! how happy I shall be ! And then the mountain journey !—I would not have believed one could be so happy as I find myself every moment. I do not let myself doubt. I must have you all to myself ! I myself will decide, when the six months are past, whether you are suitable for me. I must certainly be the judge here. No one else can know what I desire."

"Yes ; I know perfectly what your home must be to be pleasant to you. I, only, must be the judge whether I can, with my easy, careless temperament, make it and myself what you would wish." I was very firm and serious. G—— fixed on me a look of supplication and pain ; but did not speak. "If I had the order and muscular energy that most people have," I continued ; "if I came even up to mediocrity in these qualities, I would not say—Wait ; I would not trouble you—and myself too ; for I too am unhappy in the uncertainty, the discouragement my deficiencies occasion."

"You are a dear, dear Susy !" answered he, with my hand to his lips, evidently well-pleased to learn that I too was troubled. "But you overrate your deficiencies. I can never conceive what has put it into your head—"

"Aunt Susy! Aunt Susy!" interrupted Howy, running into the room with Dinah in his arms, her hair streaming, and every way out of order. "I wish you would fix Dinah's hair. I can't. I've been trying ever so long! I want it curled just like yours. It's like Mrs. George's now. See!"

"So it is, Buddy Fudge. Go now and get grandfather's pipe, if he will let you have it—ask him—and I will curl Dinah's hair just like mine. Let me take Dinah."

He went off laughing and hopping, he came back laughing and hopping; he laughed and hopped all the while that I was dressing her hair.

I will let G—— see how I should manage the hair of the daughters, thought I; and straightway my heart leaped in its merriment. Now and then a hair came out as I cleared the tangled web. I let it fall just as it happened, while I watched Howy and laughed at the wry faces he made, the twists and turns he gave his head in his sympathy for Dinah.

Away went another hair, and this one brought G—— to my feet to intercept it. Then I threw them on him, lay them on his coat in stars and other insignia. And he liked it! I never saw him better pleased. If I had been scattering roses or decorating him with real badges of real distinction, he would not have found half the pleasure in it. (*Par parenthesis*, if one could only know that he would *always*, after we had been many months, many years, "man and wife," find such satisfaction in hairs on the carpet and on his dress, then one might venture with him. Do you suppose, have you any idea that he would, Thalia? I haven't.)

I heated the pipe-stem in the lamp and soon Dinah's hair was just like mine. Howy was ready to go over the house in his delight. He put his lips up for a kiss, but before he fairly got it, ran off in a great hurry to show it to all in the house.

Without saying a word, G—— bonneted and shawled me for a long stroll beneath the stars.—How good it was out! What stillness! The woods, the hills, and far-off mountains, the lands all about—what magnificence the night gave them! It was good talking with G—— of all those things. He loves them so sincerely! with such sincere reverence looks from them all up to Him who made them! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," is the law of G——'s morality. Would that this were added unto it—"and thy neighbor as thyself!" Would that he loved God's human children, and felt that sympathy for them, be they where or what they may, that he feels for his insensible creation! He looks upon the mass and upon individuals of the mass—unless they are something to *him*—as if they were "stocks and stones." They are nothing to him, he is nothing to them. He never thinks how many look after him as he "passes them by on the other side," what strength and cheer they would find in a kind look, an encouraging word. He does not know what happiness he himself would find in enlarged interests and sympathies. For myself, wherever I see a man, woman, or child, I see a soul born to struggle and pain; to sorrow, if its lot is as happy as earthly lot can be; and to joy—let its condition be ever so poor and

narrow—if the world is kind to them; if it now and then put out a friendly hand to help them; or if it only let the friendly look linger on them awhile. I have said a part of these things to G—— at different times. The first time I write to him I shall say them all together; he will comprehend them better perhaps, and see that there is something for *him* also to do; that he, in one thing, needs conformation to my model.

To-morrow morning I shall answer Cousin Julia's letter. Through my manifold writer it shall be left on these pages; and this must be all, until the tedious dress-altering and dress-making is over, and Hal and his sister Susy are in the home of the brother-in-law and the sister at the capital.

LETTER TO JULIA.

Y——, May 27, 1845.

Thanks, my cousin, that you will come! that you will come just when I most desire it! We will have pleasant times together at C—— with all the good ones there; in the shade of the noble old trees; in all the vigorous stir and movement of "session-time." It will be good watching how things go in the legislature. Such odd elements will be brought together there! such unprecedented combinations will take place! *that* will be evolved which will make one hold one's breath to see and hear; it is easy divining this.

You will go with us to the mountains. To the mountains! Oh, my God! thanks to thee for thy glorious mountains! This is what I say internally, my heart swells, and the tears come into my eyes, as often as I think that soon I shall be there again among them. Ever since I was there last season, they are before me. They loom up, up to the heavens. The stars are among them. I see the crags ready to fall above, and the clouds wrestling with the sunbeams below. And, oh, such dazzling lights, such impenetrable, awful shades, close to each other! side by side, in overpowering contrast! I see them in my dreams, more glorious, ten thousand times, than in their reality, than in my waking dreams. I thank God for this. I would not barter these recollections for the greatest paintings by the greatest masters. No painting can come near them and the conceptions that accompany them. You will say the same when you have seen them.

Now that the time is so near when we shall meet, I often lose myself conjecturing what you are like. I fancy you are as unlike as possible your lawless cousin Susan. You are more dignified and graceful; more accomplished every way. You have seen so much of city life; you have travelled so much, and in such beautiful lands, the polished and the beautiful must have taken full possession of you, of your mind and your person. Your letters are perfection. Not one law of graceful composition is ever violated; not one weak sentiment, or foolish thing is ever written. Haven't you seen how different I am? If I were writing to the Queen of Great Britain and the Indies, I should never take heed what I wrote. I should still write those things that would have "made Quintilian stare and gasp." I can imagine that there are better ways; but this is the only

one for me, I am so distressed forthwith, if I set about *revising* myself or my ways.

I must prepare you for great simplicity in my home also. See us then just as we are—in the midst of neighbors whom we love and who love us. Beautiful prospects, flowers, shrubs, vines and shade-trees, are without; within, kindness, effort to make home good and happy; the blues sometimes, sometimes passion; but sorrow for it directly, and a more careful, an humbler walk afterwards; intelligent visitors often from the villages and from other towns; books of the very highest order in the lines of sermons, essays, history, poetry and fiction; periodicals, twelve in number, and ranging in quality, from the “Knickerbocker”—brother-in-law would say from the “Harbinger,” he ranks that foremost—down to the Patriot and Statesman.

You know that we are poor. Our little farm bears us goodly portions for our barn and for our cellar; but has no mine of precious stones, you know, no tree of golden fruit; and there are so many wants! Factitious wants, utilitarians call them. I, too, in the spirit too common amongst us of bowing and saying “aye” to all sorts of axioms, I have repeated to myself and to others what has been said often of Western emigration: “If people would voluntarily deny themselves here, as they do of necessity out west, they would get rich here as easily as there.” *Apropos*, were we to deny ourselves everything but the food we *must* eat, and this of the simplest kinds; the clothes we *must* wear, and these of the cheapest fabrics; if we were to make a grand sacrifice of library, pictures, cabinet, stop our periodicals, make no journeys, allow ourselves no visitors, no mail correspondence; but, on the contrary, just bring ourselves to

“Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime,”

from January’s morning until December’s evening, then we might grow rich; we should. We should have bank-stock and rail-road scrip. We should be denying ourselves here as we would be denied out west, and cannot you imagine what poverty and leanness would come to our souls? We

would never stop then to look away there into the dark shades of the old woods, and feel our hearts grow warm and thankful as we looked. We would never go into the garden, and, stooping low, look into the blue eyes of the pimpernel, learning lessons of quiet faith in Him who clothes the heart of the flowers in beauty, not the less carefully, that He moveth the waters, ruleth the firmament and conducteth the storm. We would never read D’Israeli, Macauley, Dickens, Irving, Channing, and grow strong, loving, full of noble purpose as we read. We would “cut” our beloved, the moonlight and the splendid sun-setting, the rainbow and the dew-drops, the snow flake and wreath. We would sit within and mind those affairs that belong to woman. Our fingers should be kept flying over some kind of work—no matter what, if it were only *work*—work; and not amusement, not play of any kind whatever. We would open our eyes with eager interest only when our father computed the gains of last week in sundries sold in the market; of this week in the sale of the spavined horse for ten times his real worth. And thus on; and we would grow rich; and shrewd men would say of us—“They’re getting along swimmingly up there.—They’re trying now to buy Mr. Law’s shares in the Montreal road. But I declare it ain’t so pleasant up there as it used to be. It seems to me they ain’t taking so much comfort.”

No, Julia! Heaven knows we should not take so much comfort; and comfort I take it is life’s best commodity, because it always comes to us of enlightened consciences, in doing that which is right for *us*, with *our* tastes, our propensities, our sense of duty, enlightened by all the good precept we can gather, all the effort and prayer we can give.

Now, therefore, let me leave off this writing, and go and ask Hal to swing his hat and give three cheers for things just as they are, and three more for the progress we will henceforth make.

Thanks to good uncle and aunt that they will come; that they will bring you to us.

I am thine,

SUSAN L——.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW SOFTLY THE MOONLIGHT.

How softly the moonlight
Shades the blue sea,
Shedding her mellow light
Bright o’er the lea.

Lightly she sends a beam
On a bright wave,
Foaming the waters gleam
In their wild raves.

Gently a silver ray
Kisses the spire,

Darting back bright as day
From the gilt wire.

Slowly the silver god
Wends her bright way,
Shining on mountain sod,
Gilding the bay.

Gently the Evening Queen
Sinks to her rest,
Last of her rays are seen
Lock’d in her breast.





GEORGEY.

GEORGEY.

WHEN the engraving of the gallant Hungarian leader was prepared for our Magazine, he was almost the foremost man among the military heroes of Europe; but since then he has fallen from his commanding position as the leader of a patriot army, and it is yet to be known whether the Hungarian Georgey will be ranked among the heroes or the traitors of the world. A cloud rests upon his name; he gave up his army to the enemies of his country and has been pardoned by them, but he is one of the brave men who have struggled against tyranny during the past year in Europe, and we hesitate to brand him as a traitor to the cause of Liberty, while we are not in full possession of all the facts and motives which caused his defection to the cause which, for awhile, he so nobly served. Like Benedict Arnold, he seems to have looked forward to a position for himself more than to freedom for his country. If he was not untrue to the cause he had espoused, he was lacking in that self-sacrificing steadfastness of purpose which distinguishes the true hero from the heroic adventurer. It appears that he was not fully trusted by Kossuth, and the fact of his pardon by Austria weighs heavily against him. The despots of Europe do not pardon those whom they have cause to fear. For the honor of truth and freedom we hope that Georgey will be justified by revelations yet to be made, and that the portrait which we present our readers will prove that of a true hero, whose name can be spoken with reverence, and whose history will serve to strengthen the hands of patriots, while it palsies the arm of tyranny. The portrait of Georgey is copied from an authentic picture of the gallant Hungarian, and will convey a correct idea of his *physique* and costume.

At the best it seems to have been a mere personal ambition which induced Georgey to embark in the hazardous cause of Hungarian Independence. He was not bred a soldier, but was a man of science, his acquirements and his talents were of the first order, but he lacked the genius, the clear sightedness, sagacity, the high heroic quality which made Kossuth the leader of his countrymen, and which can alone fit a man to be the deliverer of his people. He was not a Moses, nor a William Tell, nor a Cromwell, nor a Washington.—Real heroes have not been so numerous, but they may be counted on your fingers. Lord Byron, in his wicked poem of Don Juan, says: "I want a hero, an uncommon want;" but there is no want more difficult to supply. During the past two years a mushroom crop of heroes have been gathered in Europe, they sprung up like toad-stools all over the hot beds of corruption, but how few among them all proved genuine. France, which made such promises in the beginning, has added nothing to the stock of heroic greatness; her mushroom heroes all proved wanting in fibre when they were tested. Germany has done no better; Italy has sunk back into indolent despotism; priests and princes still reign supreme in that land of promise; the Pope has regained his throne in

Rome; and Hungary, the last strong-hold which gave hopes of a successful resistance to the combined powers of tyranny, has at last been lost to freedom by the weakness, if not by the treachery, of the man whose portrait we had selected as

"One of the few, the immortal names
That are not born to die."

But the only great name that remains to the world out of the army of heroes, whose deeds startled the world but a fortnight back, is that of Kossuth, who, in his defeat, is still a hero.

"And he, let come what will of woe,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack herds, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice, shall haunt his grave."

Kossuth having resigned his authority into the hands of Georgey, the latter immediately resigned his army and the rights of the Magyars to the Russian General. The following proclamation to the nation, was the last official act of the military leader:

GEORGEY TO THE NATION.

CITIZENS: The Provisional Government exists no more. The Governor and Minister have voluntarily retired from office. Under these circumstances it becomes necessary to establish a Military Dictatorship, which, together with the Chief Civil power, I provisionally assume. Citizens: Whatever can be done for the country, under these adverse circumstances, I will do, either in war, or in the way of peace, as need shall require; in all cases, however, I will act so, that the sacrifices which have been borne may be mitigated, and that persecutions, cruelties and murder may cease. Citizens: the state of things is extraordinary, the blows of fate are crushing; in such a situation calculation beforehand is not possible.—My only advice and wish is that you should retire quietly to your habitations; and that you should not mix yourselves up with resistance and battles, even when the enemy is in possession of your town; for you can, according to the greatest probability, only obtain security for your persons and property by remaining quiet in your homes, and attending to your civil occupations. Citizens: Whatever fate God, in His inscrutable decrees, destines for us, we will resign ourselves with manly resolution to bear, upheld by the inspiring consciousness that the true right can never, through all eternity, be lost. Citizens! God with us.

ARTHUR GEORGEY.

In his letter to General Klapka, announcing the termination of the struggle for national independence, he says:

"I am a Hungarian. I love my country above all things, and I followed the dictates of my heart, which urged me to restore peace to my poor and ruined country, and thus to save it from perdition. General, this is the motive of what I did at Világosh. Posterity will judge me.

THE WILD HORSE AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It was in the spring of 1837. In front of Fort Gibson, a military post, situated on the borders of the Indian territory, a number of officers there in garrison, were amusing themselves with games, races, foot-ball, shooting and boxing, and they seemed heartily to enjoy the bright sunny day, which after long storms called the flowers upon the prairie again, and decorated the fruit trees, with their first blossoms.

Suddenly an Indian, mounted upon a splendid snow-white stallion, was seen galloping towards them, along the bank of the Arkansas, close to the edge of the stream; he checked the foaming, smoking animal near the group, which soon gathered around him, admiring both horse and horseman. He had caught the beast only two days before upon the prairie, where it was roaming in native wildness, and he was riding, as he said, toward the settlements, in order to barter it for the commodities with which the poor savage had once been unacquainted, but which now, alas, are indispensable to him.

"What! to the settlements?" cried a captain of dragoons, named Brown, as soon as he heard of the red man's purpose. "You are going to the settlements, Kolibri? The d—! what would the people there do with such a noble animal? Come here, Indian, I will buy him of you, but—you must first shoot me a buffalo, from his back, without losing your seat. If you can do that, I will give you the half of what you ask, and my double-barrelled gun into the bargain. What say you?"

A smile of mockery played over the Indian's lips as he listened to these conditions. Lose his seat! The thought was an insult, and his vanity was doubly irritated at hearing a white man cast a doubt upon his horsemanship.

"Let the Longknife," he replied, gloomily, "ride this mustang only a single time, before that buffalo skin, that is spread out yonder, and if he does not then kiss his mother, I will try what I can do upon the skin that covers the live buffalo."

"Good! excellent!" cried the bystanders; and Captain Brown, with a laugh, accepted the Indian's challenge.

"Good, Kolibri!" he said, while his servant brought a saddle and bridle. "I will do what I can; but as you understand how to manage horses better than any white man that I ever saw, I should like to have you put this gear upon the restive creature."

The Indian smiled grimly at the flattery, beckoned to one of the soldiers to step forward, and directed him to hold the horse's head, while, in spite of his kicking and plunging, he put saddle and bridle upon the rearing, stamping animal.—He then took the horse by the bridle, but murmured with a scornful glance at the saddle—"Bad

thing to spare horse—bad thing to spare rider—white man's invention plagues man and beast!"

In the meanwhile Brown, who was an excellent horseman, having, with an experienced glance, satisfied himself that every thing was in order, grasped the bridle, and leaped lightly into the saddle.

The Indian, at once, set the snorting beast at liberty, and it bounded away like the wind, leaping and plunging, as if resolved to unseat its rider. But the bridle was in the hands of a master; it was, in truth, a charming spectacle to see the prudence, firmness and dexterity with which the captain initiated the noble, but restive animal into the mysteries of the snaffle. After its headlong fire had somewhat abated, and before he touched it with the spur, he rode it slowly and quietly back and forth across the prairie, and Kolibri watched, with admiring satisfaction, the skill and gentleness with which the captain managed the untutored beast.

After having ridden the horse around in a wide circle, Captain Brown galloped back towards the spectators, and then turned the animal's head, suddenly and sharply, toward the frame, pointed out by the Indian, upon which hung a fresh and still bleeding buffalo skin, spread out to dry. It is true, a slight elevation of the soil, as yet, prevented the horse from seeing it, but he, doubtless, scented it; for he stopped short, snorting and stamping, and drew in his finely arched neck.—But a practised and skilful horseman like Captain Brown cared but little for the fear or anger of the foaming stallion; a slight touch of the spur sent him leaping furiously forward, and, at the third bound, he found himself close and directly before the object of his aversion and terror.

For a moment a cloud of dust hid man and horse; when it disappeared, Captain Brown was seen as firmly seated in the saddle as ever.

Laughing, he now galloped back the flying steed to his comrades, and gave the bridle into the hands of the Indian, who stroked and patted the animal and led him carefully, to and fro, upon the plain.

"The savage has acquired a good idea of your horsemanship, captain!" said one of the officers; "he was astonished and delighted to see you manage the beast so well."

"Yet it is singular," replied Brown, "that so shrewd an Indian does not seem to understand how to anticipate the movements of his horse, as well as a white man, who is a practised rider.—All he thinks of is, to guide and restrain his beast, to keep his seat, and to shoot game from the back of the animal, when at full speed—while, perhaps, at the very moment, that he leans to one side for this purpose, the horse starts toward the other, and then he is almost sure to be thrown."

"I do not quite comprehend you," said the officer, who had been educated at the military school at West Point, and who had but lately been transferred to these distant Western regions.

"Well, listen then!" said Brown; "when, for example, you bend sidewise from the saddle, to take aim at any object, while riding at full speed, and the horse 'shies' toward the other side, or leaps backward, it is pretty plain that horse and man must part."

"But how do you explain that? I do not understand—"

"Explain to me first," said Brown, "how it is that you can place a glass, filled with water, in a bucket, and swing it around your head, without spilling a drop?"

"Why, the water keeps its place by the pressure of the atmosphere, and the centrifugal force."

"And the rider loses his place exactly by the same law," replied Brown, drily.

"You will find it hard to prove that," replied the young officer, warmly. "The glass is an inanimate body; a man, on the contrary, is a living being, endowed with motion; he can change his position, and accommodate his movements to those of the horse. If your remark is more than a mere supposition, we should certainly find it confirmed in the works of the old masters, and still, I have never heard of this rule, neither have I ever seen it represented in any paintings in the chief cities of Europe."

"I have never crossed the Atlantic," replied Brown, modestly, "and, except the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the battle of New Orleans, which hang in my quarters, I have never seen many pictures or *works*, as you call them. The New York Spirit of the Times sends us, now and then, pictures of horses, down here in this region. But stay! now that you talk of old paintings, I remember one that I saw once; it was on one of those floating Museums, as they call them, on the Mississippi. But if you believe all that you see on those things, you would believe that the moon was a cheese. There were Indians with woolly heads like niggers, and bears with long tails; now people that paint men and bears in that way, can't know much about horses."

"An old painting, in a floating Museum, on the Mississippi?" cried the young lieutenant from West Point, shocked at the ignorance of his superior officer.

"To be sure, and a very old one too," rejoined the captain. "The gilt frame around it was as black as my hat, and the picture itself looked as if it had lain, time out of mind, in tobacco juice."

"A painting of one of the old masters?" cried the young man, unable to recover from his astonishment.

"Why, to own the truth," replied Brown, "I did not take much trouble to find out who had painted it, but it was old enough, and belonged to an old fellow; so far as I know or care, it may have been painted by one of his grandfather's niggers—it's like enough."

A sudden exclamation from Kolibri interrupted this grave dissertation upon art and artists; he was pointing toward the horizon. The officers had scarcely looked in the direction toward which

his arm was extended, when the joyous cry—"Buffaloes! by all that lives! a herd of buffaloes!" echoed from mouth to mouth.

"It is impossible!" cried Captain Brown.—

"By heaven, it can't be! Thunder and lightning! so near, at this season. My horse here, my lad! Quick, fellow! buffaloes so near the fort at this time of the year. Glorious! and, in fact, the cloud of dust yonder is almost too thick for a band of traders. What say you to it, Kolibri, what say you, Indian?"

The young warrior had, in the meanwhile, removed the saddle and bridle from the noble animal, and before replying he leaped upon its back, and gazed attentively across the prairie.

"Speak, Indian! speak!" exclaimed the captain, with increasing impatience, "what sees Kolibri?"

"He sees Captain Brown's double barrelled gun in his wigwam, and much buffalo meat for the soldiers before sundown."

"Away then!" exclaimed Brown, springing quickly into the saddle. "If that's the case, I must keep as close as possible to this white mustang to see how he stands the trial."

The Indian slackened the bridle to his wild horse, and Captain Brown, who was admirably mounted, spurred closely upon the traces of the chief.

Followed by the remaining officers, they soon reached the herd, which, on perceiving their assailants, at once took to flight. The horses gained upon them, however. Kolibri seemed, at first, to have selected a fat young cow for his victim, but, from a feeling of pride, he scorned the easy prey, and spurred furiously after the leader of the buffaloes, an enormous bull. By thus aiming at the head of the herd he caused the beasts to disperse, in wild confusion, over the plain, and the chase became scattered. But, in the midst of this disorder, Kolibri still pursued the victim that he had selected. He spurred his steed along its flanks, waiting for a favorable opportunity to shoot.—Three times he had raised his bow, but as often, husbanding his arrows in true Indian-wise, he had refrained, seeking a sure and deadly aim.

The herd now plunged across a marshy spot of ground, and the Indian's horse, although not wearied, had lost somewhat of its wild impetuosity, and obeyed more willingly the sure hand of its rider. Dashing through the breaking reeds, at the side of the enormous animal, the noble beast found dry and firm soil beneath his feet, almost at the same moment that the buffalo extricated itself from the marsh, but, on reaching solid ground, the latter seemed to have gained new courage; it wheeled suddenly, and lowering its shaggy head towards its pursuer, it, in its turn, became the assailant.

This movement determined the chief to shoot. Never had an Indian taken surer aim, never had a bowstring been drawn with a firmer hand, never did more agile limbs press the flanks of a noble, wildly rushing steed—when, on the right hand, a second buffalo, which the officers were hunting before them, dashed onward close behind him; but the Indian had an eye for his victim alone.—Raising his bow, he drew the string to his shoulder,

and the deadly arrow pierced the heart of the wild animal, the shaft burying itself in the flesh to its feather head. At the very moment that the bold son of the prairie took a mortal aim at his enemy, and, bending sideways to the right, dispatched his fatal weapon, his steed, already affrighted at the tumult around him, scented the buffalo that was thundering onward in his rear.—With a sudden, trembling start he leaped aside to

the left, and the chief, forgetting his seat at the moment, or, perhaps, unable to preserve it, was hurled, from the saddle, upon the horns of the furious animal, which was now in the act of passing him.

The next moment Captain Brown reached him, but all was over. Near the dead buffalo lay the pride of his nation, the young and dauntless chieftain of the Cumanches. His blood was mingled with that of his victim.

THE PRAYER.

BY ENNA.

SUNRISE was not yet gilding the glittering dew drops upon the tendrils of the vine, the sweet odours of the deep, choral tubes of the woodbine, stole softly to the couch of the sleeping girl, and the note of her own crumb-fed bird was bidding her come forth and look upon the young buds, which the gentle softness of the night had brought into maturity. It was a morning of tranquil loveliness, the misty vapour was curling and dissipating upon the hill-side—the dark, deep pond lay unrippled at the foot, while the red and purple clouds were rising higher and higher above the tall trees, as the glorious king of the morning sent forth his heralds to proclaim his coming. The air was vocal with the early matin, the cock with his shrill clarion marshaled his barn-yard train, the robin piped his lay, and the lark soared as if to greet the majesty of day-spring.

The cot of Helen Lee was far up in a quiet glen, and no sounds, save those of labor, had ever troubled the feathery and bright company among the great branches of the old wood—little robins had built their nests in familiar places about the mossy eaves, and the fish hawks cradled their young in the grey pines; beneath, the wild grape in natural drapery formed the sweetest bower, and hung its rich fruit quite in the little window of the maidens bed-chamber. She arose, and quickly arranging the toilet where vanity had no voice, noiselessly threw open the lattice that had shut out her little winged songster, and, in the companionship of nature's ministers, held communion with her God. The little bird, who had so jealously disturbed the slumbers of the early dawn, had flitted upon her shoulder, and, softly folding its wings, stilled its notes as the voice of sincerity lay its small offering of gratitude upon the altar which no eye hath seen. Lovingly the words of our Saviour fell from the lips of the gentle girl, as she said "Our Father"—and the simple neighbors, beyond the rude crossings of the dark pond, were embraced in the feeling of Helen as she spoke for all—for all were of one family in the singleness of her pure spirit, and God was their Father. And, although the beauty which grew about her daily

walks would make her feel that the earth, with its sunshine and flowers, were a throne fitting the Eternal, still she felt that he was encompassed by a greater glory, such as is "in heaven;" and for the good which she enjoyed in her peaceful home, and for the content of a happy spirit, she uttered, from the depths of holiness, "hallowed be thy name." When the duties of her domestic cares were accomplished, the smooth cape and bonnet were loosened from their hiding place, and, with a small store for the needy, she would trip over the soft grass, and entering the door of distress, her actions spoke what her morning orisons now breathed, "Thy kingdom come;" but if the sorrowing soul uttered words of despair, she would twine her arms winningly about the sufferer, and, drawing the small volume from her bosom, she would open to the words "Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven;" and thus soothing the broken-hearted. The luxuries coveted by the great had never reached the board where sat the aged Patriarch gracing the meal as with a crown of silver, yet, as the sweet loaf was laid beside the tray, they bowed their head in acknowledgement, that from on high "was given their daily bread." A reproof from a sinless conscience, even waited upon the day, which set its sun upon a supposed duty unperformed, and earnestly did this pure girl pray "to be forgiven the debt she had neglected to pay;" as she fervently forgave those who had remained "her debtors;" the paths of temptation had never crossed her way, but the hope that she might never be "led therein" was the hope of one who, knowing not "evil," still feared it, and sought a constant deliverance from it; and the petition was in the belief always, that he whom she approached was Lord over all "in the kingdom," with "Power and Glory," and that "for ever." And this day, as the bird still rested on her shoulder, the dim woods seemed a fitting temple for the Anthem, and the whispering of the leaves, stirred by the early breeze with the melody of the choir, whose notes God has set, was the natural "Amen"—to the Maiden's Prayer.

LONDON BRIDGE.

BY JONATHAN JUST.

WALKING through those vast thoroughfares—Holborn Hill, Cheapside, Poultry, and King William's streets—gaping at and dodging the swift and slow-motined passengers, you suddenly stumble on London Bridge, and sink into an insignificant one of the throng that is moving at all hours over this wonderful feature of London.

London Bridge is the mortal market of the world, where is exhibited all grades of human nature—from the king to the peasant—the rich to the poor—the aged to the infant. From early morning to the dusk of evening the throng scarcely ceases; but after nightfall eases off, dwindling still less at midnight, and till morning again the bridge will be represented by a few stragglers plodding their way to their homes if they happen to have any.

It is estimated that 80,000 persons pass the bridge every day; and out of this vast multitude it is reasonable to suppose, that there would be a variety of dispositions and characters; and it may not be amiss to suppose, that nearly one-half know scarcely the ordinary comforts of life—the creatures of necessity who obtain their bread literally by the sweat of their brow. They are the descendants of Cain, upon whom the ancient curse has fallen like a cloak—it being the only inheritance of their ancestors, and the heir-loom of their fathers—yes, destined are they for a little prop of the staff of life, to render hours of severe employment. Others again are close observers of the current, no doubt believing their bread is cast upon the waters, and hoping after many days to find it.

There are others who belong to the better classes—better in circumstances—raised by wealth a grade above their neighbors, who, having all they desire of worldly riches, scarcely give a thought about the wants or concerns of others—happily content to mind their business, and taking good care, by acting the part of “faithful Tray” over their pockets, that none of their suspected neighbors shall break the eighth commandment.

In passing London Bridge you must go with the current, for the tide of mortality that flows, vies in force and effect with the ebbing and flowing of the waters below—flesh and blood are carried along as smoothly as the vessels in the muddy stream under them.

You may notice at one-third of the way a philosophical niche, where one might stand his statue, for rest sake or for his own contemplation, and if you are of my mind, you will pay tribute in quiet thanks to the architect, who had remembered that there might be persons in the world given to reflection, or apt to be a little tired just about this spot. In this mood you stop and ponder over the passing droves of your fellow-men, going over the Styx as it were, via the bridge, instead of the mythological *steamboat*, as of old.

There is here exhibited a panorama of human life and all things connected with it—soldiers engaged in the great “battle,” many without a day's

ration, and others, as it were, with loaded knapsacks. The rich equipages fall in as a matter of course behind draymen, and the coachman, with his lace-trimmed coat, and the footman, with his white hose and powdered wig, show ludicrously a contrast beside the tatterdemalion suit of the beer vender.

The fine gentleman, whiling away a leisure hour, seems insignificant in happiness and honor, beside the sturdy collier mounted on his wagon, who sings his song, with spirits exhilarated by a pot of ale, and through whose darkened countenance are seen traces of internal light.

There stands a wo-begone fellow, with a melancholy look; he is indifferent to all things around him. What! cannot this vast city with all its variety afford him pleasure!—can he not drown his sorrow in the contemplation that thousands are much worse than he!—can he not take comfort when he beholds that poor woman, after whom follows a string of jewels, who seems by her smiling and happy looks to find pleasure even in her poverty? and she walks merrily on her way, intercepted only by the crowd, comforted by her little ones, who gaily trip behind her, and with their sparkling jet eyes look around upon the scene as one of happiness, and with such radiant eyes as theirs would, like the sun, break their way through the melancholy clouds of this world, stare down sorrow, look misery out of countenance, making them tremble before them.

That grave omnibus seems to be out of place; its suits of sable wo sit ungracefully upon it, and its black plumes wave in triumph over the downfall of mortality. What business has it here among the living? Does it come here for speculating purposes, thinking that, out of 80,000 chances, there will be one victim? Ah! you may perceive by that countenance on the box, melancholy almost to tears, that it already contains a victim, and that it properly belongs to the train of London Bridge. The crowd about move on unceremoniously, that it might make even the dead concerned about themselves, and look out in astonishment at the tumult, and inquire earnestly why this delay in withholding from them the sweets of their last resting-place, after being wearied out with life's dull journey through trouble and anxiety. The mourners are scattered among the crowd far from their object; but so painfully free from sorrow that no body believes them to be sorrowing for him they accompany, being more intent upon saving their own lives than upon any thought of death. The funeral train is then made up of omnibuses and wheelbarrows, phaetons, Broughams, coaches and equipages, beer carts and coal wagons.

What a sad mixture here! There is no aristocracy on London Bridge—no exclusiveness—no chance for singularity, unless one chooses to jump in the water, but who, even for fashion sake, would venture into the muddy stream with his antics.—Here the servant is necessarily free from his mas-

ter, for no law is observed, although the bridge be said to be fairly crowded with *statues*. There is a dog lost in the crowd—perplexed and out of humor, no wag of his tail to denote to the contrary—his keen scent avails him naught, for his nose is against everybody, like an attentive courtier smelling out a suit—he is now hanging upon a tallow-chandler—(curious taste!)—perhaps, however, it is his master—yes, he halts—“*de gustibus non.*”

Look over the bridge into the muddy stream—the river that carries, through its narrow channel, ships laden with the merchandise of the vast world. What incalculable riches find their way to this stupendous city! whose treasures are like the glories of Solomon’s temple and “the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.” The river is alive with vessels, bound out and in, which have now brought their gold dust and carrying some rich barter in return. Look at those black swans, with their long iron necks, swimming against the current and carrying on their backs hundreds of the floating population: see, too, the wherry-men, in their little barges, sculling opposition to London Bridge, for the benefit of those who desire to save their *robes*—how truly emblematic of those times when Charon was a ferry-master and transported subjects beyond the Styx to the regions of other worlds.

Look around you: who would not imagine that, from the continual smoke hanging over London, there was a great manufactory of clouds, and from the rain that followed, that a pluvial pump, on the principle of Aldgate, was worked by a set of cold

water people and a nation that loved the damp atmosphere—atmosphere as thick as pudding—that might be stirred with church steeples and scooped up, if you choose, by inverted cupolas.

Looking back, you see, huddled together, fifty church spires, dim and dismal in appearance, as if the smoke had turned Christian and had made them its pendant bed and procreant cradle. In the midst of all these insignificant spires rise the two of St. Paul’s, together with its expansive and beautiful dome, seeming to spread itself out to fill up the concave space into which it soars, holding a place in the midst of the little ones as a double alderman among a bevy of small constables. The Cathedral extends itself, in happy contrast, above its fellows—a proud representative of the Established Church—a devout defender of the faith—a happy mother hen who has thus carefully gathered her chickens under her wings, and they, in turn, seem to extend their necks, growing, as it were, by generations, with the faint hope of one day reaching the height of their maternal guardian, while others have left off, tired out or cut off in the very sphere of their uprising.

After these meditations, does it not occur to the thoughtful mind, painful as may be the reflection, that, in a few short years, the place that now knows them will know them no more for ever—that even in the over-crowded city, death will find us out—that we shall go over the bridge of sighs, (for this life is such) to the land of our fathers, to the place appointed for all the living—the little narrow house—the grave—just over the bridge.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY L. G. A.

SUMMER 's gone! its brilliant hours

All have quickly passed away,

All its fondly cherished flowers

Gone—or tending to decay.

Gorgeous clouds, and azure mornings,

Golden, radiant, sunset dyes;

Blossoms, leaves, our earth adorning,

Vanished! or in ruin lies!

Summer 's gone! its winged hours

Bright with all that God had given,

'Mid the radiance of flowers

Bore their message back to heaven.

Summer 's gone! and winds are sighing

In a cadence, hoarse and low,

Darker clouds around are flying,

Streams in deeper murmurs flow.

And if ever thoughts of sadness

O'er the heaving bosom steal,

'Tis that summer's light and gladness,

Some bright eyes no more will feel!

Summer 's gone—and all its beauty,

Oh! how transient was its bloom,

Ever calling us to duty

Ever pointing to the tomb!

Farewell Summer! thus departed,

Friendly warnings thou dost give,

May thy lessons thus imparted,

Teach us better how to live!

AQUILA CHASE.

BY MARY M. CHASE.

CHAPTER I.

So they came from Christian countries, to escape from Christian tortures ;

And they found among the heathen gentle word and kindly look :

Oh ! when God shall call the nations to their reckoning will he write them,

The *savage* or the *civilized* within his holy Book ?

MORNING in the primeval forest ! Morning, and the flaming gold of Autumn ! The red birds and orioles fluttered their wings in harmony with the swaying of the scarlet leaves, but sang not.—Heavily drooped the hemlocks their mournful branches in the silence, while the gay maples, triumphing in death, gathered around them the remnants of their summer robes, all blood-tinged and storm-wasted, and made a brave show of dancing with the breezes.

Close up to the shadow of the forest, and between it and the sea, lay a narrow strip of corn-field, with the yellow ears bared to the sun, dotted in many places with the black stumps of trees.—The woodland creatures were busy ; the squirrels and raccoons stole into the fields to snatch a morsel of the tempting harvest, and the red deer, allured by the scent of the tobacco plantations, stood in the edge of the woods and snuffed the perfumed air. A narrow river crept through level banks lazily to the sea, which sent up its tide many a mile to meet it.

In the midst of this cultivated spot, by the brink of the stream, a village, a very small village, only some half dozen houses was nestled. Enormous apple-trees, whose limbs must have bent before the sea-storms, long years ere these pale-faced villagers dwelt there, clustered around the hamlet. The houses were constructed of logs with coarse palings fencing in a small garden-plot before each door. There was little elegance attempted about them ; a stern, simple aspect had taken its place. Trailing vines, flowering shrubs, or gay borders there were none ; but homely sage and thyme, roots of marjoram and balm, and some other medicinal herbs shared the enclosure with esculent roots and vegetables.

It would have been easy to wreath the fragrant creepers from the forest around those little windows ; or transplant the sweet grape vines that grew abundantly in the deer paths, to form an arbor over those low door-ways. Blossoming wild thorn would have fenced in the gardens as securely as the rough stakes did, and by their fragrance and leafiness attracted the summer birds to sing and build there. The narrow river, the pretty Acoaxet, would have floated gay-pennoned skiffs as safely as she bore those rude, unpainted boats that lay tied to the shore.

The interior of those cabins was as severely plain and destitute of ornament, as the exterior. No dust dimmed the white walls ; no stains defaced the splint-bottomed chairs, and the uncar-

peted floors were white as the sea-sand that strewed them. This stern thrusting aside of external grace and polish, seemed to mark a very different class of people from those who generally came to seek their fortunes in the new world.—And different indeed were they who dwelt there, from the gay cavaliers, or the sword-wielding Puritans of the times, though born on the same soil, that of England.

They belong to a sect, few in number, but strong of heart ; new in name, but old in faith ; who recognizing, each in himself, a commissioned laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, refused to bind themselves to the car of priesthood or royalty, and so came forth into the wilderness, into the near presence of Him whom they worshipped.

No written creed was theirs ; no form of divine service fettered the aspirations of the deacons soul ; no churches with golden altars and sounding organs were reared by them ; they revered no power or ordinance of earthly establishing ; the rich man inspired them with no respect, the poor and miserable with no contempt. External beauty, whether of person, or clothing, or house, or furniture, they cared not for ; yet their sublime meditations on the love, the goodness, the divinity of Him, the Saviour, their great pattern—the exalted views of life and futurity which guided them—the holy thoughts which filled their minds in their frequent silent communings with each other, gifted them with a spiritual beauty which lay upon the heads of man and woman, youth and maiden, like a light from Heaven. This bestowed grace upon their severely plain apparel, and made him who entered their doors feel that no palace with its gorgeous decorations could have inspired him with so much awe.

They were Quakers ; each in himself a king, what had he to do in the presence of royalty ? Each in himself a servant, how could he exercise the power with which the institutions of his country invested him over his inferiors ? So they came to the wilderness, to the near presence of Him whom they worshipped. They came not through peril and suffering, for He guarded them. No song of praise nor hymn of rejoicing broke the stillness of the lone shore where they landed, for each felt that inspired uplifting of the soul which words cannot express.

They were rich, for needless profusion had not drained their purses, and the Lord had kept the granary full, from which the poor, the afflicted, and the prisoner drew comfort and support.—There were Indian cornfields and orchards in Apunnegansett,* the place where they had come, and, for ample store of blankets and hatchets, they bought the land of its owners, and perpetual peace and love was henceforth established between them and the Wampanoags. Freely came the warriors, stripped of their paint and feathers, into the cabins

* Now Westford, Mass.

of the Quakers, or Friends, as they beautifully styled themselves, and heard the simple exposition of their faith, which they, rude and unlettered as they were, easily comprehended. They looked upon this people as akin to themselves in daring, who calmly, and without weapons, came and dwelt in their midst. Their wordless worship, their voiceless prayers, their silent waiting for the promptings of the Great Spirit, they better understood than did the world-warped persecutors across the water; and on the Sabbath day, and in the middle of the week, when they left their employments and kept Sabbath for a morning, many an aged chief, or athletic hunter, or dark-haired girl, her bright wampum left at home, and the pretty braidings of her locks unplaited, stepped lightly across the threshold, and set with them to receive the blessings of the God whom they all loved and feared.

Sometimes in these meetings, the old Sachem who dwelt many miles away on the banks of the Acushnett, who had hunted moose in the shade of the trees from whose seeds the present century old forest had sprung, rose and told the little assembly how the Great Spirit had often spoken to him in dreams, and when he was alone in the woods; and how he was moved to rise and slay these, his hearers, when he first saw them kindling their fires by the Acoaxet, and how, as he sharpened his war-batchet, a voice called to him, and told him to stay his hand, for they were brethren.

He spake of strange, sweet whispers, that sounded sometimes in his ears, and told of peace and love; that thousands of moons ago, when he led his warriors through the cedar swamps to fight the Narragansetts, a green bird flew before him, and sat on a bough, and sang such a glorious song of faith and friendship, that he dared go no farther, and went back with his men, and he knew it was the Great Spirit's messenger, for afterwards he learned that a little farther on, in the war-path, the Narragansetts lay in ambush in a deadly hollow, and would have cut them all off. Then he told them that he was very old and would soon die, but he would bear with him to the land of the blest a petition for these, his gentle friends, and that the Great Spirit would assuredly give them corn every year, and send the fish to their shores, and make game very abundant for them. Powerful though simple were the old warrior's words when he spake of his rude faith, and they felt that the heathen had indeed a law unto them in their hearts.

CHAPTER II.

Wild are the tales that the Indian tells
Of the spirits that people his woods and dells;
Of the shadowy hunters that chase his deer;
Of cries that float through the midnight drear;
Of strange, bright beings, that sometimes come
From the better land to his forest home,
To dwell with him for a season, and then
Depart to their distant home again.

AMONG the settlers was one Aquila Chase, and his wife Anna Wheeler. He was descended from an ancient and honorable family of Cornwall,

England, distinguished from the days of the Conqueror, not for proneness in fight, according to the barbarous custom of those ages, but for stern virtue, fearless protesting against injustice, and frequent sufferings for conscience sake. One of his ancestors had been martyred in the dungeon of Little Ease, adjoining Bishop Langdon's palace, in the reign of the bloody Queen Mary.

Rightly was he named *Aquila*, for the bald eagle that wrestled with the tempest and careered above the forest, or brooded upon the crag, was not more dauntless or independent than he. Without a sigh he had left his pleasant home in Cornwall, to find an Eyrie on the coast of America, and willingly his gentle wife had accompanied him. His strongly marked features, his keen grey eyes and wide forehead betokened the presence of intellect, while his sinewy arm, his tall form and firm tread, seemed peculiarly to fit him for a pioneer in a new world. Already the bow of the Indian hunter was as familiar to his hand as the firelock, and the old family name belonging to a race renowned for their fondness of woodland sports, appeared likely to be well maintained by him.

In those early times, game was almost the whole dependence of the settler for animal food, and the stalwart Aquila was the purveyor for the village. The fish that swarmed the shores were valuable, too, and every fortnight he went out in his large boat to Cuttyhunk, or Penakees, or Nashwinrow, and returned laden to the water's edge with his scaly spoil. Neither did he disdain to stoop his broad shoulders in the corn-field and flax-patch, and no man's holding was better filled than his.

He was possessed of sound understanding; but with more romance and imagination than was usually found among that quiet sect. His solitary excursions upon the ocean, often fraught with peril and full of stormy and sublime interest, as well as his wanderings in the forest, either alone, or with some swift-footed hunter of the Wampanoags, to whose legends and stories of savage life and superstition he listened with profound attention, tended to increase this development. He saw the wild waters heave around him, and heard the wind shriek past his little sail; but full of confidence in Him he came so far to serve, he beheld the strife of winds and waters fearlessly, and felt his spirit rise amid the turmoil. In the forest, the unaccustomed tones of strange birds and beasts, the dark shadows, the uncouth piles of rocks that often lay in the way, more than all, the rudely spiritual tales of his companions, deeply excited his imaginative mind. He saw in these narratives the strong up-struggling of untutored intellect and natural religion toward the light; that they were at once the twilight of old and better days, and the dawn of brighter ones.

Once he stood beside the old chief of the Acushnett, who hunted no longer. He had bestowed his bow on the eagle of his white friends, for he knew that his strength was departing. Once he had sung war-songs, and told of his battles, and showed the scalps that hung in his lodge, when the young men called on him for tales of his youth;—now, he said that the Great Spirit had shown him that these things were wicked and

displeasing in his sight, and he would speak of them no more.

"My son," said the old warrior, "before I die I will tell thee of Mawshop, king of the Wampanoags. The white man has never heard his sacred name till now. He dwells alone in the thickest swamps and on the highest hills. He is as old as the ocean. He can never die. He is the son of the Great Spirit. No man now living has ever seen him except I, the chief of the Acushnett. I am the friend of Mawshop. My father was his friend. He is a good king; he sends the game into our woods and makes wild fowl very plenty. We carry venison, and deer skins, and berries on the hills for him and leave them there; then he comes and takes them away; and we know by that, that our king is pleased. I shall see him again before I die. I have hunted with him all day. He never speaks, but I know what he thinks without speaking. Our king is like a tall pine tree in height, and as strong as a hundred panthers; but he is like a dim mist. He walks over the sea, and over the swamps, and through the forests all the same. Great is Mawshop, King of the Wampanoags! When I die, thou shalt be his friend. Carry him a present of tobacco to the top of yonder hill, on the night of the new moon, and thou shalt see him, for I will speak to Mawshop to make thee his friend.

"Sometimes our women hang their children upon the boughs of the trees, and go to their work, and when they come back, one is gone. Five times hath it so happened since my days began. Let me tell thee, young eagle, it was Mawshop who came to carry them away with him, that they might become famous hunters and wise men. One of them once came back; it was my son. Straight and slender of limb was he as the birch sapling, and he wore a crown of feathers as bright as the sun. His robes were of a hundred colors, and covered with strange figures curiously wrought.—There were stones in his bow that dazzled my old eyes to behold; they shone like the morning sun on the ocean. His wampum was of blood-red shells, and on his arms and his neck were bands of shining yellow metal. His tongue was not the tongue of the Wampanoags, but soft and pleasant as the voices of the brook and the south-west wind. His eye was like the eye of the wild pigeon for softness, but keen as the hawk's. He abode with us thirteen moons, and told us of a glorious land where he had dwelt, where there never came snow or frost, where the trees had no winter, and the birds were never silent. He told of a people that were dark like us, and strong in battle, and swift in the race, who sung love-songs to the maidens, and wove shining mats for their lodges, and white baskets to hold the fruits that grew all the year round. We knew that this was the country that our fathers had sometimes told us of, where Mawshop loved to hunt, and we were afraid to speak in the presence of my boy who had seen such wonderful things. When the thirteen moons were past, he divided his wampum among the maidens, to braid in their hair, and bidding us farewell, he went away towards the south, into the forest, and through the dark swamp, like a beam of light, and we saw him no more."

Aquila listened to the old chief's story, and then went his way. When he entered his cabin door, his young wife was placing a bountiful meal upon the board, and looking up, exclaimed, "Where is our boy?"

"I left him at the gate when I went away," replied her husband; "hast thou not seen him?"

"I thought thou took him with thee, and he has not been here since thou went away," said Anna, turning deadly pale. It was apparent in a moment, that the child was lost. The other cabins were hurriedly visited, but he was not to be found. This was his fifth autumn, and he often went away in the woods with his father, or into the field, and had never wandered alone before. The neighboring Indians joined in the search, but in vain. That night there was little sleep and much weeping of mothers and children in the village, but bitterest sorrow in the cabin of the lost one.

Days passed on and no tidings came. Then Anna felt that her darling was gone for ever, that some wild beast had carried it away, and rent it to pieces for its young ones a meal. The Indian mothers came and sat around her in silence, with bowed heads, or brought her delicate fruit in pretty baskets, and prayed her to taste them, and at length they prevailed. Her high trust in God came to her relief, and she could say falteringly, "Thy will be done."

But not so her husband. Nothing could induce him to believe that his boy was dead. Day and night he sought him ceaselessly, and only came for a few hours at a time back to his cabin, when his pallid face and blood-shot eyes showed how he had watched and travelled.

The Sabbath came, and all were as usual assembled in one room in silent worship, when the door opened, and the wrinkled face of the aged chief appeared. He entered and sat down opposite the mourning parents, with his head buried in his blanket. In a short time he rose, and in a broken voice addressed them:

"My friends, the young brave is living." A low murmur ran through the little company, but they were too much accustomed to self-control, to show any excitement of feeling at this rejoicing news. The mother closed her eyes and silently thanked God. Aquila gazed fixedly at the chief, who proceeded: "He lives; the King of the Wampanoags has taken him to himself. He is gone to the south country where my beautiful boy dwells. He will be a great hunter, and will wear rich dresses, and Mawshop will make him his son. Be glad, my friends, for the boy is happy."

The listeners' hearts died within them, for they recognized in the speech of the chief a figurative announcement of the boy's death. He lived, indeed, but not for them; no more should they behold him here. All save his father. He reverted instantly to the wild tale of the old chief a few days before, and a sudden belief in its truth sprung up in his mind. He addressed the chief in hurried and excited words. He prayed him, as the friend of the Great King, to win back his child; he was pining for his mother: he was weeping. Then the chief again arose and told the meeting the history of the King of the Wampanoags, and added: "Mawshop thought to do good to the

white friends, for he loves them ; he would make a son of their boy, but they cannot be like the Indians, they are not the children of Mawshop. I will speak to the Great King and he will restore him. To-morrow is the new moon.—Gather all the tobacco you have raised this year, and carry it to the top of the hill above the sea, and there leave it, and Mawshop will come and smoke the pipe of peace there with the boy's father, and give him back his child. But let not any other man stay behind, lest the king be angry and throw him into the sea."

The aged chieftain paused, and that quiet, self-controlled assembly, sat looking at him with grave and unmoved faces, even the children whispered not among themselves. Only the parents of the lost child seemed to feel any astonishment at the communication.

"My friends," he continued, "I am a blasted pine. Ten times has my lodge fallen to pieces from age on the banks of the Acushnett—ten times beside the Seaconnett. I will not now build it again. Who has ever outlived twenty lodges before? Yes, I am no longer a warrior or a hunter, but a greater than these—I am the prophet of the Great Spirit! He has spoken to me, and to you through me. I did not hear a voice, nor the rustling of wings; it was in the dead dark and stillness that the message came.

"Ye are his children, so long as ye dwell apart from evil men, and have no company with them, only to labor to make them good—so long as ye are humble, and kind, and love his red children, and pay every man his debts, and give to the poor, and keep up the bounds of the lands ye have bought, and eat every man the fruit of his own soil, and worship the Great Spirit aright—there shall be rain, and dew, and sunshine upon your fields, your corn shall have many ears, your boats shall go out for fish safely; the deer shall be abundant in your woods, your children shall grow up to be wise and good, and shall see white hairs on their children's heads. Peace shall be with you, and peace shall follow you!

"My friends! the blasted pine will never stand among you again. His branches are fallen; he is alone; he cannot reckon the winters that have rolled over his head. He will speak with the King of the Wampanoags, and die; but he would have his friends come and bury him when he is gone, and remember the old chief of the Acushnett. Farewell!

The meeting broke up and dispersed, but not until they had promised their afflicted brother that the present should be sent to Mawshop, for they saw by the wild eye and haggard face that fever was in his veins, and reason was well nigh tottering. They had no hope of recovering the child, and, though some of the elders feared that it would be like offering sacrifice to a false God, they yielded to the representation that divinity was not claimed for the king. Not one among them believed in the existence of the mist-monarch, and the gentle Anna Chase plead with her husband against his delusion in vain.

CHAPTER III.

Was it a fever dream?

When curious fancies borrow real masks,
And stand up life-like, breathing, by our side,
Truths have been sought by dreams in ancient times,
Then why not now?

On the morrow they gathered the fragrant harvest, and each carried his load up to the hill-top and left it, willingly devoting the fruit of their labor to quiet the mind of their poor brother. Evening came, and Aquila toiled up the ascent with his burden. The pile of tobacco was higher than his head and he deposited his bundle beside it, and went away to a little distance and sat down. He looked at the sea, and the islands away in the distance, and the new moon that hung over the water with her slender crescent. Then he turned and looked at the hill. Who sat there above him? A gigantic figure, dim as a cloud, and tall as a pine of three centuries! It was Mawshop, King of the Wampanoags. He held in his misty hand a pipe of wonderful size and richness. Shining stones flashed like stars around the bowl; the bowl itself was of pearl. Slowly, and without rustling a leaf, he filled the pipe with the huge pile of tobacco. Down, down into that apparently bottomless bowl went the great bundles; at last all was gone, but the pipe was not half full. A sudden flash like a falling star, and the dry leaves were fired; and the giant monarch blew a cloud of smoke from his dim lips.

Silent he sat there on the promontory, with one foot in the ocean at its base, while around him the smoke-cloud wavered and fell. Farther, farther, the blue mist spread through all the hollows and over the plains, settling softly away in the distance.

At last the red light in the bowl of the royal pipe commenced to die away and grow less, the smoke came more and more faintly, the pipe was out. Slowly the king stretched out his giant arm of mist, far over the rocking sea, and emptied the ashes from his pipe; and in the place where they fell, there rose up an island green and fair, and covered with lofty trees. When Aquila turned from gazing at the new island he was alone.—The royal smoker and his pipe had vanished, and he arose and sought his cabin. Quietly he went to rest beside his poor Anna, who saw sickness in his eyes, but she, too, slept at last.

As the morning gleamed above the hills with a pale white light she awoke. A sweet little voice had called to her in her dream, "Mother! mother!" As she lay thinking of her lost child, the word was repeated, "Mother!" She sprang from her bed and opened the unfastened door.—"Mother! mother!" said the sweet little voice. There among the thyme and balm stood her baby, her darling, with his light, fair hair all wet with dew and strung with gossamer. It was her baby, indeed, with his blue eyes full of love. But what a strange, rich dress had fallen from the clouds on him! Moccasins wrought with bright quills encased his little feet; a robe of a hundred colors was fastened around his waist by a belt of blood-red wampum, the precious coral of the South Seas, and a crown of glorious feathers encircled his brow.

The mother fell down there among the thyme and balm, and cried out to God to tell her if this was a dream; and her husband aroused by her voice came out, and found the two there, the child and the mother, and brought them in, and called his brethren and their wives, and the whole company of Friends praised the Lord.

The child told a strange story of bright-eyed girls who had tended him, and curled his hair, and of an old Indian chief who had carried him in his arms, and how he had sailed in a boat and slept in a wigwam; and then they knew that the Indians had carried him away to be a hunter, and a chief in place of the old man who was about to die; but that they had seen the affliction of the Friends, and had brought him back again to bless their hearts.

Sore was the sickness that wasted the form of Aquila, but he recovered at last. He had not yet risen from his bed, when the old chief was carried to his last resting place. When he was once more able to walk about his little farm, and converse with his friends, he could not shake off the conviction that his vision of the King of the Wampanoags was true. For the next morning there was his child restored, and there, too, was the blue smoke resting on all the country, and it remained many days.

At last he launched his boat once more, and set his sail, and turned her head down the river. He kept on to the ocean, and on in the direction where he saw the island, green and beautiful, rise from the sea. The island he found, and the Indians who had beheld it before him had named it

Nantucket. White men came there after him, and cut down the trees, and wasted the strength of the soil, so that the ashes of Mawshop's pipe, when red-hot, could scarcely have been less likely to bear grain; but when Aquila Chase saw it, it was fair and pleasant. He sailed back to Apunnegansett, but a sort of fear lest his children were unsafe in that neighborhood, actuated him to sell his possessions and remove to Hampden in New Hampshire, where he purchased land, and built houses, and reared his children in honor and peace.

The bright-eyed boy who had been adopted by the old king was ever his favorite. He loved hunting and fishing better than books, or toil in the field, and, as years went on and he saw children spring up around *his* hearth, he remembered the prophecy of the old chief of the Acushnett which his father had told him, and held fast to the faith of his childhood, and taught it to his children. Numerous as the sands of the sea-shore are now the posterity of Aquila Chase and his brethren—and wherever they have kept the faith of their fathers, and dwelt apart from evil men, and paid every man his debts, and given to the poor, and labored to do good, and eaten every man the fruit of his own soil, there, according to the prophecy of their red friend, has been rain, and dew, and sunshine, on their fields, their corn has borne many ears, their boats have gone out for fish in safety, and their children have seen white hairs on *their* children's heads—peace has been with them, and peace followed them.

Chatham, Col. Co., N. Y.

"QUI VIT."

A Watchman stands on the wall of Life,
By the gloomy gate of Death,
And he hears a faltering footstep come,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

A wail rings through the silent night,
'Oh! Watchman dear, I pray
Undo the gate, and let me pass
From the city of Life away!

"Since early morn I have toiled all day
With the crowd in its narrow street,
And now through the night I go to seek
Rest for my weary feet."

"Pass on, pass on unto thy rest,
Oh! feeble soul but true,
And the silent city's golden gates
Shall open to thy view."

The Watchman paces the wall of Life
By the echoing gate of Death,
And he hears the sound of chariot wheels,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

"Up, Watchman, haste! undo the gate!
Fling bolt and bar aside,
For a warrior comes in regal state,
On a conqueror's car of pride!"

"No wealth nor power can pass these bars,
No triumph come this way—
No rich-robed monarch hence may go,
But the unclad spirit may."

The Watchman leans from the wall of Life
By the lofty gate of Death,
And he hears a slow and stately tread,
And cries with mighty breath,
"Qui Vit?"

A voice with solemn-thoughted tone,
Makes answer high and clear,—
"My course is run, my race is run,
My master bade me here."

"In the name of him who died on cross,
Who trod this way for me,
I charge thee set the portal wide
And give me egress free!"

GOING INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

BY MARIE.

CHAPTER I.

"Do something I *must*, that is a self-evident proposition," mused Mr. Joel W. Higgins, as he whistled a snatch "*con Furia*," as musicians say, and thrust both hands into his pockets, and marched up and down the drawing-room of his hotel in a state of very perceptible agitation—though he was a calm man naturally—very calm indeed.—"That puppy of a landlord"—Joel was not in the habit of using *hard names*, but he was excited now, and he had bitter provocation too!—hear him. "Yes, I say that *puppy* of a landlord has dared to present the *second* time a little matter of *only* six months' standing, with threatening demonstrations! as if I had not patronised this house for years, and brought company innumerable, and that of the genteel class, to keep it from sinking! as if—as if it were not an *insult* to a gentleman to urge so knavishly for a small matter of board, and et ceteras, and especially"—Mr. Joel W. Higgins lowered his voice to a guttural whisper, and spoke decidedly for his own private personal audience—"when a man's *purse* is getting light!"

Mr. Higgins thought he was uttering a *soliloquy*—he intended to do so certainly; but as he paced "to and fro," the heat of his indignation not at all subsiding by the exercise, he saw a bright pair of eyes looking at him with amazement, and I must allow, though it be with a sigh for the untimely levity of my sex, with the richest *amusement*.

Mr. Higgins was confounded for a moment that he had breathed his secret into mortal ears, and those ears the inalienable property of a mirthful, frolicsome, laughter-loving woman—but immediately the easy assurance of a "bred" gentleman came to the rescue, and Mr. Higgins saw in Miss Juliana Banks' beautiful smile, and the succession of dimples that chased each other about her mouth in her effort to restrain her mirth at his discomfiture, the *very* smile he had been looking for so long, and the *very* dimples he had vowed he could die to occasion! He broke off short his double-quick-time march over the drawing-room parade ground, and turned to the deep bay window festooned with rich crimson where the lady sat.

"You seem in trouble, Mr. Higgins," said Miss Banks, for she *must* say *something* or laugh outright.

"You little mouse! hidden there are you behind those hangings?" replied Mr. Higgins, putting on his most agreeable and approved manner. "You have been witness to my mimic panorama—I mean *pantomime*—"

"Not a *pantomime* exactly, sir," interrupted the mischievous creature, treating herself to the merriest laugh at his expense, and glad enough of an excuse to slacken the reins civility had kept on her visibles—"I thought I heard a scrap of *tragedy*!"

"Something that stuck to my memory from the play last night—'Hamlet,' I think, or the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Only a little bit of a spontaneous rehearsal, as the actors say—I believe I was half asleep. But I am awake now, *ma belle*. Come, let me hear that nightingale voice repeating what I did say. Won't you go to the opera this evening, or to see the Vienneise?"

"Ah, yes!" replied Miss Banks, with the very wickedest twinkle of her black eyes.

"You are an angel! how very good—I shall be too proud and happy," ejaculated the gallant Higgins, quite spasmodically, and as if his pride and happiness were actually strangling him.—"Shall we go early dear Miss Juliana?"

He had by this time taken the unbidden liberty to seat himself by her side in the window! O what a contrast between that exquisite girl and the grizzled rotund bachelor!

Miss Banks rose, the color in her cheeks almost as deep, and quite as rich as the glow from the curtains, proudly and somewhat disdainfully withdrew the hand he had profanely seized, and with a conscious self reproach for the length to which she had allowed her love of fun to lead her, she replied:

"I thank you Mr. Higgins, indeed, but I shall go with my father," and left the poor "Leander" just as all the ladies left him, defeated and alone!

Joel was hardened to jilting by long experience, so the "*affair of the heart*" made a more erasable impression on him than the *affair of the bill*, his "*rascally*" landlord had presented.

"I hood-winked her, the little jilt," thought he, when his Quixotic eyes could no longer follow the sweep of her drapery as she moved out of the room, heartily ashamed of herself too; but he did not indulge in "*soliloquy*," or rehearse tragedy, any more *that* day, though he had composed himself on very much such a fancy as the ostrich does when in danger—if its head is hidden nothing can see its tall, naked, ungainly legs and body. So Joel thought of the keen, quickwitted, cruel Miss Juliana Banks. "*She knows* no more, *suspects* no more of the real posture of my affairs, than if her father were not a millionaire and I a fortune-hunter," squeaked Higgins, in the softest *falsetto* he could muster from his sepulchre of a throat, so he might not be heard this time. "But bless my heart, and yours too little jewel," continued he mentally, "what could I have done if you *had* concluded to go with *me* to the opera, beautiful Miss Juliana Banks? Not a dollar in this wretched pocket, and boxes going at auction! snug winter quarters to seek too—my watch gone—nothing but this chain left to *sham* a repeater, and *that* mortgaged! My dependencies all fairly eaten out except this ring," and Mr. Higgins brought down his clenched fist on the cushion, with a very wrathful force, as if *it* were to blame for his misfortunes. The diamond in his great awkward ring flashed back its essentment, for it crossed the track of a

sunbeam in its hurried descent with that pale drowsy looking hand. (Joel *had* lived on the fat of the land, and was, in all his proportions, a credit to the excellence of his landlord's table, at least so far as "plumptitude" is concerned.) He raised his hand slowly toward his face, and stared into the brilliant jewel that glistened on it, as if he were fathoming the very depths of light. How could he spare it? it reminded him of Juliana's eyes, and they were the sun, moon, and stars shining on his destiny just now, for he flattered himself, like an arrant fool, that he could win that splendid girl, though she scorned his ridiculous tenderness as she would the effrontery of a slave, and, to her shame be it spoken, for her own amusement trifled with his proffered heart—a worthless, mercenary, selfish thing it is, true—still it was a heart and all he had—as she would with an old picked, musty bone laid at her feet by her favorite spaniel.

Joel looked the diamond out of countenance, and then scowled again. "I must do something to save my sinking cash," he mused, "and it takes *money*, the true *elixir vitae*, to make a gentleman and keep him such! Winter quarters and genteel ones 'for a single gentleman' must be had, and I must withdraw my *patronage* from this establishment, yes, in a hurry! Why can't I be as fortunate as other men, and marry an heiress to some hundred thousands? that would be the pink of a calculation if I could only compass it! What makes the women all act so prudish when Mr. Joel W. Higgins comes alongside? It's because I'm a *prize*! Ain't I a fine looking young man? (He was only 'rising' of *thirty-seven*.) Yes.—Don't I dress well? Yes. Don't I spend generously at amusements, the only things women can appreciate? Yes. Am I not fluent with *soft speeches* to the *soft creatures*? Yes, indeed.—Couldn't I give all my time to the entertainment of a wife, barring public dinners and club meetings? Yes, *all*. Am I rich? Ah! that is the 'open sesame' to a woman's smiles! Alas, no! I'm poor and miserable!" and Joel *wept*—indeed he did, reader—large tears that lodged irresolutely awhile on his fat cheeks, till there was a small accumulation which threatened an inundation to his little eyes, and then they rolled down quite a miniature cataract into his white perfumed pocket handkerchief. But he roused himself pretty soon from such unmanly business, and he would have sworn all sorts of oaths at the fickle goddess who so provokingly withheld her yellow treasures only it is *vulgar* in refined society to swear—the *wicked* part—Joel let that alone.

Suddenly the door opened—he thought it was the landlord with the detested *bill*, and he was about to beat a preceptate retreat. No—it was Miss Juliana Banks "come for her handkerchief." Joel bowed and smiled—"guessed she had not left it—he had not seen it—he certainly should have seen anything that belonged to one so precious in his sight." But *she* saw the rich lace of one corner of it! Horror! Mr. Joel W. Higgins had made a *cushion* of it, and had screwed and crushed the elegant thing into ten thousand wrinkles! A hydrostatic press could not have crushed it more.

"My gracious, Miss Banks! I beg a million pardons," said the confused bachelor, as he took it by the corner and unfolded it entirely, displaying the whole amount of damage, and presented it to the blushing and mortified girl. She stammered something quite unintelligible, which Joel took for plenary absolution, received the crumpled article by the corner in her glove—she was equipped for a promenade—and her cheeks tingling as if a crop of nettles were piercing them she turned on her heel and disappeared.

"Goodness," said Joel, the moment she had gone, "what an event! she looked like an insulted sultana! gone off in a dudgeon, I presume, and gave a man no time to apologize. Bl—ess 'em," he hit on the introductory *labials* of the monosyllable "*blast*"—"women never make allowances for the accidents of society, nor excuse them.—Some penance or other, now, for that mistake." Mr. Higgins, let me assure you, Miss Banks will demand no penance, no apologies, if you will only *keep out of her sight*. Verily, she holds you in no enviable estimation.

But his own affairs were more *crumpled* just now than any ladies cambric handkerchief could be, and his empty purse glared at him cruelly like a famished spectre. He did not see much prospect of trapping Juliana "right away," and some pecuniary resort must be contrived ad interim.—Necessity impudently suggested to the perplexed gentleman, "Hadm't he better undertake some genteel business to meet the present emergency?" "No, indeed," retorted Mr. Higgins, I'll not soil my patrician fingers with so mean a thing as *business* of any kind! not I, indeed!" He thought and thought, still keeping the bay window—he knit and unravelled his brow times without number, and finally, striking his hands together with great complacency, he rose upright and said: "I have it—yes, I'll go into the country for winter quarters—the dull, stupid, miserable country!—Can't I think of some old maid at house-keeping who takes genteel boarders. Nobody in the *country* will refuse Mr. Joel W. Higgins the best accommodations *on credit*. Nothing need be said of *that* condition by the way."

So Mr. Higgins, on account of the scarcity of "change," sold his very best Paris made boots, his useless opera glass—he would not need it in the country—his extra dressing gown, paid the tailor for making his last suit in the suit itself, and took the balance, mortgaged his diamond ring to his landlord, and, without telling beautiful Juliana Banks adieu, or even mentioning to her that "important business" called him away from her very fascinating society, he took the stage to go out into the dark regions of semi-barbarism, so he said, or into the country to seek winter quarters, hoping in his inmost heart that some cast of the die, fortunately thrown, might bring him out new and bright in the spring. And for the feelings of heartless, ungrateful, cold Miss Juliana, she did not even know he was gone, except as she missed her inveterate drawing-room annoyance and street persecutor, for he was for ever meeting her and claiming recognition from that proud and envied beauty.

CHAPTER II.

"One step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

[NAPOLEON.]

THE father of the distinguished gentleman whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, my last chapter chronicles, was "born and brought up" a *cobbler*—in more respectful terms, to a respectable and indispensable profession, a *shoemaker*. His father "stuck to his last," and hammered his pegs, and smoothed his glossy leather apron, till he died in good old age, a very quiet, unassuming, respectable and useful man. He trained up his son to follow in his own footsteps, and bequeathed him pretty much all he had—his bench and fixtures. The son sat on the same bench, and worked hard at the same necessary trade, capping, and specking, and pegging his townsmen's boots and shoes, and never dreamed that shoe patching was low business. He saved a little and married a wife. She was from the very poorest and lowest family in the whole town, and everybody declared that "Patty Wadd looked up to marry a shoemaker." But poor as she was Patty Wadd had high notions of her own; poor as she was—drunken and starved as were her father and mother, and the dozen that snivelled, and quarrelled, and famished around them in her miserable home—she always managed to wear an old ribbon on her neck, or a brass ring well scoured, to make it glitter to her fancy, on her long brawny finger, when the girls, whose parents sent *charities* to her parents, could afford no such coveted finery. Patty was married much to her own satisfaction, and the surprise of all her neighbors, at the early and giddy age of sixteen, to quiet, drudging Mr. Higgins, who was her senior by as many years, and went forthwith to keep his *house*—(it was not the fashion for new married people to *board* in those primitive times)—and his *purse*—and the latter, mangle all the husband's incessant labor from dawn to midnight, she kept for ever drained. They had a son and a daughter, and both grew up. Joel, our veritable city bred bachelor, was taught his father's trade, and was kept at it right diligently by his extravagant and spendthrift mother through all his younger years, and his earnings were lavishly expended to trick out his little pale sullen sister.—But when Joel was about seventeen years old there came extraordinary good fortune to the family. Verily, Patty Wadd Higgins rejoiced, if ever she did, that she had condescended to unite herself with it, though often before she had called herself very much of a fool for doing it.

A miserly old uncle died of *poverty*, and rags, and starvation, and Benzillia Higgins, Patty's husband, was the sole heir to enormous wealth—which the miser had picked together, copper by copper, and stowed away, not in "Aunt Quarles's" Narbonne honey-pots, but in worn out old cast away shoes!

O what a lucky planet was that under which Mrs. Patty Wadd Higgins was born! Now she would no longer be an honest cobbler's wife—not she indeed! She would ride in splendor in her own carriage over the necks of her neighbors poor joggling creatures if she could, the wife of a gentleman!

No time was to be lost. Her new establishment must be erected and furnished to her own taste, and it *was* erected and furnished with a kind of gaudy grandeur, which commends itself to the fancy of ignorant, vulgar, tasteless wealth.—Mr. Higgins, the passive husband, expostulated, and Mrs. Higgins, the wilful wife, stormed—he would rather lay by the money for a rainy day—*she* would rather spend it. He felt ill at ease, poor man, in such a fine house, with such stately things about him, and he would gladly have gone *round* the carpets rather than to step on such bright and dazzling flowers and vines as seemed to be growing up out of his floors. And he a thousand times preferred his faithful, natural old workbench, to his wife's spring seat sofas, and ottomans, and great velvet covered rocking-chairs, in which he found it as impossible to move as if he had been a sticking plaster. But Mrs. Higgins had ordered the disposed work-bench to be "split into kindlings"—the knives, and awls, and other shoe making implements to be sold for old iron, and all the wax and "waxed ends" to be ignominiously burnt before her eyes.

Mr. Higgins pined for his old ways and his old enjoyments—his very whistling sounded strangely to him in those great, high, lonely rooms—he languished for his early habits, and died as the Swiss soldier dies for very home sickness, though he was in his own house.

A very *rich* and a very *fine* widow was Mrs. Higgins, and right in the prime of her life too.—Soon after her husband died, arrayed in very expensive mourning, she took her children and went to the city, that they might be removed entirely from all the vulgar associations inseparably connected with their father's calling in the days of his thriftless poverty, for her neighbors and poor relations *would not* forget so readily as *she* did the history of her starved childhood, and her husband's laborious industry, till the advent of the envied "crock of gold."

Mrs. Higgins took "genteel rooms" at a genteel hotel, at the "court end" of the city—a genteel pew in a genteel church, and sent her son and daughter to genteel schools under the tuition of genteel teachers. Joel Wadd Higgins—for he was named for his maternal grandfather, though his mother afterwards "wished *W* stood for *W*ellington, or *W*ashington, or *W*aterloo, or *W*ilberforce, as she came, in her fashionable days, to hear of *those great people*")—was about eighteen, and a short, awkward, stooping, verdant boy—but he was *his mother's own son*—very much more Wadd than Higgins, though he *did* wear the latter patronymic. Very soon, indeed, young Joel, from his association with other city "bloods," began to feel the consequence which the possession of the old miser's hoarded treasure attached to him, and felt himself a gentleman of the most finished class. City breezes seemed very favorable for his physical development, for he had scarcely been in town two years before his barber trained a forest of stiff reddish-orange whiskers all round his throat, from ear to ear—an "imperial" to match—scorched his hair into the genteel curl, and encouraged a beard, which verily almost defied the temper of whetted steel. He labored most assiduously to

dispossess himself of the stoop he had acquired at his early, but *of course*, forgotten trade,—yes, indeed, was the disgraceful memory annihilated!—and he succeeded quite to the opposite extreme, especially as he grew older and began to suffer from his mother's family infirmity—obesity. Like other smart young men, he was soon beyond his mother's influence, and indeed it had not been so *very* salutary while she *could* exert it. By the time he turned his back contemptuously on his minority, and the thraldom of legal guardianship was off, there was not such a dashing young gentleman to be found in the city. Never was the transfer from the green chrysalis to the perfect state made with such rapid strides as in the case of our hero—Mr. Joel W. Higgins.

His sister was very unlike him indeed—she persecuted *always* to be a chrysalis—and her mother, when she saw her full fledged son, called her a little whining mope of a nobody, very much like the inglorious paternal branch of the family, the stupid *Higginses*.

"Why, Martha Seraphina," would the vain and persecuting representative of the Wadd ancestry avouch, "you never will make a great match so long as you don't appear smarter, and care more for dress and company, and the beaux! Do you let them books alone; from morning till night read—read—readin'—I say books is to look at the pictures, and not to read—didn't I buy the very gildedest ones I could find on purpose to lay on the table, and I never looked at the name of one of them. Play smarter on your peaner, Martha Seraphina, and sit genteeler, like the Miss Brookses and Miss Watereses and Miss Greens. I saw Mr. Hunter quizzing you the other day, and he really looked tender, as if he wanted to *propose*. And what do you think he *said* to me? 'Why, Mrs. 'Igguns,' says Mr. Hunter, says he—you know he speaks English-like—'what a fine daughter is that Miss 'Igguns of yours.' 'La, sir,' says I—mothers are proud enough without compliments from such gentlemen as Mr. Hunter. 'But, m'am,' says he, 'she does take my eye—and not only the daughter but the mother!' There! now won't you *try* to be agreeable to him, Martha Seraphina?"

"Mother," would Miss Higgins reply, "I *hate* dress, and company, and *beaux*, and especially Mr. Hunter. I *can't* play smarter nor sit genteeler, and I know people only laugh at me when you drag me before them to make me expose my want of talent, and taste, and skill. I dread to go near my piano as I should an instrument of torture. I wish you and Joel would enjoy what you like and leave me to my own preferences. I won't have Mr. Hunter nor any body else, for I don't like men!"

But poor weak Martha Seraphina, almost by her mother's command, did overcome her repugnance to Mr. Fortunatus Hunter, and fell a sacrifice to the Moloch of maternal ambition. She married him, and went with him to New Orleans, that charnel house of life, and virtue, and wealth, where her large fortune soon disappeared in extravagant stakes at the gaming table, and at other places of vicious and abominable celebrity. Her false and brutal husband deserted her when the

golden charm was broken, and in less than one year from her miserable marriage, poor Martha, "with her baby on her breast," was confined and buried, at public charge, in "the place to bury strangers."

What became of her husband I do not know. I only hope such an incarnate demon, though he were clothed with sunbeams, wore the brand of a double murderer, burned deep on his forehead, as he did on his black and guilty soul. If that man is worthy of death who only stops the red life-current as it courses through the veins of his fellow man, and lays his body quietly at rest in the green earth under the pure snow-flakes or fresh flowers, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who lays the assassin's knife to clinging, trustful affection, and with an iron heel and a heart of adamant crushes out the last faint glimmer of hope and love—a moral homicide! Ah! read the history of woman, ten thousand pages of which are traced in tears, and blood, and bitter hidden agony, and say if there is not a viper coiled within the human bosom, whose folds are slimy as the rings of that "old serpent" who tested the power of his venom within the holy enclosures of Paradise, and deadlier than the sting of a scorpion!

More than a year after Martha died the mournful intelligence came to her mistaken mother from a mysterious and an undiscoverable source; but the event roused all the tenderness long smothered and smouldering on her nature, and with her son she attempted a journey to New Orleans to bring back the remains of her dead daughter and give them honorable sepulture. Mrs. Higgins fell violently sick on her passage up the gulf, and before they reached the city her disease terminated fatally, and to prevent danger of infection among the passengers and crew, the body was almost immediately committed to its long resting-place, where tributes of respect or affection could never come, far down amid the varied spoils gathered in by those hungry waters.

Joel proceeded to New Orleans, and as soon as possible returned to his own home without a relative in the world that his pride would acknowledge, and without the object of his journey; for the city authorities would on no consideration allow the exhumation of a body at that dangerous and pestilential season.

All his mother's property now became his own, and he was possessed of wealth sufficient for a luxurious lifetime, but for the false ideas of wasteful prodigality which he called *gentility*, a very much abused, misunderstood, and perverted word. For a succession of unproductive years he "wasted his substance in riotous living," idle, extravagant, and disdainful of "open, honest, honorable gains," because he regarded his *capital* as a fountain, which, however profusely it flowed, was quite inexhaustible, and finally he found himself a disagreeable excrescence on society, reduced to the inglorious extremity, I have been obliged, as a faithful historiographer, in the foregoing pages to reveal.

CHAPTER III.

THE stage, heavily freighted with the consequence and "other chattels" of our hero, whirled up with a dash to the door of the village tavern, and the very genteel baggage of Mr. Joel W. Higgins was unstrapped with great care, and planted, after much sweating and tugging by the muscle of the landlord and some of his burly red faced underlings, on the piazza.

"Hope that fat man wont want his great box carried up stairs to-night," muttered the underlings, as they peered curiously inside the stage, rubbing their shoulders to assure themselves that the lift had dislocated no joints.

When the baggage was safely off, and all the other passengers had alighted, except one lady in a long, close, green veil, Mr. Joel himself got out and set his aristocratic feet on the plebian soil of —, or rather on the boards of landlord Thorne's piazza. He was obliged to land in the neighborhood of a watering trough, which was liberally patronized by all the horses and cows in the village, and at that time, as there had been some freezing weather, a little ice had accumulated. — Our traveller's boots were very smooth and he did not *look down*—he seldom did such a thing as that literally or figuratively—so the pillars on which he supported his consequence and his bulk gave way, and the very first experience he had in — was a complete downfall. The landlord flew to the assistance of the unfortunate man whose dependencies had "played him so false," and the saucy rascally boys, who had been attracted by the unusually fine appearance of the baggage on the stage, like the unwhipped imps they were, set up a perfect shout of laughter.

"Boys clear out every one of you, or I'll have you flogged—are you hurt, sir? Jonathan, why didn't you clear away this ice? Shall I send over for Dr. Kilhum? he lives handy," interrogated the landlord in a breath.

Up on his feet again, with his head in the right place and no great injury to his bones—they were as well protected as bones could be—Mr. Higgins blandly thanked the landlord, and assured him he had sustained no material hurt, though he did ache well in several places.

"Would'nt he have some gin and a flannel to rub in?" suggested the anxious landlord. "Might take some brandy to his room if he pleased," was Mr. Higgins' polite response.

The stage had driven away by this time to carry the lady in the green veil, afore-mentioned, to her place of abode, and returned just in time to hear the stranger's inquiry of the landlord.

"Can you do me the favor to inform me, sir, if there are any private families in this fine village with no children, and extra accommodations, where they would take a genteel boarder at a liberal price?"

The landlord lifted up his hat and settled it quite on one side of his head.

"It must be a *private* house, with no children, I 'spose," he replied.

O the "liberal price" had startled his cupidity, but alas! and alas! he was the owner of *nine* as noisy children as ever ran wild and learned wick-

edness amidst the agrarian medley in the bar-room of a country tavern.

"Very quiet place is desirable," rejoined Mr. Higgins, and something inaudible escaped him, which sounded most like "invalid," "state of health," "medical counsel," etc.

"Well," said the landlord, "there's Mehitable Winkle that's just come home. She takes boarders sometimes. She had some from the city last summer, and she thought 'twas a good deal of trouble. But perhaps as she is alone now, all but her two niggers, she will consent till you can suit yourself better, if both like. She is a singular old girl, though," pursued the landlord, quite to the edification of a numerous auditory who had collected to stare at the new comer and learn what he wanted, and mischievously anxious to forestal the opinion of Mehitable Winkle's customer, for there was not a little bitterness between himself and herself on various accounts of long standing.

"Where is her residence?" interposed Mr. Higgins, his Quixotic blood beginning to boil at any remote indications of disrespect to a maiden.

"O just over there," said half a dozen at once; "the house with the poplars and buttonwoods in front, and the squashes running over the door!"

Mr. Higgins looked through his gold spectacles at the location, signified with the earnest air of a man bent on assuring himself of the identity of the object, though there was no possibility of mistaking it—and after a silence of a minute, he turned to his host, coughed violently, from the inhalation to his fastidious lungs of a suffocating surfeit of the vilest of all vile bar-room tobacco smoke, cleared his voice with—

"I will have tea, sir, if you please, before I call on the lady in question," and walked up stairs to his flannel and brandy. While he is making the application, whether internal or external, it is not our business to inquire, I will attend you, courteous reader, to the residence of Miss Mehitable Winkle, and give you a familiar introduction.

Miss Mehitable Winkle was born the same day and hour of the same month and year, according to accredited neighborhood chronicle, as one of her neighbors, who was not one day less than *forty-seven*. But Miss Winkle was not so old as that—she could not be. Why, Mrs. Acres had brought up *ten* mortal children, the eldest of whom was the village merchant, and the others ranged in regular gradation down to a noisy, boisterous brat of three or four—and why should not that mother be a great deal older than prim, precise, punctilious Miss Mehitable Winkle. The house she occupied, and every thing in and around it, bundles of bank stock tied up with yellow tape, and all, were her own undisputed possession, and no mortal man, woman, or child levied the remotest claim to one article of all her property.

The house it is true was not a new one in modern style, but it had been painted, "at some considerable expense," twice over, white, with new green blinds, and the two coats of white lead and oil concealed pretty effectually the original "gamboe" which it had worn in the incipency of the village. It was a tall narrow house with two parlors in front, one on each side of a small square entry in which the stairs were situated. There

were large airy chambers over those rooms, and a small bedroom over the front door, all of which had been given up to the accommodation of sundry boarders, domiciliated according to their respective quality and the price they paid. Miss Winkle's private sanctum, the kitchen and fixtures, were back from the street, and behind all was the garden, which was certainly a most prolific place indeed, for it did "grow" everything in the whole catalogue of kitchen vegetables, and more marigolds, and coxcombs, and poppies, and bearsfoot, besides beds of striped grass, and scented grass, and camomile, and hoarhound, etc., than I have time to describe.

The internal arrangements were like Miss Mehitable Winkle's self, as nice and modest as nice and modest could be. They were somewhat improved since the decease of her parents, whose second childhood, to her everlasting honor be it spoken, she watched as patiently and tenderly as the mother watches the cradle of her first born, and they had made Mehitable sole legatee of all their property. But in the main the carpets presented the same set stripes undimmed by time or sunshine, the mahogany was just as dark, the carving just as antiquated, and the high back chairs just as "starched" as they were in her father's and mother's honey-moon, sixty years "agone."

Miss Winkle had added two modern luxuries to her establishment, which looked mighty out of keeping with the general air of antiquity throughout the house. These were a large, voluptuous, plush-covered rocking chair, for which she paid a *large sum* of her very best cash, and a solar lamp glittering with flashing, sparkling, beautifully brilliant pendants.

Miss Winkle kept—don't put in "a score of cats," saucy reader, as if old maidens and the feline family were in inseparable association—I say she had not *cats* on her premises, unless they came in the unenviable capacity of midnight marauders—she had only *a cat*—a great yellow creature as large as a medium dog, his round, smooth sides striped like a zebra with black and grey—an honorable cat, which had eaten every rat, and mouse, and squirrel, which had unwarily ventured on Miss Winkle's domain, she said, "as long as she could remember—say twenty-five years!"—and now that his teeth were fairly worn off cracking every bone in the body of his prey, and he could not appreciate a new set as his mistress could, (more of *hers* anon) why had he not earned a place, ex-officio, on the rug by her parlor fire, or a seat on the pillow of the sofa whenever he chose, besides a pension dispensed in the form of good red steak and warm milk, I desire to know.

I was going to say, if I had not been interrupted, that Miss Winkle "*kept*" a horse and chaise, and rode out alone, or with some invited company, often a sick woman, or a pale and feeble girl, whenever she liked, which was *not* every day, as she did not approve of "*gadding*," and was, moreover, not a little afraid of "*samson*," her horse, having no man about to drive him and restrain his feats of strength, which, notwithstanding the remarkably proper way in which he had been brought up, he was wilful enough, and wicked

enough, sometimes to practice, to Miss Winkle's exceeding terror, and the no small danger of her vehicle.

Miss Winkle, or "Hitty Winkle," as she was universally known—her name never having undergone metamorphosis into the sweet little liquid "*Hetta*" that obtains with the children unfortunately baptised "*Mehitable*" in these days, and an illustration of modern improvement in civilization, too—was rather a tall, thin woman, and her tallness and thinness was the more perceptible from the most religious and uncompromising detestation with which she regarded all those supplementary addenda which change a small, slight figure into a veritable Persian beauty—namely, "a load for a camel!" Had she lived in the palmy days of Egyptian splendor and idolatrous power, she would have fallen a sacrifice at the hands of those Nile worshipping, catacomb-digging Pagans, to the strange appetite of their tempest deity, Typhon, for she had the proper qualification—*red hair*! She called it *golden*—but I shall insist that it *was red*! She did not wear a cap—no, she was *too young*, and her "glory" was too abundant, besides being remorselessly intractable. But she *did* wear two enormous tortoise shell combs of a light color, one on each side of her head, inclining obliquely toward either ear, and about these formidable combs she coiled the braids—how many I cannot presume to say, lest I should be maliciously charged with a tendency to exaggeration. Over her rosy face, (she plead guilty to a florid complexion,) or rather *cheeks*, there hung not "rosy" but *red* curls in profusion, fastened back by long shell side-combs, and behind, to complete the paraphernalia, as it was time for winter colors, she wore a large *purple* bow, with long ends drooping toward her white starched muslin collar.

Her eyes passed for blue, and as she wore no spectacles, though she owned a pair which were locked up in her work-table "against she should need them," you could see just how large and how small her eyes were, and I feel compelled to state as an impartial historian that they *were small* rather than *large*. Her nose was like most people's, her ugliest feature, though it looked well enough. Her mouth—O sympathizing reader! she had just been to the city and staid some weeks suffering worse than inquisitorial tortures in the process of extraction of old "gnarled roots," and the arming her mouth with a new set of—they were *put in for—teeth*!

But that dentist ought to be frowned out of the profession—Harry Daring, the barber-chirurgeon's most audacious apprentice, was a finished connoisseur to him—he ought to be haunted with the chattering ghosts of *teeth, teeth, teeth*, and gnashed upon too, for if ever there was a quack and a scoundrel at any business, Miss Winkle's dentist was the man.

He had made her what is called "a block," I think—(I hope the profession will pass by my mistake forgivingly, if I have made one, as my own mouth has held so little parley with them, that I am a very tyro in technicalities.)—and it did look like some dead body's exhumed grinders filed down and stuck together with something blackish; and then to complete such atrocious

workmanship he had knocked them in so that one end canted out, the other toward the esophagus! Miss Winkle puckered her lips as well as she could over this mockery, but when she smiled, as she often did, if she had not found occasion for her handkerchief that minute, you would have seen the *left* end of her "new block" some little time before the *right*!

Mr. Joel W. Higgins had not been violating the old spelling-book maxim, "make no long meals," all the time I have taken to narrate this episode in Miss Winkle's history. He was very hungry, from his long, hard ride, it is true, but he dispatched the landlord's viands with truly American speed, for he felt in haste to settle himself in his prospective "winter quarters." As an additional incentive to expedition there were two sharers at his table; one whose hands and clothes looked decidedly like a shoe-maker's, and the stage-driver; and he, Mr. Joel W. Higgins, was not used to such company at his meals. O how longingly he thought of his city hotel, and its splendor and style—and of beautiful Miss Juliana Banks—and how he deprecated his evil fortune that as a last resort he must sequester himself in the country! a living burial! Well—he tried to do like the miser in the fable—*imagine* the stone he found in the place of his stolen gold a treasure. He tried to believe he was sitting, snugly and at leisure, in his easy-chair, to which he had been accustomed, and that the bit of newspaper the hostess had carefully laid on the table, to set the Britannia tea-pot on, was the *bill of fare*, setting forth the most approved and last imported French dishes. Poor man! what an illusion!

After tea Mr. Higgins brushed his coat, adjusted his spectacles, put on his hat, took his cane and sallied out of the tavern to make Miss Mehitable Winkle a preliminary call.

Now the said Miss Winkle had heard from six several sources, within the space of half an hour, what a very genteel looking customer she was about to receive, and I beg the forbearance of my readers for her, when I tell them that all the vanity and maiden ambition of the halcyon period in woman's life was aroused in Miss Winkle's precise and very respectable heart. Her hair never had such a schooling in its long life—the curls were adjusted and re-adjusted—the purple ribbon looked purpler than ever, and the ringlets took such a scorching from the hastily heated "curling tongs," that in most cases they would have staid in exact and obedient curl for full three weeks. Miss Winkle donned her very best blue and brown plaid cashmere, which was decorated with three wide crosswise flounces and steel buttons, and some other extra garments to give herself a little more rotundity—not because she was reconciled to any such impropriety, but for a very tyrannical reason—because she had just been to the city and found it very *fashionable*!

Miss Winkle stood by the window and looked out till she saw the veritable bachelor himself approaching, and then she sat down in great state in her rocking-chair, with her black pic-nic mitts on, it must be confessed in a very unusual state of trepidation, which threatened her quiet and composure for time indefinite. Miss Winkle

smoothed down her collar for the hundredth time, rocked herself famously back and forth—suddenly the knocker sounded—very consequentially indeed! Miss Winkle sprang as if she had been propelled from a cannon mouth—flew to the glass one moment with very girlish haste, and then settled herself in her chair again. That instant the door opened, and black Jenny, looking very much excited, ushered a most genteel looking man into the presence of her no less excited mistress. He bowed as he entered, and Miss Winkle rose and advanced with her most graceful sweep. Jenny stared and held a little white paper in her fingers, looking first at it, then at Miss Winkle, then at the stranger gentleman, in the most ludicrous confusion.

"What you want me should do with the paper?" at length Jenny ventured to inquire, for the pantomime began to grow intolerable.

"Give the card to your lady as my introduction to be sure," said Mr. Higgins, bowing again and smiling, as if he would relieve somebody from an uncomfortable predicament.

Miss Winkle blushed crimson for the ignorance and uncourtliness of her "help," and Jenny, handing her the "paper," was glad to withdraw from her part in the scene, and beat an inglorious retreat to the kitchen. Her "lady" glanced at the card, on which was stereotyped "J. W. Higgins, Esq.," and the parties had had sufficient introduction.

"I have the pleasure to address Miss Winkle I presume," said Mr. Higgins, as he bowed again lower than before, and presented his hand, on which that diamond still glittered.

"Address Miss Winkle?" *fancy*, the impetuous thing, affixed a new and very unusual signification to those words, at least in Miss Winkle's experience.

"Squire Higgins—yes, sir,"—Miss Winkle was fond of titles—"take a seat this way, sir,—and she wheeled round the great chair in a twinkling.

"O don't let me interrupt you, ma'am," politely hesitated Mr. Higgins, though he looked most lovingly at the proffered chair.

"No trouble at all, sir," said Miss Winkle in her confusion. "You look fatigued, squire—pray sit here," and she gave the chair such another push as brought it in such proximity to Mr. Higgins that he no longer declined. "Have you travelled far to-day, sir?"

"Only from the city, ma'am," replied Mr. Higgins, setting himself in the rocking chair.

Miss Winkle took another seat at a *proper distance* from the "squire," and she did find it marvellously easy to make the acquaintance of such a very affable "city bred" gentleman. By the time the evening was half spent, Mr. Higgins had only to mention his inclination to take winter quarters with her, and Miss Winkle was ready with her very best accommodations, and even ordered a fire in his room immediately, so it might be comfortable retiring, and sent her negro Jack over to the tavern, with his hand cart, to bring the squire's baggage.

He was so tired that he proposed going to his room early, to make some arrangements, and write to some "anxious friends" for the morning

mail. Miss Winkle could hardly spare him, he was so agreeable, but she got up, and with many kind wishes for his quiet repose, and many apologies for the want of entertainment she feared he would find in her quiet household, she handed him a lamp.

"Just the quiet, one, wearied out with the bustle and emptiness of city life, most admires, dear madam," replied Mr. Higgins soothingly, starting for his bed-chamber—but he was doomed to be an unlucky man, and the very sport of accident. He hit the long toe of his boot against the rocking chair, stumbled, and down went the lamp, right on Miss Mehitable Winkle's demure striped carpet, and Joel himself lodged in the arms of her rocking chair!

"O, dear," shrieked the lady, "my carpet! my carpet! it is broken my new lamp!" and then, recollecting herself, she shrieked again louder than before, "O, are you hurt, squire? Mercy on us! Jenny bring me the camphor."

Meantime the cat had sprung from his cushion squalling terrifically, and shot into one corner of the room, every hair on his body, from his ears to his tail, standing up like a mad porcupine; his eyes as green as "distilled jealousy," his toothless mouth wide open, hissing out venom like a bevy of serpents, almost in visible sparks, and striking his paws hither and thither, as if in close combat with an unseen demon. A pair of black faces peered through the parlor door, and, on discovering that no bones were broken and no lives were in danger, they ran back laughing in the sauciest and most unfeeling way imaginable.

Mr. Higgins scrambled up as fast as he could, made the most genteel apologies, begged as many pardons as on the occasion of a previous misfortune, he had of beautiful Miss Juliana Banks, and when he had ascertained that the lamp was not broken, and not a drop of oil spilled, he inwardly blessed his stars and went to his room as quickly as possible.

Miss Winkle retired too, but not to sleep—she tumbled and tumbled from side to side of her bed, and finally got up and took some paregoric, for the tall clock in the corner of her parlor struck three and she had not begun to drowse.

Miss Winkle was *very much excited*. If ever the heart of a young maiden just coming out fluttered at the hopes of a young lover, so did the time-encrusted heart of this *old* maiden at the hope of an *old* lover. Certain expressions of his sounded to her decidedly unequivocal in their import—"Address Miss Winkle"—a construction *might* be put on that—"dear madam," "my dear ma'am," &c. Well, these haunted Miss Winkle like shadows—but, by the soporific tendency of the paregoric, she did finally fall asleep, only to dream out all the circumstances of a *declaration* and a *wedding*!

Miss Winkle had taken pains to ask the squire if he indulged himself with coffee? He was "very fond of it, ma'am." "Did his stomach endure hot soda biscuit?" "Certainly, to be sure, ma'am"—so her arrangements were easily made for breakfast, and indeed her table did look the pink of neatness, and very tempting, when Mr. Higgins made his *entree* from his bedroom.

CHAPTER IV.

I NEED not weary my reader by a detail of Mr. Higgins' history through the winter. Suffice it that the neighborhood "thought everything" of him, and Miss Winkle a great deal more than that. He was all in all to that respectable woman, and she whispered confidentially to her friend, Miss Prudence Tell, that she did not know how she could do without Mr. Higgins, always supplementary with, "as a boarder of course you know," by way of sedative to "suspicion—whereupon the next time Miss Prudence Tell went out to tea she looked "mighty knowing," and insinuated that "some unexpected news might come out which would startle the whole village, but never repeat it from her!"

Mr. Joel W. Higgins took Miss Hitty Winkle "into society," and to meeting Sabbath-day, and to the evening meetings once or twice a week—rode with her in her chaise till snow came, and then in her sleigh—did her errands for her—went with her to "ladies' sewing circle," and cut old rags for pin-cushions, a most unprecedented step for a gentleman in the village of L—to take, and received in return from the society a present of a pair of embroidered suspenders. A most unusual number of parties were given among the neighbors, and all became anxious and ambitious to invite and be visited by so much of a gentleman as Miss Hitty Winkle's city boarder.

Mr. Higgins and Miss Winkle went to them all, and in return that lady gave a party for her boarder, and did the thing up in the very first style, for Mr. Higgins was joint committee and chairman in all the preparations. It cannot be denied that Mr. Higgins enjoyed his "winter quarters" much better than he had foreboded. Every thing was made subservient to his happiness, and nothing said about the close of the quarter. He had repeatedly declared in Miss Winkle's private ear that he had entirely reconciled himself to the absence of city privileges, so very hospitable were the people of L—; and more than once in the course of the winter Mr. Joel W. Higgins had been on the very verge of proposing to Miss Mehitable Winkle to walk life's down-hill at his side as Mrs. Joel W. Higgins. But such rich visions of Miss Juliana Banks, and her brilliant eyes and bewitching ways, and her splendor and her money ranged themselves by the side of Miss Winkle's personal charms and more solid possessions, as to throw the latter into rather unfavorable comparison. Mr. Higgins reasoned at such times thus: "Her father is alive and likely to live, and he scarcely condescends me a recognition. Juliana Banks, the little minx—she treats me like the dust under her feet; and should I—I—Mr. Joel W. Higgins, cringe and bear that? I am the first man *here*—why should I be the 'second in Rome'? There is something awful in thinking of the *incumbrance*; but that bank stock she talked about locked up in those old drawers would be prodigiously convenient. Yes! Hitty Winkle is the woman, and I know she would marry me to-morrow if I say so: Old, wizzled, red-haired thing as she is, and Juliana as young and lovely as Hebe—I must—I must! it is one of my unlucky acci-

dents. Shall I throw my dice in the life game to-morrow? O no—no—no—I'll wait a little longer for a little more resignation to so hard a fate!"

It chanced that late in the winter a young man in the neighborhood brought home a young wife, and directly, as was customary and proper, all the town were invited to the wedding party. And it chanced, too, that there was a very pretty young Miss at the gathering whom Joel had not met before, and, as was his wont, he was immediately captivated with the new face, and much to Miss Winkle's scandal he attached himself entirely for the whole evening to Miss Cleopatra Anthony—paid her the most gallant civilities, and as an unpardonable climax, in his infatuation, actually walked home with her, leaving Miss Winkle, an inexpressibly saucy thing, to take care of herself, and go home alone.

Mr. Higgins found the door locked when he reached his quarters, and it took long and repeated knocks before any body could be persuaded to awake and open the door. He entered the parlor—no Miss Winkle was there to smile him a welcome as all was pitchy dark. Jack in a very surly manner gave him a light, muttering wrathfully, and Mr. Higgins crept up to his room terrified indeed at such alarming and unusual demonstrations of a change in the temperature of Miss Winkle's affections. He actually dreaded the morning, for how should he answer to his slighted hostess for his neglect the preceding evening—how should he appease a jealous woman? She might be in such a state of resentment as to demand immediate payment, and expel him from her household. O, dear! what should he do—she would storm like Xanthippe or the three furies, he knew she would by her red hair!

But the morning did not linger for all that, and before he went down to breakfast he decided that, as a last resort, if nothing else under the sun would do, he would attempt to heal all differences by a direct proposal of marriage, and see what potency there was in that medicine. The bell rang—a short, angry tinkle it was—Mr. Higgins went down like a traitor going to the gibbet. Miss Winkle was at her place by the coffee-urn, her brow dreadfully frowning, and her mouth pinched up as if it had resolved that, talk or no talk, nothing should ever be wrong from it in the shape of conversation.—Mr. Higgins was at his wits' end—a dilemma not entirely new to him, to be sure, but he hardly saw any escape from it this time, and he knew that the crisis was come. He tried to behave as usual, but instead of that, he betrayed at every effort more and more apparently his consciousness of guilt in the sight of his hostess. He tried to talk, cautiously avoiding the subject on which they were at issue, of course. Miss Winkle answered in the crispest monosyllables.

When Mr. Higgins had finished his breakfast, (his predicament had not encroached upon his appetite so much as might be expected,) he leisurely pushed back his chair, and said:

"Well, Miss Winkle—I am yours to command—what is the order of the day?" Miss Winkle looked like a thunder-cloud—and Mr. Higgins almost thought he was annihilated.

"This," she replied, between her teeth, taking up a folded paper that lay beside her tray. "There is my *bill*, Mr. Higgins—I think it's time we *settle*. Your second quarter has been some time begun, and not one word have you said about *ever* paying a-cent for the trouble and expense you have cost me!"

Now there were no two words in the English language that were such mortal poison to the feelings of Mr. Higgins as "*settle*" and "*bill*."—The crack of a pistol right at his ear would not have terrified him half as much. "Peppersauce and fire," thought he, all the blood in his body rushing into his face, as he took the paper with the *nonchalant* air of a man who was all ready to pay to the uttermost farthing, and more too—he ran over the items—not only board, but fuel, and lights, and broken crockery, (Joel was always breaking crockery) horse and carriage, extra service of help, and a variety of things beside, were all distinctly stated on half a sheet of foolscap, and the dread amount summed up and *proved* at the foot of the column. Mr. Higgins flew into a violent passion.

"You must have been up all night, madam, to prepare so elaborate a charge, madam," wrathfully extemporised the indignant bachelor, making a feint of pulling out the right pocket book.

"None of your *sarse*, sir, in my own house," put in Miss Winkle, her small eyes flashing just as much fire as they could, and her voice pitched as high as "high E." "I dont take an insult but *once* from any man, Mr. Joel Higgins."

There was evident allusion to last night's party. Mr. Higgins cooled his temper as that of the lady rose. "Miss Winkle, could you wait a few days till I can go to my banker for the money—" began the trembling bachelor, but Mehitable interrupted him.

"Go to your banker! Yes, and a *likely* chance I should have to see you after *that*! No, sir—I could not wait a day, nor *half* a day!—and in the meantime I would thank you to look for another place." Another thrust for his base desertion of her the evening before! Really her words were two-edged swords. He must open the subject and try to apologize.

"Miss Winkle, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed—but I did not mean any offence to you—indeed, ma'am—dear madam—could I ask your pardon?"

"No, you could not *get* it if you *did*," retorted the unchristian spirited Miss Winkle. "I'll do nothing but *settle*, and that for every mill, too—not I, indeed! You don't impose upon me but *once*," and Miss Winkle really endangered the china so nervously did she rattle it.

"Well, Miss Winkle, I have not the pocket money just now, (that was true) but I promise it next week, on the faith of a gentleman," stammered Joel, pushed to the very last extremity.

"Faith of a jackanapes, Mr. Joel Higgins! I've had enough of your *faith*! don't tell me of *faith*! there is not a man in the world that knows what it means. Pay me this very day, or I'll put the bill in the hands of Squire Clench for collection."

Miss Winkle stopped for want of breath to proceed, and Mr. Higgins plainly saw that the only way of safety was to bring his body of reserve

into the field, and even that began to look more doubtful every moment.

"My dear Mehit—Miss Winkle,"—Joel drew out his white perfumed handkerchief with one hand, and put it to his spectacles, and laid the other on his heart. His voice sounded like the shrill creaking of an old wheel, so very much affected was he. "O, my wretched fate! must all my heaven high hopes, my visions of Elysium Tempe, nay, Paradise itself, end thus in cruel disappointment? O, miserable man!" and, in the insupportable wretchedness of his situation, he seemed to feel the floor falling away beneath his feet, so he crept up a little nearer to the incensed woman, no doubt for a safe place to stand on, still industriously wiping the *tears off his spectacles!*

"May I say, sweet Hitable, I have loved you with a first and only passion—a passion only death and the cold tomb can—can *quell*, and my little stratagem was only to discover to my own assurance, the state of your pure heart toward my unworthy self?"—with some difficulty Mr. Higgins succeeded in a *genuflexion*. "Do you bid me despair, my lost Pleiad? tell me I may hope, sweetest of women, and I am yours for ever."

Miss Mehitable Winkle's iron features softened—there he was—the man of all others in the world kneeling, where certainly no man ever knelt before, at *her* feet!—he had only been trying "to discover the state of her affections," by his attentions to that little, contemptible, flaunting hussey, imprudently thrusting herself into his face and eyes—she had *wronged* him, and instead of repudiating her for her injustice and cruelty, there he was at her feet with his heart and hand, those precious long-coveted treasures, all so beautifully and touchingly proffered! What a christian he must be, thus to render tenfold good for the evil she meditated inflicting upon his devoted head! O! what a scene for an artist! Mr. Joel W. Higgins on his knees, at the imminent hazard of his straps, covering Miss Mehitable Winkle's red cordy hand with kisses, the effervescence of the passion he had avowed, his spectacles concealed by his white handkerchief, and that envied damsel all melted down like butter under the equator, pouring out a torrent of repentant tears into her *D'Oyley!*

The curtain falls at this part of that middle-aged love scene—what reconciliations took place behind the curtain I have no license to reveal; but I presume on the fact that a great deal must have been done, for, when it rises, how the scene and the faces of the actors have changed! Sitting on the sofa close together, like two loving doves, all smiles and happiness, as if there never was any thing but sunshine and flowers in the world!—Mr. Joel W. Higgins thinking of bank-stock and winter quarters, and Miss Winkle thinking how fortunate she was to obtain a "*habeas corpus*" security on that debt for "board, fuel, lights, broken crockery, etc.

Mr. Higgins thought it politic to insist on a very early date as the era of his consummate bliss—he could not wait to call her his lovely wife!—(O shade of beautiful Juliana Banks! what a falsehood that was!)—to feel that no power on earth could wrest so much sweetness and gentleness

(and bank-stock) from him. Miss Winkle was "nothing loth,"—the name of Winkle might go into oblivion if it could be superseded by such a musical one as Higgins!

The intelligence flew on the wings of the wind; O yes, indeed, all over the town. The men were saucy enough to snicker and declare in open bar-rooms that they did not envy the bridegroom *his* happiness. *Their* wives could scold plenty enough, but *all together* they could not do so good a day's work at it as Hitty Winkle. The women held a convention at Miss Prudence Tell's, and discussed the whole affair from beginning to end, in all its aspects, prospects and probabilities, and concluded by wondering how Hitty managed "to get round him," and how he happened to be "so taken in." Miss Tell intimated that *she* had reason to think that Miss Winkle was guilty of the impropriety of making unmaidenly advances on the subject of the marriage, or it never would have been brought about. To her certain knowledge Hitty had said more than once that she could not do without him, and what was the inference in the minds of sensible and delicate women, but that she meant to have him, Miss Tell desired to know? Some one proposed that Mr. Higgins should be rescued before it was too late—at least that he should be suitably warned; but all declined to serve on so dangerous a mission. An anonymous communication was suggested, but there arose insuperable difficulties to that scheme, and they finally concluded if Mr. Higgins was such a fool as to run into the fire with his eyes wide open and his spectacles on, too, why let him repent at his leisure! It must be her *money*, and not Hitty Winkle, that he was after, and if he was so *base* and *mean* as to *marry for money*, Hitty Winkle was plenty good enough for him.

But these caustic remarks retarded operations not at all with the parties most concerned. As soon as the preliminaries could be arranged, cards were issued in city style, and the whole neighborhood was called in to witness the solemnization of nuptials between Mr. Joel W. Higgins and Miss Mehitable Winkle. The old maids in attendance drily prophesied evil, when, after the irrevocable ceremony had been performed and the irrevocable promises "for better or worse" had been interchanged, the unlucky genius of the delighted bridegroom still followed him, and pursued him into the misfortune of overturning the bride's loaf upon the carpet, spilling the lemonade and breaking a plate and a tea-cup. But what of that, you bitter spinsters! Do you recollect the fable of the "fox and grapes?" It was not half so bad as to forget himself for an untoward moment, and address the blushing bride by the name she fancied she had cast off as a snake its skin—Miss Winkle! He had an illustrious precedent for that, however.—Lord Byron chronicles that he also called his new-made Peeress, plain plebeian "Miss Milbanke," when she had a right to the distinguished title of "Lady Byron."

Reader, I am unable to ravel the web of the future; so I cannot tell you the fate of my hero and heroine. It is their honey-moon yet—and whether it is "an elegant Katharine and Petruccio," or not, I cannot say. Some have insinuated,

calumniously, without doubt, that there are some *stings* in the honey already. The sin of such a suggestion is in their skirts who fabricate such mischievous sayings against the connubial harmony of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Wadd Higgins. I only

charge my pen with the fact, that the husband passes more of his time away from home than he did previous to his possession of that coveted cornucopia, the bundles of bank-stock, and Mrs. Higgins seldom finds it convenient to go with him.

THE BIBLIOPOLIST.

No. I.

BY SAHAL-BEN-HAROUN.

BOOKS.

"Gems, and Light and Flowers."

THE greatest of all pleasures to a mind of any sensibility is that derived from the perusal of works of literature, for, as it has been well observed by a late writer, "Books are the depository of every thing that is most honorable to man!" And this pleasure is not a little enhanced by the declaration of the same author, "He that loves reading has every thing within his reach!"

The ambition of the merely worldly man suffers immeasurably when contrasted with that of the aspirant for literary fame. The Order of Letters, though severe in its requirements, is ever just in the honors it confers; and knowing that the world too generally recognizes only through the medium of futurity, it has written on the banners of its countless hosts the simple but significant inscription—TIME!

The seeds of knowledge, therefore, are imperishable, though catacombed in the bosoms of dead Pharos; they bide their hour, and will in their appointed season flourish as lordly cedars, beneath whose shade the sons of men repose.

Who can read the words of glorious Milton without responding in his "heart of hearts" to the noble truths he utters? "Many a man," he writes, "lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life!" The "spirit's ladder," as it were, by which we reach the realms of truth.

No man can fairly read a gifted author without in some measure drinking in his spirit, and cordially agreeing with the "stern reformer," that books "contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are." "Nay," continues he, as if in confirmation of our position, "they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them!"

It is much to be regretted that sentiments so honorable as these have not always received the attention they deserve. By some, though happily the number is comparatively few, books are "an affectation of pedantry!" and the "ill-directors of the current and conduct of business," which alone

is necessary in their contracted estimation, "to make men as wise as they need be!" "As if," writes Clarendon, "the excellent endowments of nature would be eclipsed by reading books," or hinder thinking minds from acquiring more than they would attain by mere commerce with the world. Well might he add, and we would hope in indignation, that "such opinions hath gotten too much countenance in the world!"

The mere perusal of books, however, without subjecting their contents to the "alembic of thought," will render inert the intentions of the author, whose design—knowing the indolence of human nature—is to force us to reflection, and by presenting for our consideration direct ideas, enable us, by the operations of the mind, to pursue indirect ones; accurately to trace out new deductions, and justly to determine their effects and consequences.

"Thinking," says an old writer, "nurseth thinking;" and this process of "mental alchemy," if rightly directed, must result in our assimilation with the thoughts and feelings of the author, and confer on us the benefits of his wisdom and experience.

The student in his literary progress will derive no small interest in discovering, as he inevitably will, if he goes deep enough, the hidden germs of many of the happiest expressions which adorn the pages of our distinguished writers.

Almost every author of any standing in the ranks of literature may be regarded as a borrower, in a greater or less degree, from the commonwealth of letters. Even Shakspeare, Milton, Gray, are frequently indebted to their predecessors in "bokecraft." While, however, it is allowed that they have freely used the "shadowed thoughts" of more obscure authors, it must also be remembered that they have made a noble restitution in presenting to their readers, not a depreciated capital, but a thought refined, embellished, and stamped with the impress of a brighter genius.

The "excellence of knowledge" has been the "praise pre-eminent" of many who endured the whips and scorns of fortune, and proudly claimed

in "realms beyond, their triumph and reward."—Nor was their expectation less than just; they had "counted cost," and most determinately had ventured all for the bright goal and the ennobling cause; well knowing that their own prowess must "carve out their escutcheon," and that he who battles in the ranks of learning "begets his own nobility!"

It is greatly to the honor of Sir Philip Sidney, "himself of gentle blood," that he has pointedly recorded this ennobling power of letters. He writes in his "Defense of Poesy," "The ending of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over the rest!"

It is to him, however, who, "poor" in the acceptance of the world, this "solacement of books" becomes most valuable. Books—his only wealth—are to him inestimable treasures, "rich gold and laden argosies,"—treasures he would not exchange for worldly honor, or barter for broad lands with all their "garniture of fields!"

Books are to him a "sovereign medicament," healing all the "rubs and sores of adverse life;" or like "pure rose-water in a crystal glass," not only grateful but restoring.

His books bring him content, "that priceless jewel," "with which," writes one, "no estate can be poor, and without which all estates will be miserable." In them he holds communion with the wise and good of by-gone ages, of whom he is the heir; and while he rightly uses the precious heritage of their "jewelled thoughts," he preserves their memory dear and perpetual among us, by showing to all who are governed by reason no other quality than their excellence is necessary to excite us to the love and practice of the wisdom they have bequeathed us.

The numerous and remunerating advantages to be derived from a careful method of reading are therefore confirmed by the experience of all whose judgment and opinion are entitled to respect. By a course of study thus governed and directed, the mind is rendered ductile and susceptible to excellencies, which the discriminating power of reflection enhances and invigorates. Treasures are discovered, the existence of which was not even conjectured; the portals of imagination are thrown wide for our admission, and the nicest shades of reason, fancy, truth, or error, are detected and defined with a precision and fidelity that surprises and delights.

Among nations, however, so decidedly commercial as are those of the present day, the devotion of the greater portion of their time to the study of books is the privilege of but few. For the mass, perhaps, this is fortunate; a dependance

entirely on literary labors is, alas! too frequently a hazardous experiment for personal comfort or pecuniary advantage. To meet the exigencies caused by this "great absorption," bulky volumes have given place to treatises, and pamphlets and reviews take precedence of more elaborate tomes.

This necessity for condensation is hinted by Addison, when he speaks of "the virtue of a full draught" being exhibited "in a few drops!" and in a still later period the venerable D'Israeli has written: "The more numerous part of mankind, by their occupations, or their indolence, both unfavorable causes to literary improvement, require to obtain the materials for thinking by the easiest and readiest means."

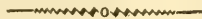
A suggestion of such importance, and coming, as it did, from the experience of one long and honorably distinguished as a leader in literary labors, has, as might naturally be expected, greatly influenced the minds of later authors; and we may not, perhaps, greatly err in attributing to these difficulties the vast increase of Reviews, Magazines, and "Reading for the Million," in which we have the essence of the author or subject placed immediately before us, their excellencies particularized, and their errors or deficiencies investigated and corrected.

These "hand-books of knowledge," and the method thus employed for communicating the most valuable information, are therefore peculiarly adapted for general readers in the present day, and many a half hour, that might otherwise have been less profitably engaged, has been devoted to the perusal of their pages, with an interest that has resulted in advantages little calculated at the moment.

We may, therefore, in summing up the numerous excellencies of books, justly regard them as entitled to our highest consideration, whether in the light of disinterested counsellors to inform and direct us, as the sincerest friends and advisers, or the most refined and delightful associates.

There is, however, another feature in books, which has been noticed (we believe) but by one writer, the author of "Coningsby;" it is, that passages, sometimes of great difficulty, are frequently explained or elucidated by other authors, with whose volumes the original book had not the remotest connection, and the subject of which question "is not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed!"

Books have, therefore, a pre-eminent claim on our honorable attention not only for the truths they immediately present us, but also, and with a no less degree of estimation, for their relative qualities in "pointing to beds where sovereign gold doth grow!"



OPEN THE BLINDS.

BY L. G. A.

LET the moon gleam with all her glory down,
 It is one little ray direct from Heaven,
 So pure—so holy—that I look for crown—
 And harp—and song—but none, alas! are given;
 But, Oh, its beauty, to my heart it steals
 And wakes a melody that angels hear,
 The love—the peace and joy—the song reveals,
 Is only manifest by starting tear,
 I sometimes fancy as I gaze on high,
 O'er the blue arch of heaven gem'd above,
 That the round moon's a *loophole* in the sky
 Whence come these heavenly streams of light and love.

In this green-wreathed world, so fair and still,
 No angel voice nor angel wing is heard,
 But their bright eyes are twinkling o'er the hill,
 Like eager listeners for some earthborn word,
 And, oh, that they should ever see below
 The deeds of sin and wrong that stain our earth,
 Or hear the notes of wailing or of woe,
 Caused by the inebriate in his fiendish mirth,
 Or that their holy minds should know so clear
 Of man's injustice and his cruel power,
 Methinks if they could ever shed a tear,
 Tears would oft fall on crushed hearts at this hour.

The mingled scene spread out o'er this wide earth,
 How to the *sinless* must the mass appear!
 Oh, what is man? Yes, even from the birth,
 Of every tongue and kindred breathing here,
 What strange diversity! and yet how same
 In all the wants of this strange human life,
 The Idol Worshipers of every name
 Have "fashioned" hearts like ours with feelings rife;
 But oh, how dark, as darkest night, the mind
 That looks not up in such an hour as this
 To the true God, in perfect love enshrined,
 Throbbing with pulse of love—and purest bliss.

How can man live surrounded with the rays
 That fall around him in the moonlit hour,
 And dare commit a *crime*—or stain his ways
 With sin's *pollution*—and temptation's *power*
 The presence of pure-beings can but *awe*,
 They love not sin among the good in Heaven,
 Nor mar its purity—or break its law—
 This wilful blindness—*can it be forgiven?*
 Above all this, we have a clearer light
 From God's own holy word outshining all—
 Each word, each thought, comes from a source so bright,
 That no one ever in the dark need fall.

THE BRIDAL OF WOE.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

DIMLY the shadows stretch across the seas,
 With glistening frost the window pane is white;
 And the blind winds go moaning through the trees—
 O! 'tis a mournful night!

Under the rafters, where, in summer's heat,
 The twittering swallow hung her nest of clay,
 The new-milked heifer, sheltered from the sleet,
 Chews the sweet-scented hay.

On southern slopes, hard by the leafy wold,
 Where the stray sunbeams all the day kept warm,
 Instinct is shepherding the harmless fold
 From the ice-bearded storm.

The watch-dog, shivering couchant on the sill,
 Watches the moon, slow sailing up the sky,
 Nor answers, calling from the churchyard hill,
 The owlets frequent cry.

In the dim grass the little flowers are dead,
 No more his song the grasshopper awakes,
 And the pale silver of the spider's thread,
 No wanton wild-bird breaks.

Meekly the cold lips of the dying day
 Prese the pale forehead of the evening star,
 While brightly wildering constellations lay,
 Like village hills afar.

Yet did my soul, whose flights have sometimes stirred
 The clouds that curtain back eternity,
 Lie wailing in my bosom, like a bird,
 Driven far out at sea.

On such a night my heart was wed to pain,
 And joy along its surface can but gleam,
 Like the red threads of morning's fiery skein
 Along the frozen stream.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

American Female Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By Caroline May. pp. 532 8vo. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston.

Our transatlantic brethren in the critical department, seem to have adopted it as a general rule—despite the remonstrances of a few, more prone to gallantry—that, when a female enters upon the literary arena, she is entitled to no more forbearance from the judges than they would exercise towards her masculine compeers. But the American spirit generally savors far more of politeness—far enough, in some instances, to excite a smile. Let it but be known that the compiler of any new book is a female, straightway all uncourtly thoughts disappear; the fiercest critic bites his pen in moody silence; and the milder ones pour forth laudations *usque ad nauseam*. In the course of the following remarks we shall adopt neither extreme, saying only what we think, but pursuing disagreeable investigations no farther than candor and a regard for the true interests of literature may demand.

Miss May has written a book of very tolerable merit, as regards style and execution. But the nature of its general plan does not redound so much to her credit. The work before us purports to contain "biographical and critical notices" of our female poets. Now we would respectfully ask, in what sense are we to understand the word *poet* as in said title. We have always been accustomed to hold opinions of a high nature with regard thereto. By that expressive dissyllable, as legitimately used, we understand those, and those only, who have a claim to membership in that holy and venerated brotherhood, which reckons among its numbers Shakespeare and Milton, Chaucer and Spenser, Pope, Dryden, Akenside, Gray, and, in more modern times, Burns, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott, Moore, Byron, Bryant and Halleck. A claim to the title of poet, implies a hold on futurity; a claim to immortal renown. The true poet is a being who seems literally to belong to another sphere than ours—who is able, like Ariel—

"————— to fly
————— to ride
On the curled cloud—"

whose delicacy of perception seems to the grosser elods around both incomprehensible and unapproachable—who has the mind of a giant though frequently—as was especially the case with poor Chatterton—in the body of a child. Such beings are poets—such, at least, as we have been long accustomed to consider them. But Miss May appears to think differently. Her immortal names are gleaned—and that by a not very laborious search—from the corners of newspapers, from the pages of Lady's Books and Annuals. There are in the length and breadth of our land many lady scribblers in our popular magazines, who have been deluded by friends and flatterers into the belief that they are prodigies—and whose effusions are pronounced "beautiful" by straight-haired, thin-faced school-girls. And there is scarcely one such who does not figure in the high-sounding list of "American Female Poets." Truly, the publication of this book will prove an era of glad tidings—a promise of future renown to many who have never before dreamed of acquiring eminence above the vulgar herd. Every boarding-school Miss, every sentimental young lady, who weeps over Werner and Ned Buntline, and escheweth as the plague any approach to solid reading, has now a fair promise of future

glory. Let her but purchase a rhyming dictionary, a gold pen, with a few reams of superfine gilt-edged, and she may hope at no distant day to win unlimited honor and renown; to be humbly revered by editors and publishers, and gently wafted by obsequious biographers into the seventh heaven of "Female Poets."

But in sober earnest, the quality of modern poetry has become so extensively deteriorated of late years, as to demand serious animadversion. The Lake School has, undoubtedly, effected a most praiseworthy revolution in our poetry. It would be difficult to show that Coleridge and Scott really lose anything by comparison with Pope and Dryden. The sober and measured hexameter; the "trailing Alexandrine;" the strangely idiomatic expressions, which so often remind us of a literal translation from Virgil; the close and painfully minute attention to arbitrary rules, have, to a great extent, disappeared. There have, it is true, been many stubborn prejudices to overcome, and some in quarters where we should have least expected them. Byron always looked up to Pope with a reverence, which he would never have condescended to bestow upon any of his own contemporaries. He thought Childe Harold and the Siege of Corinth but contemptible scribbles, when compared with the works of his venerated master. Yet there is not a man of refined taste who would hesitate for a moment to admit that the poetry of Scott and Byron is far, very far, superior to that of Pope. And the first may be taken as specimens of the new school; the other as a master of the old. But, nevertheless, while we see and smile at the faults of the ancient doctrine, and the excesses to which its admirers have proceeded, we should not forget that one extreme is as dangerous as the other, and that the bigoted admirer of "the Lake" may be led even farther into error than he who advocates the cause of the ancient school. No better illustrations of fact can be given, than the specimens of rhyme scattered in such profusion among our popular monthlies and weeklies. The force, the beauty, the expressiveness, and the disregard of absurd and pedantic rules, which characterize the lake school, have been sometimes refined into absolute nothingness. In the hands of zealous, and weak minded imitators, they have extensively degenerated into a delicate prettiness of style, a sacrifice of sense to sound, and a contempt of rules, good as well as bad, that would have made Dr. Blair hold up his hands in rhetorical dismay. The feeling with which we read, or listen to, most popular rhythmic of the day, is not unlike that which naturally arises in our minds upon hearing what Æschylus terms: a sensation of soft and musical sounds—a pleasant nothingness. And this is precisely the feeling produced in us by reading most of these "Female Poets."

Furthermore we have another serious charge, viz: *piracy*, to prefer against many of those fair ladies, whom Miss May has seen fit to consign to immortal fame. We are sorry to say that most of our magazine writers, including the above-mentioned "Female Poets," are most sinful and incurable plagiarists. We have no doubt, that, in a great many instances, the crime was involuntary, but, whether purposely or not, it has been committed to a fearful extent. No man thoroughly versed in our standard literature, can fail to recognize legions of his old acquaintances, more or less disguised, among the poetics involved in the work before us. We give one or two specimens, selected at random from those various effusions on which the authors would probably

be most willing to venture their claims to immortality. The first is from the "Sinless Child," by Mrs. Oakes Smith :

"No latch is raised, no step is heard,
But a phantom fills the space,
A sheeted spectre from the dead,
With cold and leaden face.

* * * *

*Then softly on the stepdame's arm,
She laid a death-cold hand,
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh,
Like to a burning brand."*

The last verse, which is one of the best in the whole episode, is conveyed from Scott's "Eve of St. John," and very little improved in the conveyance. *Ecce probationem* :

"He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand,
The lady shrank, and fainting, sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand!"

Again, in Mrs. Welby's poem entitled "Musings," we have the following :

"Forevery wave with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace,
And held it trembling there."

In the works of one of the "illustrious ten"—Keats, if we recollect rightly—we find the same thing :

"The stars were trembling in the arms
Of Ocean ———."

It might be thought incumbent on us to pursue the investigation farther. But it is unnecessary. Any of our literary friends can carry it out as far as they may see fit.

We must now say, that if any of our readers are inclined to think, from the above remarks, that we intend to treat our lady friends with unmitigated severity, or to inculcate the doctrine that America has no female poets on whom she may justly pride herself—they are greatly mistaken. The names of Mrs. Sigourney, of Lucretia Davidson, and her no less gifted sister, form a literal ———. Some of their productions will never be forgotten so long as English literature exists. What we have heretofore objected to is the undue meed of praise allotted to those whose claims to a lasting renown are, at best, very doubtful. But while we refuse to grant to the majority of those whose lives Miss May has written, the high place which she would assign them, we must say that their works contain, after a thorough excision of all defects, much that may well form a proud chaplet for the writers. There are in the volume before us many thoughts of which no poet need be ashamed—thoughts glowing, elevated, and evincing the existence of delicate perception, and pure taste in the bosoms of the authors. To be included among those who may be termed our national poets, whose works will be read and admired, when the smoke and din of cities arise, where are now seen only trackless forests and interminable prairies, is a lot which falls to none save those inspired by the highest and purest talent. We have no doubt that Homer and Dryden, Byron and Mrs. Hemans, will be read and quoted by our descendants of the twenty-first century, as frequently as they are by ourselves. And we have no more doubt that, at that time, Fanny Forester and Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Welby and Mrs. Hale, will be as completely forgotten as though they had never been. All these ladies possess, without doubt, highly cultivated minds, delicate and pure feelings, but they are not *poets*. Their productions may amuse, but they are altogether unfit for those who would read poetry with a view of refining their

taste and modelling their style. As contributors to Godey and Graham, they are altogether in their element—as the "Female Poets of America," they are altogether out of it.

In fine we would assure Miss Caroline May that we have a great deal of respect for her talents, and shall rejoice to see them employed on subjects which will reflect more credit upon her judgement than the present work. E. P. C.

Nature; Addresses, and Lectures. By R. W. Emerson. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1849.

These Addresses and Lectures are but a small part of what Mr. Emerson has delivered, but they afford an index to the man's mind, and a perfect idea of his method of expression. For some reason, which we have never heard any one attempt to account for, Emerson has been called an imitator of Carlyle, and accused of perverting the genius of our language by strange distortions, and applying old words to new uses. But there is nothing to found such opinions on in any of the published productions of our New England philosopher, who is certainly no imitator, and, as a writer of idiomatic and pure English, deserves to rank with the foremost authors of the day. He does not repeat the common babble of the day, but thinks his own thoughts and utters them in simple, sweet, and transparent sentences. The first of the Essays, in the volume before us, is called "Nature;" it was the first of the author's published productions, and as soon as published gained him the attention of thoughtful and intelligent auditors. As a literary composition it may be placed at the head of all the philosophical essays produced in the New World. The introduction, like the overture to an opera, gives the key note to the performances which follow :

"Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

"Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition, that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is nature?

"All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approach to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road to truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep madness, dreams, beasts, sex.

"Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which Philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses;—in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquires so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the

river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little clipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result."

The Addresses and Lectures are nine in number, delivered on different occasions between the years 1837 and 1844. The last one is "The Young American," which was read before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in February 1844, and it contains matter that every young American should read and remember. The volume is an exceedingly neat one and is creditable to the Boston Press, which, we are constrained to admit, issues better looking books than the Press of New York or Philadelphia.

The Invisible Gentleman. New York: Dewitt and Davenport. 1849.

This is a cheap reprint of an English novel by the author of "Charley the Fatalist;" but who he may be, or what his claims to a position in the literary world, we are unable to state either from hearsay or conviction. He is an invisible gentleman to us, and we must be content to leave him until a more convenient time shall occur for making a closer acquaintance with his merits.

The Little Savage. By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

Since the days of De Foe there has been no writer of fiction, among the literati of England, whose style is so admirably adapted to story telling as that of Captain Marryatt. He is always interesting from his simplicity of manner, and generally instructive and amusing, excepting when he attempts to soar into the region of romance, as he has done in some of his sea novels. In his stories, written for the amusement and instruction of young readers, like the "Little Savage," he is incomparably the best of the many writers of his class which the past twenty years have produced.

The Architect. By W. H. Ranlett. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1849.

The concluding numbers of the second volume of this serial publication, fully sustain the promise of the first numbers which we noticed some months since. It is, unquestionably, the ablest and most elegant work on rural architecture, and the subjects connected therewith, that has ever been published in this country; and, so far as our observation extends, it deserves to rank with the best English works of the kind. The designs are nearly all good, and all are extremely well executed; the text, though brief, is instructive; and the specifications are full, exact and reliable. It is a work that must effect an immense deal of good in diffusing an elevated taste in architecture, and in bettering the condition of those who dwell in suburban and country house.

Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America. Illustrated from Nature by the Author. By Henry William Herbert. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1849.

Frank Forester unites in his person certain qualities that have never met together in an American Author. He is a gentleman by birth; an excellent classical scholar; an elegant writer of fiction; a thorough sportsman; an artist with the pencil, and an accomplished naturalist. With such qualifications as these, and an extensive practical knowledge of his subjects, he was just the right person to make a book on the fish and fishing of his adopted country. He has accordingly given us a work which is interesting to the general reader, valuable to the student of natural history, and indis-

pensable to the intelligent sportsman with the rod and line. The volume is one of the most beautiful that has been issued from the American Press; the illustrations are accurately drawn—excepting the ornamental tail pieces, which are a blemish—and very neatly engraved and printed. It is a delight to read Mr. Herbert's enthusiastic description of our "brook trout," and the fish themselves would be as much charmed at the manner in which they are spoken of by their accomplished admirer, as they were at the preaching of St. Anthony. There is not a member of the salmonidæ but should esteem himself happy to be pulled out of the water by so tender and hearty an admirer. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to extract from this elegant volume some of the passages which we had marked for the delectation of our readers.

Institutes of Theology. By the late Thomas Chalmers. 2 Vols.: Vol. 1. Harper & Brothers. 1849.

The first volume of the *Institutes of Theology* forms the seventh volume of the Posthumous Works of the eminent Scotch Divine, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers, and Edited by Rev. William Hanna.

Frontenac; or The Atotarha of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance. By Alfred B. Street. From Bentley's London Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

Mr. Street's reputation as a descriptive poet, which is deservedly high, will gain him a large number of readers for this long romance, but we doubt its adding to his fame as an author. Three hundred pages of rhyming narrative, after the manner of Marston, may be easily read, but not easily remembered. One half as much would be worth twice as much. But the author should be the best judge of the requisite space which his narrative must occupy, and we must receive his work as he chooses to frame it, and not as we would prefer to have it. Frontenac is a French name, but the story is American; it was first published in London and well received by the English critics. The volume is decorated with a portrait of the author, who is an amiable looking gentleman in spectacles. The hero of the tale was Governor of Canada in 1700, and the incidents relate to his struggles and battles with the wily Iroquois. There is ample opportunity for Mr. Street to indulge in his peculiar vein, the minute description of forest scenery, in which he excels any of our native poets.

There are many beautiful passages which we would extract if we had space, but we can only afford room for the following:

MASS FOR THE DEAD.

Sunset again o'er Quebec
Spread like a gorgeous pall;
Again does its rich glowing loveliness deck
River, and castle, and wall.
Follows the twilight haze,
And now the star-gemmed night;
And out bursts the Recollects' church in a blaze
Of glittering spangling-light.
Crowds in the spacious pile
Are thronging the aisles and nave,
With soldiers from altar to porch, in file,
All motionless, mute, and grave.
Censers are swinging around,
Wax-lights are shedding their glare,
And, rolling majestic its volume of sound,
The organ oppresses the air.
The saint within his niche,
Pillar, and picture, and cross,
And the roof in its soaring and stately pitch
Are gleaming in golden gloss.
The chorister's sorrowing strain
Sounds shrill as the winter breeze.
Then low and soothing, as when complain
Soft airs in the summer trees.
The taper-starred altar before,

Deep mantled in mourning black,
 With sabre and plume on the pall spread o'er,
 Is the coffin of Frontenac.
 Around it the nobles are bowed,
 And near are the guards in their grief,
 Whilst the sweet-breathing incense is wreathing its cloud
 Over the motionless chief
 But the organ and singer have ceased,
 Leaving a void in air,
 And the long-drawn chaunt of the blazoned priest
 Rises in suppliance there.
 Again the deep organ shakes
 The walls with its mighty tone,
 And through it again the sweet melody breaks
 Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.
 A sudden silence now;
 Each knee has sought the floor:
 The priest breathes his blessing with upturned brow,
 And the requiem is o'er.

Half Hours with the Best Author's. By Charles Knight.
 4 vols. John Wiley. New York. 1849.

To those who lack the means of procuring a library of the best books, and the time to read them, these volumes are a most valuable gift. The task of selection has been admirably performed by Mr. Knight, and the American publisher has done his part well by issuing the volumes in a form which is at once elegant, cheap, and convenient. These four volumes form a library of literature, without anything that needs excision, or that could well be spared. It is gratifying to see how largely our American authors have been quoted from, and it is very evident that Mr. Knight is one of those Englishmen, whose existence the *Edinburgh Review* doubted, that reads an American book. He has read a good many American books, and has judiciously selected the best parts of the best of them. We cannot say of these volumes, that "no library can be considered complete without them," but we can say with entire propriety that no house should be considered complete without this library.

MR. PUTNAM'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the recent works issued by G. P. Putnam of Broadway, are:

The Fountain of Living Waters, in a Series of Sketches.
 By A. Layman.

Success in Life. The Merchant. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill.

Clarence; or a Tale of our Own Times. By the Author of *Hope Leslie*. 1 vol.

The first of these is a very neat little volume, most generously made up with the finest paper and the prettiest type, of which we need say no more than it is very pious and full of good intentions. There are many who think that books of this class are profitable reading for the young, and to such we commend this as one of the best and best looking of the kind. But, for our own part, we must not deny that we have no faith in this method of instilling religious principles into the hearts of young or old.

"SUCCESS IN LIFE" is a work of similar aim to the above; but of a more practical nature, as its sub-title, the *Merchant*, indicates. Like the above it is probably intended for youthful readers, and teaches the young merchant how to succeed in life by giving examples of how others have succeeded.—The examples of the mercantile value of honesty and intellectual improvement, are drawn from the lives of American merchants from the time of John Hancock down to Jonathan Goodhue; both Massachusetts men. The volume is an exceedingly neat one, and is illustrated, or ornamented, with handsome wood cuts. It is to be followed by other volumes

illustrating Success in Life by examples drawn from the Lawyer, Mechanic, Artist, Physician and Farmer. An excellent scheme.

"CLARENCE" is the author's revised edition, the first of the new series of works by Miss Sedgwick, to be published in the elegant style of the republication, by Mr. Putnam, of the works of Irving and Cooper. Clarence is too well known to need a comment. The volume is ornamented with a portrait of the authoress which does not much resemble her, and an engraved title page in which we have the novelty of fac simile autographs of the author and publisher.

Miss Sedgwick says in the preface to the new edition of this once popular tale:

"A remark of Johnson's, based on a mean quality in human nature, is not true of my countrymen; they do not rate a living writer by his poorest production. On the contrary, they have perhaps an undue partiality for native living writers, and, therefore, I hope they will not think me guilty of presumption, or temerity, in republishing old works, forgotten perhaps by most of their readers. I am aware that novels are, for the most part, entitled only to an ephemeral interest, and that the amount which mine were so fortunate as to obtain at their first publication, was owing to the fact that but a few fellow-workers divided the favor of my countrymen with me. Since the "New England Tale," my first unassuming production, appeared, many gifted native writers have enriched our romantic literature. A new mine has been opened in the north. Frederika Bremer has electrified us with a series of works that have the richness, and raciness of European literature, and the purity, and healthfulness of our own. Other northern lights have shone upon us. Almost every weekly steamer brings us from England a new novel, written by some man or woman of genius; and France sends out by scores romances, to stimulate anew the wearied and sated appetite.

"I certainly do not expect that my home and artless products, can compete with these rich foreign fabrics. If they have no intrinsic and independent merit, they certainly are not worth republication, but if they have, it is an incident in their favor, that they relate to our own history and condition, while the English novels illustrate a very different stage of civilization from ours; and the French romances portray that which we trust ours will never reach. Of the first we may say 'it ripens and ripens,' of the last, 'it rots and rots.'

"Since there are publishers generous enough to pay the tax imposed by a copyright, I hope to find readers who will relish a book for its home atmosphere—who will have something of the feelings of him who said he would rather have a single apple from the garden of his father's house than all the fruits of France.

"I should be ungrateful to many old and kind friends, if I did not acknowledge that I have been in part persuaded to a republication, by their expressed desire to revive their old acquaintance with the books now out of print. I should not be true if I did not avow my wish to make acquaintance and friendship with the generation that has grown up since my novels were published—with the young, ardent, and generous, the great class of novel readers, in whose memory I may live for a little while after my contemporaries and myself shall have passed away.

"The selection of Clarence as the first in the series of republication has been accidental. The others will follow at intervals, and the series will include the smaller works, written for the largest class of readers and for children."

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

IT is but eight months since the departure of the Proprietor of this Magazine for California was announced in our columns, and our readers were promised a series of letters from him descriptive of the men and manners, the country and mines of that gold-abounding land. The friends of the youthful and generous adventurer had anticipated much from his indefatigable enterprise, his keenness of observation, and that appreciating tact, so peculiar to his countrymen, which enabled him under all circumstances, and in all places, to adapt himself to his exigencies and make the most of his opportunities. But

"Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,"

compel us now to announce to the readers of this Magazine the melancholy fact, which will have reached the ears of the majority of them, from the echoes of the public press, long before this, that all these hopeful anticipations have been destroyed by Death.

"The fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes to blind Fury with abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life."

Mr. Holden died at Cotton Wood Creek, on the Upper Sacramento, on the 30th of June last, in the twenty third year of his age. He had been on a tour of observation, and was returning to Sutter's Fort when he was attacked by the disease, which, in four days, took him from this toiling world.

Mr. Holden united in his person all the elements necessary to success in life, and by success we mean the attainment of those objects of an honorable ambition, which impel our struggling youth "to scorn delights and live laborious days." He had not been enervated by an idle boyhood, but was thrown upon the world to make his own road to fortune at a time when boys are usually pursuing their education at school. But the world was his seminary of learning, and he gathered a greater amount of useful knowledge than many men of his years have ever possessed.—He had a remarkably good constitution, and a fine healthy and intellectual countenance, which served him as a letter of credit wherever he presented himself, and ensured him a friendly reception at sight. He was born at Barre, in the State of Massachusetts, and was at an early age left an orphan. From his connexion with the Evening Mirror, and other newspaper establishments, he had become perfectly familiar with the details of the publishing business, and projected the Dollar Magazine from the conviction, which the result of the enterprise justifies, that such a work could be made not only the means of diffusing good to a vast number of people, but also a source of permanent profit.—Unhappily he was led, by his buoyant and enthusiastic spirit, to leave his business for a season, to seek in the gold region the means of carrying out to the fullest extent the plan which he had projected of a great popular literary periodical. He failed in his noble attempt.

"Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime."

It occasions a feeling of peculiar sadness to reflect on the death of one who died under such circumstances, to think what he might have been if he had lived, with the enlarged field of labor which had already opened before him, and upon which he had already entered. Among the honorable testimonies which have appeared in favor of our departed friend, we have read with peculiar pleasure one written by

Mr. Alfred E. Beach, one of the Editors and Proprietors of the Sun Newspaper. He and Mr. Holden were companions at school in their younger days, and had been intimate friends ever since.

It is proper to add here, that the Magazine will continue to be published, without any change in the business or editorial departments, at the same office, and on the same terms as heretofore. Many important improvements will be made, in conformity with plans projected before the death of the original proprietor. Although the illustrations heretofore given have been numerous enough, and good enough, if we judge from the commendations bestowed upon them, yet they will be better hereafter; the paper will be better, the type will be new, and every effort has been and will continue to be made, to secure for our pages the best literary contributions that the talent, learning and genius of the country can afford. Without intending to disparage any other periodical, we confidently assure the public that none shall be superior to this, let the price be what it may. There is no egotism in this; we merely state what we believe.

THE great topic of the last month has been the rupture between our National Government and Mr. Poussin the Ambassador from the French Republic, which has produced a vast number of strong editorials, and a much vaster amount of weak speculation in private circles, as conversations in barber's shops are called. Happily the only war that is likely to spring out of this small affair is a war of words, in which it commenced and in which it will end.—The best thing we have seen in relation to the matter is the following epigram which appeared in the Metropolis, a weekly paper published in this city.

Oh! Major Poussin,
Where's the use in
Keeping up the joke?
Your wordy wars,
And worse cigars,
Will end in naught but smoke.

But Master Lewey
Scarce knew who he
Sent so far from home;
You've got what t'other
Tried to smother,
Liberty to Roam.

How little do those who enjoy the luxuries and conveniences of life know at what expenses of life, of time, of labor, of suffering, of capital and calculation they are procured. Who ever thinks, when sipping a cup of coffee, of the sufferings of the slave whose labor produced the berry from which the luxurions decoction is produced, or the sugar with which it is sweetened, to say nothing of the perils and sufferings of the sailor who brought it from far off countries, or of those nearer home who prepared it for use. It is well, perhaps, that thoughts like these do not trouble us, for they would be sure antidotes to enjoyment if they did, and our luxuries would become a cute miseries to us.—Who reflects on reading his morning paper on the manifold hazards incurred in making up the sheet which is so eagerly sought for, and so careless relinquished. An English paper, in giving an account of the complicated machinery employed to gather news for the London papers, says:

"When a mail packet is due at Southampton, watchmen are employed day and night by newspaper proprietors to look out for her. In the day time, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large mail packet in the Solent, may be seen by looking from the quay over Cadlands; but homeward-bound steamers are generally made out by means of powerful telescopes after they have passed Eaglehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When she rounds Calshot Castle a rocket is thrown up from her, which is a mail packet signal. As soon as the rocket is observed, the watchmen are in motion, running in different directions up the town. In a few minutes may be seen stealthily gliding towards the quay a few persons, who if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognizable, disguised as they appear to be in greatcoats, comforters, and every kind of waterproof covering for the head, feet and body. These persons are the outport newspaper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which instantly darts from the shore.

"Cold, dark and cheerless as it may be, the excitement on board the yachts is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first; and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or more keen and earnest contention. Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock of a dark winter morning, the yachts reach the steamer just as 'ease her' has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as *pratique* has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the side of the steamer, oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. The excitement and contention now to reach the shore is far more intense, than was the case during the attempt to reach the ship. While making for the shore, sometimes in the most tempestuous weather, perhaps the rain peppering down, and the wind blowing great guns, or thunder and lightning overhead, the foreign journals are hastily examined by means of a lantern similar to that used by policemen, the most important items of foreign news which they contain are immediately detected, and the form in which they must be transmitted to London arranged in the mind. The agents are landed as near as possible to the electric telegraph office, sometimes on the shoulders of their boatmen through the surf or mud. They arrive at the telegraph office, and to write down their message is the work of a few minutes only."

FREDERIKA BREMER.—This delightful novelist, who has revealed to us a new domestic world, and made the inhabitants of Finland and Sweden seem like next door neighbors, arrived in New York in the early part of last month. It is said that she comes on a visit to Mr. Downing of Newburgh, the well known author of a work on Landscape Gardening. But Miss Bremer will not be allowed to make her visit a private one; there are multitudes of grateful readers who will feel it their right and duty to extend to her a welcome in the *New World*. As we have feted the foreigners of distinction who have heretofore visited us, why should we not treat Miss Bremer to a public tea party, at which all the literati, female and male, should assist? A ball and a supper would be too common-place an affair, and we believe that Miss Bremer's dancing days are over. The tea party would be the thing. The officers should be literary ladies; the matronly Mary Clavers, of more nearly resembles the distinguished Swede than any of our lady writers, should preside over the first tea-pot, assisted by Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Maria Lowell, Anne C. Lynch, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Hewitt. But Miss Bremer will not

lack for attentions. We only hope that she will remain long enough among us to be able to write a book about us, for it would be a pleasant thing to read the remarks of so true a woman, and genial a writer, on our manners and scenery.

The mention of Miss Bremer, and the probability of her writing a book about us, naturally calls to mind Mrs. Trollope and her book. Mrs. Trollope has just published a new novel in London, in which we are again shown up in her peculiar manner, which is described by an English critic as "hearty, intrepid and dashing;" but which has always struck us as bold, coarse and ungenial. Her new novel is called, rather ambitiously, *The Old World and the New*, but its scenes are chiefly in the New. One of the last things we should be guilty of would be to quarrel with those who tell us of our faults; it is a profitable thing to have some one at our elbow to remind us that we are mortal; therefore, we have not a particle of prejudice against Mrs. Trollope on the score of her book about our domestic manners, which, in truth, she was almost as ignorant of as if she had never lived a day in the country. Mrs. Trollope has many good hearty qualities in spite of all her coarseness and high jinks. The following extract from her new novel is indicative of the active qualities of her own vigorous mind. She says:

"Of all the numerous heaven-born host of innate blessings bestowed upon us by the tender prophetic love of our Divine Creator, a constitutionally active mind is perhaps the greatest. The last, lowest, deepest misery of despondency, a sinking languid spirit, is, almost of necessity, unknown to it. To an active mind all things possible are more or less within its reach, and, even if this storehouse of hope should fail, then things impossible will give exercise to faculties less healthful and less profitable perhaps, but not always less enjoyable and consolatory." And then she goes on to remark that Samson (as depicted by Milton) "must have wanted this active principle," which she truly observes is "not always bestowed in conjunction with great bodily strength."

The "Old World and the New" has not been republished in this country, but it will not be suffered to lie fallow long, and, in our next number, we may be able to give a notice of it at length. But, let Mrs. Trollope's talents be good, bad, or indifferent, it is very certain that she does not excel in delineating the characters of us Yankees. She does not know enough about us to caricature us. Here is a small specimen from her new novel. An American clergyman is made to speak in this wise to a young English woman:

"No great loss, young lady, no great loss. Take my word for it, that it is quite as well that so it should be. But it is not needful, I guess, for me to tell you, a staying visitor with that truly pious lady, Mrs. Reynolds, what my standing is at Cincinnati. I scorn all mock modesty, my dear young lady; I despise it from the very bottom of my heart; it is unworthy of a man, and still more of a clergyman, and most of all of an evangelical, free-born, United States divine. So I will tell you without scruple, my dear young friend, that I am considered here, and for a considerable big circle round, as the most influential preacher in the country; and I shall have great pleasure in letting you hear me preach.—Your being from the old country will make no difference in that respect to me. I shall look upon you as one of my congregation, and value your immortal well-doing accordingly." And here Mr. Andover held out his hand to Katherine, and grasped hers, which she gave him, because she did not know how to help it, very affectionately."

A NEW ANECDOTE OF WHITFIELD.—The editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, one of the most interesting weekly papers published in this city, as it is one of the handsomest in appearance published in the country, relates the following anecdote of the great Whitfield which we do not remember having seen before in print:

"A man came to see Whitfield, making a great parade of his humility, and telling a long story about his great wickedness and terrible depravity. Whitfield having rather pleasanter company waiting for him, got a little vexed at last with his tedious and canting visitor, and said to him: 'Why don't you go home and relate all that to your Maker; he can tell whether it is true or not; which I can't.' The rebuke was deserved. Such confession of sin, is not over trustworthy."

OUR readers who have read *Jane Eyre* and the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall* will be glad to learn that the Harpers have announced a new romance from the pen of the author of these remarkable tales. The same publishers also announce a novel, called "*Redburn*," by the author of *Typee*; and a Boston house announces a new volume of poems by Longfellow, with the title of "*The Fireside and the Seaside*." Mr. Putnam has announced a new novel by Cooper entitled "*The Ways of the Hour*," which promises something new.

FRANK FORRESTER'S MISTAKES.—We have noticed elsewhere the elegant publication on the game fishes of America by Frank Forrester. We thought it a complete book, but a critic in the *Literary World* points out a few mistakes and omissions by the learned author. It appears that he has not even named the *Mullet*, which is a remarkable omission. The *Literary World* says:

"Little attention has been paid to the fish, and none to the fishing of the extreme south. The omission of one variety we were much surprised at, the '*Alligator Gar*,' which has lately attracted much attention, and is, we understand, pronounced by M. Agassiz to be the only connecting link between the antediluvian and the present era of fish. Of the Red fish, or Red Snapper, he has said but little, and of the mode of taking them nothing; but it strikes us that had he ever experienced, as we have, the pleasure of landing a forty pounder, he would have considered the sport as almost equal to salmon fishing. The '*Buffalo Fish*' is not mentioned, and the '*Green Trout*,' (the pompano) the '*Jew Fish*,' the '*Croaker*,' the gigantic '*Grand Ecoy*,' the '*Mullet*,' all share the same ignominious fate. Of the whereabouts of the Sheephead he is very much mistaken. He asserts that the fish is never seen south of the *Mississippi*, when the fact is, that a comparatively small proportion are found north of it. We have no fish in our northern waters one half so numerous as the sheephead is in the different bays and outlets of the Gulf of Mexico, south and west of the *Mississippi*."

AMONG the deaths of California adventurers is the name of one who is probably more widely known, by name, among the readers of magazines in this country, than that of any other person connected with the publishing business. We allude to Israel Post. One of our weekly papers gives a half humorous account of Mr. Post, from which we make an extract:

"We have a few obituary words to write concerning Israel, because he was a 'character.' In person he was short and square; his countenance was broad and benign, and usually lighted up with a smile. Of his smile, indeed,

he was not niggardly, bestowing it alike upon creditors and those whom he wanted to make such. Of all sanguine men, none was ever more sanguine than Israel. He would start you any number of illustrated periodicals with the most perfect confidence of success. Nothing but utter failure and a total cessation of 'means' would damp the ardor of his expectations. He was constantly expecting to make a fortune, being full of golden schemes, and his ruling passion dominated more strongly than ever in his latter days, for doubtless Death found him at Panama on his way to California.


"Israel Post was very positive not only of making his own fortune by his last new enterprise in the 'periodical line,' but that of some fifty or a hundred industrious young men, for whom he used to be constantly advertising, with an often iterated assurance that such would be certain to make from one to three thousand dollars a year in procuring subscribers to an immensely popular work. Israel's works were always popular in his own esteem, even before they were issued. If Israel owed you anything and you happened to meet him and receive the full radiance of his smile, you might have sworn that he had but one request to make of you—he only wanted you to 'sign off.' And everybody signed off, because it was of no possible use not to 'sign off'—the meaning of this singular compound verb being to give a receipt in full of all demand, when you have not received a 'soumarkee,' which means we take it something less than a penny. In giving this receipt one lies; but so one does when one signs a deed 'in consideration of one dollar to me in hand paid,' when no dollar has made its appearance.

"But to return to Israel. He was a man of good intentions. Once he kept a shop in the Bowery, sold Godey's *Lady's Book*, and made money. He removed to Broadway, published a Magazine, the *Columbian*, on his own—no, on somebody else's—hook, and lost his own—no, somebody else's—money. He then published the *Union Magazine*, but though 'immensely popular' he could not make it succeed. Ask the authors and designers and engravers, who were the luckless partners of the transaction, if he could.—His last convulsive effort was with 'The *American Metropolitan*,' which soon, in the forcible phraseology of the newsboys, 'bust up.'


"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we revere the precept, and have nothing but good to say of the late Israel Post. We, on the contrary, esteemed the man. He was, in his way, a patron of letters. He was, too, a man of taste, and could do fine things in the 'getting up' of pictorials. But, not to dwell longer upon his virtues, such as they were, we feel grieved that he is dead and gone, and that what hereafter may be said concerning him will be strictly *ex post facto*."

THE DOINGS OF OUR ARTISTS.—An unusual stimulus has been imparted to the interest of American Art, by the institution of Art-Unions in different parts of the country. The first of these beneficent institutions, originally called the "*Apollo Association*," but now the *American Art-Union*, has accomplished an immense amount of good by the annual distribution of pictures, and the large amount of money distributed among our artists, nearly all of whom have been recipients of the benefits of this well-designed and well-managed association. Similar institutions have been organized in Philadelphia and Boston, but not with much success. In Cincinnati a Western Art-Union has been formed whose operations have been on a very considerable scale, and much encouragement has been given to the artists of the West by means of its funds. In New York, Messrs. Goupil, Vibert and Co., an eminent print-publishing house of Paris, have established what they call an *International Art-*


Union, which is calculated to be of great service to the cause of Art, although it is more a private than a public association. The plan of the International Art-Union is not materially different from that of the American Art-Union, so far as the distribution of works of Art goes, but in other respects it is very different, the pictures being chiefly foreign productions of the best German and French Artists. A feud exists between these rival associations, which has led to a newspaper war, but the public are not likely to be injured by the emulation of two such institutions to out do each other. Whoever subscribes to either of these associations will be sure of receiving the full value of the price of subscription, in the engraving distributed, with the chance of receiving more than a hundred fold in the chance allotment of pictures. What these Institutions are doing for Fine Art, or the arts of design, the American Institute is doing for the Mechanic Arts. Each affords encouragement to art in its own way, and the result of the whole cannot be otherwise than beneficial to the interests of the people. Too little attention has heretofore been given by our people to the mercantile value of the Fine Arts. Pictures have been looked upon as luxuries for the rich, instead of being regarded as among the means by which the people are educated and society refined. Fine Art and useful art are more closely allied than the unthinking suppose. It is forgotten by our legislators and public writers, that natural wealth is derived as much from the cultivation of the mind as from the culture of the soil. Of the vast amount of merchandize that we import from France, by far the greater part derives its high value from the invention of the artist. No other nation of the world has cultivated Art as a means of natural wealth. England has but lately begun to perceive the advantages which France enjoys in this respect, and is endeavoring by founding free academies, and public galleries, to create an artistic feeling among her laboring people. Individual enterprise with us is left to accomplish what is done naturally by France and England. The Art-Unions are important aids in this great work, but among the most effective agents are the popular illustrated works, like our own, where cheapness renders them accessible to every individual in any part of our widely extended country.

 **NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.**—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the post age has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.—One of our friends in the Far West asks us by letter: "Do you make Agents pay postage to you?" We don't make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to require them to do so.

 We can no longer send the "Island City" to Subscribers to our Magazine, as the arrangement has been found too troublesome.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travelling Agent for Holden's Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

 **TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements

with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to W. H. Dietz, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, *as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk*, through the mail, in payment for any book published, *provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent.* By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

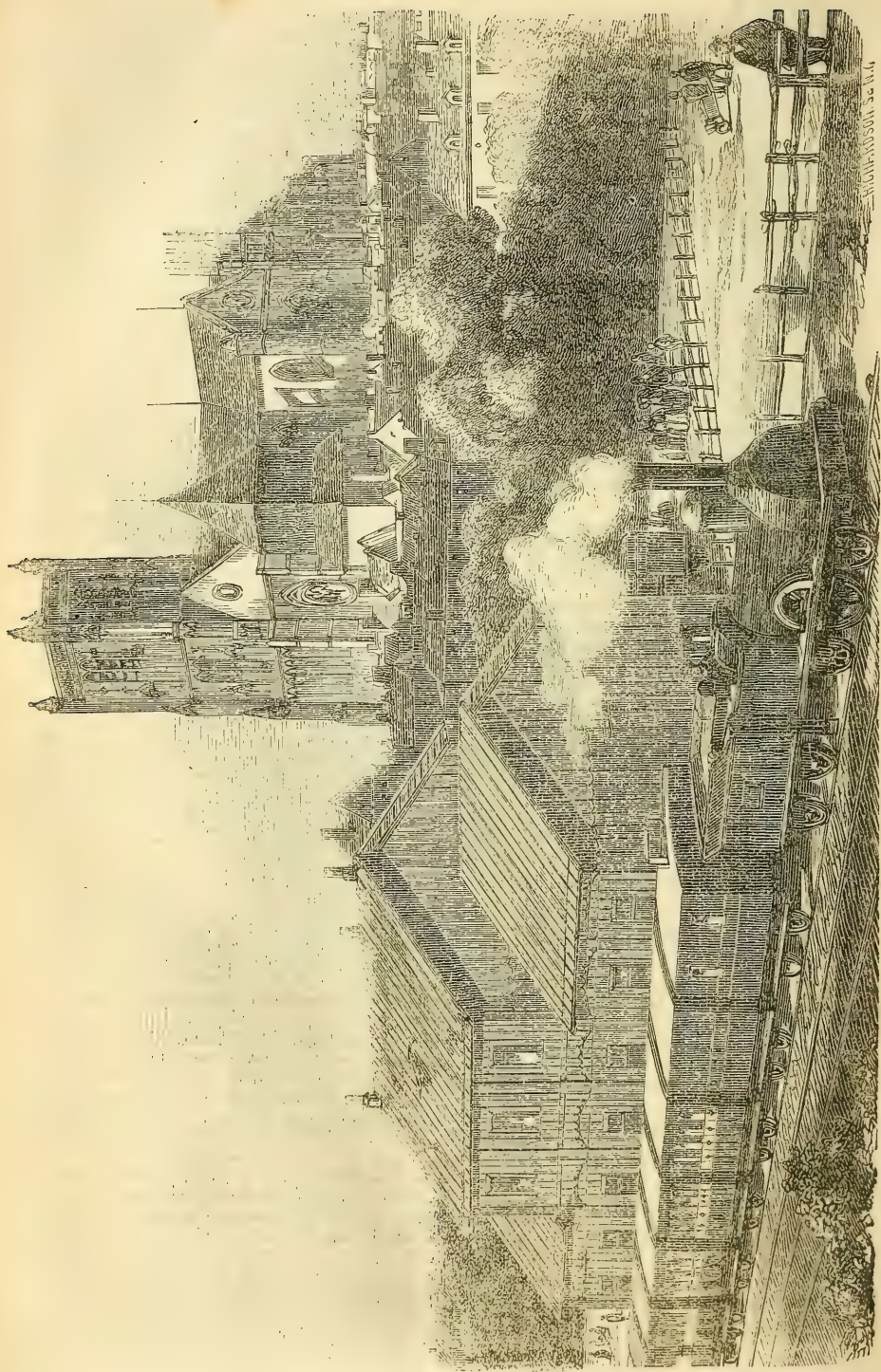
As the Magazine is furnished at a mere *nominal price to country subscribers*; we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our *very small* profit on the Magazine; and we *know* that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered.* For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.



VIEW OF MEAUX.

W. H. WOODS DEL.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1849.

NO. VI.

VIEW OF MEAUX,

ON THE RAILROAD BETWEEN PARIS AND EPERNAY.

THE introduction of railroads through the heart of France must cause a greater change in that country than any of the revolutions of which it has been so prolific. The so-called revolutions have, in truth, been nothing more than *emeutes*, nothing has been revolutionized but the national flag; they have changed the names of their rulers; they have revolutionized their public buildings; they have attempted even to give new names to the months and the seasons, but France and the French have remained the same. The *chemin de fer*—the road of iron, however, has effected what the bayonet—that other instrument of iron—could not do; it has revolutionized the face of the country and the habits of the people. If Napoleon had understood the power of steam as well as he did the force of powder, he might have died Emperor of France. But, he played his part with the bayonet, and the people are now playing theirs with the rail. It is not easy to foresee all the changes which must inevitably follow on the track of the steam car in a nation which has so long withstood the pressure from within and from without, as France; but the change must come. Travelling through France has heretofore been an inexhaustible subject for scribbling tourists; the rogueries of couriers, the jack-boots of postillions, the lumbering diligence, and all the picturesque and romantic accidents of the road from the time of Sterne down to the last book of European travel, have been served up to the reading public in every conceivable style, in rhyme and in prose, on the stage and on canvas. But all this has now been changed. The lumbering diligence, the postillion and his jack-boots; the cabaret; the courier, and all the old-time accessories of the road are fast disappearing before the rush of the steam locomotive. Travelling in France, now, is very much like travelling everywhere else. The fine engraving which we give our readers this month, as a frontispiece, represents a train and a station-house, or depot, which might pass for a view on one of our own roads, but for the old Gothic cathedral which looms up with its grey towers in the background.

This road was opened for the first time in August last; it passes through one of the loveliest and richest portions of France, and introduces the traveller into scenes which would otherwise not have had the day light of modern improvement

flooded upon them. The station-house at Meaux, and the rushing train of cars, offer the finest possible antithesis to the hoary old cathedral, which frowns in antique majesty upon the strange irruption. How little could the builders of the old church have dreamed that its ponderous tower would ever have been startled by such an apparition passing before it! The station-house at present is but a temporary building of wood, very similar in appearance to many of the so-called depots on our own roads. But it is to be displaced by a new station-house resembling a collection of Swiss Cottages with galleries. The design of the new station-house, an engraving of which we have seen, is both novel and beautiful, and might be advantageously copied by some of our own railroad companies, in place of the sightless buildings which are now too often used.

Epernay, the termination of this splendid road, is the capital of Champagne, and the place whence we receive all our capital champagne. The road between Epernay and Paris displays a great number of imposing works of art, among which are seven bridges which cross the Marne, four tunnels, twenty station-houses, and a great number of viaducts. On the opening of the road to Epernay a grand banquet was given in that fine old town, and an ocean of champagne wine was poured out by the grateful inhabitants, to express their joy on seeing the first steam horse—the *avant courier* of improvement—enter their cheerful and ancient town. Epernay is an interesting spot to the *bon vivant*, it is the great depot of champagne, and in its vaults and warehouses there are millions of bottles of that exhilarating wine which is drunk in every habitable portion of the globe. In one of the succeeding numbers of our Magazine we shall present our readers with an engraved view of Epernay, accompanied by an interesting account of the manufacture of champagne, and full statistical details of the trade in that universal drink. Another of the pleasant towns through which the railroad runs is Dormans, said to be not only the prettiest town in France, but the abode of the prettiest women. It has an old church with a remarkable tower resembling a sugar house; but the beauty of the women of Dormans is the great boast of its inhabitants, who take more pride in the freshness of their gardens than in the antiquity of their buildings.

SUSY L——'S DIARY.

WORK AND PLAY.

CONCORD, June 12.

HEAR now, my Thalia, all the things that trouble me, and all that give me pleasure.

For the first, I have every now and then twinges of home-sickness, when all the living and all the dead things of my home come tugging and pulling at my heart-strings, and make me ready to sink. For the first and last, I have my cousin Julia. It pleases me, that wherever I move, beside me I can have so much splendor and decorum, that there will be nothing for me to do. We two, together, can make our way to the most fastidious, if I, alone, stop now and then, clap my hands and laugh with the birds; if I will go out in my nine-penny-per-yard chintz morning dress and my shuffling slippers, without gloves, and with my hair in papers. Julia is just my height; but she is more erect; they all say she looks taller. She cannot be called handsome; but her dress is the perfection of elegance and taste, and sets off her face and figure to the very best advantage. Her manners are perfectly lady-like. She speaks and moves in altogether the most becoming way that you can conceive. Her words are set just so far apart, every syllable has its distinct and proper utterance. And her movements are just as free from all hurry, all eccentricity as is her speech.—Her eyes are very small, very black, and very seldom varying in their expression. Nothing brings color to her face; it remains uniformly pale as a lily. You can readily imagine, my Thalia, how she dresses. You can see our chamber as it actually appears this morning after the party. On the arms of the sofa are chameleon and water-pressed silks, standing alone in their richness; on the cushion, embroidered muslins, laces and fringes; on the toilet, jewels—a gold watch, pencil and chain, a half-dozen rings of elaborate workmanship; cameo brooch and clasps; a gold comb, a rich ribbon head-dress, and a down-tipped fan. And do you see there over that arm-chair and on that stool by its side, the light, soft slippers, the withered flowers, the long, white gloves, the cambric handkerchief without a border, and the long, far-flowing robe of jaconet muslin? You know whose those are. With its neat hem and tucks, with the graceful folds of its broad skirt, is not the dress beautiful as a summer cloud?

We were very late at the rooms; it was so long before Julia could be satisfied which dress she should wear; whether her bandeau should be fastened with a small brooch, or a golden arrow; what she should wear about her throat, and how she should wear it. I actually fear she was on the point of losing her equanimity once over a refractory braid. Oh dear! oh dear! thought I more than once, as I stayed and helped her do this and that, as I tried in vain to discover what ailed the sleeve of her dress, or, in fact, that anything ailed it; as I sat and waited after there was nothing more for me to do, while she put on her jewelry; for I did not wish Uncle John to know

who had made him wait. He has so little mercy! I can bear it, because I know very well that he loves me all the time; with Julia one can see it would be a different thing altogether.

"Come! come!" said I, at last, springing towards the door. "Uncle John's folks and G—— have been below this half hour. Brother-in-law, brother and sister have been ready as long. Your father and mother—"

"Papa and mamma will be perfectly willing to wait until I am prepared," interrupted she, turning half round to me, and then back to finish adjusting her brooch.

Oh dear! again thought I, settling back into a chair. I, who will never wait for myself, to be made so fidgetty waiting for another! Heaven forbid! I shall go below where it is fresh and cool; where something is going on; if Uncle John does come pouncing upon Cousin Julia when at last she appears. As I came to this unchristian conclusion, I sprang to my feet; and away over the carpet went the fragments of the leaves I had been tearing.

At that moment there was a light knock on our door; and, on opening it, sister's clear, pleasant face showed itself. With a *crie de joie* I threw my arms around her and brought her within the chamber.

"Ah, now, S—— dear, do you wait here for Cousin Julia; and let me go down and see Uncle John!"

"Do you know who else is waiting?" asked S——, settling my curls.

"G——?"

"Yes."

"Yes; I know he is there. Let me go and see him."

"But how feverish you look! Is your chamber so warm? The blood is ready to come through your cheeks."

"It has been so stifled here!" answered I, throwing out my arms into the coolness and freshness that seemed to come into the room with S——.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!"

sang I, as I made my courtesy to S——, and then went—like a chicken in a hurry—along the passage and down the staircase. For all the scampering I made, I did not lose a note of sister's alto, so clear and bell-like it always is!

Hal and G—— were in the hall door.

"That is good!" meaning the music, cried Hal. His ear was still bent as if still he heard it vibrating.

"Susy!" said G——; and he held out both hands for me. I touched them lightly with mine; and then, making my way between the gentlemen, I stood in the door with my arms and mouth open to the delicious evening breeze.

"Is not this good, my friend? is it not good, my brother?" I asked, turning to them. "Uncle John!" for now he came out of the parlor, stepping like a broken pipe-stem, and snapping his tooth-pick. "Uncle John! I have got something for you!"

"Well! where is that new cousin Julia of yours? The deuce! if she is going to make her party wait like this, she'll not often find me in it. Thirty-two minutes the morning we went to the House, thirty-five now!" putting his watch back with a provoked gesture.

"Hadt' we who are here better go?" asked Aunt Susan, as she joined us. She never likes Uncle John to be plagued; because, although when things go to his liking, he is the pleasantest, most agreeable of men; if they go otherwise he is altogether unmanageable.

Fortunately, at that moment we heard S—— and Julia's voices in the passage. They were joined on the way by Uncle and Aunt Hempdale. I began dragging Uncle John off before the rest to the parlor, lest he should snarl at Julia, as he looked strongly disposed to do.

"What—what the deuce—?" he asked, at first holding himself back. But I danced away with his hand raised high in mine; and in a moment he entered into the spirit of the thing. Dancing along the hall to the back parlor, he made such outlandish steps, and threw his long legs about so that there was no chance for anything but laughter to go on, and I was in danger of being upset, in this way getting a surfeit of dancing with Uncle John.

"Don't scold Cousin Julia," begged I, when I had led him away from all the rest. "Wait until she is less a stranger. Wait until she knows your ways—"

"I will scold you all the more then, until you'll find enough to do begging for yourself."

"Well."

And he did. He scolded because I was not ready as soon as Aunt Susan, (and Aunt Susan always keeps things right at her elbow and her hand in readiness to grasp them, that Uncle John need never wait.) He scolded me on the way because I lagged with G——, at the hall, because I would like neither the old governor nor the new. He introduced me to Governor C——, and told him what I had just been saying against him.—We had a merry time of it. Others joined in it; and I was introduced to several members of the new State executive. Uncle John becomes every year a greater favorite, I see. No one is more widely known and respected than he. Sister S—— also and her husband have excellent footing. Friendly glances meet theirs, and friendly hands are put out to them whichever way they turn. All this gives me pleasure. I can be as indolent as I please in the matter of ingratiating myself through my own merits. As often as I please I can fold my hands and "sleep on other people's laurels."

From within Julia's bed-room I hear her now breathing in long-drawn sighs and yawns, and moving sluggishly about. I fancy she does not find herself refreshed. It may be—she comes; and as we talk I will write; then it will be seen

by my Thalia how the cousins are likely to go on together.

Susy. Good morning, Cousin Julia.

Julia. Good morning.

Susy. Come and let me kiss you. See, my lap is full. Are you rested?

Julia. No; and shall not be for a week. I am sure I dread putting this chamber in order, don't you?

Susy. Let me help you with your things.—Mine can be disposed of in one minute.

Julia. No; sit still. I never like anybody to help me about them but mamma. She only knows how I want them. Have you been up long?

Susy. Three hours.

Julia. You surprise me. You look as fresh as can be. I can never endure being up in the morning. I can never get my eyes open. See how the lids are swelled, and my whole face.—How came these leaves on the carpet?

[She stoops to gather them.]

Susy. Nay, let them be, Cousin Julia. I scattered them. I shall pick them up all in good time. Tell me! how did you like the supper?

Julia. The supper by itself do you mean, or the people inclusive?

Susy. I mean the *tout ensemble*. How do you like our new governor?

Julia. Not at all. He is like his message, *brusque*, careless and common. He laughs too much and too loud. He talks too loud. He would do well being himself governed by one article of his message—"Let them hereafter speak softly." You and every other one must think the same.

Susy. I think on farther, and thus reach an estimate altogether favorable to him. He may as you say be *brusque*, careless and common; but I do not think it against him. It is altogether an agreeable style of man, for a country gentleman and a farmer. Such as he was, he was chosen. Such as he was he remains, and will remain, and so when his term is over he will be entirely ready for the plough again. Certainly this is better, *respecting* his habits and retaining them. Cannot you conceive how stiff and awkward he would be, if he were to forget that he is a *man*, as good as any man if he is not so highly polished as are some men; that he has a right to his own ways, his own laugh, his own speech? Can't you see?

Julia. I cannot see that he or any one can disregard the established forms of high breeding, and still command respect in polished society here or elsewhere. If he does not know what is etiquette, he can learn in a few hours; it is all down in books.

Susy. Heaven forbid that Governor C—— sit down to study the Count d'Orsay! the authors of our "Manuals of Politeness!" our "Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen!" I should despise him! Let young girls do it if they will; but let people of experience and reflection be governed by common sense, as, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year, it acts upon the spur of circumstances! I don't want to write any more. Come, Cousin Julia, let us go down and see the children. I hear them saying things about "Aunt Susy!"—

Some pleasant thing or other is going on, that "Aunt Susy" must go and see and help about.—Don't you *love* children, Cousin Julia? Are they not the very comfort of the world?

Julia. I like them pretty well. I like your sister's particularly, because she has instructed them not to get their feet entangled with one's dresses, and not to step on them with dirty shoes. I can never love children who do these things.

Susy. Sister's children will do these things sometimes probably. They are not men and women. This should not be expected of children that they will always keep off one's dresses, always do what is quiet, what *we* wish, as if they had no wills of their own, no strong reasons for wishing to do thus and so. I think we are often barbarously unjust to them. They must do always what we please; and if they are grieved, or in a passion about it, how naughty they are! how worthy of stripes and of bondage in a closet! If we tell them *once* what is right and proper for them to do at table, or elsewhere, if we tell them what they may touch and what they must leave alone, and if they transgress—oh! we are infinitely shocked and surprised! Did we not *tell* them expressly, and in the plainest terms? Ah, Heaven forgive the little sinners, and help us to find those words that they will understand and remember! How blind to human nature this is! As if we grown-up children were not for ever violating known laws, well as we understand their sacredness and the penalties of transgression! as if we had not so often our hands full of forbidden fruit! Baby's voice! I hear baby's voice! Is it not sweet as an orchard full of birds, cousin?

SATURDAY EVENING.

That has happened to me to-day the remembrance of which should make my heart melt with gratitude to the Good One above as long as I breathe. I was so near unto death, and yet I was saved! My eyes are still open to this beautiful evening; my heart to the love, divine and human, that encompass me about like a halo of light and glory. My limbs are sound and free, and they were so near being horribly, horribly mangled!

I was coming home alone from Uncle John's, whither I had just accompanied Julia and her parents. I was on State street, passing the yard of the capitol with my eyes on the turf, and so intent on analyzing Uncle Hempdale that I paid no regard whatever to what was passing near me.—And had I been ever so observant it would have made no difference; for quick as lightning, upon something falling from the front of the carriage and hitting his heel, a horse darted from the street directly towards me. Heavens! it seemed to me in that one terrible moment, that skies were falling and graves opening. The rumbling and tearing of the horse and vehicle, the cries of other horsemen and of pedestrians near!

"God Almighty!" one voice near me screamed, with a tone of real agony.

What else there was, I am sure I cannot tell. It was only an instant—although it seemed so much longer—and a pair of strong arms were thrown around me; and I was half-dragged, half-carried through the iron gate that yielded to the

pressure of my preserver's shoulder as if it had been of fillagree. If it had been at any other part of the yard but near one of the gates, I should have been crushed! The horse's breast was torn and the carriage broken against the posts of the gate.

"My God I thank thee!" said I, clasping my hands and longing to fall on my knees. Never, never was I so grateful! and so weak that I could only lean against the gate, and weep. At first I thought only of God. *He* had saved me. *He* had provided the strong arms and the open gate. *He* of His wonderful power and goodness had saved me for the friends *He* had given me, for the glorious world *He* had made for them and me. Then came thoughts of my other preserver. *He*, too, leaned upon the gate, winding a cambric handkerchief about his left hand.

"If you, sir, are hurt," said I, wiping my tears with one stroke of my handkerchief and feeling my gratitude all giving place to terror, "I shall regret it more!"

"Don't be in the least uneasy, madam. It was only a scratch from the gate. Are you altogether uninjured?"

"Altogether!" answered I, my eyes again filling. And then, after a pause, "You *know*, sir, how thankful I must be to you now and as long as I live. I shall not attempt to express what I feel; but, sir—but, sir, if in your way through the world you ever need help as much, may it be as near you."

I bowed and passed out at the gate he held open for me. I hesitated.

"Your wound—you have not deceived me, sir; your wound is as slight as you say?" said I.

"I have not deceived you in the least. I am glad to have saved you at any cost. I am not afraid of wounds—I am used to them—of every kind."

He said this with a sad, sick voice that sent a pain straight through my heart, that does now.—I walked along towards home; and with a bow and "With your leave, madam," he accompanied me.

"I know whom I have saved," resumed he.—"I sought out Miss L—— last season, because my mother told me that she was kind; that she had pity and extenuating pleas for the fallen and the falling.

"Who is your mother, may I ask?" inquired I, greatly interested.

"Mrs. W——."

"Mrs. General W——?"

"The same."

I am sure my face must have evinced a deal of half-pleasure and half-pain. I had heard sad stories of young W——'s predisposition to "look upon the wine cup," and to employ other dangerous measures of stimulating his naturally languid system, and that this alone had paled his excellent mother's cheek. I had heard moreover from brother-in-law, W——, that he had the very best heart, and more really attached, devoted friends than any other young man in town.

"Remembrances to your mother; and tell her where she may find me for a few weeks," said I, as we parted at our gate.

Young W—— is a handsome man; or he would be if he were more quiet. I have seen him before, at church, and in parties; I remember now perfectly. He is always feverish; he was, they say, before he began to employ any sort of artificial stimulus. The blood is ready to come through his cheeks; ever coming, ever going; with every change of feeling, changing. The veins fill in his forehead, and then he draws his hand slowly across it, as if a mortal pain was there. He has education, and a fine talent waiting to be fostered into productiveness. But he is an only son, and his father is the richest man in C——. Pity for this. Pity that he has not for his father "a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water." A thousand pities that with all his advantages of wealth, education and position, he will not see what he needs, what want in his animal system sends him to the intoxicating bowl, and how well this want might be supplied by ennobling occupation; for instance, by building some sort of a manufactory, employing mechanics who have taste and intelligence, but who yet are poor and miserable, or fast becoming so, through faults like his own; himself directing and encouraging them, watching them lest they fall, inducing other benevolent men, and women too, to be kind to them, to go out of their way to bid them the friendly "Good morning" and the "God speed." I shall cultivate his acquaintance, that I may say these things to him. God help me, and he shall be saved! for his poor mother's sake, and for his own sake—the deluded, unhappy young man! I could weep for him any moment; I have wept half of the day; and every thought of him goes up to Heaven a yearning prayer that he may be saved.

I have wept, too, to see how well I am loved; and prayed that I may be worthy of this love and of the life that is prolonged to me. I was near being deluged with tears and smothered with embraces, when I told them here at home what had happened to me. To the time that I bade the children good-night, it was, on the gentlemanly Henry's part—"I'll go with you after this. I am always looking round when I walk. I always see all the horses round, and know what they are up to. If I had been there to-day, I don't believe you would have come so near being killed."

Will kept near me; and, as often as his large eyes filled with tears, complained of the smoke. This is his way when he wishes to conceal it from us that he is grieved. "I'm glad you are here, Aunt Susy," he would say, with a voice full of tears. "I shouldn't know what to do with myself now if you—if you—" This was as far as he could get for "the smoke."

"Mother!" said he once, when I left the room. "Don't you suppose I could have died too if I had wanted to, and if Aunt Susy had?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because—because I should have wanted to. I shouldn't want *her* to be down there in the grave alone. I shouldn't take any comfort being here. Where is Aunt Susy, mother? I don't want her to go out doors any more. Don't you let her, will you, mother? Don't you let her!"

The little short-legged Buddy Fudge shed no tears, but he treasured up no small amount of

wrath against "that horse." He tipped his head one way and another, pressed his lips together, drove his little clenched fists about in the air, and made all manner of threats. This is one of them.

"I'll—I'll kill that horse! I'll kill him! I'll cut him all up, and put him in a barrel hole, and put a nail behind him. *Wouldn't* you, Aunt Susy?"

There were a great many near when the accident happened this morning, although I scarcely noticed it at the time. W—— and Hal were on Main street. They soon heard of it, and came home with long steps and lips dry with excitement. I could only hold out my hand to them and swallow every moment to keep my emotion down. And the same when G—— came. He had the story, or a part of it, from young W—— himself, whom he met at his father's gate.

G—— had not many words—we had none of us for the day; but he sat near me, with his eyes continually on my face, looking particularly thoughtfully and happy. He held my hand in his at parting.

"Be careful of yourself, Susy," said he, with a look of tenderness and anxiety. "I am very foolish," he added. "I was on the point of begging that you would go out no more alone."

He laughed, we all laughed; but we all plead guilty to the same kind of foolishness; we all felt that the streets would never again be a safe place for me alone.

MONDAY, 15th.

Hear now what people can do, just with their tongues; hear how happy and good they can make one, and how miserable.

Did you ever, Thalia, at Olympus, Parnassus, or anywhere, know a purer morning than this morning at C——? The birds sang in the trees like so many joy-crazed things. The children, animated by their music and the morning air, were as happy as they, and as jocund, in the shaded yard and the hall. W—— and Hal froliced with them awhile and then went away, while S—— and I sat and sewed and watched the children, within the parlor near the open door. How happy we were! so happy that we must begin fearing that it could not last. The mars and jars of the coming days, of the coming hours of this day, we thought of with a kind of sickening dread; and we felt a longing to go away then, with those we loved best, through the blue space to the *safe* land, where glad sounds would always be heard, where the voice of wailing could never come.

There was great joy out in the yard over an opening rose-bud; and then little hands were tugging upon ours to get us out to see it. And "sister must come! sister must come and see it and smell how good it is!" said the boys; and accordingly "sister" went with us. But she could not be induced to attend to the rose-bud, nor to any one thing. But such a talking as she kept up, and in such joyful tones, while her large eyes were lifted to the sky, the trees above, and sent this way and that! The boys said she was just a bobolink, saying—

"Bobolink—bobolink,
Now what do you think?"

All but Nill. He interpreted it—"Ogle, dougle, glory, glory!" And Nill was nearest right. Sister saw that there was glory abroad this morning.

While we were in the yard, Governor C—— and our friend, Colonel C——, who is president of the new Senate, came along on their way to the House. They lifted their hats. Would we pardon the interruption? Might they speak with the boys and the bright-eyed girl? Might they congratulate me—they had heard of my narrow escape yesterday—might they congratulate me? They were *glad* for me, and for my friends, amongst whom they included themselves. They thought I must be conscious of a hitherto unfelt pleasure in looking abroad on this beautiful morning. Drop, drop went the large tears on the turf; but I could not speak. They laid their hands on Howey's head, and bowing, left us.

This was a trifling incident, apparently. Perhaps my Thalia will think it not worth relating. But kindly looks were exchanged; earnest, sincere words spoken; and it left us thoughtful and happy; as if a benediction had been uttered.

By previous appointment, at 10 o'clock, Uncle John and Aunt Susan, Uncle and Aunt Hempdale, and Julia, G——, W——, and Hal came, to go with us to the gallery. The resolution touching military displays was before the House. Some stories were told, some witty things said. Gen. W—— rose after having consulted many times—his snuff-box. I think I could do better. His wife should counsel him to leave off snuffing. It spoils his voice; and the voice has a great deal to do with the impression one makes in speaking.—Besides, no one likes to see a man, a great man especially, enslaved to such a paltry thing as a snuff-box. He has a prejudice to overcome before he can ingratiate himself; his hearers must get fairly over his snuff-box, before they can begin to render justice to his talent. I must become acquainted with Gen. W——, that he may hear me laugh at his snuff-box.

But I must feel in better humor than I do this evening, before I can laugh long at snuff-boxes, or anything else. One would think that, with all Cousin Julia's etiquette, she might be a little more particular what trying things she says to one.

"Do you know that your dress-skirt is soiled?" inquired she of me, in a whisper, on our way to the House.

"No. Badly? is it badly soiled?"

"Yes; it is very bad, and very much exposed."

It was not, Thalia. We examined it as soon as I reached home; and neither S—— nor I thought it of the least consequence. It was just a grass-stain on the hem; no one saw it but Cousin Julia; or if others did I do not care. But it troubled me not a little; I felt as if I had a soiled face until I was safely within our own doors.

"You press my mantilla, Susan," whispered she, in the gallery, while I was forgetting my soiled dress in an earnest chat with "the member from F——." He was telling me of his son's death-bed; how even pleasant and beautiful it was made by his willingness to go. Cousin Julia had not heard a word probably. What was it to her

a young immortal's willingness to step into the dark valley, since her mantilla was in jeopardy of being creased?

But, my dear Thalia, do not in over-hasty judgment put Cousin Julia down as the most callous of mortals. Thousands and tens of thousands are like her in this respect. I should grow into her habit in six months if I had her wealth, her leisure, and if I were to spend them, the former in buying up every new and elegant thing that came into the market, the latter in deciding between desirable modes, between different dresses for all different occasions, and in devising measures for preserving them all from taint and blemish; never looking into other people's faces to see what they were enjoying, what they were suffering, never having patience with them, if they did but leave my dress alone in all its matchless splendor and becomingness.

It is true in all things that we cannot "serve two masters." We may innocently make our courtesy to Fashion as she passes. We may make casual inquiries of her about those matters of which our master gives us no minute suggestions, and then go on with our "lawful service." But if we bow down to her, if we follow her, trembling lest we violate her laws, cringing lest we forfeit her smiles, we can put no heartiness into our services to God, to his eternal interests wherever they are, whether in our own hearts or in the heart of the universe.

I *should* thank Heaven that I have the disciplines of poverty upon me. But I fear I do not; there are so many glorious sights I would see, so many good things I would do if I were rich, and if I were the same at heart that I am now. I *do* thank Heaven that in my poverty I have parents who have taught me that there are better things in the world than a splendid wardrobe. But, Pharisee that I am! I am not a whit better perhaps than Cousin Julia. She cares too much, I too little. By her order and carefulness her things are all admirably preserved, so that there is no reckless waste, no confusion, no frightful wear and tear, as with me. *Parbleu!* might we but meet and shake hands midway between our extremes! *Parbleu!* *parbleu!* G—— is below. He kissed his hand to me as just now he came running in his lumbering way up the terraces. I am going down; and certainly I must find some way to plague him. He is having altogether too much peace and quietness. If I can't find anything to throw at him, I will make him jealous praising young W——'s handsome face and noble form. Good! I will put my hair into confusion before I go. I will daub my fingers with ink, and pin my collar awry. I will let him be reminded afresh what a figure I will go wherever I am. Good! how I look! I will tell him that I am thinking of writing for the press—real anti-war, anti-slavery and anti-all-sorts-of-conservatism papers, for the "Tribune" and "Harbinger;" that, in this way, and by sending home letters from abroad, I am in hopes of raising funds for travels in Italy, Greece, Germany and Spitzbergen.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep!"

EVENING.

W—— and Hal were out; S—— was with her babies, laying them down to rest and singing little quieting songs to them, so that G—— was in the parlor alone. He was so glad to have me all to himself awhile, so tender and serious, that my mischievous purposes were near being put entirely to flight. I rallied, however, showed him the disfiguring ink on the hand he held between both his fat palms, and, *apropos*, told him my new scheme of authorship and travel. He had no faith in it evidently. He smiled and looked me quietly in the face, as in glowing terms, I expatiated on all the transports of fame in my own land, and in another, of kneeling at the very footstool of "the Mother of Song," of "the Niobe of nations!"—Gradually an expression of yearning tenderness came over his features, and locking me fast in his arms, he silenced me with his agitated—"No farther than this, dearest, shall you travel—no farther." Wasn't this altogether too unlucky, Thalia? I had calculated confidently on his saying "Pooh!" "Nonsense!" on his making himself vastly merry over the utter folly of the thing; else, on his combating it with arguments synthetically arranged. For either of these events I was prepared; but not for that which came.

I did not long succumb, however. I soon began quietly to employ my free hand in putting his hair out of order. To this he could not long remain indifferent. He soon began arranging it with one hand; and then, seizing the other, I began telling his fortune by the lines on his palm.—It seems that he is to marry a tall, well-behaved, dark-skinned lady, who will never get impracticable schemes into her head, nor throw his hair into confusion.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Young W—— and his mother were in the galleries when we entered them this morning. Mrs. W——'s pale face brightened when she saw me; her son too looked pleased, but very sad. It gave her inexpressible pleasure, Mrs. W—— said, that her son had rendered me such a service, that I was saved. She knew my principles; and the world had great need of all those who judged its errors kindly, charitably. She sighed heavily. It is said that her husband has no mercy for the offences that come in his own family, or elsewhere. With a temperament cold and unimpressible as an iceberg, he can never understand why people cannot go through life by the rules, uninfluenced by natural temperament, conditions of health, or the temptations of the world. With his reproaches, his unrelenting sternness when reproaches are exhausted, he absolutely crushes his son to the earth; and from this prostrate condition, his mother, whom he closely resembles, has neither the clearness nor strength of will to raise him.

I talked with him every now and then. He has a great deal of wit and refinement; and, together with Uncle John, we kept up a running comment on the debate, lively debate on "the small-bird law" that was carried on below. It was good watching how his mother revived as this went on. She laughed heartily; and I certainly saw a faint glow on her cheeks. Her son also—

his "Good morning" at parting was very unlike his dispirited salutation when we met.

It is with me as if he were my brother, my own brother; for has he not saved my life? and is he not—oh! so erring and unhappy?

G—— was standing near the door of the gallery when we turned to leave it; looking like Mr. Lane in "sermon-time." So I told him as we went down the stairs together.

"Did I?" inquired he, forcing a smile.

"Yes."

"Does your head ache?" I inquired, after a few moments' silence. "If it does you must go home with me, and I will mesmerize it away."

"I almost wish it did for the sake of the cure," replied he, now smiling with more heartiness.—"The air up there was close and bad. It takes all electricity out of one."

"Yes, back there where you stood. You should have been on the front row with us."

"Let me provide for this hereafter by calling for you always when you go to the House. Will you allow me? When will you go again?"

"Probably not until we hear that Hale's abolition speech is coming forward."

"I myself will bring you the intelligence when this will be. I myself will bring you, and see that you have a comfortable position—if you will allow me—"

"Certainly! thank you! See, G——! see what a stiff man—and all because he is 'the gentleman from K——,' probably."

This last I said, not because I saw anything so absolutely amusing in Mr. L——'s stiffness, but because I wished to get G——'s eyes, whose expression I could not understand, away from my face.

I wonder—what can my Thalia, or anybody else think that this all signifies? Heigho—heigho—I don't know.

THURSDAY, 18th.

G—— is jealous; and of young W——! At least I believe he is. He is very stiff with W—— when he meets him here and elsewhere. He complains of the cigar smoke in his clothes; says "Ugh—ugh!" and shudders. And it is abominable, he says, for one to smile so often, and so wide as young W—— does, *when he is with me*, if every time one does it, one shows such a fine set of teeth spoiled by "the filthy weed." Ugh!

Nobody can gainsay this, can they, Thalia! It is abominable! You, whose beaux never smoke, never chew any viler thing than ambrosia, you would be fortunate indeed, but that they get so drunk on the nectar! Pity, isn't it, that your beaux and ours, will not copy *our* abstemiousness? Then these habits that lead to intemperance, and of course intemperance itself, would be no more on the earth; and, Heavens! would it not be as if suddenly a frightful pall were lifted? Yes, indeed! as thousands of unhappy mothers, wives and sisters in our land could bear me witness.

Respecting young W——, I know that he smokes, drinks brandy, and gambles, not deeply as yet; but he is on his way; he does all of these. But I do not stop with this. I know farther than this, that he must be saved. Who cannot bear

disagreeable sights and disagreeable odors, if they come between them and the one they purpose to save? I have said as much to G——, to Uncle and Aunt Hempdale, and Julia. They all declaimed against poor W—— and the folly of attempting to make anything of him this morning, at Uncle John's, until I was ready to cry of vexation.

"You are too young and pretty, my niece Susan, to undertake such a work upon such a subject," said my Aunt Hempdale. "He is rich, and in spite of his faults, respectable. He is willing to have it known that he admires you very much; his mother courts your friendship; and the general himself says that you 'are worth a dozen of the little, hump-shouldered, giggling Misses one generally finds here in C——.' I think, my dear, I advise you as your mother would if she were here. She and I know the world better than you do.—We know that it loves to be censorious where young and engaging ladies and gentleman are concerned."

I sprang to my feet when she began, and walked the floor.

"I am not in the least afraid of the world, Aunt Hempdale. I *love* it too well to feel any fear.—The world understands this, and is very kind to me; it always has been.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Uncle John, looking up with kindling eyes from the paper in whose contents he had appeared to be absorbed until this moment. "If that wa'n't well said, there never was anything. Let the girl alone. This is what his mother would advise. She would tell her to go her own way, only being sure not to go in the way of lions and tigers—*real* lions and tigers, Sister Hempdale. She knows, and I do, that an affectionate, child-like temper like Susy's is worth more than all our experience and worldly cunning."

This opportune kindness of my dear, good Uncle John opened the flood-gates; and finding that the tears would keep coming, that I could not long conceal them, I walked out of the room, and through the hall into the back garden. I drew one long sob. With it the invigorating air went through me and braced me up, so that I did not cry myself half sick, as I should undoubtedly have done, if I had betaken myself to a close room.

"May I come?" asked G——, in tones that I knew were those of a penitent, even before I saw his deprecating eyes.

I turned half-round and then back to the snow-ball I was picking to pieces, without speaking.

"I am as ashamed as a dog," continued he, slowly approaching nearer. "I am sure I don't know what possessed me to find fault with your course, with you, who know so instinctively what is good and proper. But you will forgive me?"

He was picking now upon the same snow-ball that I had been demolishing. I had fallen to twirling one of the leaves by its stem.

"I assure you," added he, "it is not my habit to interfere with other people's affairs, either in the way of finding fault, or giving advice. In this case—I do not know how it is; but I fear I am so selfish as to wish to monopolise you. All Concord is taking you to its heart it seems to me.—

Sometimes this gives me pleasure; but—I think it is only when I am at your side, so that it takes me too, as it were. Otherwise there is heaviness here," (laying his hand on his heart,) "and I am longing to be back with you in your quiet home. Forgive me, Susy, for my love's sake. Never did one love another as I do you. If I could be sure that you love me half as well, I should not then trouble myself or you with my 'ghostly counsel.'"

"I will forgive you," said I, still looking down on the leaf I was twirling. "But I can't endure being found fault with. It would kill me stone dead in a little while; that is, unless it were done in a very delicate, respectful way. But, come; let us go into the house."

"And you forgive me heartily, Susy," pursued G——, as he drew my hand within his arm for a return to the house. "It is the same with us as before?"

"The same."

"Forgive us, child," lisped Aunt Hempdale, on our return. But without any warmth or sincerity. She never shows any. She has been so long away from her family, she seems to have no feeling for us. Uncle John says she was always different from her brothers, and that there never was that love between them and her that there was between them and the gentle one that died, "little Susy" they still call her.

I bowed coldly in reply to Aunt Hempdale.

"Your aunt and I have reason to caution you young people about the world," remarked Uncle Hempdale, on his way to the spittoon. "We've had a pretty good chance to know what kind of a world it is. The fact is," turning to Uncle John, "the number of men that you can help without finding in the end that you have been cherishing a viper, isn't more than one in ten thousand. I never undertook any great piece of charity but twice; I said then that they should be my last.—A Mr. Morey, of Cincinnati, a—one of the best of young men everybody thought, but amazingly unfortunate, with poor parents, a sick wife, and three or four little children just of a bigness to support, I thought it would be doing a good deed to establish him in some sort of business. I had a number of carriages, a chaise, a barouche, a carry-all; the carriage house was full, piled up; and in a few days the new coach was coming home. A new span of horses, too, that I had bought the week before up the Maumee. Well, I thought I could turn old carriages and old horses to good account, and give Mr. Morey a good turn, by purchasing a few more of each, and setting him up with a livery stable and a certain share of the profits. But it all went through. I didn't so much as get the two hundred dollars he had been owing me a year or more. I got his ill-will though, and I keep it to this day. He passes me looking as if he fancied himself 'of the Montagues or Capulets.' I thought it might be that another time I should come off better. I didn't know as I was generous enough with him; and so I tried it again. The Athertons, a family in reduced circumstances, determined to try and get on their feet again by opening a great boarding-school, the parents superintending the house, the young people the school. They came to my store and I trusted

them on and on—and I took some pains to get them patrons—just with some light mortgages on their household property, and with their promise to name our firm to their pupils, their country friends, and so on. I have no reason to think I ever got ten dollars on all their so-much-talked-of recommendations. Something new turned up for them somewhere; an estate fell to them, or something. They were going to leave the city. I heard of it from some one else, and suspecting a plan to slip from me, I did what any man in his senses would do—foreclosed my mortgages. Well! well! there was great ado over it. I might have had faith in them, they said; humble as dogs while they were in a measure dependent on me, now that they were once more in the luck, they were ready to walk over my head with their chivalrous notions of honor, and so forth.

"They come to the city. I have often met them. Mr. Atherton notices me with a stiff, passing bow; his wife and the young people never see me. This comes, Niece Susy, of trying to help people, to save them. You have heard the story of the countryman warning the viper to life in his bosom. You have heard the end of it. It is just so in the world; and you will find it so, or I am more mistaken than I ever have been yet. You shake your head; but how are you going to miss it, to make people really and to the end grateful and friendly? I would like to have you tell me this?"

"I really don't know, Uncle Hempdale; but don't you suppose one could manage to do it, by keeping their charity as free as possible from all selfishness; by conferring one's favors even to the end, with a real kindness of heart and a courteous manner? Don't you suppose one could?—and by never growing exacting, never expecting too much gratitude, too much—anything?"

Did I not deserve, my Thalia, that this reply should choke me, as it actually did? But I would say it for the sake of the unhappy poor.

I ventured to look at Uncle John. He was making ugly grimaces over folding his newspaper, to conceal a smile. Aunt Hempdale and Cousin Julia looked up to Uncle Hempdale, evidently wondering how he would get along with that.—G—— sat on the sofa with his elbow on the back, his hand supporting his head, and his good-natured eyes—as I felt rather than saw—on my face. As for Uncle Hempdale, he must again make a journey to the spittoon before he could answer me.—But he was looking wiser than an owl, a great deal. When he did speak we would certainly hear something worthy of being spoken.

But meanwhile Aunt Susan was cogitating the matter over her plain sewing.

"I think they might, Susy," said she, quietly, and at the same time pressing a hem in her fingers. "We are too apt to satisfy ourselves with giving to the poor without regarding the manner of giving as we ought to. We think it gives us the right to advise them, dictate all their concerns if we give them now and then a trifle. I have felt this disposition in myself. I have seen it a hundred times in others. A poor washerwoman we had once told me she had thought a great many times that she would, for her own part,

rather live on crusts and be independent of charity, than to meet the overbearing manner, the cold, unfeeling reproofs, that in so many cases accompanied the gifts she had. Some were advising her to put her children out, and telling her that when one was poor, one had no right to be particular about places, what they were, and they were indignant because she would not let go all her feelings as a mother and a Christian woman and let her daughter go where she must work like a slave, and besides be exposed to the worst of all examples. This is a hard lot. I know one poor widow, a fine woman she is, who does actually sometimes live on crusts rather than let her situation be known."

"Because she is so proud," lisped Aunt Hempdale.

"Because she has human feelings like the rest of us!" said Uncle John, in a loud voice, frowning and snapping his tooth-pick; "and like the rest of us, dislikes being tyrannized over and insulted. It is God's truth," added he, growing warm over his subject; "I would rather any time deal harshly with a rich man than a poor. The rich can bear it; but the poor have so few comforts, so few friends! What is that song of yours, Susy, child,

'The poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better far
The few their Father sends?'

Sing it."

Uncle John had opened the piano, and made the stool ready for me, before he was fairly through with his quotation.

I sang, and then left with G——; after it had been agreed that we would all go together in the evening to hear the Rev. Mr. F—— speak for Temperance; and that, after lecture was over, we would spend an hour or two at the Fair of the "Seaman's Aid Society." Uncle Hempdale, aunt and Julia—and I fancy G——, also—were for spending the whole evening at the Fair. Uncle never had had much to do with temperance—temperance measures, he meant I presume—he never had liked the way people went to work.

"We work with human judgments," said Uncle John; "and of course we often miss perfection in our measures. But we are doing our best, or trying to; and if you, Brother Hempdale, or any other one, will show us a better way we will be glad to adopt it."

"Oh, I don't know I am sure!—I—"

"No; you don't know—no one knows how to plant his feet on the top round of the ladder at his first step, in his reform movements, or in any of his movements. He must bring himself to begin where he *must*, and to work hard and sometimes to make false steps in climbing. But God grant that we may be willing to work for all this; for there is need of it!"

Uncle John was very grave, and tears were in his eyes.

Aunt and Julia would like well enough hearing the lecture; but how—what could be done about dress? One must be in full dress at the Fair.—The bonnets that must be worn to the lecture—how could one dress the hair suitably for the Fair, and not have it all spoiled by sitting through the lecture in a close bonnet? How could one do

any thing with such a plan? Aunt Susy was very stiff and Julia was ready to weep over all these difficulties.

"Well! well!" exclaimed Uncle John, good-naturedly; "the day is before us; you will have time to hit upon some expedient. Or! I by no means insist on *your* hearing the lecture. But I shall show my face there. Your folks will choose to go there first, I know, Susy."

"Yes, Uncle John."

"And have you thought anything about it, you and S——, what you will do?—how you will get along with this mighty affair of dress?"

"It will be a hot evening," I answered. "We shall wear muslins. They will be perfectly suitable for both places, with our shawls for the lecture-room."

"The hair! the hair!" interrupted Cousin Julia, impatiently; "what can *anybody* do about this?"

"I can have no trouble with mine certainly," I replied. "S—— wears hers very much as you do yours, Cousin Julia. She will wear her old straw, probably."

"Yes; and she will have no fear of any bones being broken either," said Uncle John, pettishly.

"It is different here at Concord to what you have been accustomed in the city," remarked Aunt Susan, in soothing tones. "Here our best, our most sensible ladies are never very particular; so that, as Clara Fisher says, it is *bon ton* to go as one pleases, to suit one's own convenience. But sit down, Susy, until this is settled; you will be tired to death."

"I must go now. Aunt Susan, you can find company for them if they decide on going directly to the Fair. We will be ready for the lecture when you come along. Good morning! good morning, every soul of you!" I courtesied myself out of the parlor, glad with the thought that in a moment more I would be in the clear air; and that I would run with all my speed away from G——! I did! Down the steps, through the large yard, and out the gate I went, I know not how; it seemed to me that I flew. I never supposed before that G—— could make out so respectable a business—running. He was at the gate and through it almost as soon as myself.

"Haw, haw, haw, haw!" went Uncle John's good laugh back in the door. Aunt Susan's gentler notes mingled with his; and stooping to look back into the hall, under the thick branches, we saw her holding upon Uncle John's arm with both her hands, that she might not fall of laughter.

It was different with Aunt Hempdale and Julia. They countenance no such hoydenisms as that; they just looked on with wondering eyes, and then turned to each other, silently to compare notes.—Laughing salutations were exchanged across the yard; and G—— and I tripped along the way, agreeing that it had absolutely made new creatures of us, just having that hearty bit of diversion. We lamented that play was not oftener permitted to come in and enliven our daily life; not silly, heartless laughter, foolish conversation, and flutter; these were only so many forms of *work*; but genuine play, that had sense and meaning in it; play that would drive the owls away from one's brain,

and clear away the cobwebs and dust. This was what we wanted.

"And we will have it, Susy mine, in our home, and wherever we are," said G——, offering me a cluster of rose-buds and leaves he had broken in Uncle John's yard.

"Yes; there will always be plenty of play where I am," said I, carelessly accepting the spray. "I suppose the only danger with me is, that it will be 'all play and no work.' Even the chairs, foot-stools, tables, books and papers will all go confusedly mad with so much play in their midst, while dust, clothes, brushes and brooms will enjoy an unending holiday. Can't you see?"

By this time I had torn up a part of his gift and thrown it on the side-walk before us; while, unseen by him, I had slipped the rest into my pocket for my evening toilet. I fancy G—— was as little pleased with this as with the picture I had made of my home.

"What possesses you to—" he began, evidently half-vexed. "Haven't I seen how it is in your home at F——, day after day? There is no—or there should be no quieter home, or one with more orderly chairs and foot-stools."

We laughed now, and cordially shook hands at our gate.

Young W—— and his mother called in the afternoon. By claiming them, as a matter of course, for our party at the lecture, and subsequently at the Fair, they readily consented to join us; even young W—— himself, who has hitherto only scoffed at temperance and temperance lecturers! He hesitated and colored an instant; but I kept on talking of the fame of the lecturer, the kindness he had shown and the good things he had done in his good cause. I was ready to weep. I prayed God with every breath, that he would incline young W——'s heart to hear him.

"We will come this way, my mother," said he. I could have gone on my knees to thank him for his words. So could his mother if I read her face aright.

He went with us to the lecture. No one asked him if he liked it, as we came away discussing it; but he was still. I fancied he was ready to weep and I was ready to weep for him.

"I wonder if half of these giddy things know what they are here for?" asked Uncle John. We were already within the arena, within hearing of a dozen "of those giddy things;" but this was nothing to Uncle John. Nothing unpleasant ever comes of this characteristic plainness of speech.—He is never in the least malicious; never in the least ill-natured, even when he scolds the hardest. He is at heart so truly kind, that he may speak with a blunt sincerity, that would be at once unbecoming and dangerous in an ill-natured man, without giving offence; even giving pleasure.—Lively people like to close with him in a hot skirmish when he is in this vein, as was seen at the Fair.

"Oh! I will tell you, Esquire L——!" exclaimed the beautiful Miss H——, putting herself in his path. "Ladies! I am so glad you have come! How do you all do this evening?" seizing both my hands. "Esquire L——, I am glad you and your party have come? I heard Mr. F—— had got

you, and I was mad. Now things will go strong!" She put her little foot down strong as she said this. "You wonder whether we giddy things know what we are here for, Esquire L——? I came, I honestly confess, in the first place, to show my new dress;—just like yours! see, Susan!—in the second place, to see the beaux; and in the third—which third ought perhaps to have been my first—to be seen of them. There comes pa! Pa! this way! this way! And, Susan!—I may call you Susan!"

I nodded and smiled.

"Thank you. There is your brother and Mr. K—— and his lady; did they come with you?"

"Yes; they stopped with Mr. W——'s party as we came in."

"How fresh your sister is! Do you know? They say her baby is the prettiest in town; and Gen. W——'s folks all say she is like you—vastly like you." She tipped her head for a better scanning of my face. "What do you think, G——? do you think they are alive?"

G—— could not tell; indeed she hardly gave him time before she whispered me to introduce her to my relatives—Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia—"if they would have no objections." I complied, and leaving her and aunt in the full tide of small conversation into which they launched immediately, I turned with G—— to hear what Uncle John and Mr. H—— were saying about temperance and the Rev. Mr. F——. Mr. H—— is a very talented, grave man; his wife is a noble, benevolent-hearted woman; they have given their daughter every advantage of the schools and of society; and one cannot understand why it is that she is so exceedingly flighty.

She interrupted thoughts like these by throwing her arms around my waist, laughing in "her giggling way," as Uncle John calls it; and telling me that she and my Aunt Hempdale had been entering into a league of friendship, which she begged me to join; and "whether Mr. G—— was willing, or not." I was dizzy and tired with her excessive gayety and talkativeness. It was like being caught up by a whirlwind, her coming upon me so suddenly, when the quiet influences of the lecture and of the evening without had such full possession of me. It was a relief to me being joined by the rest of our party, by others, and then moving to other parts of the immense room.

Our party bought refreshments "for our stomachs' sake;" and for the sake of the sailor for whom so few care, they bought a great many fancy articles. Uncle Hempdale set his head back, flung one arm beneath his coat-skirts, and was near buying them all out. Ottoman covers, fans, cushions, and baskets to hold them, were thrust by him upon us ladies, with the stiffest of all arms, the gravest of all faces. Uncle John filled a basket, a large gingham work-basket, his pockets, his hands; and put an emery-strawberry in his mouth, because Sister S—— and I would have that, since he had proved himself so niggardly with the rest. He turned a part of his purchases over to Hal, in his good, kind, careless way. He knew that poor Hal's education swallows all his funds, so that he can never allow himself in any such extemporaneous outlays. This

was like him. He is so thoughtful always for one's comfort, in even the slightest matters! At our gate when Hal offered him his articles—"No!" uncle thanked him; "he had already more than he could manage. He must give him that basket of child's toys, also."

"Dispose of them as you will, my good Hal," said he, when Hal said something of taking them up in the morning. "Only don't bring them to me. I have enough here. You have the children here, and—and" (in brisker tones) "you have two greedy sisters who will swallow you and them, if you don't mind. Good-night, Hal! W——! Good-night, my dear, voracious nieces."

S—— made a mincing face at him; *that* was her "good-night." I pinched his ear, and that was mine.

They will all be here to dinner to-day. Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia will spend several days here; and Hal meanwhile will make his home at Uncle John's. If I might do the same! I do not find myself truly comfortable long at a time where I must attend to Julia, be guided by her preferences, and do all those things by her that hospitality demands. At Uncle John's, and in public, when she is not our guest, I go my own ways chiefly, leaving her to do the same.

TUESDAY, 23d.

The days go along heavily—so sultry and close! and altogether intolerable! *Thalia!* let me imagine that you come in now with all the freshness, the coolness of the woods and springs at F—— upon you. You have in your hand a sprig of the clematis that embowers the very spot we both know and like so well; the very shadiest and mossiest of all the meadow-brook. Your face is clear, gentle and smiling like a child's. Ah, Heaven! that we must always say—"like a child's," never—"like a woman's, like a man's!" that we must go to the child for our similitudes of the pure, the natural, the heaven-like! I wonder if it need be so. I wonder if all the training, all the experience we meet, need mar our souls and our countenances; need make us more and more unlike the Christ-appointed model. I do not believe it—and yet I am fearful. Now that with fervent sincerity I pray—Heavenly Father, make me "like unto one of the little ones!" my faith goes upward like a strong-winged bird; but suddenly an arrow hits it and it comes fluttering and bleeding to the ground. The arrow is sent by experience. God help me! God help us! You sit down at my side, *Thalia*, and thus we speak—

Thalia. Dearest, your face is troubled.

Susy. Yes; and my heart is troubled. I wish the world were different. I wish everybody would do the best he or she can.

Thalia. What a glorious place this world would be *then!* The Creator has made it so good, materially! There is such wonderful beauty and perfection in the stars, the blue sky, the woods, the waters, the flowers—we can just hold our breath in admiring gratitude over all His works. But if we leave these and look round and see what man is, what he is doing, what selfishness and misery there is, we sink with sorrow and hopelessness.

Susy. Yes; I do, often. And then again I am thankful that there is so much goodness; for, Thalia dear, there is a great deal more goodness in the world than shows itself unless we search for it. Heart-sick aspirations for something beyond, something better than they have yet attained, love of children and home, confused, agonized prayer—mixed perhaps with habitual blasphemies—when danger threatens them—if we could look with the All-seeing eye, we should find these in the drunken, scoffing, loathsome man; in the filthy, ragged, shameless woman. And so, go where we will, we shall find the lights which the Redeemer of the world has set up, shining out with rays more or less feeble and unsteady, upon all the poverty, ignorance, wrong and misery, with which the world and “the fashions of the world” surround its poor children. Indeed, Thalia, I often wonder that people—especially the very poor, and the sadly tempted—do half as well as they do.

Thalia. Yes; but then the peccadillos of the higher classes, Susy! What can you, or any one say for the rich man who cheats his neighbor?

Susy. His vice is so common, he hardly believes Conscience when she tells him it is wrong. He don't stop to look into the hearts and homes of those he has helped make poor, or he would mend his ways; for often he has generous impulses. But he is doing a wicked thing, and God help him to see it; for the *world* will not.

Thalia. Yes; and God, or Jupiter, or somebody, help the woman who slanders her neighbor and worse than kills her; the man and woman, too, who plant their heel on the fallen brother or sister, instead of holding out their hands and helping them up. We may reasonably expect such things as we see here, such misdeeds, at Olympus, where we have Jupiter, Mars and Mercury among our gods, and Juno for our tutelary goddess; but not here, not here, where your only God is a God of Love; your only prince a Prince of Peace!

Susy. Ah, that is true, Thalia! I am almost ashamed of myself and my race. But W—— read it the other day from somebody's writings—“We are all better than our best friends believe us.” I know this is true so far as regards myself; and I believe it is the same with others. I know I have ten thousand worthy thoughts and emotions, that stop short of the worthy deed. I wrestle as Jacob did for the blessing of a pure heart, a corresponding life; and then, perhaps, the next hour, I am overtaken and mastered of the strong, adverse circumstances. Then I mourn over it; I pray to be forgiven and guided right in future.—Who knows this, Thalia? who gives me credit for the struggles, the penitence? No one; because nothing is seen but the wrong I do. Of course it is the same with others; or, varying as their temperaments and conditions vary. It gives me pleasure to believe this of them. It gives me hope in them, charity for them. For instance, Julia is cross sometimes, and—

Thalia. Your cousin Julia?

Susy. Yes. Not very cross; she isn't very cross, Thalia. Don't think this of her. I will tell you. You see this large, pleasant chamber opening out into the trees? Well, this is Julia's and my common sitting-room when we are above

stairs. We have each of us a small bed-chamber adjoining. I am sure I can't see that I neglect this room, that I clutter it. I am more careful a thousand times than I ever was before; because I am “upon trial” now, you know, Thalia; and because I saw immediately how very particular Cousin Julia is. But it does no good. A bit of paper, a withered flower, a leaf of mint—none of these have business in this room. No occupation so absorbs Cousin Julia, that she does not see them directly, and send them going out of the window. Newspapers are not tolerated, they are such ugly, lumbering things. She cannot see how I can sit so composedly and write, with books lying “any way,” as she has it, on the carpet at my feet. She never could; it disturbs her seeing me do it. But you see how it is, Thalia. A part of these books I love, a part of them I study some portion of every day. Those that I love and those that I study I must have near me, and there is not room on my table for them all and my papers. As for the newspapers, they are ugly and lumbering as Julia says; but she must let me read the dailies, since I so seldom go to the House. Uncle Hempsdale feels no interest in legislative proceedings; aunt and Julia abominate them. This keeps us at home. Another thing keeps me at home; but for this other thing I should sometimes go with Hal, brother-in-law, or Uncle John.

Thalia. What may this other thing be? Something unpleasant, I know.

Susy. Yes—yes; it is something very unpleasant. Young W—— is often there; and—and—why, I shouldn't mind *his* being there, if he were alone, or with his mother, or with any one but he who is always with him of late, a Mr. Vernon of New York city.

Thalia. Ah? Is he—he is not falling in love with you?

Susy. Falling in love with me? No indeed! What put this into your head?

Thalia. Pardon me, dearest. But I have noticed that it is with you here as it is with us at Olympus. If you young people have trouble, it is generally from *malapropos* falling in love, or being fallen in love with, or something of that sort.—Pardon me; if he does not love you, what—

Susy. Why he hates me! quite another affair as you must acknowledge. He hates me because he dreads my influence with W——, who is his complete dupe. It is known to a few here in town that he—Vernon—is a miserable profligate; that he is a gambler and a wine-bibber, and that these are not his worst faults. But it is kept comparatively still; partly because he lavishes money without stint on oysters and champagne; because it is—“Hail, my fellow! well met!” with every spirited young man he can lay his hands on; partly in deference to his fine cloth, to the easy elegance of his manner; and, still, partly because he has matchless effrontery, where his money, his cloth, and his graciousness do not serve him. He carries a high head; he plants himself in your way and says by his manner—Respect me! or if you do not, tolerate me! or if you will not do this either, I am indifferent. I can make my way, I thank you! There are enough less discerning than yourself, to answer all my purposes. But,

mark me! if you are my enemy, then am I yours! If you thwart me in any way, then—the very devil is not more malicious than I can be! Actually, Thalia, this is what his looks say to me whenever we meet; and at the same time nothing can equal the breadth of his smile, the suavity of his manner. Oh, he *must* appeal to me; he lisps—and it is as if a snake hissed in my ear; I shrink from it just the same. He *must* appeal to me. He *must* know if I do not agree with him respecting such an author; such a member of the legislature; such and such movements of John P. Hale; such and such remarks in the House, or in private conversation, of General W——, of Esquire N——, or of some other "Sir Oracle." He must regret that I was not in the galleries the day before, to see what strength and nerve young A——, member from H——, put into his reply to the veteran N——.

Thalia. Miserable! Of course he is everywhere; such disagreeable persons always are.

Susy. Yes, everywhere. We met him yesterday at General W——'s. Both to avoid his flatteries, and to conceal the ill-humor I felt at meeting him there, I turned away from them all to look at some plants. But he had the impudence to follow; and, after asking some careless question about the plants, to begin in a low voice talking of my friend, as he styled her, "the charming Miss H——." (The gay young lady we met at the Fair, you remember, Thalia.) He had been told, he said, that her family was one of the best in C——. Was it so? He had himself seen that she was the wittiest, the most agreeable, the most amiable of ladies. Was it not so? He wished that—in short, that she were less, or he were greater, and then he might think of her. As it was, even I could not think him worthy of her. "Even I!" Was there ever such impertinence, Thalia? I turned away from him without replying; and begged S—— to go then if she was ready. I bowed to W—— with sorrow in my face I know. He bent his eyes to the floor.

"Why is my child so very grave this evening?" inquired Mrs. W——, as she took my hand at parting. "What has happened to her, Mrs. K——?"

"Indeed, Mrs. W——, I don't know," answered S——, looking in my face.

Mrs. W—— still held my hand, and looked inquiringly into my eyes.

"I am—I can't tell you, dear Mrs. W——; I am just—dissatisfied, out of humor, and every thing that I would not desire to be," answered I, drawing away my hand, half-laughing and half-crying.

"I shall come in to-morrow, and talk it over with you," said Mrs. W——, after me, as I hurried from the door.

"Come in; but don't talk it over with me—not one word—it is altogether too disagreeable," I replied.

I saw Vernon near a window. He was curious to hear what answer I would make. He heard, no doubt.

Thalia. Is it certain that he is altogether so vicious as you describe him?

Susy. It is quite certain. A certain gentle-

man, whom I must not name, because he does not wish it reported from him, goes often to Boston and New York on business. He has seen Vernon in both those places, often in New York, and he has abundant reasons for what he affirms, Uncle John says. He says moreover that the gentleman is a man of unimpeachable honor. Another gentleman, who also must be nameless, went to Boston one day last week, and by the same train went Vernon. They boarded at the same hotel; and in the evening, knowing that the Concord gentleman was a stranger in the city, *not* knowing that he was from Concord, Vernon invited him to a gambling house.

Thalia. Oh, Jupiter! and he saw—

Susy. He saw that he drank high and gambled high; and what is infinitely worse, cajoled others to do the same. Vernon came back to Concord with a heavy purse of course. He has still the means of sustaining his *respectability* here in town; for, excepting the few first unimportant ones, he swept every stake into his own pockets. I have no hope of poor W—— if Vernon remains; for he has him fast in his snares. W—— absolutely likes him, and cannot bear that one word be spoken against him. This is unaccountable; they are so unlike each other in all their qualities. I fancy there is more than we all dream in this philosophy of attraction of opposites.

Thalia. They have at least one passion in common.

Susy. No. Vernon goes to the gambling-table for the means of dashing through life in his chosen, off-hand way: W—— goes there as he goes to the brandy cups, to cool his inward, constitutional fever; to exchange for his restlessness, stupefaction; to forget; to sleep; if waking, to be carried above his heavy, sinking melancholy.—There is a great difference, all in W——'s favor.

Thalia. True. But, Susy dear, what has become of your charity for all sorts of evil-doers? I have not once known it to fail before.

Susy. Ah, it is gone! I have looked in vain for it; and I have seen that something is wrong. All but this Vernon, who seems neither to deserve nor want anybody's charities—for all but him, I still have charity and patience; but I confess I have not one jot of either for him. I dare say this is wrong. I know nothing about the circumstances of his fall, the temptations that have beset him. He has yielded to them so far that he is ruined; but how do I know, Thalia, that he has not for all this resisted ten-fold more than ever have placed themselves in my way? And I have had full enough, as my struggling heart, my wayward life can testify. There is one other great thought which should check me and every other one who would drive even the vilest from their charities. Hard as Vernon is now, he was once a soft, happy, innocent child. And he had a mother, no doubt, who loved him, took care of him, gave up her sleep, her rest for him, and who looked forward to his future with mingled hope and misgiving. For the sake of his childhood and his mother I will try and have more patience with him. Good-morning, now, my Thalia. Go back to F——; take an abundance of sighs back with you from me. And here! take these withered

flowers along. G—— gave them to me last evening. Put them in the spring by the meadow brook; and if they revive, I will "take it for a sign" that G—— and I—

I wonder what Thalia or anybody can think of this foolishness I am writing? I will throw the withered flowers out into the dewy turf—thus. Then Julia will not lay her long, quick fingers on them; and I shall be saved one heart-sickening twinge of foreboding. I am not superstitious; but I have known signs that worked their own, legitimate fulfilment; and certainly if any thing comes between me and G—— to separate us, it will be Cousin Julia throwing away the flowers we pluck together; the fragrant, the beloved mint-leaves he brings me when he comes, from his own garden; it will be Cousin Julia drawing herself up stern and dark, wishing that *any thing* could remain for an hour as she places it, begging that I would be a little more careful, and not get things out of order so. Ah, Heavens! the old story! the old complaint! the old petition! and it crushes me as it never did before; for it threatens the destruction of such pleasant hopes in my own heart, and what grieves me a thousand times more than this, in the good, true heart of another! Ah, if Cousin Julia had only not come! or if she were only like my sister S——. She, S——, does not see that I do any such outrageous things; she utters no such disheartening reproofs. I can well conceive how indignant she would be, if she were once to hear Julia. And W—— and Hal, I know very well with what emphasis their feet would be put down as they went through the rooms, if I were to tell them but one thing out of the ninety-and-nine. Their sympathy would help me to survive the trial better, but it will not be mine; I shall not tell them how greatly I need it; for Julia's sake I shall not do this.

I wrote last evening until midnight, because I felt that I could not sleep if I attempted it. Then this morning I was awakened while it was yet dark, by dreams of ugly, black faces with glistening teeth and eyes, watching me stealthily through the trees in our yard. I rose as soon as I could see to write. I wanted to be stirring, to feel this cool morning air. I have been writing ever since. Now it is—now the sun rises through crimson and golden clouds, and I shall go and wake the boys, and take them with me a long, long walk! They will go over each other's heads with the joy they will find in the rising sun, the birds, and all the glorious things that belong to the morning.

LATER.

What pretty thoughts nestle sometimes in the brains of the little ones! and what simple, pretty ways they find of expressing them!

On our way back this morning, to keep the boys quiet, I began talking with them of Him who made the morning, the trees and the birds. There is nothing they love so well as this; they will leave the most attractive play at any time to be told of Him. Henry, who a moment before was running and leaping with the others, now walked erect at my side with the dignity and thoughtfulness of manhood upon him. Nill's lips were apart and his large eyes were turned up to my face, re-

gardless of the impediments of the walk, which every few moments made him stumble. Howy, the little shortest of all the Fudges that there be, put his plump hands in his apron pockets, bent his head, and walked with slow, thoughtful steps.

"Aunt Susy!" began Nill, his eyes growing still larger, and his voice swelled, as it were, and agitated with awe. "Aunt Susy! I've wanted to ask you or mother a great *many* times, if—if—were you here, Aunt Susy, when St. Nicholas came and gave us all them things?"

"No; but you told me about it. You showed me his gifts."

"Well, I've wanted to ask you, and mother, and father, if you don't love St. Nicholas almost, *almost* as well as you do God. I do. I love him! I do love him! Somehow, when I think about him, it seems to me as if he was close to God; close! just as close! as if he was his son!"

I did not reply; but Henry began explaining the matter to him. I stooped down to look in Howy's face. He too was listening to what Henry would say, and with parched, tired-looking lips. I therefore called their attention to the little cakes I had given them at starting, the half of which still remained untasted in their pockets.

Ah, yes; they were hungry they all said; and straightway they fell to eating their cakes and throwing crumbs over the fence to the birds.

We have scarcely been free from callers the whole afternoon and evening. My fast friend of many years, she who tells me when I am here, and writes me when I am away, all her pleasures and her cares, Mrs. A——, came, cordial as a sister, drawing the little Fanny in her wicker carriage; for it is only a little way. We did not talk fast; we never do. But we looked quietly in each other's face, and felt grateful in knowing that we understand and love each other.

Miss H—— was here at the same time, and was near going crazy over the two babies—Mrs. A——'s Fanny and our Jenny.

"Oh! but," exclaimed she, at length, coming away from the babies, "nothing makes me forget long how mad I am with that old crab-apple tree, General W——!"

"Is it true, then, what I have heard?" asked Mrs. N——, who was here at the same time.

Miss N—— was telling me what shocking things had just happened to Mrs. B——'s new thirty dollars' silk dress. She stopped and turned half round to listen.

"Probably," said Miss H——, with a shrug of her shoulders, in reply to Mrs. N——. "You can have heard no *more* than is true. The good Heavens! what can he know of Mr. Vernon, pray? No one believes the stories that are told about him—"

"You are mistaken here, Harriet Augusta," interrupted Mrs. N——. "I know of several who, at least, *fear* they are true."

"Fear!" repeated Miss H——, with contempt. "Yes; of course there will be *buts* and *fears*, enough of them. There always are here in Concord, if any thing like this comes out. The truth of the matter is, one-half of the very humane people who screw their mouths and say 'I fear'—mean 'I hope!'"

"Oh, Harriet Augusta!" exclaimed Miss N——, laughing.

"The truth! There are no bits so precious as bits of scandal. Everybody—or with a few exceptions—everybody runs to get a taste; and there is such a holding up of the hands! such a smacking of the lips! I laugh; but I am provoked, for all that. Nobody will father the reports; there is no finding out where they started. Still General W——, with his headlong wilfulness, credits them all; and is ready to tear poor Marcus limb from limb, because he will not renounce Vernon.—Umph! I hate him!—Miss L——! Susy!" (catching my hand in hers) "you think me bewitched to talk in this way; I see you do."

I looked her quietly in the face, but made no reply. Mrs. N—— saved me the trouble.

"They say he is at all the oyster suppers in town; and that there never were so many," said she. "I wonder if any one knows how he carries himself there?"

"Marcus W—— himself told papa that he drinks much less wine than many others," answered Miss H——. "He is wealthy and generous it seems. He buys oysters and—"

"And wine?" I asked, finding that she hesitated to speak the whole truth.

"Yes, Susy; and so do others," replied she, looking down on her fan.

"True, Miss H——. Would that they did not!" I answered. Other callers coming in just then, the N——s and Miss H—— took their leave.

Mrs. and Miss B—— likewise, they had heard the reports touching Vernon. They broached the subject; but finding that we had no comments to make, they dropped it for Mr. T——, for Mr. T——! a man of his position, his refinement, sitting at table, he and his lovely wife, with the Irish maid, Bridget! Unheard-of nonsense! But he would come to his senses, when he found that he could not re-publicanize Concord with his radical notions of equality, respect, self-respect, and so on. Did not we think the same? Did my sister allow her maid at table? at all times? when she had visitors?

"Mary chooses to stay away and take care of little Jenny when we have visitors," replied S——.

"Otherwise she would come at all times." She is a well-educated girl. Her father is a very wealthy farmer, and one of the first men in S——.

"Oh, indeed! this alters the case. But why, pray, does the daughter go to service?"

"There are so many daughters! They are not all needed at home; they teach, they go to the factories to service; they see the world in this way, and contribute to the prosperity of the home. The parents work, Mrs. B——, why should not the daughters?"

"There is no good reason truly, Mrs. K——," replied Mrs. B——, speaking now with a quiet earnestness very unlike the flutter and affectation with which she began. "I remember—I was exceedingly mortified once. I had a very amiable, faithful girl a few years ago, Rebecca Plumer, you remember her, Agnes?" (turning to her daughter.) "Her education I saw was better—better than my own," she continued, coloring slightly. "She was

easy and like a lady in her manner and conversation; still I never once thought of having her come to our table; for I had never been accustomed to allow it. It was not long before she had notes from some young ladies of H——, her native town, who, as I knew—for they had friends in Concord—were the first young ladies of H——. Soon I ascertained farther, that she was of the Plumer family I had heard my father mention with so much respect. She was wishing one fine summer morning that she could see home that morning. I, partly to gratify her, but more I own to gratify my curiosity about her, offered to take the horse and buggy and little Tommy, and ride over. It was only ten miles. We went, and I was ashamed of myself that I had not allowed that young lady to sit at table with me! Why, their house was a noble great one, and full of every thing! There were paintings and drawings executed by Rebecca, better ones than I had ever seen here in town. Her father was a richer man than my husband; he had not so large a share of available funds, I presume; but he had a larger property. I at first suspected some sort of Quixotism in the young lady; but, no; as you said of your girl, Mrs. K——, she wanted to see more of the world, and her friends were all settled there quietly at H—— so that she could not visit. And besides, as she said, she wanted money of her own, to do with as she pleased. She wanted to support herself, while the education of her younger sisters and her brother was going on. I am sure I shall never forget that lesson; but then, ladies, there are few Rebeccas and Marys among our hired girls. With a slack, ignorant Irish girl like Mrs. T——'s, like most of the hired girls we have in town now, it is different. Don't you think that it is?" she appealed to both of us, to my sister and me.

Yes—it was different—yes; one could not do just the same; but—

We got no farther; for Uncle John came in talking all the way through the hall; and breaking out afresh, as soon as he had bowed to us all, about some vexatious things going on at the House this afternoon. From some little explanation, I found it was not so very bad, after all. The resolution that had just passed, contrary to Uncle John's wishes, was altogether an unimportant one, as it appears to me a very large number of the resolutions are. I beg the pardon of the honorable members, and of the constituents who lay out their work for them; but I really fancy I could sometimes furnish them with better materials than those they work upon.

Neither were Uncle John's wishes very strenuous upon the point; he wanted to scold, that was all. Therefore I made him old-fashioned courtesies one way and another. I held little Jenny up to him, let her run her wax-like fingers through his hair; then I frolicked with her a bit; and, as I knew she would, if stimulated, she clenched both hands full of the long locks, drew herself back in my arms, pulling with all her strength, and laughing. Especially she laughed to hear Uncle John's exclamations, to see him put his face into all manner of distortions from pretended pain, and caper about the room so strangely while we ran after him.

Mrs. L—— and her beautiful daughter Laura called, accompanied by the Misses Nute, visitors from Roxbury. They are sweet ladies all of them. It was so good talking with them, listening to their remarks, their replies—now witty, now grave, always spirited, and with meaning in them! Not a word of scandal! One would not have known from them that Vernon, or General W——, or any other vicious or unreasonable person was in existence. But Mrs. M—— had been doing a noble thing; we must know about this; we would admire the act as they did. She had a nephew in the country; young, of great promise, but poor. Mrs. M—— had made arrangements for carrying him through college and giving him a profession.

"He is an only son and his mother is a widow," continued Mrs. L——, her placid eyes filling with tears. "We can easily conceive how happy Mrs. M—— has made them both, the mother and the son."

"She herself has found an equal pleasure, I dare say," remarked the elder Miss Nute.

"Yes, indeed! She has lost a husband and her two only children within ten years. She almost died at first; but now she thinks of them, as she goes on towards them, working for the poor, the sick, and the troubled; and she is a truly happy woman."

They promised that we should soon meet this good, this afflicted lady. And would we not call for them to-morrow morning before the dew was gone, and go back to Pleasant street to see Mrs. C——'s garden? The walks were all gravelled; we should have no trouble with the dampness; but we should be charmed. There was such a profusion of roses of different kinds! such a multitude of other kinds of garden flowers! such an array of house-plants! Ah, it would do us good!

We gladly promised compliance; for already Mrs. C—— had herself made the same petition.

My good, my best G—— came in the sober twilight time, when all others were away; and I let him have peace; for will he not have troubles enough, if I spare him those little annoyances I have had such pleasure in inflicting. I need not say "pleasure" either; it was not absolutely pleasure, but they were expedients to prevent a great pain hereafter, if—if things go unhappily between us, if I must at the end of my probation say—No, my friend. I love you, but I cannot make myself fit for you.

I let him see this evening that I was glad to be near him; to sit with my hand lying in his; to talk seriously with him, looking into his good eyes. While we sat thus we heard Cousin Julia's voice. She was speaking to aunt on her way to the front parlor where we were sitting. We were neither of us pleased. G—— sighed heavily, relinquished my hand with a soft pressure and rose to go.—Others came in immediate after Julia, and then I came to my own room.

Julia came up just as the clocks were striking the hour of ten; and instead of coming into this room, as she usually does, to undress her hair, and lay off her jewels, she repaired immediately to her bed-chamber. I called her; but she only made some indistinct reply that I could not understand—partly because I am a little deaf and partly be-

cause she mumbled it; she did not come. I was grieved and choked; but as soon as I could command my voice tolerably, I said, "Good-night," pleasantly, and wrote on, soon forgetting my troubles in my pleasant occupation.

But now, my Thalia, a cheerful, loving good-night for you. Would that my poor Julia were as pleasant and happy as I fancy you to be! Would that I could love her as I love you, ideal being as you are!

Hear me! I sigh, and sigh, and sigh! I see now how unhappy one can be, while to those who just look on the outside, every thing seems smiling and prosperous. People think me perfectly happy; they envy me; and so they may perhaps for the most part; but actually, there are minutes, *hours* lately of every day and night, when it seems to me that Vernon and Julia are killing me. I suppose it is so all over the world. All have their trials, apparent, or concealed. The woman who wants bread, has perhaps no bitterer want than myself and ten thousand beside, who appear to have every wish gratified. This world is a melancholy place then. How infinitely unbearable must it be to him who believes that this is our all of life! that there is no happier land beyond, for which all our troubles here, if we let them work their legitimate results, are preparing us! Vernon is an atheist; and "may God have mercy on his soul!" I cannot feel that any but the Omnipotent One can do any thing for *him*.

THE 25th.

We had not half enough vases for the flowers with which the good, motherly Mrs. C—— loaded us off. Good! we must have moss vases then! we must have a ride then in search of moss, children and all! Uncle John, Aunt Susan, and all! No sooner said than, *whough!* our hearts were up in our mouths. We kept saying softly to the children—"Still!—a little stiller, boys!" but we were as crazy as they. The little thing down on the carpet was infected. She laughed, crowed, kept clapping her arms to her sides, save when S—— or I came near; then she laughed out merrily thinking how she would catch our skirts, making at the same time an effort to this end.—Now and then she gave a little convulsive sob at her failure; but in an instant she was laughing again, if we just set her the example, or danced a few steps before her.

Hal had not been gone a half hour, before he was again at the door with Uncle John and Aunt Susan. Aunt came in, and began immediately turning her careful eyes round to see what there was yet to do to make us ready. She hurried, she said, that she might be there to help us rig off the boys.

"There is so much to do when there are so many!" continued she, in the kind, sympathizing tones that brought tears to sister's eyes.

Uncle John also was running over with delight and kindness. He took his carry-all, he said, that there might be a place with him and "mother," as he often calls Aunt Susan, for Hal and me, or for the boys.

Uncle Hempsdale came with a buggy, whose very wide seat would accommodate himself, aunt

and Julia. A carry-all was brought for W——, and thus we were all provided for. Sundry little parcels and baskets put without comments into the carriage-boxes deserve to be named; for they bore a substantial share in the pleasures of the morning.

In an old half-decayed orchard in the neighborhood of "Turkey Pond," while W—— and Hal essayed their luck at angling, we deposited "sister" on our blanket-shawls in the shade of the orchard trees, and gathered mosses and sat on the soft turf, dreamily talking and enjoying ourselves. I bore my full share in all the liveliness and festivity of the morning; but I was ill at ease as often as it came into my head—my missing ring! It was given me by G——. I am sure I lay it last evening on my dressing-table, as I always do at night. I am so accustomed to slipping it on in the morning when I dress, that I do it often without remarking the act. I cannot tell, therefore, whether I put it on this morning. I did not miss it until we sat down to our luncheon. Of course I put it on and lost it in moss-gathering. There is no other way; and this seems more probable as the ring was too large. I have many times wiped it off. I washed my hands in the pond, before laying the refreshment, talking all the while with the anglers; and in my perfectly *unconquerable* careless habits, I never know clearly what I am doing with my hands, if I am in the least excited with what is going on. Does not, my Thalia, see what is before me? and does she not pity me?

THE 26th.

I have told G—— my misfortune; and I wept so violently that he suspected what I would say farther. He laid his hand on my lips and would not let me speak. It was a perfectly natural accident, he said. He had seen himself that the ring was altogether too large; the carelessness therefore was *all* on his part. He should have provided against its loss by exchanging it as he had been intending, still *neglecting* to do. He should bring several from which to choose another, and—. I interrupted him with a decided "No! not-another ring!" And then seeing how wretched this made him look, I was myself more wretched than ever; and I wept until I was almost too weak to breathe.

We parted thus at a late hour; he, sad and still, I in tears.

SATURDAY, 27th.

G—— called this morning, just after breakfast, with a carriage to take me to ride. I would have refused; I did at first; but—. Yes! I must go. I was paler than any ghost they had ever seen, W—— and Hal said. Yes! *certainly* I must go out in the air and get an appetite for breakfast, S—— said. I had not swallowed a mouthful yet, and Mary had cooked a delicious little trout purposely to tempt me, too. She tied on my bonnet and wrapped me in my shawl as she talked; I meanwhile standing without motion, ready to fall of weakness, letting them do with me just as they pleased.

It was good for me that I went; for the air gave me strength. But my heart was heavier

than lead within me; my lips were parched with the hot breath, so that with a half-sigh and a half-smile I answered all G——'s efforts to enliven me. At length he seemed to lose all courage.—He settled back in the carriage, pressed my hand a moment to his eyes, and I felt the hot tears on it! I was beside myself on seeing the quiet, phlegmatic G—— moved to this. I wiped away his tears, if indeed there were any beside those on my hand; I begged him to be happy. I myself would be; I would forget my—my carelessness. My probation, after all, was to last six months. Not half of it had yet passed; and who could tell what metamorphosis might come over me in the remaining time?

Aye, surely! surely! why had we not thought of this before? We were both new creatures! The fields and the sky were new! It was as if an April shower had just passed over them and us; the sun was shining; all things had a glorious tinge; but—but there was weeping; the still drops were falling.

Neither had G—— ate any breakfast he acknowledged as, on our return, we sat down to the table lain for two. S—— joined us, and the children, and made diversion for us, else I do not think we should have made any great amends for our early neglect. As it was, we drank coffee, and ate tart after tart until there were no more left. We laughed, we frolicked like children; and G—— went off to his carriage at last, threatening me with imprisonment for life "with bonds," for stealing the last tart there was, when he as good as had it in his mouth, and his last half-cupful of coffee, when he had only been borrowing a spoonful or so of mine.

He sent me a note by Hal at noon; which lies now within my hand. He was happy, he said; and he had *magnetic* intimations that so was I. He must come this evening—I must allow him.

Yes, come. He comes now;—earlier than he has any business to. I was to look in on Mrs. A—— and her little Fanny before he came.

EVENING.

Another ring is on my finger, a splendid thing; but so slender and delicate near the setting! I fear I shall break it in some way. He begged that he might present me a brooch also. There was one, a cameo, with the head of the Madonna, a magnificent affair, that he would like to see me wear. He thought a rich brooch altogether a convenient; an elegant appendage to a lady's dress. Would I not allow him to bring it—and a chain also for my pencil? would I not have a chain?

"I should break the chain and lose the brooch in less than a fortnight!" answered I, remorselessly.

I would not allow myself to say a word against the ring; I would not disturb him by reviving an unpleasant subject. But when he came in with such absolutely girlish enthusiasm for brooch and chain—I was provoked. I longed to give him back his ring, and once had it off my finger for this purpose. I was so delicate and fair, he added, it was charming to see me elegantly dressed.

Would I not be induced to wear the brooch—at least the brooch?

"No, I thank you," said I, coolly, looking down on my fingers; "I should lose it in a fortnight. I like it best as I am." And still cool, cooler than any cucumber you ever saw, Thalia, I went to the table and began gathering up my sewing. When this was done, I put my head out the door and called S—— to come in and sew with me; and then as I resumed my seat and began making my needle fly, I began likewise to quarrel with G—— about abolition and John P. Hale.

W—— and Hal came in and we had it right and left! G——, as is his wont, kept mostly in ambush; but I managed to hit him several times nevertheless. W—— and Hal planted themselves directly in my way. Sometimes they laid down their arms before me. "Yes—yes; true; in that I was right!" And then, in an instant, it was, "No! no! no! a most absurd idea!" and clash! flash! we had it again. We laughed; we had tears in our eyes; we were earnest; excited; but not once in the least angry; and this is what I like better than I do chains and cameos. Do not mistake me, Thalia. I do not like it when a woman brawls, and comes in everywhere with what she calls her politics—namely: questions of which is the fittest for president, Polk or Clay; which the fittest for governor, Colby or Williams; and which for representative, Smith or Jones.—But there are political questions in which woman has an interest equal with man's. Among these are the questions of freedom and slavery, peace and war. These she should in the first place understand; and upon these she should in the second place speak; providing always, that she "speak softly," and at the right time and place.

TUESDAY, 30th.

We shall start next Tuesday for the mountains.

Uncle and Aunt Hempdale and Julia have gone this morning to spend the interim at Uncle John's, that we may have more time for our preparations. We do not need much time for *ourselves*, merely, as our outfits are to be very simple—brown linen, braid and buttons for some times, and each of us a pair of thick-soled morocco boots; this is all we have purchased. Uncle John, who, pinching my ears, first one and then the other, and making all sorts of wry faces, proposed being my purser for the outfit, was sincerely cross when I assured him that in those two little packages I had all I needed, all I would have. I had not bethought myself about it, he said; there must be other things. Was there no muslin, or lace, or gossamer-web wanted? Why, Julia had a cart-load already; and yet she had just come in from shopping with parcel upon parcel of such stuffs. With my simple things, it could not be that I had no need of any thing more. If I would just say the word, I should have a supply of clothes and—jewels, too, the deuce! that would help me to outshine my cousin Julia as far in fashion as I already did in agreeableness of face and temper. Would I not say the word? It would give him more pleasure than any other thing I could say or do.

"Et tu, Brute!" and you, too, Uncle John! thought I, in a temper sufficiently Cæsar-like to

make me *think* of dying, and going where it should no more be the grand question—"Where-withal shall we be clothed?" Then I reflected that I was growing altogether too pusillanimous for one who had something to do in life, in the life that is "a battle-field;" drooping in the midst of action, as I am inclined to do of late, or thinking of flight, as often as there came a little heat in the strife, a little confusion. I drew myself up on these thoughts, and said—"No, Uncle John. I am well enough as I am. I like myself; other people like me; you like me, cross as you are; and this is enough. I can never bear being bothered with such things. And you, Uncle John, how would you like waiting for me always to choose among my multitude of dresses, to put

* Rings on my fingers and bells on my toes;'

how would you like this?"

Uncle John laughed outrageously; then suddenly he was quiet; and with cordially approving eyes and voice, he told me I was right. He could perceive that, instinctively, or of my good sense and taste, I dress as is most suitable for me. But were there no substantial articles—handkerchiefs, I would want an abundance of these in making a journey, and such a journey.

Oh, yes, I had forgotten those! Yes, I should want a half-dozen and! and a half-dozen pairs of cotton hose, half of them colored, the other half white. The deuce! I should have them? and away went Uncle John on his kind errand.

I *didn't* need so many, Thalia.—But I wanted to give Uncle John a pleasure; and, besides, such articles are all along coming into use. The boots we purchased to wear in the muddy mountain-paths going to the Flume and Pool, and also when we ascend the mountains. One must sometimes alight and stand on the icy-cold, wet ground, while a shoe is fastened on one's horse's foot. And sometimes one chooses to alight and walk awhile over the corduroy road. Here, as in the clayey paths to the Flume and Whirlpool, India rubber shoes are slippery, unsafe and tiresome incumbrances; while cloth gaiters and slippers are soon saturated with water.

For many days now, my Thalia, I must only think of you and sew, *not* write, unless it be now and then a word.

10 O'CLOCK, EVENING.

Beautiful, beautiful handkerchiefs Uncle John has bought for me! fine and delicate as the gossamer-web of which he spake.—This is what I like—beautiful handkerchiefs; but the beauty, the richness must be in the fabric itself, not in embroidery.

JULY 1st.

I am provoked! I heartily with my ideal beau, (he of the grease spots and wry cravat, you know, Thalia,) was going to the mountains instead of G——. One would hear something from him, I fancy, beside—the cameo brooch; the cameo brooch with a head of the Madonna!

G—— teased me until I consented to accept it; which I did, hoping—as I live, Thalia!—that I should, as I have forewarned him, lose it in less than a fortnight.

It lies on my table before me. I love it for the marvelously well-executed Madonna. She is so soft, so meek, so mother-like! If G—— felt the same sentiment towards it, I confess I would be well satisfied to wear it. But, alas! all his rhapsodies are over the ornament, the convenient adaptation to a lady's dress! Ah, my heart yearns for him—for him of the grease spots, whom for convenience and euphony's sake I will call—Thorn, Dr. Thorn. This will do, will it not, Thalia? I like this title, both because Hal is a candidate, and because it applies to a most benevolent and useful class of men.

If he were going with me to the mountains, what would he have to say about my wardrobe, think you? It is ridiculous thinking of his mentioning such things as brooches and chains. He would not even know that I do not wear them daily. He would not—in short, he would not say any of the things that I would not wish him to say about me and my dress, and I should be free, free!

THURSDAY.

Vernon has gone; and were it sure, as he said, that he has gone to New York, and alone, I should sing aloud some joyful thing as I work. But young W—— left town, the succeeding day, for Boston. It is thought that Vernon will meet him and remain with him there, else that they will proceed together to New York; at any rate, that where one is the other will be also.

Vernon had the effrontery to call the evening before he left. W—— was with him; seeming languid and spiritless as a sick child. But Vernon made amends for his taciturnity and ours. He admired Jenny, but this failed to conciliate us, we still did not bend. Our plants—there were no such plants in town; Mrs. Gen. W——'s, Mrs. Esq. L——'s, Mrs. Dr. W——'s, and "my friend, the charming Miss H——'s," made the nearest approaches. He was a good judge in the matter; he had seen theirs often, very often. He had just come from the Hon. H. W——'s. A charming lady and charming daughters had the Hon. H. W——. He was indebted to them; no small share of the felicity he had enjoyed at Concord he owed to them. He had come a stranger—with letters, certainly, but then to all intents and purposes a stranger—and they had taken him into their favor and patronage. He was indebted to them. We assented coolly by bows. We had no belief in all this vaunted intimacy and patronage; and if we had had, it would not have been otherwise; we should have been disgusted by his vanity. We know that he is a miserable man, vicious, false and intriguing; and we have no smiles, no cordiality for him.

One thought begins to trouble me. It may be that, notwithstanding his outward deference to me, his bows, his broad smiles, his cringing flatteries, my coolness makes him inwardly angry; that thus it hardens him and carries him farther and farther from goodness. If it is so, God forgive me and counteract the mischief I have wrought. If I meet him again, I will not receive him as I would a good man, nor will I turn my back to him and scorn him as I have done hitherto; I

can feel that if I were vicious it would not reclaim me being treated in this wise. I will stand still and look quietly and without scorn in his face. When he says a clever, or a generous thing, I will listen to him, and then say with honest good nature: Mr. Vernon, you are very clever; you have agreeable points; and I am sorry that I can't like you. But I can't, I have heard such bad things touching your morality. I will say it with the feelings we erring ones should extend to frail human nature ever so much degraded, of sorrow and not of anger. And then he will not be indignant. He will no longer hiss and smile with malice, and perhaps revenge in his heart. I wish he would come back! Oh, I wish he would come back! if I must be ever so much troubled; for I fear he will utterly ruin poor W——. It is said he knows perfectly the general's hostility to him, that he hissed and smiled over this also. I think it would not be wide of his character if he were to undertake revenging upon W——'s head the scorn of his father and his friend Susy—and of others too. I fear no one treated him correctly. One part of the community set themselves up like mill-saws against him; among these were Gen. W——, myself and many others, from whom wiser measures might have been expected. The other part, blinded by his artfulness, charmed by his elegance, conciliated by his generosity, awed by his "front of brass," or participating in his vices, surrounded him, both to keep the mill-saws from harming him, and to have "a good lively time with him, he is such a witty soul!" as Miss M—— said to me, to taste his oysters and his champagne. Ah! there are many ways of wronging one, not dreamed of in our superficial philosophy; and from these unthought-of ways come, I am convinced, an absolutely frightful amount of the wrong-doing we so arrogantly censure and despise.

FRIDAY MORNING, 3rd.

The work goes industriously on, setting a few stitches here and a few stitches there, now that the tunic-making is over.

The boys—you do not know, dear Thalia, but every mother who has three spirited boys knows very well that there is always something that needs to be done for the boys. By the time one gets round with the new aprons, the first one made has "come to mending;" one has just time to draw a long breath of self-gratulation over the new pants for all the boys, and to lay one hand leisurely across the other, before, "Oh, dear! a hole in one knee, and as good as a hole in another!" Do not all prudent mothers who economise by doing their own sewing know this? They know then that S—— and I, who wish their clothes left in perfect order, find it difficult overtaking things. They know that sometimes we are discouraged, and say that there never were three other such tearing boys; and that again we laugh and suppose that it is so with all boys—only we know that many are much worse than ours in this respect.

Little Jenny sits on the carpet when no one comes to toss her about and frolic with her. She puts out her beautiful arms and inclines herself

lovingly towards us, but we can only laugh with her, sing to her, and when neither of these things will do, find her fresh play things, we are so busy. "Poor little thing!" we say; and our hearts ache with pity for her; partly because we have no time to amuse her, and partly because we are so soon going off on our pleasure-hunting journey, leaving her behind with Aunt Susan. The child loves Aunt Susan, but she will often be grieved for want of her mother. S—— thinks more and more of this. She would give up the journey now, if we would let her. She wonders how those poor mothers can live, who must let their little ones lie or sit by them, and cry until their hearts are almost broken, because they cannot stop a moment to take them, lest the bread fail; and especially, *especially* how those mothers can live, who must give them away and see them no more. She is sure it would kill her. So she said to-day to her washwoman.

"Oh, and sure it is you, Mrs. K——, who don't know that?" said she. "Ye've many things to learn, and sure this is one of 'em; how much ye can bear and yet be alive, and yet look about ye and smile and make it same to others that all is right and fair. Ye can do this, Mrs. K——, all the same that others do. Ye will see, ye will see as the years go."

A most touching paraphrase on those lines in "The Old Arm-chair:"

*"I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair."*

EVENING.

Cousin Julia called this morning. She put her head back and looked down over her cheek on our dark gingham which are to be admitted to this mountain-journey.

"Indeed, Susan, I am unable to imagine what you can want of those sombre gingham in July," said she, tossing a sleeve from her.

"Oh, in the muddy mountain paths, Cousin Julia!" said I, going on with the fastening of a hook.

"I, for one, shall have nothing to do with the muddy mountain paths. Where I can ride in a carriage or on horseback I will go, and not a step farther, if it is muddy!"

"You will wish to see the Flume and Whirlpool. You will choose, when once you are there, to go up the ravine at the former place. You will venture wetting your dress in jumping from rock to rock, that you may look up a hundred feet and see the rock of ton's weight suspended there directly over your head. You will go through the mire; you will wet your dress, you will get mud on it; and it had better be something dark that will not show how much it is soiled; something that is not easily injured by being rolled up and packed away in your trunk while it is yet wet and muddy. There are showers often among the mountains; and they gather so suddenly that, with the best foresight, the greatest alacrity of movement, one will be sometimes caught in them. On this account, as you must see, Julia, one needs just such dresses as these, and capes like them—one should have capes like them; dark hose, thick boots, and a blanket shawl—don't forget a

blanket shawl; it is less clumsy than a cloak; and shawl or cloak you must take with you up the mountains."

"Indeed, I can't, I haven't room. You say they make up elegant evening toilets; one cannot have room for everything. What other inconvenient thing must I do? I want the last of my instructions now; my preparations are nearly complete, and I am glad of it."

"You should wear an old hack-about bonnet, that is invulnerable to injuries in whatever shape they come, or fold a log-cabin away in your trunk to wear over your other when we must be out in mists and vapors, to say nothing of storms and tempests."

"Storms and tempests!" repeated Julia, who is certainly very careless of her speech when released from the forms she observes "in society," as she has it. "Susan, how you do—"

"Embroider things?" I asked laughing.

"Yes; with your mists and vapors, storms and tempests!"

"We shall see! we shall see! Meanwhile, how is it? Do you dread the mountains—the long ride up?"

"I dread nothing. I think very little about it. I, at least, anticipate no pleasures—nothing of this sort."

"I am sorry."

"I have no reason. I am no admirer of Nature when I must expose myself to mud and storms to see her. I shall like the company you say we shall meet at the Mountain Houses; I shall enjoy the evenings—perhaps. But I don't know—I enjoy any thing but very little of late." Julia turned away with more color in her face than I ever saw there before as she concluded.

"I am sorry," I said again, and with real sympathy.

"It is of no consequence," continued she, now looking out the window where she stood with her back to me. "It is of no consequence at all—but I can find little pleasure with those who overlook me entirely; who mind me no more than if I were not in existence."

"Julia! you cannot be thinking of me?" I asked very much shocked; for I saw that now she was pale, and that her voice trembled.

"No—no; I *cannot* be thinking of you, Cousin Susy." (It was the first time she had ever called me any thing but Susan, or Cousin Susan.) "For you are always very kind, very attentive to me—more so than I deserve at your hands, for I know I am, or I do not appear always in the best humor; and—"

"Let this pass! let this pass, my cousin!" interrupted I cheerfully, seeing that she hesitated. "We will both be in the very best humor after this; and then who will be so happy as we two?"

"This is easier for you to say and to do than for me," sighed Julia. "You are naturally in better spirits; and—besides you have so many round you, attending to you constantly!"

"I am very happy in my friends; they are very considerate and kind; but I am sure, Julia, they would do any thing for you, W——, Hal, or S——, any of them, or Uncle John, or Aunt Susan.—They only wait to know that their services are

wanted, and they are ready to do every thing you need."

"Yes—I presume so. I do not complain of *them*," (again in a trembling voice.) "They are very polite and kind to me; but, in short, Cousin Susan, how is it with Mr. G——? Does *he* know that there is anybody in the world but you?"

She turned round and leaned her back against the window, like one desperately determined on facing every thing.

I laughed on finding that this was all. "I hope so," I replied. "If he does not he is a very stupid fellow truly."

"Oh, Susan, you don't love him as he does you! I sometimes think that you love him but very little."

"And I, Julia, sometimes think the same. I have been thinking the same this morning, as I sat here in my room alone and sewed." I looked up from my work as I concluded, and positively Cousin Julia's face was radiant with, with delighted surprise, it must be. She bit her lips to conceal her smiles, which she thought inopportune I suppose, as now I was looking very grave for the first time, just as for the first time she was beginning to smile. She turned away to a table and began examining my brooch.

"You do not mean as you say?" pursued she in a voice half-anxious, half-pleased.

"I do. Would that I did not, else would that it were different between us!" I went on with my sewing, and Cousin Julia began for the first time to talk with lively interest of the mountain journey. But down, down went my spirits as hers went up; and when she bade me good morning, I mechanically answering her, a fanciful observer of the scene might have imagined that you, Thalia, or some to me less friendly fairy, had been dislodging our spirits and changing their tenements.

Eh bien! If it might be done in the still way you fairies generally work, I wish a fairy would shift the love G—— has for me over to my Cousin Julia; I fancy she would prize it more justly than I do; and together they could have an excellent time admiring brooches and chains, and keeping clear of all such vile things as notes and mud.—And then I would want my fairy to come in directly with Dr. Thorn. I would not like to live long without some one to love me better than he loves all the rest of the world beside.

We have been this evening to hear Gen. W—— "On the Condition and Prospects of the West."

Mr. H—— and his daughter, Harriet Augusta, joined us as we left the house, and came up State street with us, although it was a round-about way for them as their house is on Main.

"Pretty as a pastoral, wasn't it, Susy?" said Miss H——, taking my arm and hugging it close to her side. "The prairies so fertile! so beautiful! 'like a cultivated garden,' you know he said, 'far as the eye can reach!' Oh, wouldn't you like to set your eyes on the flowers there?"

"Yes, indeed! I long for that!" Uncle John, who was that gentleman with Mr. B——? that tall, distinguished looking man?"

"In the pew before us? That was not Mr. B——. I thought so at first, but it was a stranger."

"That? Oh, I think it was Prof. L——, of Harvard College," interposed Mr. H——, eagerly. "I am not certain; I never saw Prof. L—— but once. Now is the time for the professors and students, as well as all others who can, to be turning their faces towards the lake and mountains!"

"If that was Prof. L——, then his tall companion may be Prof. A——, of, of Switzerland, I believe," said Uncle John. "He is at Cambridge at present."

"Goodness, Esquire L——?" exclaimed Miss H——. "I've read something of him. He was invited here by some college or other; and appointed by the King of Belgium, or Austria, or something, to look into things, scientific things. I hope it was some great foreigner. I hope he will remember that Gen. W—— said, that in fifty years the West—our West, you know—will be equal to a supply of provisions for the whole world. I hope he will remember that, and carry it to England for them to chew there. I wonder how they'd like it! I wonder how they'd like it!"

"I care nothing about how England would like it, my little Harriet," answered Uncle John: "I care nothing about what England thinks. It is a great land, this land of the West; it is a great thing that it is ours. I am sure I thank God that it is ours, and not England, not any part of Europe. I am not at all nervous lest it be unappreciated, nor is Gen. W——. He is quiet about it. He respects his subject and is willing it should be seen in its true light; he don't tire himself and his hearers' sympathies, by holding it up to the stars all the evening. This is what I like. I hate this feverish vanity between man and man, between nation and nation. What do I care for any man? It is enough for me that I am doing what I have a right and reason to do.—It is enough for our nation that it is the greatest nation in the whole world—"

"The greatest nation in the whole world, Brother John!" interrupted Aunt Hempdale. "Who is holding things up now?"

"Not I!" said Uncle John, a little sternly.—"The deuce! I say this for my own pleasure, and because it is the truth. I don't care whether you, one of you, believe it. I wouldn't turn my hand to convince any man. I wouldn't take one step forward to say it in the ears of all England, that ours is the greatest nation; not if all England would believe it on my word, and bow down to us. For what do I care? I am satisfied to know that it is the greatest—not in wealth, or refinement, or the arts, to be sure; but in her past; in her great men and great women of the revolution; in her republicanism; in her resources; her future! The deuce! there is no need of holding our country, or any part of it, up in a false light, is there, my little Harriet?"

"No; I always say there isn't. I always say it is great in itself; but I declare I do want Europe, and especially England, to see it in its *true* light, Esquire L——; to know that if we are not equal to her now, it is because no nation could possibly be in so short time; that if we are not equal to her now, we assuredly shall be, since the tide of civilization and every thing is setting in westward. Don't you say so, Susy? Susy! I am

—let me come and stay a good long time with you to-morrow. The men will all be gone, you know; old Mrs. Graves is coming to spend the day with mamma; I will help you fix for the mountains, or any thing. You don't know how ingenious I am. May I come?" She made her petition in a low voice, ending it with a kiss. I kissed her back with heartiness; for I begin to see beneath this frivolous girlhood, a noble, vigorous womanhood, and to like her. She was quietly glad that I would rejoice in her coming, and slowly let go my hand as we parted at our gate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DREAM OF JUDGMENT.

BY CAROLINE C ———.

FROM midnight silence speak out, weary soul!
Tell how deaths' cloud of mystery doth roll
Back to thine eye, showing the Future's whole.

Tell to the worldling-crowd that rushes on
Of all awaiting when this life is done—
Tell them of the eternity begun.

* * * * *

I see a multitude to judgment pass
That faded swiftly as the summer grass,
See, but not dimly now, as through a glass.

Hover o'er the "White Throne" those mighty souls
Whose patient purity won them the goals
Round which the iris of God's glory rolls.

Their songs of joy have ceased: sublimely great,
Their labors o'er, they rest in glorious state,
While hosts innumerable for judgment wait.

Methinks some I have known on earth bow there,
Clad no more in their mortal guise they are—
Spirit for spirit, I *know* those shapes of air!

Know them, Oh, God! in that most awful place,
Shorn of their looks of pride, their worldly grace—
A mark of sin's baptism on each face!

And they are crushed as they have crushed on earth!
Ah to hear voices once tuned but to mirth,
Craving forgiveness of the matchless worth!

To see the selfish heart outdone at last!
The grasping soul whose hour has fleetly pass'd,
The spirit of Folly standing so aghast!

Waiting in trembling terror, till is heard
From Him, Eternity's deciding Word,
The judgment that his wisdom will record!

To see the mammon-worshippers crouch down
Like reptiles, neath the terror of HIS frown,
While the poor man-tyrant is shorn of crown,

kissed her back with heartiness; for I begin to see beneath this frivolous girlhood, a noble, vigorous womanhood, and to like her. She was quietly glad that I would rejoice in her coming, and slowly let go my hand as we parted at our gate.

And robe of state; bent in a mute dismay,
Striving, but finding not one word to say,
When it availeth nought with man to pray!

To see the miserable Slaves of Pride
Daring not once appeal to Christ who died—
When, even for *them*, blood wet His pierced side!

To hear their woful cry as round them shone
Dread clouds of blackness, which spread in the zone
'Twixt Judge and man—man lost, no more God's own!

To hear *that* voice: "Ye no good seed have nursed,
Nor ever strove to make earth else than worst!
Depart, depart forever, ye accursed!"

"Your day of little triumphings is passed,
Yield their remembrance pleasures that will last?
Ye sowed the tempest—reap the whirlwind's blast!"

"Depart! in you love never found a home—
Evil are all the deeds that ye have done—
Ye sought not my will! ye have wrought *your own*!"

I saw them go, the mourners without hope,
Weeping and tremblingly did they all grope
Forth to the dark eternity's vast scope!
* * * * *
The morning dawns, and lo! the best-beloved
Who with those lost ones to the judgment moved,
Are round me still—and in men's sight approved.

Beloved strive! that in God's searching sight
Ye be not worthy deemed of endless night—
Pawn not for sin's bright smile, His mercy bright.
For lo! before Him are none justified!
Allowed sins are so swiftly multiplied,
Dare ye their fateful penalty abide?

God watcheth you beloved! Christ doth plead
Ye follow where His blood-stained footsteps lead!
Lay bare your hearts for the good spirit's seed!

Ere long the palm-branch with its flowers so fair
Shall wave aloft, and Heaven, for Heaven's ye are,
Will guard you and those fruits with tenderest care!

A TALK WITH YOU ABOUT THE LUCIFER MATCH; OR, THE SORROWS OF A POET.

BY CAROLINE C—.

ZEAL VERSUS KNOWLEDGE.

MORE than a year has past since we first began to "talk" together, you and I, dear reader, and whatever else there may be for which you find occasion to condemn me, you cannot say that I am an inconstant or neglectful friend of *yours*, say, *can* you? Sometimes you may have been inclined to stop your ears, and dub me an inveterate talker—I am somewhat suspicious; but after all, such a confession should you make it, would not much trouble me, for I have had my own amusement, though it has oftentimes proved a rather wearying one, to be sure.

Well, what shall we converse about to-day, (I really wish you would take a leading part in the conversation and make some original and suggestive remarks?) Shall it be of the Millerites who have just struck their tents (burned would be a better word,) and departed for parts unknown—to their own homes it is to be hoped, where like reasonable men and women they will "settle down," and wait with patience the "end of all things." No—that would be rather an uninteresting and unsatisfactory topic, but the bare thought of it has recalled to mind something I will tell you of.

How bright and lovely is this autumn day! It seems a pity to touch on any sorrowful subject—the air is so cool and bracing that it strongly revives one's faith in all things good—and the sun shines so constantly, that we would believe it could so shine for ever, were it not that we retain too keen a remembrance of the rain that poured but two days since from morning till night! The changes in nature! they are but types of mutability everywhere—of wonderful convulsions in the Old World—of "progress" in the New—but more wonderful and sad even than the former, and as certain as is the latter, are the changes going on constantly in the human life, the human heart.—We will not think of them. Nor of the pestilence which has reigned at noonday, which has taken its myriad from among the living. We needed not that to tell us the mournful truth that there is "death in life," but let it not be in vain that the lesson has been so terribly reiterated in our hearing.

But who was it I was going to tell you of? oh, Laurens Masters and Ellen Cole, who were, one unfortunate day, as they and everybody else allowed, joined together in the holy state of matrimony.

Miss Ellen was an heiress extraordinary. That is, she inherited all her father's love of independence, and her mother's unbounded craving for distinction, which amounted to a passion. But the young lady found unfortunately, as her mother before had, that her position in life was the most unfavorable and unpromising, and to be honored and courted in the world was the last climax to which she seemed destined to arrive. She was

without wealth, without beauty, without "distinguished" relations, and destitute of those superior abilities which would have enabled her to make the so desired figure in the world on her own account. But having detailed all these withouts, which Miss Cole mourned over more than any one else could, it is but fair to state what advantages she did really possess. And here I confess myself at a loss. The lady had some twenty-seven years—had a mind that desperately strove to master all dead and living languages, but here in some rather important particulars she had signally failed—she had a tongue, and her eloquence was really extraordinary, (perhaps not always of the soul-stirring kind)—then she had energy, oh, there was no disputing *that*, poor Laurens Masters never thought of doubting so obvious a fact. Moreover Miss Cole had the most marvellous powers of appreciation, quite superior to those ordinarily bestowed on mortals, and if she could not see through millstones, she could at least see a little further than anybody else. Besides, she had powers of endurance most extraordinary, and the never-give-up philosophy was beyond all question hers peculiarly.

Unfortunately Miss Cole's genius took no decided form—she neither wrote verses nor prose—was no musical wonder—no actress (she disdained all masquerading, on the stage or elsewhere,) but she was a talker! spirit of eloquence, yes! how she could talk! There was no subject beyond her *reach*, for she would grasp it in her energetic way, and if some massacring of reason and English ensued, at least no blood was shed!

Acute were her sensibilities, oh, amazingly so! to argue political questions her delight—to mind everybody's business but her own, the very first article of belief in her creed!

There—you have a partial introduction to an *energetic woman* of the Nineteenth Century.

Now let me acquaint you with young Laurens Masters. All the years he could confess to, were some twenty-three, and these, every one of them, had been passed on a farm in a wild tract of country, and it was no marvel that he came a somewhat verdant specimen of humanity into a town noted for its brick and mortar, paved streets, and humbugging propensities.

The young man was a poet—or at least, as a generous critic said, he wrote verses which rhymed; and he came to town with his portion, to seek a fortune among his fellow-beings.

Miss Cole being a patronizer of genius, eagerly sought his acquaintance, and the modesty and deeply respectful manners of the youth won amazingly on her regard. *He* was a genius she declared, and almost swore to it—and his wonderful talent needed but careful fostering to become

worthy of the honor of the world. And when she had said this, everybody knew she said it "for good," for it had been ridiculous to suppose that *she* ever abandoned an idea once entertained, or proved traitor to an opinion expressed, no matter how absurd it might appear in the proving. It would have compromised too much her dignity of character, and her keenness of penetration and soundness of judgment to confess ever to a mistake. "Sober second thought" was something she never indulged in herself, and could not appreciate in others.

Laurens came from his country home to the town of M——, poor of course; his intention was to take the management of the newspaper, in which his writings had originally appeared. As has been stated, Miss Cole was a patroness of rising genius, and with her characteristic zeal and independence, she at once took the young candidate for immortality under her wing. There is no disputing it—she did patronize the youth vastly. How she puffed him to her friends, and in the papers—"the young poet of extraordinary ability"—"the editor so independent, high-minded," &c.—"the man among the wondrous few, not to be bought by party—who would speak out for the right no matter what might come of it"—"one destined to be a pillar to the literature of our country," (in that day when such a thing is to be recognized at last!)

Of course there was no other way, Laurens Masters married Ellen Cole, out of pure gratitude, it was said, for the poet, owing to her vigorous exertions found his experiment in the editorial line eminently successful—his poems were quoted, and a good many people echoed the wife's sage opinion that Laurens was in a fair way of becoming one of the "shining lights of the age."

But it was *not* out of sheer gratitude that the young man wedded Ellen. His experience, as you know, had been limited, he was astounded, taken captive by the energy of character the woman displayed—and when he married her, he felt safe as one who goes out on a perilous voyage in a weather-proven ship, that beyond all peradventure will bear him through all dangers and delays, swiftly on the voyage.

He was a little man, and she, it must be told, of rather gigantic proportions—he a boy in years as in experience, and youthful in the extreme in personal appearance, while his wife looked unabashed full in the face of her years.

They made no bridal tour, they went to no parties and gave none, but were dead and buried at once to all intents as far as social living went. The wife had very different plans in her head from those of the idle pleasure-seekers; it was never a question of hers, how shall we pass this day or this evening pleasantly? but, "How many subscribers has the paper now?" "Why don't you write more for it yourself?" "H—— has not noticed you among the 'American Poets,' and it's a burning shame. You will have to work harder than ever, to convince these slow-believing people that you surpass them all!"

But, with all this, continually inciting him to ambitious labor, Laurens was not at all satisfied, when he became convinced, by sad experience,

that it was to form the burden of "table-talk," day-talk, and night-talk. He was fond of social gaiety, and the life of a scholar was the last he was desirous to try. He was willing enough to be heard of in the world, but as to giving every day and hour of his life to attain that one end, he considered the sacrifice altogether too great; but the dream of his fancy was exploded—musing and loitering on life's track *she* would never consent to—he must be an active striving man, he must *labor* with his pen. Alas, poor man, the playtime of his life was gone—his wife was *such* an energetic woman!

Laurens Masters was in truth a man of no inconsiderable ability, but pushed by the wife far beyond the depth of safety, no wonder that the waters of Marah overwhelmed him! Hurried on as he was by her counsel into every extreme, sad was the muss he made, ere long, of his editorial capabilities. And, despite Ellen's arguments, people laughed at the curious display of opinion which he made—and called him the "all-sided one," though not exactly in the same spirit that actuated the noble German people, when they so styled their master mind. His articles on "human rights" were well written, and beautifully eloquent, no one thought of disputing that, but what those "rights" were, the author seemed to entertain about as confused an idea of, as do some of our mystifying and mystified politicians!

A question was mightily agitated among a certain class of minds through the length and breadth of the country—Fourierism was become the rage. The idea struck our poet as being peculiarly beautiful, and the result was an exquisite poetical effusion, which threw his enthusiastic wife into raptures. That poem was destined to survive a long and very flattering pilgrimage. From one newspaper to another it was quoted and copied, called a "gem," and a "spice island in the sea of reading," (for aught I know,) and Fame promised to stand its god-father.

As Ellen Masters thought upon the verses, their subject "grew" upon her, and the result of her steadfast contemplations was such as made the unfortunate husband passionately wish, that his muse were drowned in the depths of the ocean!

For thus spoke she to him when the plan was fully discussed in her own mind: "Laurens, it strikes me that the best thing in the world for us to do, is to join that association of Fourierites in C——. You, with your ability, would make a most desirable 'strike,' and before long, if you will only take the prominent part you are fitted to, and thoroughly arouse yourself, you will be at the head of that great movement in our country."

Laurens hesitated. "It may be well enough in theory," he said, "it certainly is a very beautiful *idea*, that of so many families living together with one noble community of interest, but I cannot say I think it would be the best for us—literary labor is much more congenial to my taste than the occupations I should be obliged to engage in, in such an establishment, and as for you, Ellen, I feel perfectly confident it is not the manner of life that would satisfy you."

But Ellen was indefatigable in her exertions to convert Laurens to her "new opinion;" innumera-

ble were the proofs, reasonings, and new lights she threw about the subject, until at last for "peace sake," and because her arguments had shook his opinion about the matter, the husband gave in—sold his paper, converted all their little property into hard cash, and removed with Ellen to C——, where they made their home with the disciples of the visionary (?) Fourier.

The nearer view here gained of all the plans and arrangements of the society, made Laurens sick at heart, and, like another illustrious one, he had fain written it down, that on such a day at such an hour precisely, he had proved himself a fool. But it was not so with Ellen. Her delight was unbounded, her zeal at its height, her enthusiasm perfectly wonderful, and the effect finally produced on the so teachable spouse, was, that he began by degrees slowly to hope, and at length to believe there was after all something good in it.

He joined in the labors of the field for which his laborious early life had eminently fitted him—he made friends among the best of the brotherhood, wrote songs for them, and sung them too, which were received with "unbounded applause." Then he partook of the plain, substantial meals with a hearty zest, and his health, which by his editorial labor and responsibility had become much impaired, was once more restored.

Very soon Laurens began to be of his wife's opinion, that it *was* the very best mode of living human wisdom had ever devised. How opposed to all the principles of religion, charity, love and justice, was the manner of the selfish world! One portion heaping up countless stores of wealth, wherewith to ruin the coming generation—and the gigantic remainder living in wretchedness, poverty, hunger, nakedness, profligacy! And that, when men were expressly commanded to love one another as brethren! when the disciple, who had "all things in common," had set before men so good an example of earth-embracing and humanity—comprehending benevolence and unity!

It was this view that Laurens was finally induced to take of the disposition which his companions and himself were making of their fortunes, time, &c.—and his faith became strong that this was the most sensible, the *only* arrangement society could reasonably make, in order that the old world should wag on in a respectable manner.

But just as the gloss of novelty, and newness of experience was wearing off, with Ellen's sojourn in the establishment, she began to remember the fancies she had once cherished in regard to her husband. Fame stood before her eyes, reproachfully gazing upon her, and questioning her as to why she had beckoned away from his embrace, his son. Then Ellen was troubled day and night. It was too true, Laurens seemed to have lost all his ambition; he was taking life quite too leisurely. He did not aspire to the government of the many people gathered there together, neither did he seek in any way to distinguish himself. Alas, he had subsided into a common every-day farmer! people would forget he was in the world, if he did not keep himself before them—and then he was laying up no fortune whatever! Yes, he was really *sinking* just so much precious, never-to-be-recalled time!

As for herself, indignation was at its height when she pondered on her own fate. Was she not making of herself a perfect slave—sewing, baking, washing, scouring, etc., etc.? and all for what? merely a living! Wearing herself out—and no good to come of it?

A great pity she had not taken all these things into consideration before, was it not? The worst of all, was, what manner of people must she associate with! she who had lived alone with a "literary man," a life so exclusive! People intruded upon her notice constantly; some, she had thought well enough at first, but what tedious, selfish, deceitful individuals they all proved themselves, and so common-place, so unlearned! Why it was her firm belief, that not half of them ever looked into a book from one year's end to another!

It was not many months before Ellen's dissatisfaction revealed itself to her quiet and contented husband, in mourning over the great straight they were in.

"But you knew all that was expected of the members of such an association beforehand, Ellen," reasoned he.

"Knew it! It may be well enough for you, who can work out of doors, and be alone by yourself some portions of the time, but think of me living day after day with a host of vulgar, uninformed women—think of their calling *me* sister! as though I could or would confess to my relationship of thought, or feeling, any more than I can to that of nature!"

"But we are leading a quiet and easy life, and certainly it is very pleasant to know that in our new field of labor we have just so far to go, and are expected to go no farther. These people all seem very contented. Why not learn of them this wise thing, contentment—though in truth they might learn in all other things from you. Their prospects—"

"Prospects? what are they? That is spoken just like you, Laurens! Fine prospects to be sure, for any person possessed of a spark of ambition! I'm determined on it—I cannot live here—I shall die before the year is over; and now I think of *you* look miserably too, this kind of labor is ruining your constitution. You cannot and shall not live here, Laurens; you may as well make up your mind to that at once! I want you to write a book of some kind; an *epic* or something similar; it's high time our country had one to boast of. Come! there's a dear fellow, let's leave this herd of noisy, vulgar, low people—no matter how poor we are, I can work as well as you, and then you'll have time to earn your laurels too. It's high time you set about it!"

It required not many weeks of such lecturing, argument, (that was not always *sound*), teasing and taunting, to work poor Laurens up to the necessary point of desperation. Of course all his advanced ideas and suggestions were set aside as soon as made known. It was in vain he declared that since he had left his uncle's farm his health had never been so excellent. *She* knew better—hadn't he a hacking cough two-thirds of the time, and wasn't he constantly complaining of a pain somewhere. Alas! poor fellow, if he had said that the pain in his heart was the chief of his

aches, he had spoken nothing but the truth. It was in vain that he urged the undertaking of a long poem was no small thing—that he should need to exert himself far more in its composition than he ever had in the fields, and that the exertion would tax his strength of body and mind to the utmost.

His words fell like a feather on the balance, when her will brought down the opposition with a heavy clash.

Finally the desired end was accomplished; Ellen conquered, for the husband, with martyr-like indifference, at last signified that she, Mrs. Masters, might make the needful preparations for departure from the brotherhood in C—. Some laughed that the man and his wife should have proved so childish and fickle, and the sensible ones argued that as long as they *had* entered into the speculation, they might wisely remain long enough to see how the thing was going to work. But Ellen vigorously defended herself against all these assaults of ridicule, and—envy, as she called it, and triumphantly went from that scene of trial to another town. Whoever heard that a rolling stone could gather moss?

"What next?" asked Laurens, with no little concern, of his wife, when they found themselves in the village inn, almost entirely destitute of money, and with no profession or occupation to which they might turn their hands.

"I'm going to open a school at once," answered Ellen; "you can assist me by teaching one or two branches; but the most of your time I am determined shall be devoted to writing. I want you to publish a book—if you make a lucky hit we shall have a fortune and fame at once."

Laurens sighed, but at the same time approved of his wife's plan, and signified his willingness to assist her at once in getting up the school, and in the instructions. Ellen knew it was his way to sigh when any thing *great* was to be attempted, but confident now in the final success of her plan, she set to work diligently, and in a few days was rewarded with a room full of pupils of all ages, boys and girls.

Her system was of course a vigorous and a rigorous one—there was little *play* about it. "You may all work wonders if you will only apply yourselves sufficiently," she said to the little urchins, who cared not a pin for working wonders, if she would only be not quite so exacting. As she was never quite satisfied, even with the best attainments of the persecuted youngsters, that "sufficiently" became to their minds a word of indefinite meaning—none knew what the ultimatum could be, and precious few cared.

There was one child, a bright-eyed, pale-faced little girl, an orphan, whose guardians had taken good care to impress on her young mind, that, as she was a dependant on them, it was expected she would always make the most of her advantages. The necessity laid on the little one had made her ambitious to the extent of Mrs. Masters' wishes. The teacher had at last under her control a human being who could be urged on to any extent—and what a wonder she would make of that girl! She would show to the world what

proper training and ambitious desire to excel can do for a person!

"You are the only one in my school that satisfies me," she would say to the child, and the little one needed not a word more to incite her to renewed exertion.

It was cruel, and Laurens said so, too, to see the frail creature tasking herself so very far beyond her strength and her years—stowing the tenderly expanding brain with strong food that was enough to destroy it. Nature rebelled against such treatment—such unnatural forcing of thought and memory—and one day the child was taken senseless from the school-room, and for weeks lay in a darkened chamber, in such a state of nervous derangement as left but few hopes that she would ever be of any use in the world, save as a mournful proof that book-learning is *not* all in all!

Ellen Masters was the last to lay this grievous thing she had done at her own door, and perhaps there *was* nothing "morally wrong" in her conduct towards the child—she had no intention to kill or to destroy. Her restless and wrongly aspiring nature would not be content with the slow workings of nature, the gradual unfoldings of reason. In those with whom she had to deal, they must know all and at once—they must "buy, sell and get gain" in the stores of knowledge without delay, or regard to the market, or season. It had been well for her had she learned a lesson then, when it was so forcibly brought home to her!

Laurens' book was in course of progress, the long poem well nigh completed, and the smaller ones, some of which had been written many years before, were arranged ready for publication.—Meantime Ellen was "his public—his critic," and the favorable judgment which she passed upon his work did not warrant in him any fears of failure.

But with the great exertions which he made, incited by her continual mental action, the poet's health was gradually declining. In the eager bustle of Ellen's life, occupied as it was with ambitious plans so constantly, she did not observe, what a stranger had seen at first glance, that Laurens needed rest of body and brain; and even he, in the midst of the many duties she imposed on him, would forget it, until those hours of night came when he *might* sleep, but could not because of heart-sickness, fever and pain, which kept him so restless and wakeful.

As he neared the goal of all her wishes, the completion of the long-talked of work, the poor man was called to pass through another fiery trial, and it well nigh destroyed him.

There came into the quiet village two female lecturers, Moral Reformists. Their appearance caused a great sensation in the little peaceable community, which had never heard of such a thing as a female lecturer (in public.) Not a few good souls considered themselves especially outraged, by the appearance of their own sex unbonneted and unveiled in the pulpit of the meeting house, where they publicly and unblushingly chastised the great and sinful world for its immorality, and threw down the gauntlet at the feet of the many-headed monster, declaring vehemently in behalf of the strictest virtue and godliness of living.

But the strangers found one stalwart defender and admirer in the *energetic* school mistress, Mrs. Masters. It had been long a question revolving in her mind, the why a woman should not exercise her powers of speech publicly, in behalf of goodness and morality, as well as men—as she was in many cases capacitated to so act, with much more success than had heretofore attended those filling the responsible offices of world-teachers!

Ellen never showed more conclusively how very far she was in advance of her sex in that age, then on that day when, in the face of all the assembly, and her horrified husband, she went forward to take the hand of one of the speakers at the close of her lecture, to congratulate her on her successful way of pleading, and to invite the strangers to consider her house their home during their stay in the village.

Laurens did not oppose this arrangement—he knew too well with how little success he should do so; but when, nearly a fortnight after their arrival, Ellen announced her intention of accompanying these women to a neighboring city, where she had promised to lecture with them, he did remonstrate, but in vain. Entreaties, commands, fell alike unheeded on her ear. “I shall go, for it is my duty, and it is sin in you to wish to prevent me,” was all the argument she stayed to offer. Go she would, and go she did, and in the city she stayed a month.

The children’s school was of course broken up. But two or three of the scholars, sent by their parents out of pity for the deserted husband, continued in attendance—and to instruct them, and complete his book, Laurens worked, Heaven knows how wearily; and, oh, how thankless were both of those tasks!

At the expiration of four weeks the wife returned, disappointed on the whole with the results of her self-imposed mission. The efforts made to form a society in the city had met with no great success—and, worse than that, she was outraged not a little by the treatment she considered herself as having received personally. On the night when she appeared for the last time in the desk as a lecturer, the meeting had broken up in a tumult, and it was with difficulty that the mob gathered around the edifice had been dispersed!

Though the gifted and *energetic* Reformer, as some called her, had met with such signal failure in this object, to which for a moment she lent her heart and voice, still her faith in the societies being an instrument yet to be worked, for the accomplishment of incalculable good, was unshaken; and the very opposition which she and her co-workers had met with, proved to her, beyond all doubt, that “the cause” was a just and a glorious one, that would ere long be triumphantly prospered!

Her husband welcomed her home again, but it was with a heart full of sorrow, and one word of reproachful tenderness; but his wife had not come penitent, and with a confession that she had sadly *mistaken* her mission. Loud and long was her vindication of the rights of the case, and more than once repeated, was her intention of soon devoting all her time and talents to so glorious a

cause. As for herself, she aspired henceforth to no higher honor than the being numbered among the heroines of that great field of moral warfare, to which the trumpet-blast of conscience was bidding her!

* * * * *

The metropolis, that great publishing city, was far distant from the obscure village where Laurens lived, and a journey thither was a matter of no small consideration with people whose finances were in a condition such as theirs. Ellen was taken again into counsel, she said, “Write to some one of the publishers; of course any one of them will be glad to purchase such a work written by you.”

Laurens *did* write, and from the first publisher came the unexpected answer, that there was little call for poetry—the market full—only the works of the masters sold—and, most awful climax, it was stated with little ceremony, that, as the author’s name was altogether *unknown* to the public, there could be little object for the publisher to take hold of the proposed volume! The next application met with no better success, though the refusal was somewhat more civilly expressed; the publisher had so much already on hand to bring out, he regretted exceedingly, &c. And so it went through the whole list of well-known book manufacturers, and Laurens was ready to die of disappointment, or, more properly speaking, to burn his poems, every one.

“Do no such thing,” again said Ellen. “Go to New York, and *show* the book to some one of the publishers, and if no one will take it on your own terms, let *any* one print it, and out of the sale of the work we will pay him, and *make* something besides. These are only the difficulties of the way which prove you. Take my advice, and, with a brave heart, you will succeed well enough.”

But, despite Ellen’s words, it was in a most disconsolate mood that the poet set out on his first visit to Babylon. Life had been rough, and up hill work with him, and the sun had latterly only streamed on him at rare intervals through heavy clouds. His health was broken loose and vanished, and the ambition which had once fired him was gone too.

Days of vain searching for a purchaser of his work passed on; one disheartening answer of refusal, or of proposition of such terms as it was impossible for him to comply with, were all the fruits of his labor. But at last one was found, the first that really read the manuscript, who was generous enough to give the book to the world, at the author’s risk and expense. So the long struggle was over, but the anxiety and weariness of the poor author came nigh being the death of him, on that very day when a brighter experience, than he had recently known, seemed really to be in store for him. A fever prostrated him, and for weeks he lay between life and death. The “proofs” of the poems were laid on his table, but the ravings of delirium were all that answered the distressed publisher when he came for counsel.

At length his mind became clear, he could reason again, could see, could read. Then he insisted on having the papers brought to him, his

business would admit of no longer delay—so, propped up in his bed, Laurens corrected the proofs, and began to talk of his return home.

Oh, it was a dreary sight, and Ellen Masters had wept could she have looked upon her husband then. The feeble wreck her mad ambition had made of a life that nature intended to be long and happy, and useful too! Had she only suffered him to sing quietly in the woodlands, the sweet notes had in time won from the great world all the applause she so coveted—but it was little wonder that the nightingale drooped and pined when it was caged, and compelled to sing in the “garish light of day”—it so loved the shade and the quiet! Had she but suffered him to be what nature intended, the echoes of his voice through the tumultuous heart of the world had accomplished more good than all the societies of the day, whose cause she so strenuously advocated had wrought.

Let us see what was passing during his weeks of absence in Laurens’ home.

The little village was doomed to be again electrified, and in a still more startling manner than it was by the appearance of the Reformers. There came a company of Millerites, a half-crazed band of men and women, who preached to the simple people, of the immediate coming (the very day was told,) of Him whose second appearance, *Scripture* says, no man knoweth, nor the angels of Heaven, nor the Son himself, but the Father only!

Through the quiet streets they went, proclaiming that the hour of probation was fast speeding, bidding the sinners prepare for the coming of their Judge. Their words and manner had only the effect to excite the ridicule of some, but many, too many of the simple, honest-hearted people believed in terror, that the true prophets of the last time were indeed among them, and in their deadly fear they forgot all save that idea so dreadful to them of speedy judgment.

The simple truth that they were at any moment liable to sudden death, had never roused them before to fear or to performance of duty; but presented to them, as it was now in such a shape, it would seem from the effect produced, that the uncertainties attending human life had never come to their knowledge before.

There was a stir among the villagers, such as had never on any other occasion been known among them. Shrieks and groans, frantic prayers and cries, echoed through the hitherto quiet and peaceful homes. Fanaticism was at its height. Few were the dwellings into which those missionaries of evil did not penetrate, arousing father, mother, and child, to a state of frenzy and extraordinary delusion.

It was not the simple-minded and the weak alone who were carried captive by this new idea, for among the very first of the converts was—Ellen Masters! The witchcraft, for certainly it might justly be so styled, prevailed over her. She verily believed that the end of all things was nigh, that the very day was revealed to the seekers of things hidden, when earth and heaven should be rolled together as a scroll—when the “Son of Man” should be seen approaching in power and great glory!”

Then it was she wrote thus to her husband—

“Come home, Laurens! Come home at once. It is no time to be thinking of fame—ambitious thoughts, neither you or I must cherish now. The coming of the Lord draweth nigh—there will be signs in the heavens, and the saints will be caught up to meet Him in the air! Come home! the day is approaching. Hasten or we shall never meet again in time, and we know not if we shall in eternity. We should be near together *now*—my soul feels strong; I feel as though I might comfort and strengthen yours, for it appears to me that I am more a mother to you, Laurens, than a wife! Forget all about your book—no matter what arrangement you had made; forgive me that I ever urged you to attempt it; we might have been better occupied in preparing for this final dissolution of all things. I opened my school again after you left; it was doing well—but now I have dismissed it again; what matter such things now? We shall need provide only a few days longer for the wants of our poor perishing natures—what we have will keep us in all things needful until *that* day, that glorious day.

“‘We are going—we are going
To the New Jerusalem!’”

Come home! come home! your Ellen—”

The surprise, indignation and sorrow of Laurens Masters, when he read this epistle, may be imagined. From the strain in which it was written, he felt little doubt that Ellen’s brain had really become unsettled with this last, *new* delusion, which she had embraced. Nothing but loss of reason he was persuaded could have induced his wife to give such utterance to such horrid thoughts.

But as he reflected on these things, the sick man remembered to have heard, before the fever seized him, of the great excitement that was spreading over the country, and the thought that his wife was a convert to that absurd speculation was hardly more satisfactory than the belief in her insanity had been. It was indeed time that he should set out on his return home, though, as he came to this decision, the husband could but call to mind how little his presence and arguments had availed with his wife on many previous occasions when her *mis-roused* energies and enthusiasm had led her far astray from the paths of right and reason.

His book was fairly issued—the author made some few arrangements for its sale—and then, far more dead than alive, set out on his homeward way.

It was a dreary journey. The autumn rains had set in, and the sad-colored skies seemed to the disconsolate traveller to be weeping over the untowardness of his fate, and the gradual decay, the sure death which had overtaken all his early hopes, his *once* rejoicing and exulting hopes. A portion of the road led through a region of lonely country—through miles of farm-land, broken only at long distances by some obscure and almost lifeless village.

It reminded him most strangely of the road he had travelled many years ago, when he first set out in life, ambitious and conscious of power. He remembered how bright that day was when he left his uncle’s farm-house, to try his fortune in the

village, where he first met with Ellen. It was spring *then*. The world was born to a new and a glorious life, and he exulted in its beauty and freshness. He rejoiced in his existence. There were fresh leaves opening on all the trees, gay streams were dancing through the meadows, nature was full of strength—and so also was his life. Joyously the blood leaped through his veins, joyously and carelessly even as the woodland brooks coursed on. His heart lay, a blessed, blessed thing in the shade of the glorious trees of hope, his soul was full of gladness, and thankfulness, and peace.

He remembered, too, how that most happy journey, even as this doleful one, had been performed alone. How once he had prevailed upon the coachmen to let him walk through the fields by the road-side, while the carriage wound slowly up the hills—he thought of the flowers he had gathered by the way, which he had preserved so long as precious remembrances of that happy day.—Little was his inclination to alight on *this* dreary morning; there were no flowers to gather on this sad journey. All were perished, the leaves were fallen too, and the swollen brooks flowed on with angry sound. Mournfully swept the wind past him as he journeyed on, and it was very cold; dear reader, Laurens was alone, and as he thought on all these things he became a child; he was ill—and very weak, and miserably disappointed in human life; he bowed his head upon his knees—he wept!

Several days of travel in the stage-coach brought him to his journey's end—but his heart did not beat rapidly with pleasure, and encouraged thought, as he reached his home once more; no, for Laurens Masters' heart was broken!

It was night when he was set down before his own door—a dark cheerless night, and the traveller was worn out by the hard journey, and sick nigh unto death. But, oh, in what a lamentable state of confusion did he find that house! The "saints" were met together, it was the last night they were ever to know, for, on the morrow, as the wise men had foretold, time was to be no longer. Throughout all the hours of that night prayers and songs of praise and horrible excitement reigned in the dwelling.

Ellen Masters, it is true, was for a moment startled by the changed and deathly appearance of her husband—she was glad that he was come, and then her philosophy in a moment came to her aid—to-morrow, pain, suffering, and every ill would be passed with them all for ever. A portion of the night she passed by his bedside, but her presence gave him poor satisfaction at best, for the tumultuous aspirations of the multitude, gathered

under his roof, forbade the sick man to hope for one moment of rest.

The morning of the predicted last day of the world dawned at last; it lengthened into noon, it deepened to night, but there came no angel into the heavens to declare that time should be no more—save only the Angel of Death, who bore away the spirit of Laurens Masters; it was indeed the last day, the consummation of all things earthly to him! In the midst of confusion, the quiet-loving spirit had departed, his sorrows were at last ended.

The "end" hath not yet come to Ellen, his wife, reader; and more than this, the object of her once passionate desire *is* attained; for the name of her husband is known on this earth, though she has at last acquired the power of estimating the honors paid his memory at their real worth. She is resting, living on the fruits of his labors, for they have proved abundant in profit as well as in honor!

But a pleasanter truth than even this it is my happy privilege to whisper to you. The *energies* of Ellen Masters are at last rightly directed! Were you to ask her *now* what bonds should unite human beings, she would not answer Fourierism, but brotherly kindness, mutual forbearance, love and charity!

Question her as to what she now holds to be the Rights of Woman, and thus will she answer you:

"The Rights of Woman! what are they?

The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse, to bless!
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
Such Woman's Rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success!"

Ask her of him whose name she bears, and if you had won her confidence, I warrant she would speak to you with tearful eyes of his short life of sorrow and suffering; of her own miserable delusions, which conspired to make their mutual life little else than wretched. The prospect of lengthened life is still hers, and she is patient to bear still longer the cross of humanity—but it is her chiefest hope, her constant prayer that the time of probation may render her more worthy to enter the eternal rest, when the summons shall be given.

Therefore is it possible that they who never understood each other in this life, may, in the world to come, dwell in one home in peace and in joy everlasting.





GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN LITERARY NOTABILITIES.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Bless thou thy lot; thy simple strains have led
The high-born muse to be the poor man's guest,
And wafted on the wings of song, have sped
Their way to many a rude, unlettered breast."—BERANGER.

"Morris has hung the most beautiful thoughts in the world upon hinges of honey; and his songs are destined to roll over bright lips enough to form a sunset."

"His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every day feeling."—WILLIS.

"'Tis but an old world tale;—for Love and Truth
Are dreams, from which we weave a fair romance,
Imaging that which earth has never known,
Or, knowing, has not valued."—ANONYMOUS.

It never occurred to our mind, until at this present moment, that the task of writing a biographical essay, with GENERAL MORRIS for a subject, is very similar to that of writing about one's-self. The General is so thoroughly identified with all that comprises the social and the amiable, that he disarms criticism and transmogrifies the sting of censure into the honied semblance of praise. It appears but a day since when, as a boy, we perused his lines with a species of frenzied happiness equalled only by the emotions created by the urchins first peep at a puppet show, or his elation upon donning his initial jacket and trowsers. In fact George P. Morris is a part of ourself—wedded to our earliest recollections—a portion of our every literary reminiscence—a sort of example from which we have drawn many a rule to guide us in our brief and humble pilgrimage of letters. To speak of him fairly and impartially is almost a hopeless task; nevertheless, we shall endeavor to do so.

It is always best, we have found, to begin at the beginning of any effort you may wish to accomplish. Therefore we will actually commence by stating that General Morris was born in the year of our Lord 1802, and almost as soon as he was able to comprehend the world in which he moved, he enriched the pages of various publications by voluntary contributions. These attracted much attention. They finally caused his embarkation upon the sea of letters, and he became, in 1822, the editor of the New York Mirror. In this position he remained until a change came over the spirit of the age. Financial embarrassments in 1837-38 prevailed throughout the country, and affected all classes and all interests. Our subject did not pass through the panic unscathed. His business was stricken by a death blow and in 1843 its existence ceased. The Mirror should never have been stopped. It was the principal artery through which the best life blood of home literature circulated. It was the cradle in which was nursed and reared American Miscellany. It fostered into being New World Genius. It gave us Willis, Fay, Cox, Leggett, and a host of others. It was the arena in which the youth-

ful "Yankee" successfully combatted with the giant minds of the old continents. There is little worthy of preservation in our literature that was not galvanized into a healthy state of being by the administrative care of George P. Morris. Most of what is good in the field to which we allude is the offspring of our subject's brain. We mean by "most that is good," all that has germinated, and grown, and flourished, from seeds of his planting. We intend by "most that is good," to designate the oaks that have grown from the acorns so skilfully and carefully placed in our own soil by George P. Morris. A writer in Graham's Magazine says:

The distinction with which the name of General Morris is now associated, in a permanent connection, with what is least factitious or fugitive in American Arts, is admitted and known; but the class of young men of letters in this country, at present, can hardly appreciate the extent to which they, and the profession to which they belong, are indebted to his animated exertions, his varied talents, his admirable resources of temper, during a period of twenty years, and at a time, when the character of American literature, both at home and abroad, was yet to be formed. The first great service which the literary taste of this country received, was rendered by Dennie; a remarkable man—qualified by nature and attainments to be a leader in new circumstances; fit to take part in the formation of a national literature; as a vindicator of independence in thought, able to establish freedom without disturbing the obligations of law; as a conservative in taste, skillful to keep the tone of the great models with which his studies were familiar, without copying their style; by both capacities successful in developing the one, unchangeable spirit of Art, under a new form and with new effects. In this office of field-marshal of our native forces, General Morris succeeded him, under increased advantages, in some respects with higher powers, in a different, and certainly a vastly more extended sphere of influence. The manifold and lasting benefits which, as editor of the Mirror, Mr. Morris conferred on art and artists

of every kind, by his tact, his liberality, the superiority of his judgment, and the vigor of his abilities—by the perseverance and address with which he disciplined a corps of youthful writers in the presence of a constant and heavy fire from the batteries of foreign criticism, the rare combination, so valuable in dealing with the numerous aspirants in authorship with whom his position brought him in contact; of a quick, true eye to discern in the modesty of some nameless manuscript the future promises of a power hardly yet conscious of itself, a discretion to guide by some advice, and a generosity to aid with the most important kind of assistance—the firm and open temper which his example tended to inspire into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land—and more than all, perhaps, by the harmony and union, of such inappreciable value, especially in the beginning of national effort, between the several sister arts of writing, music, painting, and dramatic exhibition, which the singular variety and discursiveness of his intellectual sympathies led him constantly to maintain and vindicate, these, in the multiplicity of their operation, and the full power of their joint effect, can be perfectly understood only by those who, like the present writer, possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the circumstances, and who, knowing the state of things at the commencement of the period alluded to, and seeing what existed at the end of it, is able to look back over the whole interval, and see to what influences, and what persons the extraordinary change which has taken place, is to be referred. If, at this moment, the literary genius of America, received in youth, and quivering like the eagle's limbs with excess of vigor, seems about to make a new flight, from a higher vantage-ground, into loftier depths of airy distance, the capacity to take that flight must, to a great degree, be ascribed to those two persons whom we have named; without whose services the brighter era which appears now to be dawning, might yet be distant and doubtful.

Besides these particulars of past effort which ought to make his countrymen love the reputation of the subject of this notice, we regret that our limits forbid us to speak at large of these more intimate qualities of personal value, which, in our judgment, form the genuine lustre of one who, admirable for other attainments, is to be imitated in these.

For the success of our special purpose, in this notice, which is to consider and make apparent the specific character which belongs to General Morris as a literary artist and a poetic creator, to explain his claims to that title which the common voice of the country has given to him, of THE SONG WRITER OF AMERICA—it would have probably been more judicious had we kept out of view the matters of which we have just spoken. It is recorded of a Grecian painter, that having completed the picture of a sleeping nymph, he added on the foreground the figure of a Satyr gazing in amazement upon her beauty; but finding that the secondary form attracted universal praise, he erased it, as diverting applause from that which he desired to have regarded as the principal monument of his skill. There is in this anecdote a

double wisdom; the world is as little willing to yield to a twofold superiority, as it is able to appreciate two distinct objects at once.

In a review of literary reputations, perhaps nothing is fitted to raise more surprise than the obvious inequality in the extent and greatness of the labors to which an equal reward of Fame has been allotted. The abounding energy and picturesque variety of Homer, are illustrated in eight-and-forty books: the remains of Sappho might be written on the surface of a leaf of the *laurus nobilis*.—Yet if the one expands before us with the magnificent extent, the diversified surface, the endless decorations of the earth itself, the other hangs on high, like a lone, clear star—small but intense—flashing upon us through the night of ages, invested with circumstances of divinity not less unquestionable than those that attend the venerable majesty of the Ancient of Song. The rich and roseeat light that shines around the name of Mimmernus, is shed from some dozen or twenty lines: the immortality of Tyrtæus rests upon a stanza or two, which have floated to us with their precious freight, over the sea of centuries, and will float on, unsubmergible by all the waves of Time. The soul of Simonides lives to us in a simple couplet; but that is very stuff of Eternity; which neither fire will assail; nor tempests peril; nor the wrath of years impair. The Infinite has degrees; wherever the world sees in any human spirit the fire of Everlasting, it bows with equal awe, whether that fire is displayed by only an occasional flash, or by a prolonged and diffusive blaze. There is a certain tone which, hear it when we may, and where we may, we know to be the accent of the gods: and whether its quality be shown in a single utterance, its volume displayed in a thousand bursts of music, we surround the band of spirits whom we there detect in their mortal disguise, with equal ceremonies of respect and worship, hailing them alike as seraphs of a brighter sphere—sons of the morning. This is natural, and it is reasonable. Genius is not a degree of other qualities, nor is it a particular way or extent of displaying such qualities; it is a faculty by itself; it is a manner; of which we may judge with the same certainty from one exhibition, as from many. The praise of a poet, therefore, is to be determined, not by the nature of the work which he undertakes, but by the kind of mastery which he shows; not by the breadth of surface over which he toils, but by the perfectness of the result which he attains. Mr. Wordsworth has vindicated the capacity of the sonnet to be a casket of the richest gems of fame. We have no doubt that the song may give evidence of a genius which shall deserve to be ranked with the constructor of an epic.—“Scorn not the Song.” We would go so far, indeed, as to say that the success in the song imports, necessarily, a more inborn and genuine gift of poetic conception, than the same proportion of success in other less simple modes of art. There are some sorts of composition which may be wrought out of eager feeling and the foam of excited passions; and which are therefore to a large extent within the reach of earnest sensibilities and ambition's will; others are the spontaneous outflow of the heart, to whose perfection, turbulence and

effort are fatal. Of the latter kind is the song.—While the ode allows of exertion and strain, what is done in it, must be accompanied by national and inherent strength.

Speaking with that confidence which may not improperly be assumed by one who, having looked with some care at the foundations of the opinion which he expresses, supposes himself able, if called upon by a denial, to furnish such demonstration of its truth as the nature of the matter allows of, we say that, in our judgment, there is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate, or peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Mr. Morris, or been more felicitous than he, in dealing with the subtle and multifarious difficulties that beset its execution. It is well understood by those whose thoughts are used to be conversant with the suggestions of a deeper analysis than belongs to popular criticism, that the forms of literary art are not indefinite in number, variable in their characteristics, or determined by the casual taste or arbitrary will of authors—they exist in nature; they are dependent upon these fixed laws of intellectual being, of spiritual affection, and moral choice, which constitute the rationality of man.—And the actual, positive merit of a poetical production—that real merit, which consists in native vitality, in inherent capacity to live—does not lie in the glitter or costliness of the decorations with which it is invested—nor in the force with which it is made to spring from the mind of its creator, into the minds of others—nor yet in the scale of magnitude upon which the ideas belonging to the subject are illustrated in the work; but rather, as we suppose, obviously, and in all cases, upon the integrity and truth with which the particular form, that has been contemplated by the artist, is brought out, and the distinctness with which that one specific impression which is appropriate to it, is attained. This is the kind of excellence which we ascribe to Mr. Morris; an excellence of a lofty order; genuine, sincere, and incapable of question; more in this class of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult. For the song appears to us to possess a definiteness peculiarly jealous and exclusive; to be less flexible in character, and to possess less variety of tone than most other classes of composition. If a man shall say “I will put more force into my song than your model allows, I will change it with greater variety of impressions,” it is well; if he is skillful, he may make something that is very valuable. But in so far as his work is more than a song, it is not a song. In all works of Art—wherever form is concerned—excess is error.

The just notion and office of the modern song, as we think of it, is to be the embodiment and expression, in beauty, of some one of those sentiments, or thoughts, gay, moral, pensive, joyous, or melancholy, which are as natural and appropriate, in particular circumstances, or to certain occasions, as the odor to the flower; rising at such seasons, into the minds of all classes of persons, instinctive and unbidden, yet in obedience to some law of association which it is the gift of the poet to apprehend. Its graceful purpose is, to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to commu-

nicate wisdom in the form of sentiment: it is the refracted gleam of some wandering ray from the far orb of moral truth, which, glancing against some occurrence in common life, is surprised into a smile of quick-darting, many-colored beauty; it is the airy ripple that is thrown up when the current of feeling in human hearts accidentally encounters the current of thought, and bubbles forth with a gentle fret of sparkling foam. Self-evolved, almost, and obedient in its development, and shaping to some inward spirit of beauty, which appears to possess and control its course; it might almost seem, that in the outgoing loveliness of such productions, Sentiment, made substantial in language, floated abroad in natural self-delivery; as that heat which is not yet flame, gives itself forth in blue wreaths of vaporing grace, which unfold their delicateness for a moment upon the tranquil air, and then vanish away. It is not an artificial structure, built up by Intellect after a model foreshaped by Fancy, or foreshadowed by the instincts of the Passions; it is a simple emotion, crystallized into beauty by passing for a moment through the cooler air of the mind; it is merely an effluence of creative vigor; a graceful feeling thickened into words. Its proper dwelling is in the atmosphere of the sentiments, not the passions; it will not, indeed, repel the sympathy of deeper feelings, but knows them rather under the form of the flower that floats upon the surface of meditation, than of the deeper root that lies beneath its stream. And this is the grievous fault of nearly all Lord Byron's melodies; that he pierces too profoundly, and passes below the region of grace, charging his lyre with far more vehemence of passion than its slight strings are meant to bear. The beauty which belongs to this production, should be in the form of the thought rather than the fashion of the setting: that genuineness and simplicity of character which constitutes almost its essence, are destroyed by any appearance of the cold artifices of construction, palpable springs set for our admiration, whereby the beginning is obviously arranged in reference to a particular ending. This is the short-reaching power of Moore—guilty, by design, of that departure from simplicity, by which he fascinated one generation at the expense of being forgotten by another. The Song, while it is general in its impression, should be particular in its occasion; not an abstraction of the mind, but a definite feeling, special to some certain set of circumstances. Rising from out the surface of daily experience, like the watery issuings of a fountain, it throws itself upward for a moment, then descends in a soft, glittering shower to the level whence it rose. Herein resides the chief defect of Bayly's songs; that they are too general and vague—a species of pattern songs—being embodiments of some general feeling, but lacking that sufficient reference to some season or occurrence which would justify their appearing, and take away from them the aspect of pretension and display!

The only satisfactory method of criticism is by means of clinical lectures; and we feel regret that our limits do not suffer us—to any great degree—to illustrate what we deem the vigorous simplicity, and genuine grace of Mr. Morris, by that mode

of exposition. We must introduce a few cases, however, to show what we have been meaning in the remarks which we made above, upon the proper character of the song. The ballad of "WOODMAN, SAREE THAT TREE," one of those accidents of genius which, however, never happen but to consummate artists—is so familiar to every mind and heart, as to resent citation. Take then "MY MOTHER'S BIBLE." We know of no similar production in a truer taste, in a purer style, or more distinctly marked with the character of a good school of composition.

This book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

Or take "WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER." In manly pathos, in tenderness and truth, where shall it be excelled?

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school house near the heather,
In childhood where we met—
The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sorrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weigh'd down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alms
Foreshadow'd in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together;
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

"THE MINIATURE" possesses the captivating elegance of Voiture:

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—

Fresh as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still;
Absorb'd, delighted and amazed,
He view'd the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane;
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all like me!"

"WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE" is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crown'd with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribb'd, cloud-capt earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crown'd highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam—
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home.

Where will you find a nautical song, seemingly more spontaneous in its genial outbreak, really more careful in its construction, than

"LAND-HO!"

Up, up with the signal! The land is in sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!
The cold, cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm genial earth glads our vision at last,
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind.
Land!—land-ho! All hearts glow with joy at the sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is waving! Till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country! our thoughts are as constant to thee,
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea.
Ho!—land-ho! We near it—we bound at the sight!
Then be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd! The wine-sparkles rise
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes,
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as chime gayly the nautical bells!
To woman—God bless her!—wherever she dwells!
THE PILOT'S ON BOARD!—and, thank Heaven, all's right!
So be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

How full of joyous madness, of absolute independence, yet made harmonious by instinctive grace, is

"LIFE IN THE WEST."

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—
Merry and brief will the narrative be:
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.

Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the west.
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the west.
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerily, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the west!
Oho, boys!—oho, boys!—oho!

That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled
by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and
the wanderer, can beat in unison with the gentlest
truth of deep devotion, is shown in

"WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doating heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world constrains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And whatever fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

"I LOVE THE NIGHT" has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models.

I love the night when the moon streams bright
On flowers that drink the dew,
When cascades shout as the stars peep out,
From boundless fields of blue;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or murmuring thrills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you!

I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden trees,
When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,
Are vocal in the breeze.
I love the night—the glorious night!
When hearts beat warm and true;
But far above the night I love,
I love, I love, love—you!

Were we to meet the lines "OH, THINK OF ME!" in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's—so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity—which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses.

Oh, think of me, my own beloved,
Whatever cares beset thee!

And when thou hast the falsehood proved,
Of those with smiles who met thee:
While o'er the sea, think, love, of me,
Who never can forget thee;
Let memory trace the trysting-place,
Where I with tears regret thee.

Bright as yon star, within my mind,
A hand unseen hath set thee;
There hath thine image been enshrined,
Since first, dear love, I met thee;
So in thy breast I fain would rest,
If, haply, fate would let me—
And live or die, wert thou but nigh,
To love or to regret me!

"THE STAR OF LOVE" might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the *Trouveurs*.

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee.
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite,
But all are dear till thou appear
To decorate the night.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.

"THE SEASONS OF LOVE" is a charming effusion of gay, yet thoughtful sentiment.

The spring-time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *coulour de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove and valley
Their music impart,
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian Summer,
The smile of the year;
Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

The song, "I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE," is, of itself, sufficient to establish General Morris's fame as a great poet—as a *potens magister affectuum*—and as a literary creator of a high order. It is a thoroughly fresh and affective poem on a subject as hackneyed as the highway; it is as deep as truth itself, yet light as the movement of a dance.

I never have been false to thee!
The heart I gave thee still is thine;

Though thou hast been untrue to me,
And I no more may call thee mine!
I've loved, as woman ever loves,
With constant soul in good or ill;
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
Thy words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispell'd the clouds of care,
And time went by with birds and flowers,
While song and incense fill'd the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!

We had almost forgotten, what the world will never forget, the matchless softness and transparent delicacy, of "NEAR THE LAKE." Those lines, of themselves, unconsciously, court "the soft promoter of the poet's strain," and almost seem about to break into music.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,
By high and low;
But with autumn's leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts for ever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago!

It is agreeable to find that, instead of being seduced into a false style by the excessive popularity which many of his songs have had, General Morris's later efforts are in a style even more truly classic than his earlier ones, and show a decided advance, both in power and ease. "THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS," and the "INDIAN SONGS," of which last we have room only for one verse, are a very clear evidence of this.

A rock in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven;
A beacon-light hang in their mansion above.
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

They come!—be firm! In silence rally!
The long-knives our retreat have found!
Hark!—their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!
The burthened boughs with pale scouts quiver,
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While across the eddying river
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!
The bloodhounds darken land and water!
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter!

Such are the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of the laureate of America.

The following letter, from the pen of Grace Greenwood, is a lady's tribute to the genius of our poet:

I have read of late, with renewed pleasure and higher appreciation, the songs and ballads of our genial-hearted countryman, Morris. I had previously wearied myself by a course of rather dry reading, and his poetry, tender, musical, fresh and natural, came to me like spring's first sunshine, the song of her first birds, the breath of her first violets.

What a contrast is this pleasant volume to the soul-racking "Festus," which has been one of my recent passions. That remarkable work has passages of great beauty and power, linked in unnatural marriage with much that is poor and weak. It is like a stately ruined palace,

"Mingling its marble with the dust of Rome;"

or it is like its own fabled first temple built to God, in the new earth—a multitude of gems, swallowed by an earthquake, and scattered through a world of baser matter. The soul of the reader now faints with excess of beauty, now shudders at the terrible and the revolting. The young poet's muse at times goes like Proserpine to gather flowers, but straightway is seized by the lord of the infernal regions, and disappears in flame and darkness. The entire volume is a poetical archipelago—*isles of loveliness sprinkling a dead sea of unprofitable matter.*

It were absurd to compare the light and graceful poems of Morris with the *work* "Festus"—a simple Grecian arch with a stupendous Turkish mosque—an Etruscan vase with a Gothic tower. Yet there are doubtless many who will prefer the perfect realization of modest aspirations, to grand but ineffectual graspings after glory's highest and most divine guerdons—a quiet walk with truth and nature, to an Icarus flight of magnificent absurdities.

It has been said that the author of "LONG TIME AGO" has rung too many changes on the sentiment and passion of *love*. Love, the inspiration of the glorious bards of old,

"Who play upon the heart as on a harp,
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them,"

"Love, ever-new, everlasting, fresh and beautiful, now as when the silence of young Eden was thrilled, but scarce broken, by the voice of the first lover—a joy and a source of joy for ever."

I know it is much the fashion now-a-days, to

hold in lordly contempt many of those sweet and holy influences which are

As angel hands, enclosing ours,
Leading us back to Paradisean bowers.

Love and liberty are fast becoming mere abstractions to the enlightened apprehension of some modern wise men. It is sad to see how soon those white-winged visitors soil their plumage and change their very natures by a mere descent into the philosophic atmosphere of such minds. One is reminded of the words of Swendenborg—"I saw a great truth let down from Heaven into Hell, and it *there became a lie*."

This cynical objection to the lays of our minstrel, surely never could have emanated from the heart of *woman*. She is ever loyal to love—that tender and yearning principle in the bosom of the Father, from which and by which the feminine nature was created.

The poems of Morris are indeed like those flowers of old, born of the blood-drops which oozed from the wounded foot of the queen of love—blushing crimson to the very heart;—yet there is not to my knowledge, in the whole range of English literature, so large a collection of amatory songs in which sensualism and voluptuousness find no voice. These lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush, save that of pleasure—the mother may sing them to her child, the bride to her young husband.

"Festus" has an eloquent reply to such as hold love a theme unworthy the true bard:

"Poets are all who love—who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is *love*."

The muse of Morris was Poesy's own "summer-child." Hope, love and happiness, sunny-winged fancies and golden-hued imaginings have nested in his heart like birds.

His verse does not cause one to tremble and turn pale—it charms and refreshes. It does not "possess us like a passion"—it steals upon us like a spell. It does not storm the heart like an armed host—it is like the visitation of gentle spirits,

"Coming and going with a musical lightness."

It is not a turbulent mountain torrent, hurling itself down rocky places—it is a silver stream, gliding through quiet valleys, in whose waves the sweet stars are mirrored, on whose bosom the water-lilies sleep.

Now and then there steals in a strain of sadness, like the plaint of a bereaved bird in a garden of roses; but it is a tender, not an *oppressive* sadness, and we know that the rainbow beauty of the verse could only be born in the wedlock of smiles and tears. In a word, his lays are not "night and storm and darkness"—they are morning and music and sunshine.

It were idle at this time, to quote or comment upon all those songs of Morris best known and oftenest sung. It would be introducing to my readers old friends who took lodgings in their memories "long time ago." In reference to them, I would only remark their peculiar adaptedness to popular taste—the keen discrimination, the nice tact, or, to use one of Sir James Mackintosh's

happy expressions, the "*feelosophy*" with which the poet has interlarded them with the heart-strings of a nation.

"A ROCK IN THE WILDERNESS" is an ode that any poet might be proud to own. It is much in the style of Campbell—chaste, devotional, "beautiful exceedingly."

I know nothing of the kind more musically sweet than the serenade "TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR"—the first lines in especial:

"The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver late—
And, nestled in their leafy bowers,
The forest birds are mute."

Many an absent lover must have blessed our lyrist, for giving voice to his own yearning affection, half sad with that delicate jealousy which is no wrong to the loved one, in the song "WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE."

"THE BACCHANAL,"—if our language boasts a lovelier ballad than this, it has never met my eye. The story of the winning, the betraying and the breaking of a woman's heart, was never told more touchingly. I dislike to pull the rose in pieces, yet here is a leaf or two:

How soft the honeyed words
He breathes into her ears!
The melody of birds
The music of the spheres!

She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot,
Which she will see no more!

They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot;
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot.

"THE DISMISSED" is in a peculiar vein of rich and quiet humor. I would commend it to the entire class of rejected lovers, as containing the truest philosophy.

"LINES AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OLDEN TIME" remind one of Sir John Suckling. They are "sunned o'er with love"—their subject, by the way.

Love bathes him in the morning dew's,
Reclines him in the lily's bell—
Reposes in the rainbow's hues,
And bubbles in the crystal well;
Or hies him to the coral caves
Where sea-nymphs sport beneath the waves.

And every where he welcome finds—
Through cottage-door and palace-porch
Love enters free as spicy winds,
With purple wings and lighted torch,
With tripping feet and silvery tongue,
And bow and darts behind him slung!

"I NEVER HAVE BEEN FALSE TO THEE" was an emanation from the *feminine* nature of the minstrel alone. Who does not believe the poet gifted with duality of soul?

"THINK OF ME, MY OWN BELOVED," and "ROSE-ABLE," are the throbbings of a lover's breast set to music; and "ONE BALMY SUMMER NIGHT, MARY," "THE HEART THAT OWNS THY TYRANT SWAY," and "WHEN I WAS IN MY TEENS," the distillation of the subtlest sweets lodged in the innermost cells of all flowers dedicate to love.

I come now to my favorite, a poem which I never read but that it glows upon lip and heart,

and leaves the air of my thoughts tremulous with musical vibrations.

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands, &c.

What a delicious gush of parental feeling! How daintily and delicately move the "fity chosen words"—tripping along like silver-sandaled fairies.

"LAND-HO!" and the "WESTERN REFRAIN" thrill one gloriously: "THE CARRIER DOVE" would of itself carry the poet's name to the next age, and the "CROTON ODE" keep his bays green with a perpetual baptism.

The last mentioned is fresh and sparkling as its subject, and displays much of the imaginative faculty. How fanciful are the following stanzas:

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral-shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Decked in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy-land.

Swimming on the snow-curved billow,
See the river-spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks as on a pillow,
With the foam-beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

And how truly beautiful is this:

Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers up like the precious manna
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the Prophet's wand.

"OH, A MERRY LIFE DOES THE HUNTER LEAD," rolled up the tenth wave of Morris-ian popularity at the West. It stirs the hunter's heart like a bugle-blast—it rings out clear as a rifle-crack on a hunting morning.

Oh, a merry life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day,
He whistles his dog and he mounts his steed
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle startles the tuneful lark
As he carols his morning song!

Oh, a hunter's life is the life for me!
That is the life for a man!
Let others boast of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can.
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer as they bound along!
My steed, dog and gun, and the cheerful lark
To carol my morning song!

Gen Morris has recently published some songs which have all the grace, melody and touching sweetness of his earlier lays. But as these have been artistically set to music, and are yet in the first season of popularity—are lying on the pianoes and "rolling over the bright lips" of all song-dom, they call for no farther mention here.

I think I cannot better close this somewhat broken and imperfect review than by quoting entire one of the earlier songs of Morris, which, more than all others, perhaps, has endeared him to his native land. It is a simple, hearty, manly

embodiment of the true spirit of patriotism, a sentiment which throbs like a strong pulse beneath our poet's light and graceful verse, and needs but the inspiration of "stirring times" to prompt to deeds of heroic valor, like the lays of the ancient bards, or the "*Chansons*" of Beranger.

I'm with you once again, my friends—
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land:
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

In other countries, when I heard
The music of my own,
Oh, how my echoing heart has stir'd
And bounded at the tone!
But when a brother's hand I clasp'd
Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd
Like one about to die!

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

We should not consider the biography of Morris complete, without a word from Mr. Willis. We have a dash of his pencil in the following letter:

"MY DEAR SIR,—To ask me for my idea of Gen. Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the "Brigadier"—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him, (except by precedence of ferriage over the Styx,) that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and, as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

"Morris is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism, as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact, that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

"It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is the truth—that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine

oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high-flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate, well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

"As to the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to 'burn incense on his moustache,' as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but, as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellencies. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking.

Yours, very truly, N. P. WILLIS."

In 1825, Gen. Morris wrote the drama of "Brier Cliff," a play, in five acts, founded upon events of the American Revolution. It was performed forty nights in succession; and the manager paid him for it \$3,500, a solid proof of its attractive popularity. It has never been published. Prior, and subsequent, to this period, his pen was actively engaged upon various literary and dramatic works.

He wrote a number of the "Welcomes to Lafayette," and songs and ballads which were universally popular, besides many prologues and addresses.

In 1842, he wrote an Opera for Mr. C. E. Horn, called the "Maid of Saxony," which was performed fourteen nights with great success at the Park Theatre. The press of the city generally awarded to this opera the highest commendation.

From the period when Gen. Morris commenced his career as a writer, his pen has been constantly employed in writing poems, songs, ballads and prose sketches.

In 1840, the Appleton's published an edition of his poems, beautifully illustrated by Weir and Chapman; and, in 1842, Paine and Burgess published his songs and ballads.

They were highly commended by the press throughout the country, and these and other editions have had large sales. A portion of his prose writings, under the title of "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots," were published by Lea and Blanchard, which edition has been followed by others enlarged by the author.

Gen. Morris has edited a number of works; among them are—"The Atlantic Club Book,"

published by the Harpers; "The Song Writers of America," by Linen and Ferrin; "National Melodies," by Horn and Davis; and, in connexion with Mr. Willis, the "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America," a standard work of great value.

In 1844, in connexion with Mr. Willis, he established a beautiful weekly paper, called the "New Mirror," which, in consequence of the cover and engravings, was taxed by the Post Office Department, a postage equal to the subscription price; and, not being able to obtain a just reduction from Mr. Wickliffe, then Postmaster General, the proprietors discontinued its publication, after a year and a half, notwithstanding it had attained a circulation of 10,000 copies!

The daily "Evening Mirror" was next commenced, and continued for one year by Morris and Willis, when it was disposed of to the present editor, Hiram Fuller, Esq., now the United States Naval Store-keeper at Brooklyn.

A few months after withdrawing from the "Evening Mirror," Gen. Morris began the publication of the "National Press and Home Journal;" but as many mistook its object, from its name, the first part of its title was discontinued; and, in November 1846, (Mr. Willis having again joined his old friend and associate) appeared the first number of the HOME JOURNAL—a weekly paper, published in this city, every Saturday, which is edited with great taste, spirit and ability, and which has already a circulation of some fifteen thousand copies.

Gen. Morris is still in the prime and vigor of life, and it is not unlikely that the public will yet have much to admire from his pen, and which will, without doubt, place him still higher in the niche of fame. His residence is chiefly at Undercliff, his country seat, on the banks of the Hudson, near Cold Spring, surrounded by the most lovely and beautiful scenery in nature, which cannot fail to keep the muse alive within him, and tune the minstrel to further and still higher efforts.

Although he possesses abilities which eminently qualify him for public station, his literary taste and habits have, in spite of the strenuous solicitations of his friends, led him to prefer the retirement of private life. This, however, does not prevent his taking an active interest in all questions of public good, and the city of New York is greatly indebted to his vigorous aid for many of her most beautiful and permanent improvements.

We cannot close this sketch without adverting to the following incident, which recently occurred in the British House of Commons:

"Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire," says the *London Times*, "concluded a long speech in favor of 'Protection,' by quoting the ballad of 'Woodman Spare that Tree,' (which was received with the applause of the whole house,) the 'Tree,' according to Mr. Cagley, being the 'Constitution,' and Sir Robert Peel the 'Woodman,' about to cut it down."

What poet could desire a more gratifying compliment to his genius?

THE PRISONER OF LA FORCE.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE SALON OF MADAME ROLAND.

THE spacious and elegant apartments of Neck-er, lighted up in days past with the genius and wit of his gifted daughter, Madame de Stael, around whom had thronged the best intellect of the French metropolis, were now occupied by the republican minister Roland. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, with a countenance on which the lines of care were deeply traced, but every lineament of which betokened a stern integrity of character and an iron constancy of soul. The minister was a plain, unpretending man in appearance, dressed in simple, almost homely, republican attire. He was now walking in a little ante-chamber apart, with his hands folded behind him and his eyes fixed upon the floor, as though in deep meditation.

In another apartment a table was spread with a simple, but neat and elegant repast. Fruits were mingled with the richest and most beautiful flowers; and the wine blushed as it sparkled in the glass, beneath the soft rays of the light which gently diffused itself through the room. Around the table sat several members of the National Assembly. There were the grave and serious Brissot, in his plain, Quaker-like dress—the calm, meditative and profound Condorcet, with his high, pale forehead, and thin fixed lips—the sprightly and witty Louvet, his diminutive figure clad in negligent attire. The handsome Barbaroux was there, and two or three of the younger deputies sat near him at the lower end of the board. Among these was a deputy, apparently about thirty-three years of age, of a vigorous and compact frame, with a pensive and melancholy cast of countenance, which, though not striking at first glance, was yet lighted up when he spoke with intellect and soul. This guest rarely mingled in the conversation, and never, save when directly addressed. But when he did speak the hum of voices ceased, and every ear was bent to listen. For the most part of the time he sat toying with a bouquet of flowers, negligent of what passed around him, apparently wrapped in his own dreamy thoughts, and lost even to the brilliant conversation of the only female present at the scene, who presided at the head of the board.

And she—that peerless woman—the wife of Roland! Who shall now, save with a poet's enthusiasm, undertake to speak of that unrivalled beauty, whose witchery fascinated the gaze of every beholder, or of that matchless intellect and heroic woman's soul, which added new lustre to her charms! She had passed the first bloom of youth, and had ripened into the full development of mature womanhood. Madame Roland was thirty-eight. Something perhaps there was either in the contour of her high and exquisitely chiselled features and finely developed form, or in the

sprightly freedom and originality of her conversation, which might strike the mind as of a too bold and masculine character, to suit well with that feminine delicacy which is one of the chief ornaments of woman. But thus it did not seem to young Barbaroux, whose eye appeared never to wander from the fair speaker, save when it chanced for a moment to meet her gaze, and then it fell while a blush, faint as the rosy tint of the dawn, mounted to his temples.

It was Saturday evening, the 1st of September, 1792.

Louvet filled a glass of wine, and, raising it to his lips, said:

“Victory to Dumouriez and the patriot army. Let us hope that genius, courage and patriotism, will yet baffle the legions of the tyrants.”

A smile lighted up the features of Madame Roland, as she replied:

“The thanks of the Roman Senate were decreed to a defeated general, because he did not despair of the Republic in as fearful a crisis as this. Friends, do we not owe thanks to Louvet, who does not still despair of liberty and France?”

Then spoke young Barbaroux, his eye kindling with enthusiasm:

“France will not fail in this struggle. The fire of liberty cannot be trampled out beneath the feet of the German invaders. What if Brunswick shall scatter Dumouriez's army? What though he captures and lays desolate the capital, and even restores to his throne the prisoner in the Temple—liberty defeated upon the Seine will retire behind the Loire; it cannot be conquered.”

The eye of Madame Roland sparkled as it caught the enthusiastic glance of the speaker.—She plucked a rose-bud from a bunch of flowers in a vase before her, and her hand slightly trembled as she gently threw it towards Barbaroux.

“Messieurs,” said Condorcet, in his calm quiet way, “it is idle to delude ourselves. Do we not plainly see that liberty is already in its death-struggle. Dumouriez has courage, genius, and military skill, but he has only an army of 23,000 men, and what can these avail against 80,000 of the finest soldiers of Prussia and Austria? Longroy has fallen. Verdun, our last fortress, is invested, perhaps captured. Unless some unforeseen accident shall intervene, Brunswick will in three days be master of the capital. Paris taken, the revolution is overwhelmed, and the Republic strangled in its birth. Messieurs, we can but die beneath the ruins of the capital; the liberties of France will die with us; such is the portion of those who dare to dream of the freedom of the world!”

All the soul of that queenly woman rushed to her lips, as looking round the little group of enthusiasts, she exclaimed:

“No, monsieur, you mistake; there is hope—hope while Paris has men to send forth to battle.

Let the voice of eloquence go forth from the tribune, and come up from the corners of the street, rousing all Paris to arms. If the men will not answer it, the women will arm themselves with pikes, and march forth to meet the invaders.—What say you, friends, is there no voice here potent enough in the tribune to marshal a hundred thousand bayonets under the walls of Paris? What say you, *M. le President*, France, with a million of arms, has but one tongue like yours?"

She turned her eye as she spoke full upon the pensive countenance of the young deputy, who sat by the side of Barbaroux. Rousing himself with something of an effort, as though indifferent to the marked compliment, that coming from those lips, would have thrilled upon the hearts of others there, he answered in the full, deep, and melodious tones of a voice which once heard is never forgotten:

"Ah, madame, the eloquence of which you speak will be of little avail now in the wild popular commotion. It is but the flourish of the trumpet which is drowned in the blasts of the whirlwind. Yet, my friends, there is a spell more potent abroad to rouse the people to arms and save liberty and France. It is a fearful spell—the spell of TERROR. The wizard hand of the enchanter of the populace, Danton, has spread it abroad over the city. It is he who wields the popular thunderbolts."

A slight emotion of something like displeasure, for a moment, clouded the brow of Madame Roland. Was it that the name of Danton, an occasional, though never a genial guest in her *salon*, grated harshly at that moment on her ear, or was it the calm indifference of the speaker which moved her? He continued—

"The prisons are filled with thousands of the *suspect*; it is the work of Danton. The royalists are struck with terror; it is the work of Danton. The people are blind with the fury of despair, and to-morrow they will respond to the call of Danton, and crowd the Champ-de-Mars, eager to be led against the enemy. The revolution has passed into Danton's hands. Should Brunswick scatter the army of Dumouriez, he will meet Danton at the head of the people under the walls of Paris."

His friends in silence listened to the words of the speaker. The color paled in the fair cheek of the wife of Roland, and a slight tremulous emotion, rapid as an electric thrill, agitated her frame. She said no more, but, waving an adieu to her friends, arose and joined her husband in the other apartment.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIBUNE.

BRIGHT and unclouded arose the sun, on the 2d of September, 1792, upon Paris. It was a Sabbath morning, but it dawned upon a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Every element of popular wrath and of popular despair was at work lashing into madness the unchained passions of a frantic people. The friends of the late monarchy—and they numbered their thousands in the city—

were skulking in hiding places, tortured between the fear of arrest by the Commune, and the hope of safety in the triumph of the Prussians, or mingling with the populace, were striving to pass themselves off as good citizens, by shouting with feigned zeal from palid lips—*Vive la Republique!* The patriots were filled with consternation. The better portion of the masses seemed sunken in the lethargy of despair; the worst appeared ripe for deeds of rapine and blood. Some were crowding the Champ-de-Mars—some were pressing toward the Assembly—and others were filling up the old convent of the Jacobins. The worst part of the Parisian populace began to appear, mingling with the masses which thronged the streets. Vice, with its haggard eye and tattered garment, crawled out from the kennel and the gutter. Crime, with stealthy face, having crept from its lurking place, now mingled boldly among the crowd. Abject misery and pauperism, in their most hideous forms, swarmed through the Palais Royal, begging not for the preservation of liberty or life, but for bread!

"Yonder goes an aristocrat," said a squalid, bare-headed man to his companion, pointing to a decently-dressed citizen, as he hurried along the Rue St. Honore.

"Look you, neighbor, there is plenty of room left for such as he at la Force and the Bicetre."

"La Force and the Bicetre are too good for him, he should go to the *lanterne*."

The well dressed citizen saw himself observed and disappeared hastily among the crowd.

"Down with the aristocrats!" shouted a rag picker. "They conspire with the forestallers while the people are starving."

"Neighbor,"—answered a voice from a group of squalid women—"there will be plenty of bread when the Duke of Brunswick comes to Paris, for he will cut all our throats and leave fewer mouths to eat it."

A wild laugh followed this coarse sally, and the group swept on toward the Conciergerie.

"Whither so fast, Citizen Duplain," said a man to his neighbor, who was hurrying past him armed with an old rusty pike.

"To the Champ-de-Mars," was the reply. "I go to-morrow with the recruits to Dumouriez army."

"And leave the royalists behind to murder our wives and our children?" inquired the first speaker.

"No fear of that now, Pierre," said Citizen Duplain. "The committee of surveillance takes care of the aristocrats. It is hard breaking through the walls of la Force and the Conciergerie; and if they try it, why we have only to run our pikes through them—that's all," and the patriot citizen passed on.

"Vive Danton," arose from the crowd, and the stately form of the great revolutionist swept by on his way to the Assembly. Many of the populace thronged around him, but his head towered above all, like Saul's among the children of Israel.—There was an air of proud defiance, of calm courage, and self-confidence in his carriage. No shrinking, no fear, no hesitation, no doubt even could be traced upon those harsh and rugged,

though bold and striking features. Men took new courage as they looked upon the dauntless front of the fierce demagogue, and felt themselves in presence of the KING of the PEOPLE. He chatted and laughed familiarly with his friends as he strode rapidly along.

In the tribune of the National Assembly stood the young deputy, with the pensive melancholy features, who had sat by the side of Barbaroux at Madame Roland's repast. One would scarcely have recognized him now, roused from the dreary indifference of his last night's conversation, in the orator, who, with outstretched arms and flashing eye, and with a countenance irradiated with the inspiration of genius, was rousing the people to battle for their country. Such eloquence as this had never been heard in that Assembly—never in France since Mirabeau had been carried dying from the tribune. Nay, did Mirabeau himself ever speak such burning words, in such melodious accents to the people? Did he possess a power to charm equal with that wonderful voice, destined, alas! while Mirabeau, the betrayer of the popular cause, still slept in the Pantheon, to be stifled by the axe of the guillotine. It was the voice of VERGNAUD:

"Citizens, you manifested the ardor of Frenchmen for festivities at the Federation, will you now show less for battle? You have sung, you have celebrated liberty, will you not now defend it?—You have no longer kings of bronze to overthrow, but living kings armed with all their power. Let the National Assembly show the first example of heroism. Let us go and wield the spade with our hands in throwing up entrenchments to resist the enemy."

It was not a shout merely which went up as Vergniaud took his seat, but a frenzied tumult of applause. Danton had entered the Assembly, and was himself carried away with the enthusiasm of Vergniaud's eloquence. He sprang into the tribune, and addressed the people in one of his own impressive harangues, which, though of tremendous energy and effect, contrasted strongly with that of his colleague. Vergniaud's voice was the clear and melodious call of the trumpet to battle; that of Danton was the harsh muttering of the thunder; but the thunder did not roll harmless over the heads of the people; it was accompanied by the electric flash, which scattered the fire bolts on every side around him. He urged that not only all Paris, but all France should be forthwith summoned to arms—that couriers should be sent forth, and every citizen, capable of bearing arms, be enrolled to serve his country in battle.

"The gun which you will presently hear," he shouted, at the top of his mighty voice, "is not the alarm gun. It is the charge against the enemies of the country. What need we, in order to conquer, to annihilate the enemy? Boldness—more boldness—and boldness for ever!"

* * * * *

Did Danton mean to point out the royalists of Paris as the enemy who were to be annihilated? Did his eye rest upon the prisons filled with the suspected, and did he then meditate or had he knowledge of that gigantic crime, the "September massacre," which has cast its horrid stain upon

the annals of the Revolution? These questions must remain unanswered.

Certain it is, toward evening of that same day, the populace on a sudden impulse commenced butchering the priests at the Abbaye. The massacres continued at intervals several days. Roland and the other ministers spoke boldly and earnestly against it, though in vain, but Danton, the Minister of Justice, *did not speak*.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMIGRE'S DAUGHTER.

A SLIGHT and tremulous knock was heard at the door of the Minister Roland. The wife of the minister was alone, and a visitor was ushered into her boudoir. She was a young and beautiful woman, with that winning takable air of dignity and grace which proclaimed her at a glance one of the ancient *noblesse* of the capital. Her countenance was the picture of sorrow and despair, and the traces of tears were still visible on her cheeks.

The girl timidly advanced, threw back a thick veil which muffled her features, sunk at the feet of Madame Roland, and, seizing one of her hands, covered it with tears.

"Madame," she sobbed, "they say you are good—they say you are kind—pity the misery of one of your own sex, and save my poor Antoine!"

The wife of the minister gently raised the kneeling girl from the floor, and in a kind tone said to her:

"Sit down, my child—nay, don't clasp my hand so tightly—sit down and tell me all. Who are you—who is Antoine—and how can I serve him?"

"I am the daughter of an *emigre*, madame.—My name is Louise de Courval. Antoine is my lover; we were to be married on Tuesday," said the girl, with innocent naivete.

The lady smiled and motioned her visitor to proceed.

"Madame must know that Antoine was an officer of the National Guards, with Mandat, at the Palace, on the 10th of August, and refused to fight against the king, or to join the people when they murdered the Swiss. Last night they entered his house under pretence of searching for arms; they arrested him as a royalist and carried him to la Force. Ah, madame, they tell me the prisoners are not safe. The people have just killed the priests at the Abbaye, and are now on their way to the Carmelites. They mean to kill all the prisoners, and poor Antoine will die. He is no conspirator, madame—he would fight with Dumouriez against the Prussians, but not against the Swiss. He is a patriot, madame; I am sure they would not have put him in prison only on my account. They knew he was to be married to me, and I the daughter of an *emigre*!"

Here the girl gave way to a burst of passionate grief. Madame Roland shuddered; she had not yet heard of the massacre. Pacifying the girl as well as she was able, she asked:

"And how can I assist Antoine, my child?"

"Are you not the wife of the Minister Roland?" inquired the girl, artlessly.

"Yes; but Roland is not here, and if he were I fear me his word would not go far with the keeper of la Force, who holds his prisoners by warrant of the Commune. Were he but Danton."

"And you cannot save him, madame," sobbed the poor girl. "He is no conspirator, madame, but he will die because he is my lover, and I the daughter of an *emigre*."

"Do not despair, my child," said Madame Roland, tenderly, "Antoine shall not die if Roland can save him. But in these wild times, who can answer for another's life, even of his dearest friend, ay, or of his own, amid the fury of the people, goaded to madness by the wrongs of their oppressors? I do not say your lover shall be released—that I cannot promise—but I will do what can be done to save him."

The hope which began to beam in the eye of the young girl died away as the wife of the minister ceased speaking, but, suddenly starting up, she eagerly inquired:

"Did madame say Citizen Danton would save Antoine?"

"I did not say he *would*," answered the lady, "but perhaps he has the power it he chooses to exert it. He has great influence at the Commune and over the committee of *surveillance*. His word will open the doors of any prison in Paris. Nay, it is not improbable that Danton will do it could the wife of Roland so far humble herself as to request it as a boon. Violent and terrible as he sometimes is, Danton is generous and has a heart open to the feelings of compassion. Roland may fail to procure your lover's release, my child, but a word from Danton will effect it, and trust me that word shall not fail to be spoken through any dainty scruple of mine."

Ere Madame Roland ceased speaking, the girl had glided from the room, and the next moment her retreating footsteps were heard in the streets.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WIFE OF DANTON.

In a handsomely furnished room, in a small house in the Cour de Commerce, sat the still beautiful and youthful wife of Danton. The night was wearing late, but the streets were noisy and unquiet, and the lady, ever and anon, stepped anxiously to the window and cast a glance without into the street. Two infants lay slumbering upon a pallet in an adjoining room. The lady glided through the half open door, and bent down her ear to listen to the breathing of the sleepers. There were upon the infantile features of the tiny slumberers distinctly to be traced, amid their child-like beauty and innocence, the bold, striking peculiarities of visage, the high cheek bones and prominent forehead, which bespoke them at once the sons of Danton. As the lady turned from the pallet and re-entered her room, she suddenly found herself in the presence of a female, muffled in a thick veil, whose entrance into the house had been so quiet as to have been entirely unnoticed.

Madame Danton started, but the low, sweet tones of the woman's voice re-assured her:

"I seek the Minister of Justice," said she, at the same time drawing back her veil and revealing the sorrow-stricken, though beautiful features of Louison de Courval.

"Citizen Danton has been from home since morning," was the answer. "If your business with him be of a public nature and urgent, you can inquire for him at the Council of Ministers.—If not, entrust it to me and he shall know it before he sleeps to night."

"Alas, madame," said Louison, as the tears started from her eyes, "I had hoped to meet him here—where else can my poor boon be granted if not here, under the roof of Danton—kneeling at his feet and in your presence? At the Council, or among his comrades, he will not deign to listen to the daughter of an *emigre*."

Something there was in the look or accents of the suppliant, or in the hopeless grief which agitated her delicate frame, that touched the kind heart of Madame Danton. She took the girl by the hand, led her to a seat, and listened with a moistened eye as Louison related her simple story.

"And so Antoine is your lover," she said, after a pause, "and you were to be married on Tuesday—and he is in prison! Ah, me! and you came to Danton to save him. Men call my husband bloodthirsty and pitiless; do you think he will save your friend Antoine?"

"And why should he not, madame?" answered Louison. "Why should Citizen Danton wish poor Antoine to be murdered? Antoine never injured him, and besides he is no conspirator; he is a patriot, and if let out of prison would march with Dumouriez to help kill the Prussians."

The wife of the minister smiled through the tears which were fast filling her eyes. Gently pressing the girl's little hand, and drawing closer to her side, she spoke to her with all the confidential gossip of a friend, and yet with a child-like feeling of pride:

"Look you now, the aristocrats call my husband cruel and relentless; so he may be to the enemies of the country, for Danton is a good patriot; but he has no personal enemies, and if your Antoine had done him fifty wrongs he would just as soon open his prison doors, especially for one word of mine. Do you see, *mademoiselle*, it was but yesterday he set Monsieur Barnave free, who used to strive bitterly against him at the Jacobins, and Dupont, and Laurette, too, and others—he told me so himself this morning—and when was Danton ever known to be aught but noble and true to his friends. Ah, *mademoiselle*, if Antoine had only been Danton's *friend*, it would not have been the committee of *surveillance* nor the whole Commune together, with Marat at the head of it, that would have torn him away, even from the daughter of an *emigre*. But Antoine shall be released. Be comforted, my dear, Danton shall set him free; he shall receive no injury."

The poor girl wept with joy as she kissed the hand of her kind benefactor.

"Ah, madame, how good you are! how can I thank you?"

"We shall see when Antoine is released. And

now, my dear, you are tired. Rest here to-night, and to-morrow Danton himself shall tell you that your friend is free."

Louison slept soundly that night, notwithstanding her grief and anxiety, and dreamed of Antoine. The rays of the sun were streaming full in at the window before she awoke.

Late that night the heavy tread of Danton was heard entering his dwelling. There was an air of wild and fierce excitement visible upon his features, which he in vain strove to conceal under an assumed gayety. His wife flew to meet him. He clasped her tenderly in his arms, gently parted back her raven hair from her forehead with his large hand, and thrice kissed her brow with the passionate ardor of a young lover. Madame Danton related the story of Louison de Courval, and her husband, looking with fond tenderness upon her, smiled the while, as though he had forgotten that, at that very moment, Maillard and his hellish crew were sacking the prisons and murdering their inmates. She saw in his countenance that her request was granted before it was made. Madame Danton handed her husband a letter which a courier, in haste, had left at the door late that evening. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"CITIZEN MINISTER,—

"A young officer in the National Guards, called Antoine—his other name is not known to me—is confined in la Force. The only crime of which he seems to be accused is that he is to be married to the daughter of an *émigré*. The wife of Roland entreats Citizen Danton, as the first boon she has ever asked at his hands, that he will aid in effecting the young man's release. Roland joins with me heartily in the request."

Danton cast the letter negligently upon the table. Profuse, prodigal, even careless in his generosity, he hesitated not for a moment.

"It needs not this," he remarked, pointing to the letter, "though I would cheerfully gratify the caprice of our lady minister in a graver matter.—Your request, sweet," addressing his wife, "shall be obeyed. Antoine must be set at liberty though he were a fugitive *émigré* himself. Maillard's judgment tribunal will have victims enough without him."

Thus speaking, he turned to the pallet where lay his sleeping children, and bending over them a moment he kissed them tenderly. What a scene was that! Danton, the revolutionist, the man of terror, bending with a father's affection over the couch of sleeping innocence! With a hasty step he left the dwelling, and his wife heard his retreating footsteps die away in the distance. In about an hour he again returned, and throwing himself upon his couch, Danton slept.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOTEL DE LA FORCE.

THE night of the 2d of September, 1792, was long remembered in Paris as a night of terror and crime. Such a scene had never before been wit-

nessed in France. A group of furious monsters, intoxicated with wine furnished by the Commune, and frantic as bloodhounds with the taste of blood, were murdering the captives in the prisons.

At the Hotel de la Force, a young officer of the National Guards, amid a crowd of other captives, was watching out the weary hours of the night. It was Antoine Boudry. Sleep had been a stranger to the prisoner. The noise of the frightful tumult in the street had dinned in the ears of the inmates of la Force incessantly since nightfall, and full well they knew what frightful scenes were then enacting at the other prisons in Paris, for the crowd without boasted openly of the deed, and taunted and threatened the wretched inmates.—The fearful agony of suspense—the cold, dead, death-like chill of apprehension carried a more poignant terror to the hearts of the prisoners.—Every moment they deemed the walls of their own prison were about to be assailed; every group of men who rushed by, shouting with drunken fury, or sending forth yells of blind and furious rage, they thought were the executioners about to wreak upon them their bloody vengeance.

An universal, death-like chill of terror seemed to set like a pall over the inmates of la Force. It was, perhaps, strange that Antoine Boudry, amid the general panic, felt for his own personal safety little alarm, at that fearful moment, or rather felt within his bosom the confidence of some unforeseen deliverance. Antoine himself did not perhaps ascribe this lightness of heart to the true cause.—Late that night the jailor had whispered his name, and, calling him to the wicket, had placed a slip of paper in his hand: "Take this," said he, "it comes from one who wishes to befriend you—do not seek to use it hastily—but resort to it only in the last emergency."

The jailor disappeared before he could ask him a question, and Antoine had in vain attempted by the dim and flickering light, which struggled with the darkness of his dungeon, to decipher the contents of the paper, or even the signature attached to it.

At length, just as the first dawn of the morning was about to break upon Paris, a loud shout from a group rapidly marching upon the prison attracted the attention of the National Guard. He clambered up to the grated window, and could just discover a company of some fifty or sixty murderous and bloodthirsty looking ruffians entering the courtyard. At their head marched a man with a drawn sword, who seemed to be reeling with intoxication—his shirt sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, like a butcher, and his arms were stained with blood. The garments of some of his companions were also soiled with blood. They carried pikes, axes, and other weapons. Lights danced among the crew—who shouted and cursed as they marched along—and altogether the scene resembled what it has been fitly styled, the "Saturnalia of Hell."

A loud voice was heard calling upon the keeper of the prison—and the bustle of hasty preparation followed. A table was provided, at the head of which the leader of the gang, Maillard, seated himself as judge, his elbows resting upon it, and a list of the prisoners, furnished by the keeper, spread

before him. One by one he called out the names of the prisoners who were hurried before him, and in a moment after the captives within could either hear the death groans of the victims in the court-yard, as they sank beneath the pikes of the ruffians, or the loud shout of *vive la nation*, which announced their acquittal. Antoine's turn came at last. With a bold countenance he met the steady gaze of Maillard, and the dozen or twenty savage faces which thronged the table.

"Your name," growled one of these men in a rough voice.

"No matter for that, citizen," ejaculated Maillard. "He is a conspirator, else why is he here at la Force."

"I know him," said another, "he was with that villain Mandat, on the 10th of August, at the palace. He refused to turn against the king when the Swiss fired upon the people—and besides, he is to marry the daughter of the *emigre* and traitor, Monsieur de Courval."

"Let him go forth to meet justice from the people," said Maillard.

"Hold, messieurs," said Antoine, struggling between two of the ruffians who were hurrying him from the room, and suddenly recollecting the paper in his pocket—"read this"—and he handed his paper to Maillard.

The president glanced at it a moment—"Antoine Boudry," he muttered. "*Pardieu*—but I had forgotten! This from Citizen Danton—and I have in my pocket a charge too, to look to this young man. This must not be. Stay, citizens, not so hasty." And Maillard drew out a paper from his pocket while the men let go their hold upon Antoine.

"Citizen Boudry is no traitor, messieurs, here is a good voucher." And Maillard read—

"Set Citizen Antoine Boudry free. He is faithful and true to the nation and not one of the conspirators." "DANTON."

A shout of *Vive la Nation! Vive Danton!* went up from the lips of those who thronged that fearful judgment seat. The men who had seized Antoine for the purpose of thrusting him out to

meet the vengeance of the people, now threw their arms around him in a transport of joy, and even shed tears, as they conducted him through the bloody pikes and uplifted axes of the ruffians who thronged the gates of la Force. Antoine shuddered as he beheld the mangled corpses of the victims who strewed the court-yard. And as he turned from the frightful scene, while terror lent swift wings to his footsteps—right there—full before him—upon an uplifted pike—he met the bloody head of the beautiful Princess de Lamballe!

CHAPTER VI.

ANTOINE.

PARIS was saved. The genius and skill of Dumouriez baffled the Prussians. That great soldier seized upon the pass of the forest of Argonne—the Thermopylae of France—and with the aid of the levies which Danton sent forth from Paris, succeeded in rolling back the tide of war over the frontier.

In the brilliant cannonade of Valmy, under Kellermann, a young *chef de battallion* distinguished himself at the head of his column, for his conduct and daring intrepidity. Kellermann made him a colonel on the field of battle. Under Dumouriez, at the splendid victory of Jemappes, this same young officer, charging at the head of a republican squadron, routed a regiment of the enemy, and was carried, desperately wounded, from the field of battle.

Antoine Boudry, the young hero of Valmy and Jemappes, disabled from active service in the field, returned to Paris. He found Louison de Courval an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Danton.—But the days of terror were fast stealing over the capital of France. Antoine, with his young bride, the *emigre's* daughter, retired to the provinces, and it was not until the star of Napoleon had risen that he again returned to Paris to meet with his wife round the board of the once proscribed, but now restored Emigre de Courval.

THE DYING MAIDEN.

BY L——, OF EASTFORD HERMITAGE.

LIFE's short course with her was pleasant
As a summer's sunny morn,
For each grace most pure and winning
Did that youthful one adorn.

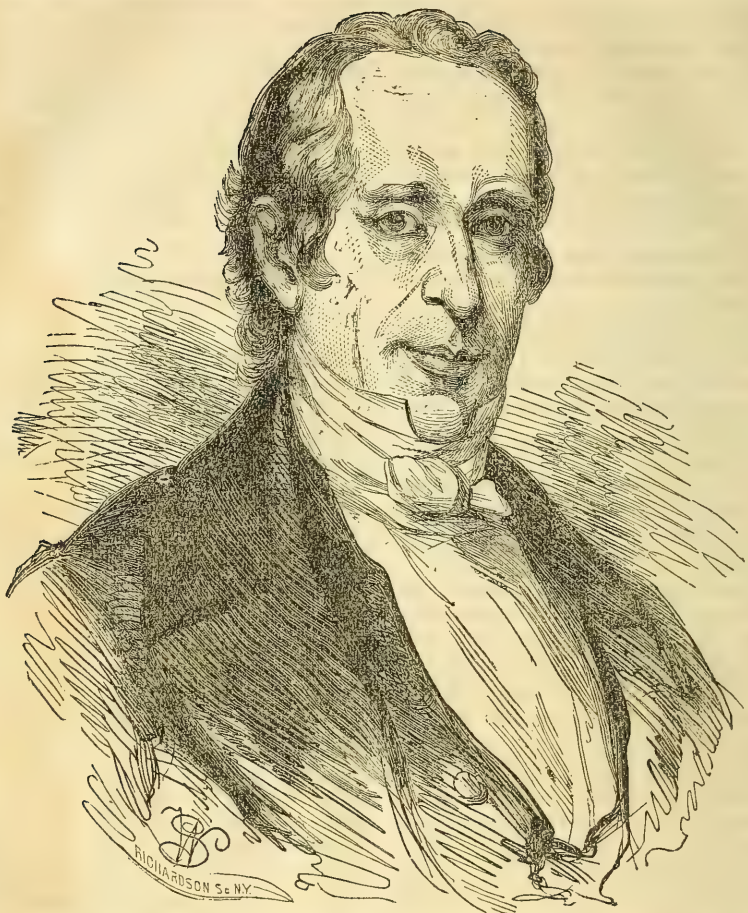
And life's closing scene was lovely
As the farewell scene at even—
Thus she murmured as she gently
Passed away from earth to Heaven:

"Strangers clothed in snowy mantles
Are inviting me away
To fair fields of fadeless verdure,
And bright realms of endless day.

"Music holy and entrancing
Floats upon the ambient air—
And a shining robe they bring me,
Such as those the angels wear."

Thus the youthful, dying maiden
Sank to her unending rest,
Gently as the hues of even
Faded along the rosy West.

May we die as do the righteous,
When our last sad hour shall come,
And may Angels guide our spirits
To our Father's heavenly home.



PULPIT PORTRAITS;
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.
BY SIGMA.

XXXII.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D.D.

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D. D., is now in his fifty-third year. For thirty-three years he has been a preacher of the gospel. Reared in humble circumstances, in early life bound down by poverty, unblessed by academical instruction, unadmitted to libraries, unaided by teachers, he has been struggling on and fighting his way up; watchful of opportunities for improvement, snatching at way-side facilities, gathering here a little and there a little, borrowing a history of one, buying a grammar of another, reading in kitchen corners, studying in log cabins on his backwoods' circuit, learn-

ing Latin of his son, joining a Hebrew class nineteen years after he began to preach, he has held on his course perseveringly, steadily, calmly, unwaveringly, until now he stands forth one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the patriarchs of the clergy, respected, revered, relied upon, beloved.

Dr. Peck has preached faithfully and successfully for thirty-three years; but preaching has not been the act which has individualized him. Other men have preached faithfully and successfully, who, at the end of thirty-three years, are undistinguish-

ed from their many brethren who have also preached faithfully and successfully. Dr. Peck has done this, and he has done more than this. He has accomplished a special mission. This has individualized him; this has distinguished him. Of this we wish specially to speak; and after having thus introduced him to the general reader, we shall present a brief biographical sketch, for the gratification of his many personal friends, who, already knowing the man, desire to know the history of his life. The special work to which we refer as constituting his mission, is the awakening of interest throughout the Methodist denomination in the education of her clergy, and the consequent exalting of the standard of literary and theological attainments. It is a notorious fact that not many years ago the clergy of this large and vigorous denomination were for the greater part *uneducated men*.

In using the derivatives of this word *education* in this sketch, we shall employ it in its popular signification, (which is at the same time a limited and technical one,) as referring to the mental culture obtained in *schools* and by *books*. There is a meaning of this word which is truer and broader. In this truer sense many men are educated, who, in the *popular* sense, pass for uneducated. There are many, who, versed in languages, and steeped in literature, stagger under the load of science stacked up in their brains, who are nevertheless in reality uneducated men. Their mental, moral, spiritual powers are not developed, brought out, (*e-duco*) strengthened for efficient service.—They are still in embryo, spiritually weak, dependent, creeping infants. There are other men who know little of books, but who can think, and reason, and feel, and influence, and accomplish, to such an extent, that they are the guides, captains, pioneers in the march of life.

Some of these unlettered men seem to have intuitive knowledge. These are the "common sense" persons. Some have studied Human Nature from the living volumes who have read few printed ones. Some have been trained in the school of active life; some have been disciplined by trials; some have been developed by silent thought and solitary reflection; and some have been apt scholars in the 'school of Christ.' And all these know little of text books, or Lexicons, or Encyclopædias, and yet are truly educated—better educated than many a pale student who has paid his five dollars for a parchment. There have been many such among the Methodist clergy, and yet because they are unlettered, unschooled and undiplomaed, people call them uneducated, and—so shall we. We have dwelt upon this point, because we would not be misunderstood, so as to seem to cast reproach upon men, who, with little learning, have become great teachers, and with scanty seed reap mighty harvests. There is no doubt that every one of these would be of an higher order of manhood, and be more effective ministers if they were better versed in books. Dr. Peck felt this strongly, and hence he applied himself to the work of awakening an interest in education among his denomination, and of providing means for the more thorough training of the clergy. When he was a young man, persons were licensed to preach,

by the Conferences, who knew nothing of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written; who could not decline *hic, hæc, hoc*; who knew nothing of biblical criticism; who were untrained in philosophical principles; nay, who could neither read with fluency or write with correctness. They were men of strong minds, but whose strength might be used to promote error as well as to establish truth. They were men of large, beating hearts, but whose impulses were as likely to kindle the wildfire of fanaticism as to warm into being a love for God. They were men of zeal, but it was oftentimes "zeal without knowledge." They were men of a most self-sacrificing spirit, but there was danger that, in the sacrifice of self, they would sacrifice the truth. They felt that they had received a "call" from Heaven to preach. They were as certain of their commission as was Paul, on his way to Damascus, when the light above the brightness of the sun, gleamed around him. Like Paul they answered, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" But unlike Paul they did not spend two years in Arabia in retired study. With the gratitude of redemption, with the warmth of a first love, with the assurance of a divine commission, they present themselves to the Conference, and the Conference sends them forth. They go into the new settlements. They gather about them people more unlettered than themselves. They preach in cabins and in log school-houses, with an eloquence fired by devotion, but unassisted by education. They oftentimes utter words of the deepest wisdom, but sometimes proclaim reasonings the most sophistical, and sentiments the most absurd. They sometimes strive to increase their stock of knowledge when on the circuit, by studying while riding on horseback, as did Dr. Durbin, or retiring with a book to the corner of the kitchen, the whole of which is occupied by the family, as did Dr. Peck; but oftentimes they feel no necessity for this extra exertion, and oftentimes they could have no books if they realized the necessity. Such was the state of a fair share of the Methodist clergy not thirty years ago.

They accomplished great good, but they also wrought some evil, and left much good unaccomplished. They were the pioneers of the church. They mounted the foremost wave, as the tide of civilization rolled over the Western prairie, and they cast the bread of life upon the waters, which is now being gathered "after many days." They could live on one hundred dollars a year, preach seven times each week, exhort daily from house to house, sleep on the floor, walk from one frontier settlement to another, and at the end of the year report themselves strong and hearty to the Conference, and receive their credentials for another year's campaign. We honor them for their devotion; we bless them for the good done; we forgive them for their mistakes.

Dr. Peck thus describes the state of the Methodist clergy, in an address, delivered in 1834:

"As a body of ministers, we have less literature than is at the present day highly necessary to give us that commanding influence over the community, which will render us adequate to the emergen-

cies of the times in which we live. To this proposition I think all will concede; and I doubt not but all will unite most heartily in the inquiry after the causes and the remedy."

"General education lays the foundation for the cultivation of the several branches of science and literature. And hence a defective knowledge in any department of literature may originate in a defective general education. Here, then, we are undoubtedly to look for some of the causes of the deficiency in ministerial education. We shall find, upon due inquiry, that the difficulty commences with the very rudiments of knowledge.—The teachers employed, the books and systems of instruction used in our early years, were most woefully defective. And hence the false notions which we imbibed in childhood from these sources have crippled our efforts in after life, and some of their evil effects we may carry to our graves. But some of us have labored under still other embarrassments, growing out of our circumstances in life, location, habits of thinking, &c., which, however, I need not here detail.

"But as to the means of education in the *higher branches*, there is still greater cause of complaint. Until these few years past, the Methodist Church exerted next to no influence over the high schools and colleges in the country, and had none under its immediate patronage. Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury made a laudable effort to raise the standard of literature among the Methodists, by erecting Cokesbury college. This institution was opened on the 8th of December, 1787, with twenty-five students. But it had scarcely begun to shed its genial rays upon our infant community, before, by a mysterious providence, its light was extinguished. It was destroyed by fire, December 4, 1795, about eight years after it was opened, and about ten after laying the foundation of the edifice. A long and gloomy night succeeded the catastrophe of this rising institution; during which no effectual provision was made for the literary improvement of our Church. Our fathers were so constantly occupied in meeting the numerous and pressing calls for labor, which came up from every quarter of our widely extended country; and in thrusting themselves into the thousand doors which were opening for the preaching of the word and the conversion of souls; (and some of them, too hastily concluding that the destruction of Cokesbury college was an indication of Providence that the Methodists did not need, and ought not to have, literary institutions,) that no similar effort was made, no college or seminary erected, or brought under the special patronage of any annual conference, for more than twenty years!

"The consequence was such as would be naturally expected. The literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church, struggling under such disadvantages, remained low. Most of our people who had the means of giving their sons a liberal education, were averse from putting them under the influence and instructions of such men as branded Methodism as a novel heresy, and might think it a good work to alienate them from it. Consequently, few who became Methodist preachers ever had it in their power to take a regular course

in the higher branches of education: not to say that many of us, from the necessities of honest poverty, (which I suppose ought not to be reckoned to us a sin,) never had the means to find our way into a college, or even an academy or high school, had we been ever so much disposed, or had there been institutions of these classes ever so much to our liking."

"As things now are, and, as it is to be feared they may but too long continue, our candidates for the ministry are left with very little to aid them in plodding their way through the preparatory studies which we appoint them; and these are comparatively limited, and in several branches quite inadequate."

"We have all remarked the disadvantages which accrue to the Church from the course which some of our most talented ministers feel themselves compelled to pursue. During their two years' probation they have so much to study, and with so few helps, that they have little time for any thing else. After entering, they feel that they have but just commenced their course of reading and study, and that nothing should occasion a relaxation of their application to books, or retard them in their regular course. And so, at least in the opinion of many of the people, they prosecute their studies at the expense of regular pastoral duties. And who knows how much the work has actually suffered from this source? But that such ministers do themselves suffer indescribably, every one knows who has made the experiment. And that it is no small source of mortification to be frequently called in question by the people for neglecting to visit them, and to feel that many things of more or less interest to the Church must be left undone, or a regular course of reading and study be abandoned, or but partially attended to, many have proved by sad experience. Many, influenced by these difficulties, have abandoned their regular course of studies early in their ministry, and have labored for many years, and perhaps will continue to do so through life, with but scanty literary qualifications. All these facts are perfectly obvious to every one who has been but a cursory observer of the Methodist ministry for these few years past."

With a clear view of the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, a view rendered vivid by personal experience in early life, Dr. Peck set himself to work to introduce a reform. He pressed the subject upon the attention of his brethren; he addressed Conferences; he advocated the study of Greek and Hebrew; he proposed that additional qualifications should be necessary to a license to preach; that more time should be allowed for preparation; that in the list of books prescribed for examination the starting point should be higher, and consequently the advance greater; that money should be appropriated for the assistance of indigent young men while engaged in preparatory studies; that suitable text books should be prepared, and theological libraries established; that competent ministers should be employed to instruct their younger brethren; and that a magazine should be established "of a highly literary and

critical character, in which should be published translations of select articles from the German critics, critical notices of new foreign publications, with reviews of the new works which are published at home and abroad;" and which would be calculated to "call out powerful pens which are now slumbering, and no doubt will continue to slumber until some such vehicle of communication is introduced."

Dr. Peck thus speaks in regard to the importance of the study of Hebrew and Greek :

"An argument of no little force, in favor of some provision for efficient aid in the study of the higher branches of theological literature, is derived from the advanced and constantly advancing state of *Biblical learning* in the country. An increasing attention is now paid to the original Scriptures; and the real importance of a knowledge of the languages in which our sacred books were written, to a minister of the Gospel, appears now to be universally felt and acknowledged. The originals are now studied and referred to as the last and highest authority, by theologians and preachers of all classes, orthodox and heterodox.—So much is this the case, that it is thought disreputable for a minister, under ordinary circumstances, not to have some knowledge of them; and one is constantly liable to meet some antagonist who makes pretensions, either true or false, to a knowledge of the original languages of the Bible."

"That much has been done by learned and judicious commentators to remove difficulties and clear away obscurities from the Scriptures, will not be questioned; but the diligent student of the Bible and of sacred criticism, cannot but be convinced that much more remains to be done. And a share of this, by reading the originals, any one may do for himself, much more to his own satisfaction than another can do it for him. Indeed it is impossible that all the beauty, force, and shades of meaning, contained in the originals, should ever be fully developed by translators and commentators. If it could be done, as St. John says of a history of all the actions of Christ, 'the world itself would not contain the books which would be written' upon the subject. But by a bare ability to read the originals with tolerable facility, the Biblical student is able to explain many passages, upon which he would find nothing satisfactory in the critics and commentators if he should search the whole of them."

The first clause of the address referred to above, we beg leave to introduce, as forcibly presenting the necessity of an educated ministry.

"Intelligence and literature are at all times and in all places essential qualifications for a minister of the Gospel. But these qualifications are especially necessary in an age when the arts and sciences are cultivated with the greatest avidity, and in a country where they are the national birthright of all classes of the community. The improvements which have been made in the systems of education, and the multiplication of facilities for the attainment of knowledge, within these few years past, have greatly improved the litera-

ture of the country, and considerably elevated the literary character of all classes of the community. And it requires no extraordinary penetration to see that the Christian ministry must make corresponding advances or fall behind the times, and consequently go into disrepute, and so expose the cause of Christianity to contempt. An unlettered ministry at this age of the Church must be considered as fairly out of the question. The present is emphatically an age of inquiry. And it is an age in which skepticism and infidelity are disseminated and openly avowed. The enemies of truth abate not a whit of their zeal and malignity.—They are incessant in their attacks upon the foundations of our faith. They assume a variety of false colors and deceptive garbs. Stale and antiquated objections to fundamental truths are diligently sought out and revived, and men's brains are put to the rack to find out new ones. Old heresies are daily dug out of the rubbish of antiquity, and novel ones are coined, and both are disseminated with more than apostolic ardor; and our own people are daily becoming more inquisitive and intelligent. How our ministry is to be qualified for the emergencies growing out of all these facts, is a question of the deepest interest, both to our Church and to the community. The present is not the age of miracles. We are not now authorized to expect that 'it shall be given to us in the self-same hour what we ought to speak.' The object is now placed within the grasp of the ordinary means; and when this is the case, God does not ordinarily put forth his miraculous powers, but we are required to make use of the appointed means, and then look to him who gives the *increase* for his blessing."

But it was not alone by portraying the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, and proposing remedies and plans for a thorough and systematic education, that Dr. Peck labored in the origination and prosecution of this great reform. He laid hold with his own hands of the work which he advised to be done. He was an active participator in the establishment of the Cazenovia Seminary. In the year 1817 he drew up a report, which was presented to the Conference, in favor of the project of such a school, in which he earnestly set forth the necessity of means for literary improvement, and subsequently bore an active part in the purchase of the building and the organization of the institution. It is worthy of notice that he subscribed towards the cost of the building twenty-five dollars, when he was not worth a cent in the world, and afterwards earned the sum and paid it. Eighteen years afterwards he was appointed Principal of the institution, and held the post for four years. He was also the originator and first editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, a periodical which ranks among the very first in our country.

Feeling assured that no one will suspect us of serving any personal end, we cannot refrain from speaking in this connection of the uncommon excellence of this *Quarterly*. We have seen articles in it which are unsurpassed for vigor of thought, correctness of philosophy, and literary taste. Dr. McClintock, the present editor, is a scholar in the true sense of the term. His criticisms are admir-

able; and he fulfils his editorial duties with energy, skill and discernment.

We would call attention to a few brief extracts from the editorial of Dr. Peck, which introduces the "Quarterly" to the world:

"We have long been strongly impressed with the conviction that a Quarterly of high literary merit, one that should be worthy of being considered the standard of Methodist literature and theology in this country, is a desideratum. And we shall put forth our best endeavors to make the new series every thing that is desirable, though we by no means have the vanity to anticipate entire success in attempting to meet the expectations and views of an inquisitive and enlightened age, or in carrying out our own wishes and purposes. But wherein we are observed by our eagle-eyed and liberal-minded friends and brethren who are interested in the work to fail in the execution, we shall not be more solicitous to enjoy the benefit of their candid and charitable consideration, than we shall be to have them supply our lack of service. For we hope (though we would not profess to be wanting in self-respect) we have a higher and more sacred regard for the safe keeping of the great public interests committed to our care than we have for our own fair fame as a critical reviewer."

"As to the classes of articles which we want, we would observe, that, as our work, after the present series is closed, is wholly to take the character of a Review, we want a sufficient amount of *reviews proper*. It will be desirable to have reviews of the most popular of the theological and scientific publications of the day; presenting their spirit, scope, and execution in a lucid and comprehensive manner; refuting what is erroneous, and approving what is right; the whole executed in such a manner as to give the reader a general idea of the work, and a correct knowledge of its great distinguishing features and characteristics. In addition to this class of compositions, we want dissertations, essays, Biblical exegeses, biography, sketches, (historical or descriptive,) literary notices, &c.

"It may fairly be doubted whether the real importance of such a work has as yet been properly estimated, either by the membership or the ministry. The Methodists may truly be denominated a reading community. But multitudes of them neither have the means to purchase many books, nor the time to wade through ponderous tomes. To them it is of immense importance that they should be furnished with a periodical which presents, in a condensed form, the substance of the great mass of English and American literature, freed from the obnoxious and deleterious principles which often more than neutralize the good with which they are associated."

"It is the genius of Methodism to enter every open door, and to supply every agency called for by the exigencies of the times. Now, it strikes us, that here is a wide door open; an instrumentality called for, which, under the circumstances, is absolutely indispensable. We are aware that our 'sling and stone' in former times brought down many a proud Goliath. But this is no proof that

now, after God has put into our hands swords and shields, and engines of war, that we have no need of them; and that our institutions can be defended and brought up to the desirable point of efficiency and successful operation without them. Indeed, all the resources within our reach should be called into requisition, and the instruments by which others are exerting such a mighty influence over the intelligence of the age are not to be judged unimportant to our success and security."

A quarter of a century has rolled by since Dr. Peck began to agitate the question of clerical education. It has been a season of rich growth and of great progress in the Methodist denomination—a season of manifold changes and of striking improvement. The labors of Dr. Peck and of his associates who sympathized and acted with him have been crowned with abundant success. The seed time has passed and the harvest is being gathered. The day has gone by, when people look strangely at the mention of a Methodist college, and when the term "Methodist minister" may be used as a synonyme for ignorance and boorishness. The suggestions for improvement made fifteen years ago have become living realities. A regular system of ministerial education has been established. Text books have been prepared; the hand of timely aid is in some specific instances extended to the indigent youth who are training for their Master's service; libraries have been founded for their advantage; Methodist colleges and Methodist seminaries are in flourishing operation; Methodist religious newspapers rank with those of the Presbyterians, the Baptists and the Episcopalians; the Methodist Quarterly Review is distinguished for the ability and elegance of its contributions; and the Methodist Book Concern is constantly issuing its valuable publications. Such has been the improvement in the means for clerical education; and the change among the clergy is no less striking. There are still uneducated men in the ministerial ranks, but the ratio to the educated is greatly reduced; and though the change is so recent that the Presbyterians of some quiet country village still continue to be a little puzzled at discovering that the Methodist preacher who has come among them is a man of polished eloquence, of literary acquirements, and of refined taste; yet the change is made and the improvement is going forward. Success to its progress, and speed to its consummation! Few of those in other denominations, who have noticed this change, know that it is the result of plans concocted and efforts put forth many years ago; and still fewer know how much the denomination is indebted to the subject of this sketch for the change they notice and the progress they so gladly recognise. And while we give full credit to him and wish that others also should share in our thank offering, we would not offend his sense of justice or our own, by omitting to mention that other men of liberal views and large hearts have also labored to the same good end.

We will now proceed to give an outline of Dr. Peck's life in accordance with our proposed design. It will be a record of no startling or striking incidences, but mostly of those changes from

place to place incident to the life of a Methodist clergyman. To one unacquainted with Dr. Peck it may be devoid of special interest, but we trust that even such one of our readers will glean some instruction, while, among his wide circle of friends, the interest in the individual will in some measure be transposed to the facts, assured as they may be that the statement is reliable.

George Peck was born on the 8th of August, 1797, in the town of Middlefield, Otsego county, New York. His parents were natives of Connecticut, having removed from that State about a year previous. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolution, and both fell while fighting the battles for freedom. His father was a blacksmith, a man of industrious and frugal habits. Both of his parents were godly people, bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, devoting special care to their religious training. They were members of the Congregational Church while in Connecticut; but after their removal to New York, united with the Methodists. Their family consisted of five sons and six daughters. Of these, all survive except two of the daughters. The sons are all ministers. One is President of Dickinson College.

They abounded in Christian hospitality, and their house was a home for the travelling ministers. From an early age George was specially fond of listening to the conversation of these worthy partakers of his father's bounty. It was his theological education. At that time the seeds of truth were dropped, which have since borne fruit so bravely. It is thus that well doing is often rewarded in this life. The father shared his slender earnings with his religious teachers. Heaven accepted the willing gift, and spiritual blessings descended upon his household. In the way of education the children had no greater advantages than were furnished by the district school, which was not of an high order. During one winter, in his eighteenth year, George attended a better school, where he studied English grammar. This was the sum total of his academical education.

From childhood he was the subject of strong religious impressions. The teachings of his parents and the conversations of the visiting clergy were received into an open and susceptible heart. The deep emotions frequently aroused by the presentation of religious truth were however as evanescent as are all the emotions of childhood. The tide of youthful feeling ebbs and flows with a rapidity only equalled by its strength. There was the sorrow for sin, the gush of penitential tears, the forgetfulness, and the laughing glee—the sunshine of the heart again as bright as if no cloud had just cast its dark shadow on the soul. As boyhood came on, there was the usual tendency to boyhood's hatred of constraint and love of waywardness. When, in his sixteenth year, however, a wonderful escape from instant death was the occasion of a more earnest reflection, which resulted in a consecration of himself to his Heavenly Father. One Sabbath afternoon he had eluded the watchful care of his parents, and wandered with his younger brother into the woods to gather nuts. While there a fearful tempest came on, and the great forest trees fell before the blast. A giant

pine was prostrated close by the youthful truants. As it came to the ground they were enveloped in the branches, and its huge trunk lay but three feet from where they stood. The narrow escape made an ineffaceable impression. The future world was brought very nigh, with its eternal interests.—Gratitude for the deliverance from death, and remorse for sin, were soon changed into gratitude for pardon from on High, and the unspeakable joy of being accounted a child of God.

In his nineteenth year, in the year 1816, he began to preach. His first circuit was in Broome county, New York. About this time or somewhat earlier he applied himself most vigorously to reading and study. He was in earnest to accomplish good. His heart was wholly absorbed in the work of leading others to the Saviour he so much loved. Hence he entered thus early into the active duties of a preacher, and hence, when he felt the need of mental discipline and information he bent all the energies not employed in preaching to his studies. In the summer he would often go into the woods with his books, where he was sure of undisturbed seclusion, and in the winter he would retire to the corner of the log cabin. This patient zeal in the pursuit of knowledge has characterized his life ever since. Indomitable perseverance has conquered the obstacles that opposed him, and to a surprising degree overcome the defects of early education. During these first years of his ministry he usually preached six or seven times each week, and occasionally even twice that amount, and withal reading, reading incessantly. He went by the name of the "boy-preacher," youthful as he was in appearance and in reality. His zeal and earnestness naturally brought him into collision with the opposers of religion, and the partizans of other sects. He became involved in many a smart theological skirmish, which, while it quickened his mind and developed his powers, pressed more and more upon his attention the necessity of a thorough training, and stimulated him on in his course of study. Such was his progress that before he had preached a year, he was consulted by other ministers on matters of information and criticism.

In 1817 he was removed to the Courtland Circuit, within the limits of which now stands the Cazenovia Seminary. At this time it was that he exerted himself in the purchase of the building which was afterwards appropriated to that institution. It was during this year that his great exertions and some imprudence in speaking induced a disease of the lungs, and for a while his life was despaired of, but from this attack he entirely recovered.

In 1818 he was transferred to the Wyoming Circuit, on the Susquehannah, the place rendered immortal by the genius of Campbell, no less than by the terrible Indian massacre that depopulated its fair valley.

On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming!

Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall

And roofless houses, a sad remembrance bring

Of what thy gentle people did befall:

Yet those wert once the loveliest land of all

That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.

Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall.

And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore?"

That year he was married to Miss Myers, whose mother was one of the sufferers in the Indian invasion. She was in Fort Forty when it was captured, being then sixteen years of age. A minute description of this occurrence may be found in Col. Stone's History of Wyoming.

In 1819 he entered on the Bridgewater Circuit in Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania. This part of the country was newly settled. Only one good road was constructed throughout the county. The people were poverty stricken, and Mr. Peck received, during the whole year, only fifty-six dollars for his salary, of which only about one-half was paid in money. The generosity of friends supplied what was lacking for the support of life. This was a life of hardship, and yet let no one suppose it was an unhappy life. It is not loaded tables, and equipages, and mahogany, and silk, and damask that can create happiness. It is the self-denying toil for other's good, the love, tender and strong, for our brother man that wakens in the soul a deep and abiding joy which poverty cannot starve, nor persecution destroy.

In 1821 Mr. Peck was placed at the Saquoit Station, Oneida county, New York. He was still prosecuting his studies with unremitting vigor, and it is well for some of his brethren to be informed that during that year he planned to read commentaries on the whole of the Bible, and he accomplished it by reading Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Historical Books, Dr. Scott's on the Prophecies, and Dr. Coke's on the New Testament. It is enough to make one grow thin and pale to see these huge volumes piled together and imagine the reading of them by course in one year—besides preaching nearly as many sermons as there are days.

In 1822 he removed to Utica, where he spent two years. During this term his reading time was devoted especially to history. Ramsay's Universal History, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Pridaux's Work on the Connection between the Old and New Testaments, two Histories of England, and several Histories of the United States were perused.

In 1824 he returned to the Susquehannah District, where he was appointed Presiding Elder. In a new country, where the state of society is unsettled, and the ministry uneducated and inexperienced, this post is one of great responsibility and difficulty. It is a mark of unusual confidence that he should have received the appointment so early in life, being now in his twenty-seventh year. He was also elected this year to the General Conference, it being the first year that he was eligible. His district was bounded on the north by Bainbridge, Norwich and Lisle; on the east by the Delaware; on the south by Wilkesbarre, and on the west by Ithaca and Wellsborough.

In 1826 he again took the Wyoming District. It was during this year that Mr. Peck was led to the preparation and publication of his first book, entitled "Universal Salvation Considered and the Eternal Punishment of the Finally Impenitent Established." The circumstances of the case are peculiar. It seems that an Universalist periodical was commenced in the preceding year, at Montrose, entitled "The Candid Examiner." In the

seventh number, the editor gave a challenge to any one who differed in opinion with him on the subject of eternal punishment in the following language:

"We also would say to all our opposers that we are open to conviction, and that the columns of this paper will be gladly granted to their service, should they wish to refute the doctrine of its conductor. If our doctrine is as absurd and as unscriptural as they insinuate, it is their duty to show it. We then say again to our opposers if there is light in you let it shine. Remember that you must answer to your God for your criminality by permitting what you call *our darkness* to extinguish *your light*. Open and fair dealing comports with a good religion—stratagem and intrigue it will spurn out of its presence. Come then, let us reason together."

The editor had previously made similar proposals, and as no one had come forward to take up the glove so manfully cast down, Dr. Peck saw fit to enter the lists himself—and was welcomed in these words:

"We welcome Observer into the columns of the Examiner, and promise him a candid hearing and all due attention. His design in coming forward is laudable, and we hope if our 'bulwarks' are vulnerable, he will bring forward 'engines' powerful enough to 'demolish' them."

The plan was embraced in five short numbers which the editor published promptly, giving replies at the same time. A second series was then commenced by Dr. Peck, in answer to the articles of the editor, which were published until the fifth number—and then discontinued without any statement of the reason—until several weeks had elapsed, when the editor alleged as an excuse the want of room. This means of publication being closed, Dr. Peck gathered his articles together and published them in a book form. We mention this circumstance to illustrate the spirit of the man. He has always been ready to defend what he deemed the truth, wherever and whenever an opportunity was afforded. He has always had a taste for theological controversy. Some may deem this trait a failing rather than a virtue. For our own part we are free to say, that many of the theological controversies of past time have been, in our opinion, exceedingly "doubtful disputations;" nay more, that they have done decided injury.—Those whom the friends of truth would convince have either been strengthened in error, by the very act of defending their own views, or repelled by the very hostility of their opponents. If all the efforts that have been expended in denouncing error had been used in disseminating the truth, we doubt not the world would have been far better than it is. Still there seems to some a necessity for direct assault, and we would not condemn them, *provided* they battle with the right spirit. If they are calm, temperate, fair, honest, candid; ready to see the truth on whichever side it may lie; descending to no petty artifices or contemptible quibbles; being as noble in their defence of truth as the nobleness of truth demands, we will not condemn them. Nay, we will honor them, for

being noble, and generous, and honest, when temptation is so strong to meanness, and bigotry, and sophistry. We can say that the subject of this sketch has been in general, and we think we can say without exception, of that spirit and behavior which we demand, as the only right one, in a Christian controversialist. We have always been impressed with the good temper and candor manifested in his controversial writings. He has indulged in severity at times, but perhaps not in excessive severity.

In 1827 Dr. Peck was stationed at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and in 1828 at Ithaca, New York, where he remained two years, and during this time vigorously prosecuted the study of metaphysics and history.

In 1830 he was again stationed at Utica. A new church had just been built. Good progress had been made since he was last there. But in the spring of 1831 he was obliged to leave on account of the utter failure of his health. His labors had been excessive. There had been great interest in religion, and he had preached almost every day for a long time. Nearly one hundred persons were supposed to have become true servants of God at that time. During the summer he travelled, and so far recruited that, at the Conference held in July, he was able to be appointed to the Cazenovia Station. This was a field of lighter labor than the one he had left, inasmuch as he could have the assistance of the Principal of the Seminary. There he resumed the study of Greek under the direction of the Professor of Languages, which he had previously undertaken alone. During the fall of 1732 the society erected a stone church at a cost of seven thousand dollars—so much had it advanced since 1817, when he preached to them in a private room.

In the winter of 1832–33 Dr. Peck was invited to the dedication of a new church at Auburn, N. Y. The occasion and the preaching were the means of exciting a wonderful religious interest, which detained him there for three weeks, during which time he preached every evening and twice on the Sabbath. Such was the state of the Society, and so great the interest felt in Dr. Peck, that he was forthwith removed from Cazenovia, and labored in that place for two years. While there, he connected himself with the Theological Seminary in the study of Hebrew. Prof. Mills received him as a friend and brother, and afforded him much valuable assistance, not only by allowing him free access to a valuable private library, but also by familiar and instructive conversation. Here he formed many pleasant friendships, which have never been lost sight of in the lapse of time or the distance of sectarian separation.

Mr. Peck had always directed his studies with a view to good preaching. He had, as yet, no purpose to enter his name among the list of public writers, nor had he a suspicion that such was to be his future lot. But in 1835 he was appointed the Principal of the Cazenovia Seminary, and from this time may be dated the commencement of a new era in his life—the literary era. There he had more time for study, though he still continued to preach twice on the Sabbath, and had charge of the departments of Intellectual and Moral

Philosophy, Hebrew and Rhetoric, and of the government of the institution.

In the winter of 1838–39 he travelled South with his wife, on account of her ill health, and spent the winter in Wheeling. But he was not idle. He took charge of a school, and preached nearly every other evening. The hospitality of the inhabitants of Wheeling is widely known, and Dr. Peck was blessed with personal experience of its generosity. In the spring of 39 he continued his journey to Nashville, St. Louis, and the Rock River country, returning home by the Ohio to Wyoming. In the summer he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Susquehanna District, over which he travelled one year.

In the spring of 1840 he was appointed by the General Conference first editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*. This post he held until 1848, when he was transferred to the editorship of the *Methodist Advocate and Journal*, where he is at present busily employed.

In 1842 Dr. Peck published an elaborate work on “*Christian Perfection*,” of 470 octavo pages, in which the doctrine is stated and defended, and a critical and historical examination of the controversy on this subject, both in early and later times is appended. In its historical portion it presents the views entertained by Clement, Ignatius, Irenaeus, Wickliffe, Erasmus, Cudworth and many others. It is a very popular work among Methodists. In 1845 an abridgement of it was published for popular circulation. The larger work is a text book in the course of ministerial study. In 1844 Dr. Peck published a work entitled, “*Appeal from Tradition to Scripture and Common Sense, or an Answer to the Question, What Constitutes the Divine Rule of Faith and Practice?*” The preparation of this work cost the author a great expenditure of thought and research; but the value of the work fully repays the labor. This is also a theological text book.

In addition to these volumes, Dr. Peck has published a number of religious essays in Periodicals issued by the Methodist Denomination. Our limits will allow us to do little more than to give their titles.

In the 2nd number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, for 1842, there appears an essay on the “*Oxford Controversy*,” which at that time, and still continues to excite the deep interest of all denominations. This essay presents at length the state of the controversy, the grounds of the discussion, and the course which evangelical denominations expect the Episcopal Church of America to adopt. This year Dr. Peck also published a *Review of Jackson's Life of Wesley*, in which he presents an able criticism of the literary and religious character of the founder of the Methodist denomination.

In the *Quarterly Review* for 1843, three articles appear. The first is on the “*Rights of Conscience*.” It is a caustic review of a speech delivered in the New York State Assembly, advocating the repeal of the statute which denies to Atheists the right to take an oath in a Court of Justice. The article consists for the most part of a series of well-aimed and destructive broadsides on the principle, or lack of principle, of the speech,

while, at the same time, the true doctrine of religious toleration and the rights of conscience are clearly set forth, and the great fact that government is based on the acknowledgment of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe distinctly and forcibly announced. The second article, entitled "Rule of Faith," is the bud which finally developed into the well ordered blossom already noticed.

In the "Review," for 1844, is a criticism on a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Kip, Episcopal clergyman of Albany, on "The Double Witness of the Church," in which the author sets forth "the reasons why we are Churchmen." Dr. Peck in his article presents, on the other hand, "the reasons why we are not and ought not to be Churchmen." In his argument he evinces faithful research and laborious study of ecclesiastical history. This is followed by an essay on "The Church," in which the Doctor closely analyzes the claims of the English Church to the possession of the rightly ordained clergy. In the "Quarterly," for 1845, is another article of much the same import, being a review of the published discussion between Drs. Wainwright and Potts, which, at that time, excited such a good degree of interest. It evinces a laborious research among the writings of the "Fathers"—which some persons think are very dry, like the bones of Ezekiel's vision, that individual who picks his way through them gathers any good ought to have a Doctorate in him as a reward for his Herculean labors. He ever wishes to know the opinions of the early Christians on the Millennium and the second advent of Christ, can have their curiosity gratified perusal of this essay.

In the same year Dr. Peck published a powerful and spirited article on Orestes A. Brownson in his *Quarterly*. Brownson came out in his very number with a sweeping defence of the ability of the Romish Church, and a right-and-true assault on Methodists, Presbyterians, &c.,

Dr. Peck pays back in right good earnest. August, 1846, Dr. Peck visited England as a delegate from a large number of the Methodist churches in this country to "The Evangelical Congress," which held its distinguished meetings in London. During the sittings he made an extensive speech, a full report of which we have printed from which the want of room alone prevents us making an extract. It was delivered in resolution, which enjoins upon all the members of the Alliance, who may be connected with it, to carry out the principles of Christian Unity, Charity, and Politeness in their writings—pervaded with an excellent spirit, which sets forth the generous temper of the man.

However exposed to the charge of incompleteness this sketch may be at the best, it will certainly deserve it, if we fail to allude to the efforts of Dr. Peck on the subject of slavery in connection with the Methodist Church. Every one is aware that, in 1844, the discussion of the subject came up in the General Conference, in a session which resulted in the division of the Church, the line for the most part coincident with "Mr. Ma- and Dixon's"—the Northern portion retaining the name of "The Methodist Episcopal Church," the Southern portion adopting the one of "The

Methodist Episcopal Church, South." Into the merits of the case itself we are not called upon to enter, but simply notice the action of Dr. Peck. Of the "General Conference" of 1844 he was a member, and bore an important part in its proceedings. The case of Bishop Andrew came up. He was charged with the holding of slaves. He acknowledged the charge, and gave the circumstances which led to it. After much discussion a majority of the Conference voted that Bishop Andrew "desist from the exercise of his office so long as this impediment (of slavery) remains."

This vote was followed by a "Protest" from Dr. Bascom, of Kentucky, in the name of the minority. A committee of three were appointed to draw up a "Reply" to this Protest, of which Dr. Peck was a member. Not long after the meeting, Dr. Peck published a pamphlet of 140 pages, the title of which, giving a fair view of its purport, is as follows: "Slavery and the Episcopacy; being an Examination of Dr. Bascom's Review of the Reply of the Majority to the Protest of the Minority of the late General Conference of the M. E. Church, in the Case of Bishop Andrew." This Conference demands our mention also as being the occasion when Dr. Peck was a prominent candidate for the office of Bishop, and we think that the Southern brethren will acknowledge, in view of the facts of that election, that the result would have been different had not Dr. Peck borne the part he did on the Slavery Question.

Thus have we presented the leading facts of the life of Dr. Peck up to the present time. We trust that some future biographer will have many an additional year to note, which, like the past, will abound in good works, and rich experiences. It is a good work to arouse a denomination to educational advance. It is a good work to prepare elaborate volumes which are worthy of adoption in the list of theological text books. It is a good work to edit a *Quarterly* for eight years, and to publish many an important essay. It is a good work to preside over a prosperous seminary. But in the accomplishment of all these, it must not be forgotten that the doer has been preaching uninterruptedly for thirty-three years, and has delivered, during that time, at a moderate calculation, not less than 6,000 sermons.

Ye who rise early and toil late to hoard up gold which ye spend in building a sumptuous dwelling, where ye live for yourselves and die with no breath of gratitude to waft your spirits up to Heaven—ye who struggle, and manoeuvre, and electioneer, sacrificing principle and peace to win earthly power, which ye use for your own higher elevation, and never to benefit the people who exalted you—ye who live in lazy indolence, consuming the harvests your soft hands have neither sown or reaped—as ye consider the life which has here been sketched, the summer serenity of its declining, and the joyful memories and heavenly hopes of its possessor, well may ye, in loathing of your own positive transgression and fearful omission of the demands of duty, envy the hardships, and poverty, and lowliness, and toil, and reward of the self-sacrificing, man-loving, God-fearing Methodist minister, who has in this world trials and labor, but "in the world to come life everlasting."

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Los Gringos. An Inside View of Mexico and California, with wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia. By Lieutenant Wise, U. S. N. Baker and Scribner. New York.

WE must confess to a surfeit of waggish and rollicking books; but there appears to be no end of them. Everybody who writes now-a-days adopts the pantagruellian style, and treats all the affairs of life as though human existence were a farce and the universe itself nothing but a joke. Travelers, who were once as grave and didactic as doctors of divinity, now all write in the quizzical vein; and a new book of adventures is but a new edition of Joe Miller. The author of Eothen was the most successful of the whole tribe of rollicking travellers, who set out on rantiopole expeditions for no other purpose than to find laughable incidents to write about. Lieutenant Wise is by no means the least amusing of the brood, but he is the lightest hearted, most jocose and care-for-naught. His record of adventures from beginning to end is but a succession of drinking, dancing, singing, laughing, fighting, fishing, picnicing, and love-making. He cares for nothing in the world nor for nobody; and makes as light of a funeral as a wedding, and treats the gravest disasters as though they were capital jokes: for instance, one of the most horrid incidents ever recorded of humanity, is thus trippingly and lightly narrated by our merry Lieutenant:

"From an officer of the navy in charge of the expedition, and from one of the survivors, a Spanish boy, named Baptiste, I learned the following particulars: The number of emigrants were originally eighty; through a culpable combination of ignorance and folly, they loitered many weeks on the route; when, upon gaining the sierra, the snows set in, the trail became blocked up and impassable, and they were obliged to encamp for the winter; their provisions were shortly exhausted, their cattle were devoured to the last horse's hide, hunger came upon them, gaunt and terrible, starvation at last—men, women and children starved to death, and were eaten by their fellows—insanity followed. When relief arrived, the survivors were found rolling in filth, parents eating their own offspring, denizens of different cabins exchanging limbs and meat—little children tearing and devouring the livers and hearts of the dead, and a general apathy and mania pervaded all alike, so as to make them scout the idea of leaving their property in the mountains before the spring, even to save their miserable lives; and on separating those who were able to bear the fatigue of travelling, the cursings and ravings of the remainder were monstrous. One Dutchman actually ate a full-grown body in thirty-six hours! another boiled and devoured a girl nine years old, in a single night. The women held on to life with greater tenacity than the men—in fact, the first intelligence was brought to Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento, by two young girls. One of them feasted on her good papa, but on making scup of her lover's head, she confessed to some inward qualms of conscience. The young Spaniard, Baptiste, was hero of the party, performing all labor and drudgery in getting fuel and water, until his strength became exhausted; he told me that he ate Jake Donner and the baby, 'eat baby raw, stewed some of Jake, and roasted his head, not good meat, taste like sheep with the rot; but, sir, very hungry, eat anything.'—these were his very words. There were thirty survivors, and a number of them without feet, either frozen or burnt off, who were placed under the care of our surgeons on shore. Although nothing has ever happened more truly dreadful, and in many respects ludicrously so, yet what was surprising, the emigrants themselves perceived nothing very extraordinary in all these cannibalisms, but seemed to regard it as an every day occurrence—surely they were deranged."

But our author gives us the key to his character in the first page of his book, so that we may not be surprised at anything that follows. He says:

"I take more delight in seeing a child skip the rope, a monkey at his tricks, or a fish jump out of water, than all the palaces or churches on earth, and I had much rather

chat an hour with a pet *dame de comptoir*, than dine with *Senor Bulnes*—nor were my spirits affected by learning the vast amount of copper exported, or the quantity of tea and tobacco smuggled; neither dispensations reduced the price of billiards, or induced laundry women to lave linen a whit the whiter; thus the truth being apparent that I am an indifferent worldly person, I make the merit of my necessities, in striving to live the space allotted me in the world, and not for it."

But the Lieutenant is much better than he pretends to be. If he did not care more for himself and others than he pretends, he would not have been at the pains of writing so long and particular an account of what he saw, and heard, and felt in his two years cruise; neither would he have been at the pains to have his book brought out in such a luxurious and enjoyable form. In spite of the apparently trifling and jocose character of the work, it contains a great amount of interesting information respecting a part of the world about which everybody is anxious to learn something; and the whole narrative is written in so lively a vein, and so abounds in good nature, that even when the incidents narrated are nothing in themselves, the manner of the author compensates for the matter, and keeps the interest of the reader always awake. The title of the book, *Los Gringos*, is the term which the South American Spaniards apply to the foreign adventurers who come among them to make their fortunes. It is not difficult to find extractable chapters in the book, but the following will afford a good idea of the author's manner and matter:

"Being charged with dispatches for San Francisco, an early breakfast and hasty preparations soon placed me astride a dragon's saddle. Attended by an artillery soldier and six horses for escort and cavallada, I drove a sombrero hard on my head, the spur yet harder in the ribs of my cavallo, and away we sallied en route. The sun had passed the meridian when we reached the Salinas plains, and we stopped to change horses at the Molino—a simple performance for one who can swing the lasso at any time, but for those unacquainted with the mode, it is requisite to drive the beasts into the corral, near every rancho, and catch one at leisure. I found my friend Anderson as hospitable and convivial as ever, and, after a mutual exchange of greetings and drinks, we galloped off across the plains. Instead of the smiling grassy deserts, gaudy flowers, and narrow canals of spring, I beheld parched earth, large patches of wild mustard, and miles of wild oats. Before accomplishing many leagues, one of the best little beasts of the cavallada eluded the vigilance of my body guard, and we were compelled to abandon him. However, I made a forcible loan of a black mare browsing by the road-side—according to the custom of the country—and which, indeed, proved an admirable ally towards the close of our journey. Before entering the gorge that leads over the mountains on the opposite side of the Salinas, we halted at a rancho—and peeping in at the door of an out-building, I discovered two industrious persons playing cards with much interest me that each bean before them, which marked the game, was a transferable I O U for a bullock. One of the party was brother to the last Mexican governor of the territory—who absconded to Mazatlan, after showing a feeble and fatle resistance to Commodore Stockton. He appeared somewhat pleased by the information I was able to communicate from his relative, Don Jose Castro, but not sufficiently so to interrupt the constant interchange of beans between him and his grave companion. We commenced ascending the pass that bars the road to the valley of St. Johns, and after winding a couple of hours slowly among the hills, gained the topmost ridge—which commands a fine triangular view of the rich slopes and plains below—and then soon accomplished the descent—passing the ruined village and dilapidated mission of San Juan, we galloped briskly around. On the road I enticed a mounted Indian into service by a taste from the brandy bottle, to act as *vaquero*—by no means a sinecure birth with such a lazy perverse set of brutes as we possessed—but I was grieved to find the soldier, sent as my guide and defender, had more than

he was equal to in keeping himself and musket in the saddle. Moreover, he was neither amiable nor companionable—a serious crime for a traveller—and I was obliged at times to drive and catch the horses, talk for him, and, in fact, do all but eat and sleep for him—which last accomplishments he enjoyed in perfection, having a constitution like refined steel. I am happy to add, out of regard for the army, that he deserted shortly afterwards; although he forgot in his hurry to return a silver cup of mine.

"Skirting along the banks of a rapid stream, the shades of night began to fall as we drew bridles at a small rancho of one Don Herman. Our host, as usual with the race, was making a slight repast on a paper cigar: he was very cordial, and good-looking, as was also his still handsome old sposa. Like everybody I encountered before and since in the interior, they inquired when the United States Government would pay for horses and cattle taken during the war.—*Quien sabe*—who knows—always came to my aid, and I drawled it out much to the purpose. Indeed, though our Californian Volunteers be good men and true among their own kith and kindred, yet their mistaken ideas of what constituted civilized warfare made them the most unscrupulous of freebooters; and they could be tracked far and near in their thirst for their enemy's horses and asses.

"My host had no children, but, like Spanish padres, lots of nephews and nieces. Amid a detached group of young people, I observed a pretty little girl, as I at first supposed a child, nursing an infant, but on inquiry I learned that she was the mother at fourteen, and had been married two years and a half: a fact which beats East India jungles for the precocity of women. Again on the road, with the husband of the little baby-mother for guide, who, by the way, was a most consummate scamp, incessantly urging me to make a short detour of five or six leagues, to dance all night at a fandango; and on taxing him with his gallivanting, and inconstant disposition among the softer sex, he replied, with an air of triumph—*O jo, he engarrado muchas*!—Bless you, I've broken the hearts of dozens—although he did not inspire me with being so determined a Lothario as he himself believed.

"On we spurred, and urged the jaded steeds some leagues further, when we came upon the rancho of Carlos Castro. I was half famished from a long day's fast, but there was neither bread nor edible matter in the hut. At last the buxom mistress asked me, *Queire huevos?*—have an egg?—*caramba! si amiga!*—Why did not you tell me of this before? She was good enough to boil exactly fourteen, hard as bullets, but, what is equally incredible, I ate them all without salt; and then being in good humor with all the world, threw a peso in the kind Señora's lap, and with a lively adios, turned our horses' heads again towards the north star. The moon was riding high, round, and gleaming as the silver dollar I had just thrown the good lady, flooding the whole lovely plain, with its wavying fields of yellow oats, and magnificent clusters of oaks, in one continuous vista of unexampled beauty. Five leagues beyond we struck off to the right, and after losing our path repeatedly, amid beds of water-courses, and bolts of trees, and when I was on the point of giving orders for a night bivouac on the sweet and yielding grain, we became aware of our proximity to a habitation by the usual barking diapason of half an hundred dogs and curs, and I was not sorry to swing my weary limbs from the saddle after a hard ride of eighty miles. In a few minutes I was stretched beside the proprietor of the rancho, Mr. Murphy, and as kind a specimen of the true Milesian as ever took leave of the Hill of Hoath. I knew that by the kindly tone of his voice; but I fell sound asleep, giving the old gentleman an account of the battle of Cerro Gordo, and never moved until long after sunrise. On awaking, I found myself in a dwelling constructed of pickets, driven perpendicularly into the ground, the apertures filled in with mud, and all covered by a roughly-thatched roof. The enclosure was rather a primitive, and I should judge temporary affair, to serve the first year or two of an emigrant's home. The dwelling was large enough, however, to comprise capacious beds in three of its angles, a couple of tables, dresser, chairs, and a variety of useful articles scattered around the earthen floor, but all presenting a far neater appearance than usually characterized the ranchos of the country. I was not left long to conjecture the cause of this tidiness, for whilst lacing my moccasins, preparatory to a yawn and shake, by way of toilette, I was saluted by a very nice young woman, with the hope that I had slept well, and at the same time presented with a large bowl of water and clean towel, by the young lady herself, who was afterwards introduced to me by her good father, as his daughter Ellen. She was tall and well made, a very pleasing face, lighted by fine dark grey eyes, black hair, and beautifully white teeth. I learned from her own rosy lips that she was the first American girl that ever walked over the mighty barrier of the Californian sierras, which

she accomplished with one of her brothers, leaving the wagons, and her friends, to follow on a longer route. They were a large family, and most of the children born in Canada; thence locating in Missouri, and so on to the farthest west in California. There were four stalwart sons, who had all more or less been engaged in the last troubles, and had shown the natives a choice mould of bullets from their unerring rifles. They treated me with the utmost kindness; and after partaking of a capital breakfast of new eggs, hot bread, cream and *lomo*—tenderloin—prepared by their pretty sister, I felt quite equal to a short tramp among the hills, particularly upon finding the horses well knocked up, and requiring a few hours more rest.

"The rancho was situated on the northern verge of the broad valley, on the borders of a pure sparkling stream, surrounded in every direction, far and near, with golden lakes of wild oats, thickly studded and shaded by the oaks. In company with one of the boys, Dan, we followed up the course of the stream for a mile or more, and I then had the satisfaction of sending a ball through and through the shoulders of a large doe. Dragging the carcass down to the water, and divesting it of its jacket, we then did the same ourselves, and swam and plashed for an hour in the little torrent. At the same time, with an extempore rod, twine, hook, and a 'devil's darning-needle' for bait, Dan pulled out from a limpid pool delightful salmon-trout, full two feet in length; I ate part of one, and a charming fellow he was. Leaving our deer to the varmints, we returned to the rancho at noon, dined, and again boot and saddle; struck the road, and six or eight leisurely leagues brought us to the settlement of Puebla de San Jose. Here I was most civilly received, and entertained by an American gentleman, Mr. Ruckle, to whom I bore a letter. Supper, good old sherry, a cigar, and four hours' sleep; up betimes, and sent the jaded animals on to the Mission of Santa Clara for a bite of grass. I remained to break my fast at the house of an agreeable white-toothed lady named Pico, and then, accompanied by Mr. Ruckle, we hurried along the road which traverses the plain, shaded by noble avenues of oaks and willows. The Mission stands but a league from the Puebla, presents a tolerably flourishing appearance, with a well-preserved church, clusters of out-buildings, and well-cultivated gardens. It is by far the most important and respectable settlement of its kind in this portion of the territory; and since the dispersion of the priests, and confiscation of church-lands, has still fortunately retained a mite of its former wealth and influence. The good Padres, a score or more years ago, were pleased to live well; and their well filled granaries, cultivated grounds, and myriads of horses and cattle—in all praise be it said—were the first to induce the native Indians, who, in brutish ignorance and social degradation, are even now but a remove from beasts of the field, to devote their time to some useful employment. By these means the shrewd Fathers never lacked comfortable houses to shelter them, nor raiment to clothe their sleek skins.

"Tarrying but a few minutes at Santa Clara, and selecting the best horses of the cavallada, I parted with Mr. Ruckle and continued my journey; the first fifteen miles was wearisome labor with our worn-out beasts, and we stopped for breath at a ranchito of a pretty little widow, who did the amiable most refreshingly by handing me a dish of raspberries and cream. Seeing a filthy Indian poke them out of a bottle with a stick, occasionally giving it a suck, did not enhance the flavor of the fruit. A short league beyond, we came to another mud-built rancho, and our horses having apparently determined to proceed no farther, accordingly tumbled down; there were half a dozen women and children about the hut busily employed in cutting beef in long strips for drying; but they continued their occupation without deigning to cast even a glance of sympathy upon our pitiable plight. Indignation giving the better of my misfortunes, I kicked off the spurs and marched bravely up to the mansion; then, after dodging about under long fringes of raw beef, I was suddenly confronted by a stout dame, with a mass of meat clutched in one hand, and a dripping knife long as her arm in the other; this savage apparition rather abashed me, and I timidly inquired how she did? She merely gave a sharp upward jerk to her chin, with an ireful visage—as much as to say, 'I'm in excellent preservation, don't bother yourself'—pointing to my foundered studs. I politely urged the necessity of procuring fresh horses! 'No, Señor! no hay! the horses are all mares, the mares are wild—there is no one to catch them'—in other words—I'll see you in purgatory first. So I called up a little resolution, though far from feeling it, and letting the butt of my rifle fall heavily to the ground, I said, 'Hark ye, my friend, if you don't speedily furnish me with beasts I'll make a seizure of that fine animal I see saddled in the corral; besides, I'm willing to pay liberally.' At the word 'money' the patrona's features relaxed, *tu no es voluntario*—she remarked!—

por dios! no! mi alma jo soy de la marina, y Catolico tambien!—I'm a sailor and a good Catholic to boot. At this last admission and the sight of a handful of bright pesos, the whole party surrounded me—ah! *tan maliciosos son esos malditos voluntarios! una maria. El oficial no es heretico—es Christiano, y se ca pacer per los caualos*—ah, what light-fingered gentry were the volunteers; but the gentleman is a Christian, not a heretic, and going to pay like a trump—they exclaimed. There was still some doubts as to whether I intended to pay in *effectos* or hard tin, and if I could make it convenient to liquidate a few outstanding claims which some of my countrymen had forgotten to adjust; but when satisfied on that point a small boy ran off to drive in the cavallada. Meanwhile the Señora poured me out a cup of agüadiente, touched her lips to it, and handed it to me to quaff. The drove of horses was soon brought up, and as a particular favor, the patrona selected her own nag to bear me—a small mare and natural pacer that rattled along at a great rate without whip or spur—embracing the party, we again mounted and started off in fine style. The country has the same lovely aspect as in the vicinity of San Jose; great level plains teeming in wild grain, and wide-spreading foliage of oaks, chestnuts, maple and willows, enclosed between high swelling hills. In fact the country for more than forty leagues of this broad valley, is so perfectly level that a coach could be driven in any direction without serious obstruction; however, there is one annoyance to which horses are subjected, in the multitudes of holes burrowed by a species of ground squirrels, very frequently bringing horse and rider to their faces. A few leagues rapid travelling brought us in sight of the southern arm of the waters of San Francisco, and skirting along its shores, by sunset we had left the low country, traversed the rugged hills of the sea-girt peninsula, floundered knee deep in the sandy road, and by nightfall I found myself comfortably housed with a generous bachelor friend, Mr. Frank Ward, in Yerbabuena."

Evenings at Woodlawn. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

MRS. ELLET'S title for her new book is a misleader; or, at least, if it gives no false impression of the character of the work to which it is attached it gives no idea of it. The book is made up of translations of German legends and fairy tales, many of which have not before been introduced to English readers. Woodlawn is a *chateau en Espagne* where a domestic circle of good people are entertained by a foreign traveller, who relates each evening for their entertainment, stories which he has heard in the countries visited by him.—This manner of stringing together promiscuous tales is as old as the art of authorship. But it is not the less entertaining for that; on the contrary, the antiquity of the method is the best argument in favor of its use. Mrs. Ellet has only followed a classical model in her manner of connecting her stories together. Although the tales are translations the author has given them almost an original character by her treatment, and they certainly have lost nothing in interest by their transmutation in her mental crucible. The volume is a charming one for a winter's evening, and is well adapted for the entertainment of a social circle. The following extract furnishes a favorable specimen of the quality of *Evenings at Woodlawn*:

THE RED CAP.

"Hans Christoph, the bailiff of a small town in Germany, was in possession (besides the respect and consideration due him in right of office and personal character) of a young wife, whose name was Eva. As often as the worthy bailiff called her by that name, he grumbled that it should belong to her, for it never failed to put him in mind of the nefarious doings of mother Eve, when she circumvented Adam in Paradise. 'What belf! the first man,' he would say to himself, 'may fall to the lot of old Hans Christoph; for if the Eve that took the apple had one devil to help her, my Eva may have ten thousand if she chooses. And will she not choose? Oh, Hans Christoph, it was a foolish thing to marry so young a wife!'"

"By the 'ten thousand devils' Hans meant nothing more than the young men, particularly those of gentle blood, ten miles round the neighborhood. For the fact could not be denied, that they came from far and near, on foot and on horseback, to pay their respects to the lovely wife of the

bailiff, or to admire her as they rode or walked past the house. Hans Christoph was not long in finding this out; and the discovery threw him into a transport of rage and jealousy. He would no longer permit Eva to go to the door, nor to leave the house on any pretext; and at last forbade her even looking out of the window.

"Eva was a sweet, innocent, amiable creature, and had always entertained a profound respect for her old husband. But when he showed such unreasonable distrust, and treated her so harshly, her respect, as a matter of course, was reduced to naught; while he continued, day after day, to torment her by his unfounded suspicions. The rebellious spirit in her human nature was roused, until she was at last provoked into wishing for an opportunity to deceive him.

"What a woman seeks to do, she is not long in finding means to accomplish, in spite of all the Argus watching in the world. For many days had the nephew of their landlord, in passing the house, thrown in pitying glances, intended for the pretty victim of tyranny, which looks, caught by stealth, were readily understood. So, one day, when the bailiff was gone to the tavern to examine a thief who had let himself down by the chimney to steal, Master Fritz availed himself of the same means to enter the kitchen of Hans Christoph's house. There Eva received him, and disburdened herself of all her troubles. Whom else had she to complain to? Fritz listened sympathizingly, and said he thought he could help her. He knew of a way to cure the old bailiff of his jealousy. Eva shook her head incredulously. That would be a miracle indeed! But Fritz hoped for the best, and presently unfolded his scheme. Eva laughed heartily at it, and promised her aid to the best of her power.

"In the afternoon of the same day the bailiff was sitting in a very sullen mood, on the stone bench before his door. He was wondering how it happened that his young wife had not wept bitterly, as usual, at his reproaches; and trying to think who had been daring enough to offer her consolation. A slight noise interrupted his reverie, and looking up, he saw an old Polish Jew, in coarse travelling gear, with a knapsack on his shoulders.

"'Anything to buy?' asked the pedlar, in broken German. Hans Christoph made a gesture of repulsion. But the Jew stood his ground.

"'I have very fine things in my knapsack, such as one does not see every day,' he persisted.

"'I want nothing. Get away.'

"'Oh, everybody wants something; and I have everything that heart can wish. Now, if you have e'er a young wife, who gives you trouble, have I not here my Red Cap? So saying, and opening his knapsack, the Jew drew out several things, and, among them, a parcel in a number of wrappings. Taking these off, one after another, he produced a cap of red leather, which he drew on his hand and exhibited to the bailiff.

"'Well; and what is the use of this leather cap, the like of which, or better, I can get in the town anywhere for a couple of groschen?' demanded Hans Christoph.

"'The Jew shook his head, and smiled with an air of mystery. 'Oh, yes! you can get plenty of caps,' he cried, 'black, white, grey, yellow, or blue; silver, gold, or diamond caps—for aught I know; but this Red Cap of mine, master, is worth more than all.'

"'Eh, fellow! and how can that be?'"

"'Because,' answered the pedlar, solemnly—'because my Red Cap is the true covering for his head, worn by the prophet Elijah, which he dropped on the ground when he went up to heaven in the chariot of fire.'

"'Der Tausend! is that true?' exclaimed the bailiff, with open eyes.

"'And it has this virtue,' continued the Jew, 'that to the one who has on the cap, everybody must tell exactly what he thinks or purposes.'

"'You are not jesting?'"

"'And if an old man, who has a young wife, wears the cap, she will always remain true as steel to him, and will regard him as the handsomest man in the world.'

"'Ha! can that be true, pedlar?'"

"'Well, master, you can make the trial.'

"'And what is the price of the cap?'"

"'Three ducats; neither more nor less.'

"'That is too much, Jew.'

"'Too little, far too little, for such a wonderful cap as this.'

"'I will try it!' Thereupon Hans Christoph put on the cap, and then called his wife out of the house. Eva came accordingly. As soon as she saw her husband, she exclaimed, in apparent amazement:

"'Oh, Hans, why have you put on such a strange cap?'"

"'It is a cure for the headache,' answered the bailiff. 'I bought it just now of the Jew.'

"'Eva deigned not to look at the pedlar, but fixing her

eyes more earnestly upon her husband: 'Do you know, dear Hans,' she cried, 'that the cap is wonderfully becoming to you. You are very handsome in it!'

"Indeed!" asked the bailiff. 'It is becoming, is it, eh?'

"You look at least twenty years younger," answered Eva; "and if I had not admired you before, you are certainly now irresistible!"

"The astonishment of Hans Christoph knew no bounds. But there lingered a shadow of doubt at the bottom of his mind. To satisfy it, he took the cap slowly from his head and put it on that of the Jew. Eva turned instantly, as noticing the pedlar for the first time, and exclaimed: 'But how comes this handsome young man here! Do not be angry, Hans, but I must give him a kiss.' Therewith she ran up to the Jew; but Hans Christoph rushed between, snatched the cap from the pedlar's head, and placed it on his own, receiving his wife's embrace. She took no further notice of the Jew."

"'It is really wonderful!' muttered the bailiff. 'Well, I will never more lay aside the Red Cap, and will take care, moreover, that no one else puts it on. Here, Jew, are your three ducats, and a piece of silver besides, for a treat. Now, pack yourself out of the village, and never let me see you again, or you may chance to be burnt as a conjurer.'

"The pedlar took the money, bowed his thanks, and went his way."

"Hans Christoph embraced his wife and promised never to torment her again with his jealousy. She had full liberty thenceforward to sit at the window or the door, as often and as long as she pleased."

The Pilot; A Tale of the Sea. By the Author of The Spy, Pioneers, &c., &c. Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated with a New Introduction, Notes, etc. George P. Putnam. New York. 1849.

MR. COOPER may claim the honor of being the inventor of sea novels—or rather ship-romances, for his sea stories are rather the adventures of ships than of sailors—and, like all other inventors, he has had a host of imitators, not one of whom have equalled their master. Marryatt's sea stories are framed on a wholly different model from that which the genius of our nautical romancer invented. In this new edition of the *Pilot*, which very properly follows the *Spy* in the handsome republication of these national novels, the author gives a history of its production which will doubtless be much more interesting to our readers than anything we could say in respect to a work which has now become a classic. Long Tom Coffin is the one character of Mr. Cooper's sea stories, under various names, as Leather Stockings is his hero of the *Prairie* and the *Backwoods*. Long Tom is as well known as any historical personage, but of the other names of the *Pilot* not one is ever alluded to. The author says:

"It is probable a true history of human events would show that a far larger proportion of our acts are the result of sudden impulses and accident, than of that reason of which we so much boast. However true, or false, this opinion may be in more important matters, it is certainly and strictly correct as relates to the conception and execution of this book."

"The *Pilot* was published in 1823. This was not long after the appearance of 'The Pirate,' a work which it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, has a direct connection with the sea. In a conversation with a friend, a man of polished taste and extensive reading, the authorship of the Scottish novels came under discussion. The claims of Sir Walter were a little distrusted, on account of the peculiar and minute information that the romances were then very generally thought to display. The *Pirate* was cited as a very marked instance of this universal knowledge, and it was wondered where a man of Scott's habits and associations could have become so familiar with the sea. The writer had frequently observed that there was much looseness in this universal knowledge, and that the secret of its success was to be traced to the power of creating that *vraisemblance*, which is so remarkably exhibited in those world-renowned fictions, rather than to any very accurate information on the part of their author. It would have been hypercritical to object to the *Pirate*, that it was not strictly nautical, or true in its details; but, when the reverse was urged as a proof of what, considering the character of other

portions of the work, would have been most extraordinary attainments, it was a sort of provocation to dispute the seamanship of the *Pirate*, a quality to which the book has certainly very little just pretension. The result of this conversation was a sudden determination to produce a work which, if it had no other merit, might present truer pictures of the ocean and ships than any that are to be found in the *Pirate*. To this unpremeditated decision, purely an impulse, is not only the *Pilot* due, but a tolerably numerous school of nautical romances that have succeeded it."

"The author had many misgivings concerning the success of the undertaking, after he had made some progress in the work; the opinions of his different friends being anything but encouraging. One would declare that the sea could not be made interesting; that it was tame, monotonous, and without any other movement than unpleasant storms, and that, for his part, the less he got of it the better. The women very generally protested that such a book would have the odour of bilge-water, and that it would give them the *maladie de mer*. Not a single individual among all these who discussed the merits of the project, within the range of the author's knowledge, either spoke, or looked, encouragingly. It is probable that all these persons anticipated a signal failure."

"So very discouraging did these ominous opinions get to be, that the writer was, once or twice, tempted to throw his manuscripts aside, and turn to something new. A favorable opinion, however, coming from a very unexpected quarter, put a new face on the matter, and raised new hopes. Among the intimate friends of the writer, was an Englishman, who possessed most of the peculiar qualities of the educated of his country. He was learned even, had a taste that was so just as always to command respect, but was prejudiced, and particularly so in all that related to this country and its literature. He could never be persuaded to admire Bryant's *Water-Fowl*, and this mainly because if it were accepted as good poetry, it must be placed at once amongst the finest fugitive pieces of the language. Of the *Thanatopsis* he thought better, though inclined to suspect it of being a plagiarism. To the tender mercies of this one-sided critic, who had never affected to compliment the previous works of the author, the sheets of a volume of the *Pilot* were committed, with scarce an expectation of his liking them. The reverse proved to be the case;—he expressed himself highly gratified, and predicted a success for the book which it probably never attained."

"Thus encouraged, one more experiment was made, a seaman being selected for the critic. A kinsman, a namesake, and an old messmate of the author, one now in command on a foreign station, was chosen, and a considerable portion of the first volume was read to him. There is no wish to conceal the satisfaction with which the effect on this listener was observed. He treated the whole matter as fact, and his criticisms were strictly professional, and perfectly just. But the interest he betrayed could not be mistaken. It gave a perfect and most gratifying assurance that the work would be more likely to find favor with nautical men, than with any other class of readers."

"The *Pilot* could scarcely be a favorite with females.—The story has little interest for them, nor was it much heeded by the author of the book, in the progress of his labors. His aim was to illustrate vessels and the ocean, rather than to draw any pictures of sentiment and love. In this last respect, the book has small claims on the reader's attention, though it is hoped that the story has sufficient interest to relieve the more strictly nautical features of the work."

"It would be affectation to deny that the *Pilot* met with a most unlooked-for success. The novelty of the design probably contributed a large share of this result. Sea tales came into vogue, as a consequence; and, as every practical part of knowledge has its uses, something has been gained by letting the landsman into the secrets of the seaman's manner of life. Perhaps, in some small degree, an interest has been awakened in behalf of a very numerous, and what has hitherto been a sort of proscribed class of men, that may directly tend to a melioration of their condition."

The Old World; or, Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By William Furniss. Appleton & Co. 1849.

WE regret that we have but a little corner left into which we must crowd a brief notice of this very pleasant book of travel. It contains nothing new but the author's fresh remarks on well-known scenes, and his piquant sketches with his pencil, of which there are not enough to satisfy the appetite created by what he has given.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



E have often wondered at the sombre tone which pervades Bryant's beautiful poem on autumn. At a season of the year when there is greatest cause for a hearty and

genial look at the earth, he appears to have been smitten with a sentiment as blue as ultra-marine. The "melancholy days," as he oddly calls the richest season of the year when the earth appears most glorious, are fast passing away, and the bracing airs of winter are beginning to be felt. It is odd enough that Bryant, who is so genial a lover of nature and so minute an observer of her external expressions, should ever have sung of this bright and purple month:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

Surely there is no sadness in the gorgeous month of October, which Englishmen call "brown;" for the harvest month does not, with us, don a robe of russet; but, like Joseph, it puts on a coat of many colors, and flaunts under a blue sky in all the grandeur of purple, and orange, and crimson tints. November is the month of all the year, in this altitude, for enjoyment in the country; yet Fashion, that has to obey a master more powerful than herself, compels our city people to quit their country retreats and return to town, just as the country becomes enticing, when there is no danger of fevers, and nothing to fear from mosquitoes. Business before pleasure, is the compulsory motto of business men, who form our aristocracy; and, as they must return to town to make hay while the sun shines, that is, to sell goods while their customers are in town and the canals are open, the country is deserted in October by all but those who remain there to furnish food for us who dwell under the shadows of brick houses, and ride in omnibuses.

They manage matters better in England. There the upper crust of society transfers itself to the heaths, from the artificialities of the city. By the first of September all the fashion and aristocracy of England quit London and go off to the country, to shoot; to fish; to hunt; to dwell by the seaside; to climb mountains; to roam through forests; to enjoy nature and gain new life by healthful exercises and rural pleasures.

What is there sad in November? The crysanthemums and dahlias are out in their glory; the forest trees are as gay as a rainbow; the air is bright, crisp and invigorating; there are corn huskings in the barns of farmers; boys go out into the woods nutting; apples are gathered in; cider is made and drank; fires are kindled; parties and balls are given; business is brisk in town and country, and everywhere there is bustle, bustle, bustle! The leaves fall, in October, it is true; but there is nothing sad or melancholy in that, any more than there is in putting off an old dress to put on a new one; if the leaves fall, it must not be forgotten that they enrich the soil and protect the roots of the trees that bore them; if they did not fall there would be no green buds and

white blossoms in the Spring. October and November are bright, jolly and enjoyable months; the most so of any in the year. "There is nothing so bright as a day in June," except a day in October. November, which will be over and gone, and all its brightness, glories, and gaities, melted into the dread and solemn past, before these lines shall be read, has been a month of greater activity than we have known before. Coming after the sad Summer, when a destroying pestilence bumbled the energies of the people, and caused the ordinary pleasures and recreations of society to be neglected, the month has been a kind of carnival; and those who escaped unhurt have been revenging themselves on the cholera, by taking a double portion of enjoyment. New York has never before been so gay, nor more prosperous in all its various trades, and employments of capital and labor, and the stranger, as he passes through its crowded thoroughfares, sees nothing to remind him of the comparative desolation which the epidemic of the past Summer occasioned.

The prominent topic of conversation in literary circles, during the past month, has been the death of that melancholy man Edgar A. Poe. Mr. Poe left his home, in Westchester County, in this State, early in the Summer on a visit to the South, and we were told at the time that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clem, who was his sole companion, had no expectations of ever again seeing him return. He arranged all his papers so that they could be used without difficulty in case of his death, and told her that if he never came back she would find that he had left everything in order. But there was no cause to apprehend that the termination of his career was so close at hand. He went to Richmond where he delivered a series of lectures and was well received by his old friends; he renewed his attachment to a wealthy widow in that city, whom he had known before his or her marriage, and was on his way home to make arrangements for his marriage to her, when he had a relapse of his besetting infirmities in Baltimore, and died miserably.

A biography of Mr. Poe is soon to be published with his collected writings, under the supervision of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold; but it will be a long while, if ever, before the naked character of the sad poet will be exposed to public gaze. There is a generous disposition on the part of those who knew him intimately, to bury his failings, or rather personal characteristics, in the shade of forgetfulness; while nothing is dwelt upon but his literary productions. He was a psychological phenomenon, and more good than harm would result from a clear, unprejudiced analysis of his character. But when will any one be found bold enough to incur the risk of an imputation of evil motives, by making such a revelation as the task demands? Like all other writers, Mr. Poe developed himself in his literary productions, but to understand his writings it was necessary to be possessed of the key of his personal acquaintance. Knowing him thoroughly, you could thoroughly comprehend what he wrote, but not otherwise. He was an intellectual machine without a balance wheel; and all his poetry, which seems perfect in itself, and full of feeling, was mere machine work. It was not that spontaneous outgushing of sentiment, which the verse of great poets seems to be, but a carefully constructed mosaic, painfully elaborated, and designedly put together, with every little word in its right place, and every shade of thought toned down to its exact position. There is nothing of the "fine frenzy" about it, which marks the poetry of those who warble their native wood notes wild.—

His last poem, the Bells, is a curious example of his way of jingling words to make them sound like music :

" Bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells."

This was the burden of the song. Yet, ever and anon, in this strange jingling and clanging of words, there struck upon the ear sounds of a real sadness, which touched the heart and produced the feeling caused by the strain of the true poet. But, was not Poe a true poet? That remains for the world to decide. If he was a poet, he cannot be deprived by criticism of his rightful fame. His merits as a critic were very slender, he was a minute detector of slips of the pen, and, probably, was unequalled as a proof reader. But such was his sensitiveness to small imperfections, that it incapacitated him from taking a comprehensive or liberal survey of a literary subject. He was of the Doctor Blair school of critics, and while measuring the lines of a poem was indifferent to their meaning. One of the strange points of his strange nature was to entertain a spirit of revenge towards all who did him a service. His pecuniary difficulties often compelled him to solicit aid, and he rarely, or never, failed to malign those who befriended him. It was probably this strange propensity which caused him to quarrel with his early benefactor, and forfeit the aid which he might have received from that quarter. He was altogether a strange and a fearful being, and a true history of his life would be more startling than any of the grotesque romances which he was so fond of inventing.

As we were writing these lines we were visited by a stranger whose countenance bore a most remarkable resemblance to that of Mr. Poe; this resemblance was very striking in the upper part of the head. But he was much taller and had a ruddier, healthier look than Mr. Poe had. He proved to be a poet, recently arrived in this country from Ireland. Mr. William Pembroke Mulchinock, who may, ere this reaches our readers, have made himself known to them through some other medium. Here is a specimen of his quality now published for the first time; the lines were read by Professor Longfellow and highly commended by him.

"WORKERS AND TOILERS."

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

HURRA! hurra! for the spider gay
Who wakes with the rising sun,
To toil 'till night, with the pale moon's light,
Proclaims that his day's work's done;
Though a year may flee ere his keen eye see,
This work to a close draw nigh,
Still he weaves the woof of his cobweb roof—
His snare for the buzzing fly.
Then hurra, hurra for the spider gay,
The spinner in hut and hall,
The preacher grave to the sleeping slave
That will not a working fall.
For the worm, hurra! when he makes essay
To climb up a lofty wall,
Who knows no fear though his slow career
Is checked by many a fall;
On the wall again, with toil and with pain,
His crawling form he'll east,
Boldly to climb for a weary time
'Till its top be gain'd at last.
Hurra! for the worm of the crawling form,
Who preaches to man's dull race—
"He that would climb to a height sublime
Should not grow faint at the base."

For the wing, hurra! that night and day
The bold bird of passage plies,
When he speeds afar o'er the tempest's war,
And the gloom of the wintry skies;
On, on, and away, o'er the ocean spray,
O'er many a league of land,
He speeds his flight with a pinion light
To a lone and distant strand.
For the bird, hurra! who flees far away
'Neath the vault of the Heaven's blue,
Would that the soul of man to its goal
Would speed with a flight as true.

THE ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.—It appears that the custom of publishing significant cuts at the head of advertisements in newspapers, is an American invention. A correspondent in Pennsylvania sends us the following communication in reference to this curious matter, which is well worthy the attention of our Historical Society :

MR. EDITOR: The following historical scrap I have translated from the works of Justus Moeser, a German writer of some eminence. I cannot inform you *when* the article was written; the author was born in 1720, and died in 1794; but so much we can gather from it, that the choice pictures of horses, and cows, and houses, and trees, and what not, which adorn our newspapers, owe their origin to the inventive ingenuity of Yankeeedom. The invention is worthy of a Franklin, and who would undertake to clear that great American sage from the charge of being at the bottom of the mischief, or at least accessory to it? It is just like him! Ye *wise men* of the Pennsylvania and the New York Historical Societies, unfold your ancient rolls of parchment, and your musty volumes, and your mysterious-looking manuscripts—open them, read and search them, and examine into the matter. Give us *more light on the subject*, and let us hear your *infallible* conclusions. H. J. B.

"SOMETHING FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF NEWSPAPERS.—One must always learn, even though it should be from the savages. It is true that the German colonists, who reside in America, cannot be enumerated among savages; yet a European generally supposes that he has no need of taking lessons from them. But this time we shall send him hither to learn to improve the European newspapers after the American fashion.

"The '*Germantown Zeitung*,' &c., published at Germantown, by Christopher Sauer, . . . , has this excellence, that a small wood cut immediately proceeds the first letter of each advertisement.

"For instance: when there is an inquiry after a lost or runaway horse, the article is preceded by the figure of a horse with the head turned to the outside. If the article treats of a horse that was taken up, or came to the place, the head of the figure is turned towards the advertisement. If a horse was stolen, a man will sit upon it, who rides it away; and if any other theft is advertised, a man carrying a bundle will be in the van. Before recitation against a runaway wife, there is a lady in a traveling-dress; and a savage with a club, denotes that the article gives notice of a lost or runaway man. If there is a house to be sold, a house will be set down in advance, and a farm when that is for sale.

"In this manner all headings, which we in Europe use, are dispensed with in American newspapers, and thereby much room is saved, and the readers are enabled to receive, at a single glance, an idea of the contents of the paper, by looking at the oxen, horses, houses, battles, medicine-vials, and other similar figures. These figures are scarcely any

larger and better than those which are usually placed upon the last table of our common A B C books. But they are distinct and characteristic, and easily understood.

"Does not this custom deserve to be adopted with us? I think so. But could we invent such significant figures for our articles? Well, this depends on a trial, and we shall immediately make an attempt towards it.

"The greatest part of our advertisements consist of invitations to creditors, who are to appear, hear, and see, and receive nothing. These, when they contain nothing particular, could be announced by a large cipher, wherein a bell would be suspended. If the creditors were called to give their consent to a suspension, the article might be preceded by two *rods*, laid cross-wise upon each other, one for the debtor and the other for the creditor, for both are generally chastised by it. A debtor who *cedes bonis*, could best make himself known by a tree with birds, and a fraudulent bankrupt by a pillory. Lottery bills might be announced by being preceded by a spy-glass; people who offer their services, by a saddled horse with three legs; capital wanted, by an empty money-bag; and loans, by a well-filled purse. For a notice of new books, all kinds of animals would do to signify the contents; and if newspapers should attain to that state of perfection, that persons who wish to marry, should give notice in them, many other polite figures might be used.

"The art of hieroglyphics being in this manner brought to a state of perfection; and who knows what things some genius might accomplish, if there were only a beginning made!"

SCHOOL BOY LOVE.—In the last number of Dickens' new story, the hero, Master Copperfield, thus relates one of his love scrapes at school, which is marvellously like the school boy experiences of young gentlemen on this side of the water, we suspect:

"But who is this that breaks upon me? This is Miss Shepherd, whom I love.

"Miss shepherd is a boarder at the Misses Nettingall's establishment. I adore Miss Shepherd. She is a little girl, in a Spencer, with a round face and curly flaxen hair. The Misses Nettingalls' young ladies come to the Cathedral too. I cannot look upon my book, for I must look upon Miss Shepherd. When the choristers chaunt, I hear Miss Shepherd. In the service I mentally insert Miss Shepherd's name—I put her in among the Royal Family. At home, in my own room, I am sometimes moved to cry out, 'Oh, Miss Shepherd!' in a transport of love.

"For some time, I am doubtful of Miss Shepherd's feelings, but, at length, Fate being propitious, we meet at the dancing-school. I have Miss Shepherd for my partner. I touch Miss Shepherd's glove, and feel a thrill go up the right arm of my jacket, and come out at my hair. I say nothing tender to Miss Shepherd, but we understand each other. Miss Shepherd and myself live but to be united.

"Why do I secretly give Miss Shepherd twelve Brazil nuts for a present, I wonder? They are not expressive of affection, they are hard to crack, even in room doors, and they are oily when cracked; yet I feel that they are appropriate to Miss Shepherd. Soft, seedy biscuits, also, I bestow upon Miss Shepherd; and oranges innumerable. Once, I kiss Miss Shepherd in the cloak room. Ecstasy! What are my agony and indignation next day, when I hear a flying rumour that the Misses Nettingall have stood Miss Shepherd in the stocks for turning in her toes!

"Miss Shepherd being the one pervading theme and vision of my life, how do I ever come to break with her? I can't conceive. And yet a coolness grows between Miss Shepherd

and myself. Whispers reach me of Miss Shepherd having said she wished I wouldn't stare so, and having avowed a preference for Master Jones—for Jones! a boy of no merit whatever! The gulf between me and Miss Shepherd widens. At last, one day, I meet the Misses Nettingall's establishment out walking. Miss Shepherd makes a face as she goes by, and laughs to her companion. All is over.—The devotion of a life—it seems a life, it is all the same—is at an end; Miss Shepherd comes out of the morning service, and the Royal Family know her no more."

What school boy but has had his Miss Shepherd?

IMPROVEMENT UPON THE PIANO FORTE.—Among the interesting musical topics of the month, may be mentioned the *Dolce Campana Attachment* to the Piano Forte. It is a new invention, patented by Messrs Boardman and Gray, of Albany, N. Y. It is quite different from any other "attachment" which we have seen, and in simplicity and elegance is quite unique. As its action is not in any way connected with the *strings* it cannot by any possibility put the instrument out of tune. Its action is simply a pressure upon the sounding board, by which the tone is subdued and changed in quality. This tone may be compared to that of the guitar, only it is more beautiful and tender in its character. A pedal governs its action, and by a judicious management, many exquisite effects may be produced, such as repeated chords in echo, an harmonic swell, &c., &c. It is in every way superior to the harp pedal, for while its tone is soft, it is at the same time clear and melodious, and truly thrilling in its sympathetic qualities. It may be justly characterized as a *new power added to the Piano Forte*. We are pleased to recommend it to our readers, as something that will delight them; for we can conceive no greater delight, than to listen to a plaintive melody discoursed in the delicious tones of the *Dolce Campana*. We would also state that it can be applied to any instrument, with perfect safety, and at trifling cost.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Our great publishing houses in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, have announced for the present a great number of new and important works; among them Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, announce a complete edition of the poems of James Russell Lowell in two volumes: a new volume of poems by Longfellow; a History of the Acadians by Professor Felton, and the collected miscellaneous writings of Rev. Henry Giles. Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce the long expected History of Spanish Literature, by George Ticknor; Glimpses of Spain, by J. T. Wallis: a System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography, a new Latin-English Lexicon, by Professor Anthon; a new work by the famous author of the "Amber Witch," and the Encyclopedia of Biography, by Dr. Griswold. John Wiley announces a work by Henry B. Stanton, which will be extensively read, and wherever read admired. It is composed chiefly of Essays, which have already appeared in the columns of the National Era, on the Reforms and reformers of England.

NEW BOOKS.—Notices of several new works of interest, are unavoidably postponed to our next issue; among them are Powell's "Living Authors of Great Britain," published by the Appletons; Stanton's "English Reformers," published by John Wiley, and Dr. Hawk's new work on Egypt, published by Putnam.

ERRORS CORRECTED.—Types are as prone to errors as we are to evil, and we often have the mortification of being made to say things that we never dreamed of, by caprices of

these impish little creatures which appear to take pleasure in irritating the feelings of the genus irritabile. But, we are getting used to such persecutions and hope our correspondents will put up philosophically with all the errors they may detect in their printed lucubrations. The better way for authors is not to read their writings in print, and then they will escape a good many annoyances. *Appropos* to errors—the article in our last number, entitled “Bibliopolist,” should read “Bibliophilist,” two very different terms, the first meaning a seller of books, and the latter a lover of books. The poem by Miss Mary M. Chase, entitled “Qui Vit,” in our November number, was shorn of an entire stanza, which made its conclusion appear rather abrupt and inconclusive. But this was no fault of the types or typos, the writer having omitted to transcribe it. We give the concluding stanza now:

Go forth! Go forth! triumphantly,
The bolts and bars are riven,
The angel bands shall bear thee up
To the shining domes of Heaven!

In the story of “Aquila Chase,” on the second column of the first page, the terms “deacons” is substituted for the word “devout,” to the utter consternation of all Quakerdom, to whom a deacon is as obnoxious as a fallen angel.

We will not trouble our readers with any more corrections of errors now; but, as this is the concluding number of the fourth volume, we must beg of our indulgent and generous readers to pardon all our past errors and short comings in the lump, and to trust in our assurance, that the next volume, which will be the first of the new series, under a new dynasty, will be a great improvement on the past. It was unavoidable, in so novel and hazardous an experiment, as the publication of a first class Magazine at one-third the price it had ever before been attempted, that some mistakes should be made. But, with the experience of the past two years, the ample resources at the disposal of the publisher, the generous support of the public, and the aid of the best literary and artistic talent in the country, it will go hard if we do not, at least, fully equal the anticipations of the public in the succeeding numbers of our popular work. We shall not rest content with our circulation at one number short of a hundred thousand copies, and when we shall have attained to that unparalleled popularity we shall strive as hard to prove worthy of it as we did to reach it.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.—We close our Exchange List with the present month, and shall open a new one with those Papers that comply with the terms of our New Prospectus, to which we refer on the outside of the Cover of the Magazine. Exchangers are particularly requested to send only those papers in which the Prospectus and Notices appear. Those intending to publish our Prospectus for the New Volume will confer a favor by doing so as soon as possible. The Bound Volume will be sent by mail, unless otherwise instructed.

NOTICE TO READERS, SUBSCRIBERS, CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS.—One of our friends in the Far West asks us by letter: “Do you make Agents pay postage to you?” We don’t make them, but we make it an unvarying rule to require them to do so.

WE CAN NO LONGER SEND THE “ISLAND CITY” TO SUBSCRIBERS TO OUR MAGAZINE, AS THE ARRANGEMENT HAS BEEN FOUND TOO TROUBLESOME.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN THE SOUTHWEST.—Mr. Samuel Riddle, of Pittsburg, has been appointed a Travel-

ling Agent for Holden’s Magazine in the Southwestern States, and we commend him to the respectful attention of our friends in that quarter.

TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Stringer & Townsend, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to W. H. Dietz, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden’s Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

Caution to the Public.

Notwithstanding that we have repeatedly given notice that no one should be trusted as the Agent of this Magazine who cannot show his credentials from the proprietor, we are continually receiving letters by mail, informing us of money being paid to one person and another for subscriptions, whom we never before heard of. There is some reprobate at the Southwest who signs his name first Charles Loomis, and then D. F. C. Ellis, who has been imposing upon the people in that part of the country to a very serious extent, by representing himself as our Agent. He has, in several instances, received money in advance as subscription to our Magazine, and his receipts have been forwarded to us. But we have no other knowledge of him, and, of course, cannot be bound by any of his contracts. The only safe way for those who wish to become subscribers to our Magazine is for them to send their money direct to us, or to go to some responsible Periodical Agent and subscribe through him. The better way is to send direct to us.

We hope that some of those persons who have been duped by that unmitigated scamp Ellis, or Loomis, will catch the rascal and have him properly punished.

We have a large number of highly respectable gentlemen who are engaged as Travelling Agents, to whom we have given authority to receive monies on account of the Magazine. Their commissions are all duly signed, and are to hold good for six months from their date.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 04687 436 6

OCT 18 1927

